PUNCH

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JANUARY—JUNE, 1928.

Punch



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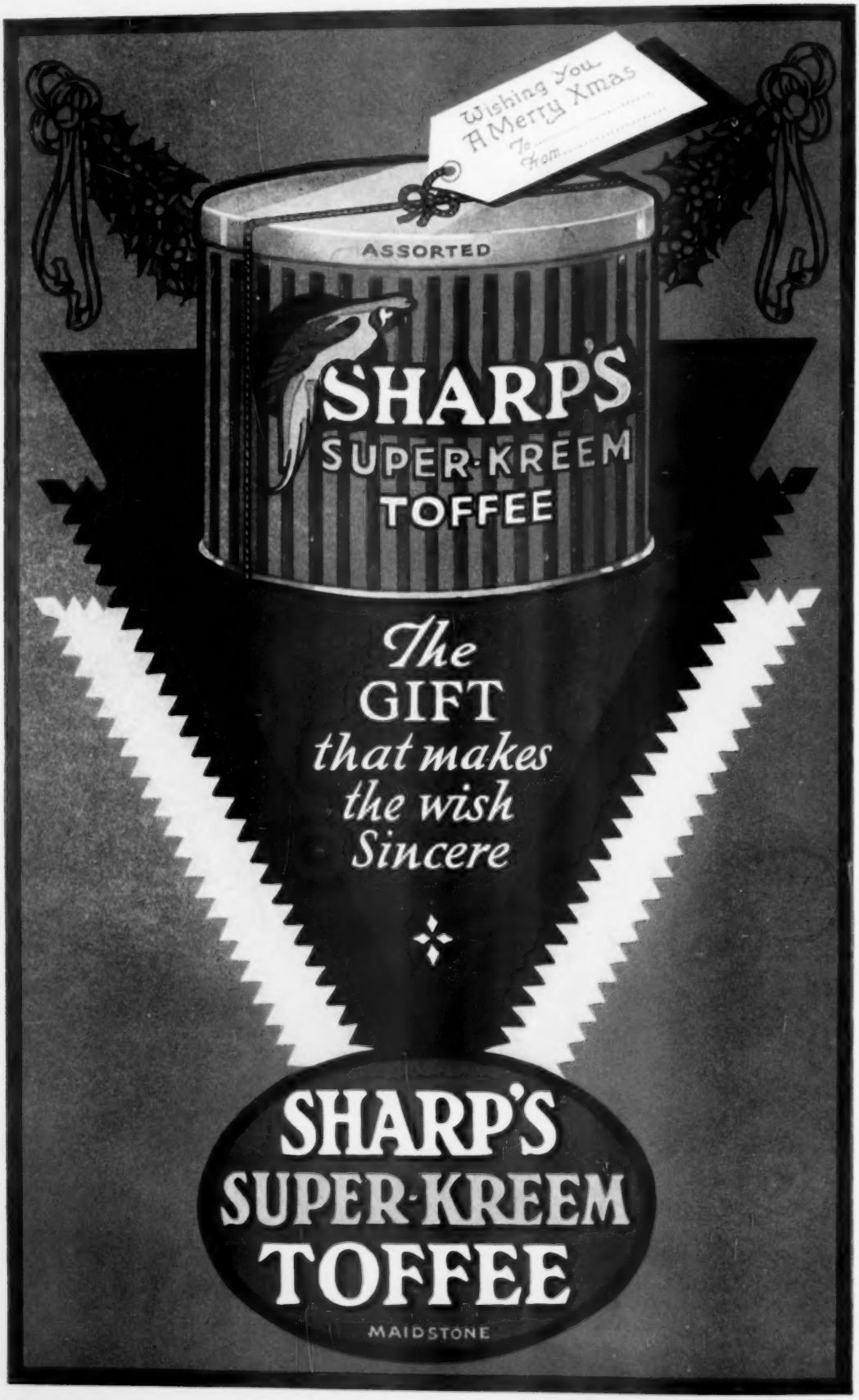
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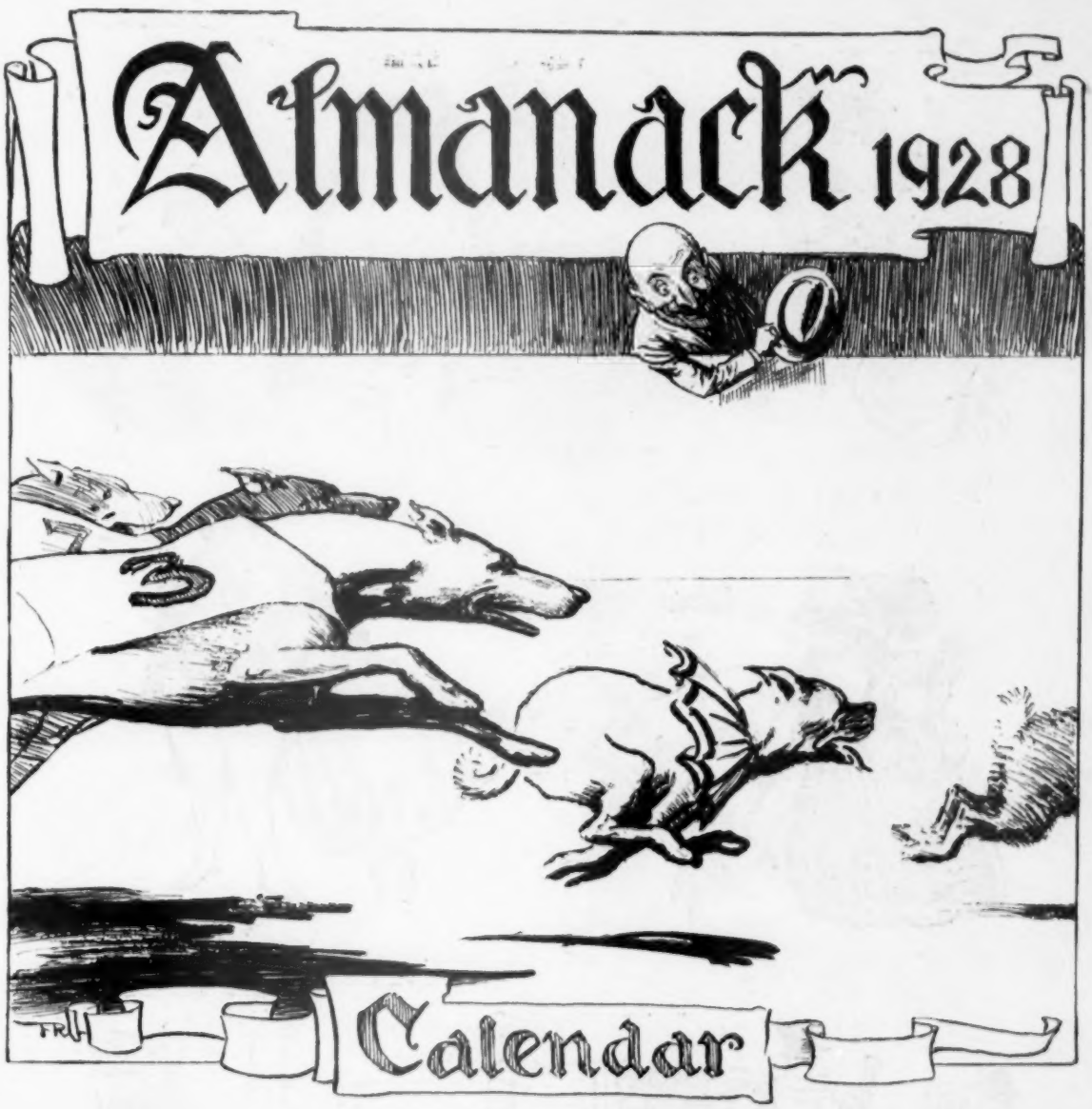
Punch



Almanack 1928


Wishing You
A Merry Xmas
To.....
From.....
ASSORTED
SHARP'S
SUPER-KREEM
TOFFEE
The
GIFT
that makes
the wish
Sincere
SHARP'S
SUPER-KREEM
TOFFEE
MAIDSTONE

Punch's Almanack for 1928.



January							February						
S	1.	8.	15.	22.	29.	...	S	....	5.	12.	19.	26.	...
M	2.	9.	16.	23.	30.	...	M	....	6.	13.	20.	27.	...
Tu	3.	10.	17.	24.	31.	...	Tu	....	7.	14.	21.	28.	...
W	4.	11.	18.	25.	...	...	W	1.	8.	15.	22.	29.	...
Th	5.	12.	19.	26.	...	...	Th	2.	9.	16.	23.	...	...
F	6.	13.	20.	27.	...	...	F	3.	10.	17.	24.	...	...
S	7.	14.	21.	28.	...	...	S	4.	11.	18.	25.	...	...

March							April						
S	....	4.	11.	18.	25.	...	S	1.	8.	15.	22.	29.	...
M	....	5.	12.	19.	26.	..	M	2.	9.	16.	23.	30.	..
Tu	....	6.	13.	20.	27.	..	Tu	3.	10.	17.	24.	...	...
W	....	7.	14.	21.	28.	..	W	4.	11.	18.	25.	...	...
Th	1.	8.	15.	22.	29.	...	Th	5.	12.	19.	26.	...	...
F	2.	9.	16.	23.	30.	..	F	6.	13.	20.	27.	...	...
S	3.	10.	17.	24.	31.	...	S	7.	14.	21.	28.	...	...

May							June						
S	....	6.	13.	20.	27		S	....	3.	10.	17.	24.	...
M	....	7.	14.	21.	28		M	....	4.	11.	18.	25.	...
Tu	1.	8.	15.	22.	29		Tu	....	5.	12.	19.	26.	...
W	2.	9.	16.	23.	30		W	....	6.	13.	20.	27.	...
Th	3.	11.	17.	24.	31		Th	....	7.	14.	21.	28.	...
F	4.	11.	18.	25.	...		F	1.	8.	15.	22.	29.	...
S	5.	12.	19.	26.	...		S	2.	9.	16.	23.	30.	...

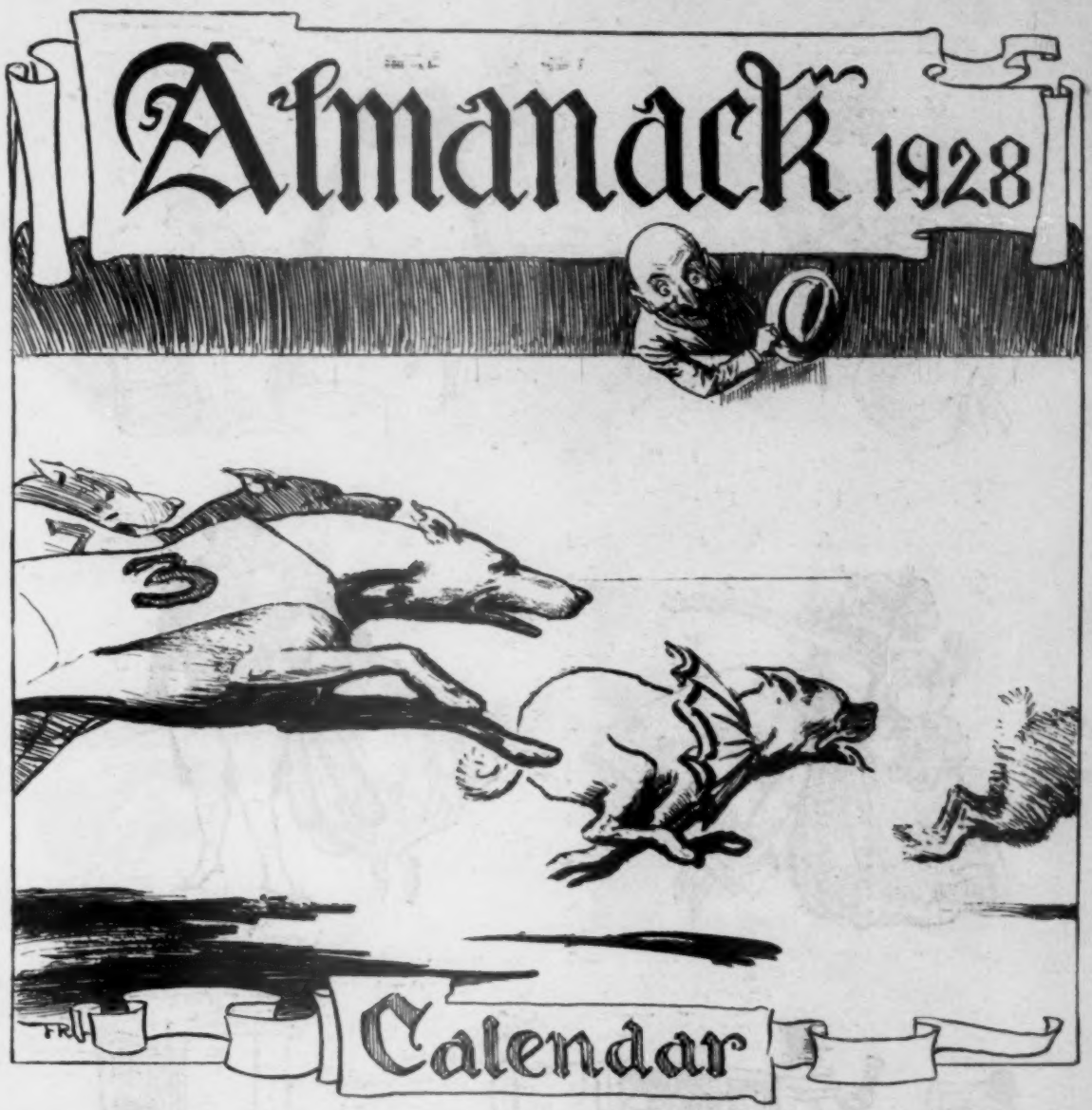
July							August						
S	....	1.	8.	15.	22.	29	S	....	5.	12.	19.	26.	...
M	....	2.	9.	16.	23.	30	M	....	6.	13.	20.	27.	...
Tu	....	3.	10.	17.	24.	31	Tu	....	7.	14.	21.	28.	...
W	....	4.	11.	18.	25.	...	W	1.	8.	15.	22.	29.	..
Th	....	5.	12.	19.	26.	...	Th	2.	9.	16.	23.	30.	...
F	....	6.	13.	20.	27.	...	F	3.	10.	17.	24.	31.	...
S	....	7.	14.	21.	28.	...	S	4.	11.	18.	25.	...	...

September							October						
S	....	2.	9.	16.	23.	30	S	.....	7.	14.	21.	28	
M	....	3.	10.	17.	24.	...	M	....	1.	8.	15.	22.	29
Tu	....	4.	11.	18.	25.	...	Tu	....	2.	9.	16.	23.	30
W	....	5.	12.	19.	26.	...	W	....	3.	10.	17.	24.	31
Th	....	6.	13.	20.	27.	...	Th	....	4.	11.	18.	25.	...
F	....	7.	14.	21.	28.	...	F	....	5.	12.	19.	26.	...
S	1.	8.	15.	22.	29.	...	S	....	6.	13.	20.	27.	...

November							December						
S	....	4.	11.	18.	25		S	....	2.	9.	16.	23.	30
M	....	5.	12.	19.	26		M	....	3.	10.	17.	24.	31
Tu	....	6.	13.	20.	27		Tu	....	4.	11.	18.	25.	...
W	....	7.	14.	21.	28		W	....	5.	12.	19.	26.	...
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Tu	3.	10.	17.	24.	31.	...	Tu	...	7.	14.	21.	28.	...	Tu	...	6.	13.	20.	27.	...
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April							May							June						
S	1.	8.	15.	22.	29.	...	S	...	6.	13.	20.	27		S	...	3.	10.	17.	24.	...
M	2.	9.	16.	23.	30.	...	M	...	7.	14.	21.	28		M	...	4.	11.	18.	25.	...
Tu	3.	10.	17.	24.	...	...	Tu	1.	8.	15.	22.	29		Tu	...	5.	12.	19.	26.	...
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Th	5.	12.	19.	26.	...	...	Th	3.	10.	17.	24.	31		Th	...	7.	14.	21.	28.	...
F	6.	13.	20.	27.	...	...	F	4.	11.	18.	25.	...		F	1.	8.	15.	22.	29.	...
S	7.	14.	21.	28.	...	...	S	5.	12.	19.	26.	...		S	2.	9.	16.	23.	30.	...

July							August							September						
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M	...	2.	9.	16.	23.	30	M	...	6.	13.	20.	27.	...	M	...	3.	10.	17.	24.	...
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Th	...	5.	12.	19.	26.	...	Th	2.	9.	16.	23.	30.	...	Th	...	6.	13.	20.	27.	...
F	...	6.	13.	20.	27.	...	F	3.	10.	17.	24.	31.	...	F	...	7.	14.	21.	28.	...
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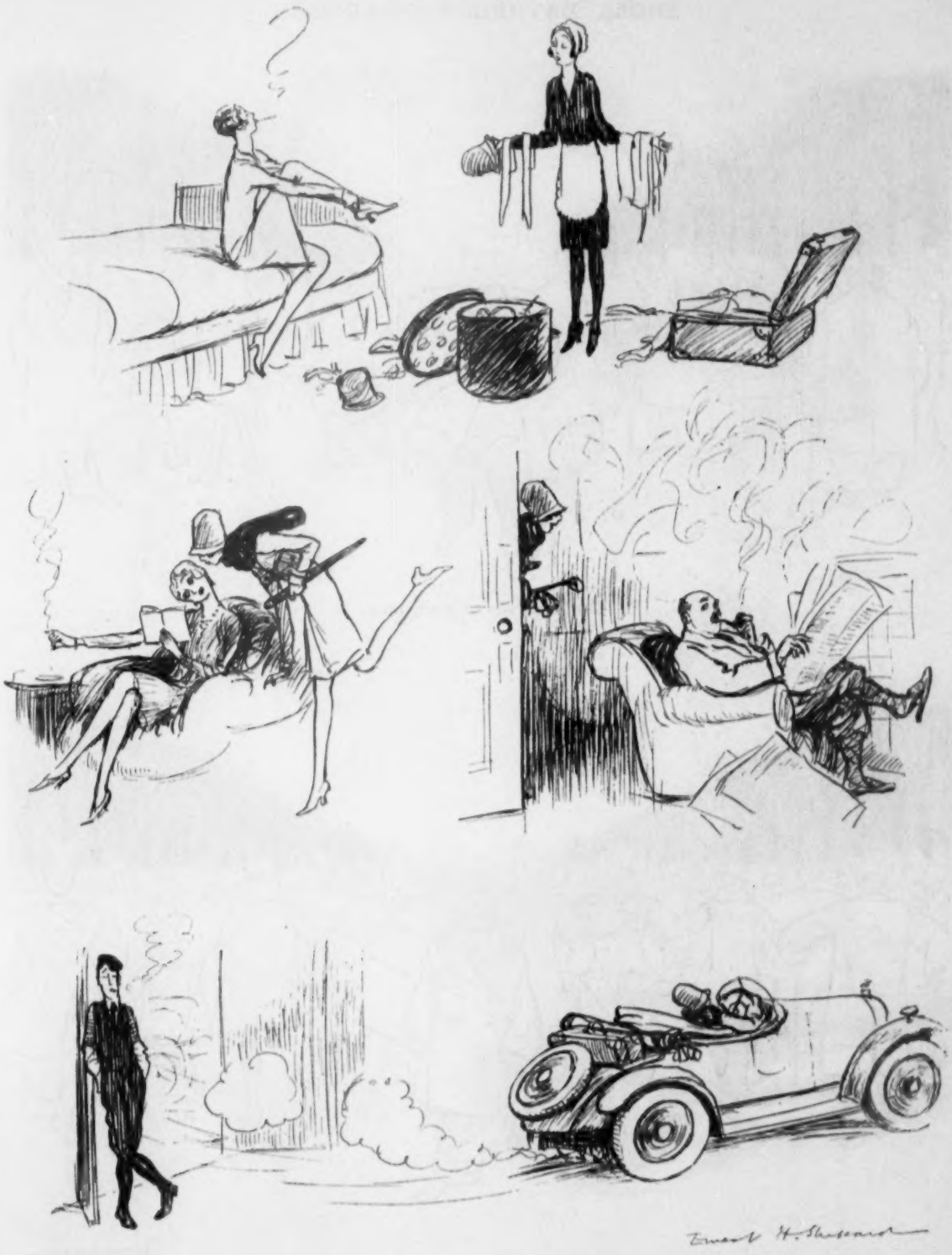
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Punch's Almanack for 1928.



PRISCILLA GOES A-VISITING, 1827.

Punch's Almanack for 1928.



PRISCILLA GOES A-VISITING, 1927.

Punch's Almanack for 1928.

THOSE BATHROOM EXERCISES.



THE FIRST DAY OF DOING THEM.



THE FIRST DAY OF SHIRKING THEM.

Punch's Almanack for 1928.

THE MAN WHO GOT ON.



Bill Higgins started life in a very humble way and used to push a barrow—



but now he can afford a car to push.

Punch's Almanack for 1928.



HEREDITY.

THE PLUMBER'S SON WHO GOT A JOB IN A PANTOMIME AS THE FORELEGS OF THE HORSE.

MINCE MEAT.

(*By our Charivariety Artistes.*)

IT appears that live pets are to be fashionable as presents this Christmas. There is already a great run on lounge lizards.

* * *

We have been asked why Good KING WENCESLAS "looked out" that morning. It is, we believe, the earliest example of a pedestrian adopting Safety First methods.

* * *

During the Christmas preparations at the theatres there is no more anxious moment than when a comedian is taken out of cold storage.

* * *

Every Christian country has its own way of keeping the season of good-will. In Mexico you go out early and shoot your neighbour a Merry Christmas.

* * *

We think it would be a good idea if wives who contemplate buying cigars for their husbands at Christmas would make sure that they purchase smoking cigars and not cookers.

* * *

There are said to be women who are really sound judges of cigars, but mostly they select them by what Mr. BALDWIN, an inveterate pipe-smoker, calls "intuition."

* * *

Householders are warned to be on their guard against men representing themselves to have called for the tax-collector's Christmas-box.

* * *

The assertion that people who systematically back horses and greyhounds have no return to show at the end of the year is altogether too sweeping. Many bookmakers make a practice of sending Christmas cards to their regular clients.

* * *

Professor BRAMER declares that the survival of the fittest is the soundest theory known. But turkeys (never a very intelligent class of bird) are hard to convince at this time of the year.

* * *

With reference to the large number of new greyhound-racing tracks projected for next year, a doubt is expressed as to whether there will be enough dogs to go round. On some tracks already difficulty has been experienced in getting the electric-hares to go round.

* * *

A steeplejack who fell down the inside of a tall chimney at Manchester was picked up uninjured. There is some talk of making him an honorary Santa Claus.

* * *

We understand that in order not to mar the general merriment, the B.B.C. have decided not to publish the weather forecast on Christmas Eve.

* * *

Motto for Christmas: Pleasure first, and Bismuth afterwards.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

WHO lets Father Christmas in?
Who do you think, my dear?
The pussycats in solemn state
Beside the chimneys sit and wait;
It 's they who cry, "All clear."

Who is it greets him when he comes?
Who do you think does that?
With smiling looks the nursery toys
Receive him without any noise
Upon the nursery mat.

And who lets Father Christmas out?
The watch-dog at the door.
He wags his tail and says "Good-night,"
Watches until he 's out of sight,
And goes to sleep once more.

R. F.

Punch's Almanack for 1928.

CHRISTMAS-TIME WITH OUR STAGE CELEBRITIES.



Miss Ursula Jeans, Miss Tallulah Bankhead and Miss Olga Lindo waiting at the castle gate for a gift of flannel petticoats.



Mr. Davy Burnaby as a heavy-wait.



Miss Elsa Lanchester has a Christmas-tree all to herself.



Mr. Roy Byford plays at Father Christmas.



Miss Sybil Thorndike tells a blood-curdling ghost story.



Mr. Norman McKinnel and Mr. Bromley-Davenport, having both conceived the idea of dressing up as spectres, meet in the corridor.



Miss Potiphar Casalis catches Mr. Paul Cavanagh under the mistletoe.



Mr. Allan Aynesworth leads Miss Marie Tempest out for Sir Roger de Coverley.



Mr. Ernest Thesiger presides over the wassail bowl with genial acidity.

Punch's Almanack for 1928.

IDEAS FOR OUR "BRIGHT YOUNG PEOPLE."

[Since a section of the "Bright Young People" literally "set the Thames on fire," things have been a little quiet. The following suggestions from other well-known phrases may help to restore their brilliance.]



"Coming home with the milk."



"Seeing which way the cat will jump."

Punch's Almanack for 1928.

IDEAS FOR OUR "BRIGHT YOUNG PEOPLE."



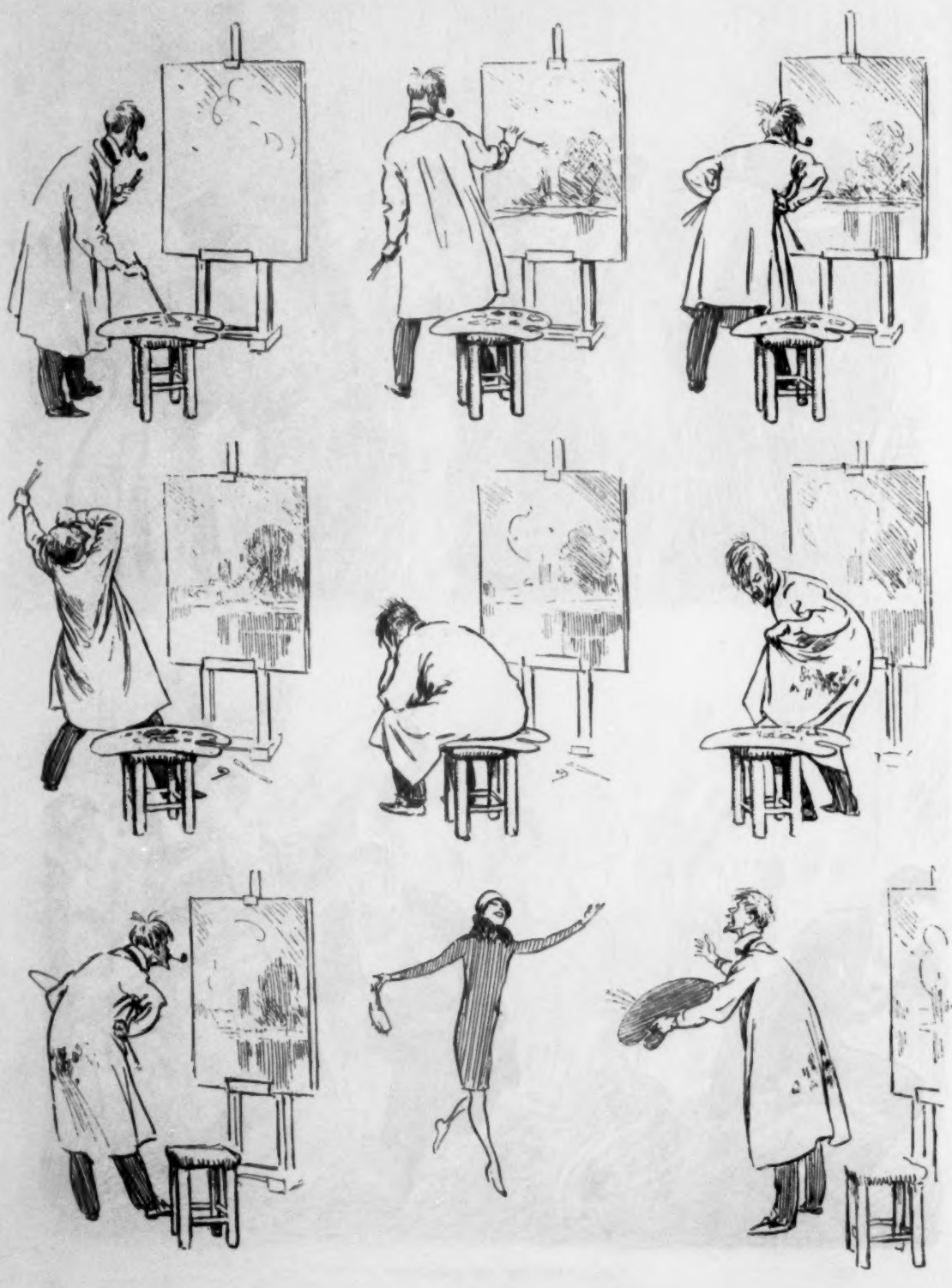
"Asking a policeman the time."



"Beating the band."

Punch's Almanack for 1928.

THE PICTURE OF THE YEAR.



Punch's Almanack for 1928.

THE PICTURE OF THE YEAR.



Punch's Almanack for 1928.

NEW EVENING SHIRTS.



THE MAN I 'M SORRY FOR—



IS THE FELLOW WHO MAKES IT HIS JOB—



TO GLUE THE INSIDES OF ONE'S NEW EVENING SHIRTS—



SO SECURELY TOGETHER.



THE POOR—



UNFORTUNATE WRETCH—



CAN NEVER BE THERE—



TO SEE—



HOW WELL HIS—



SILLY ROTTEN JOKE—



ALWAYS—



COMES OFF.

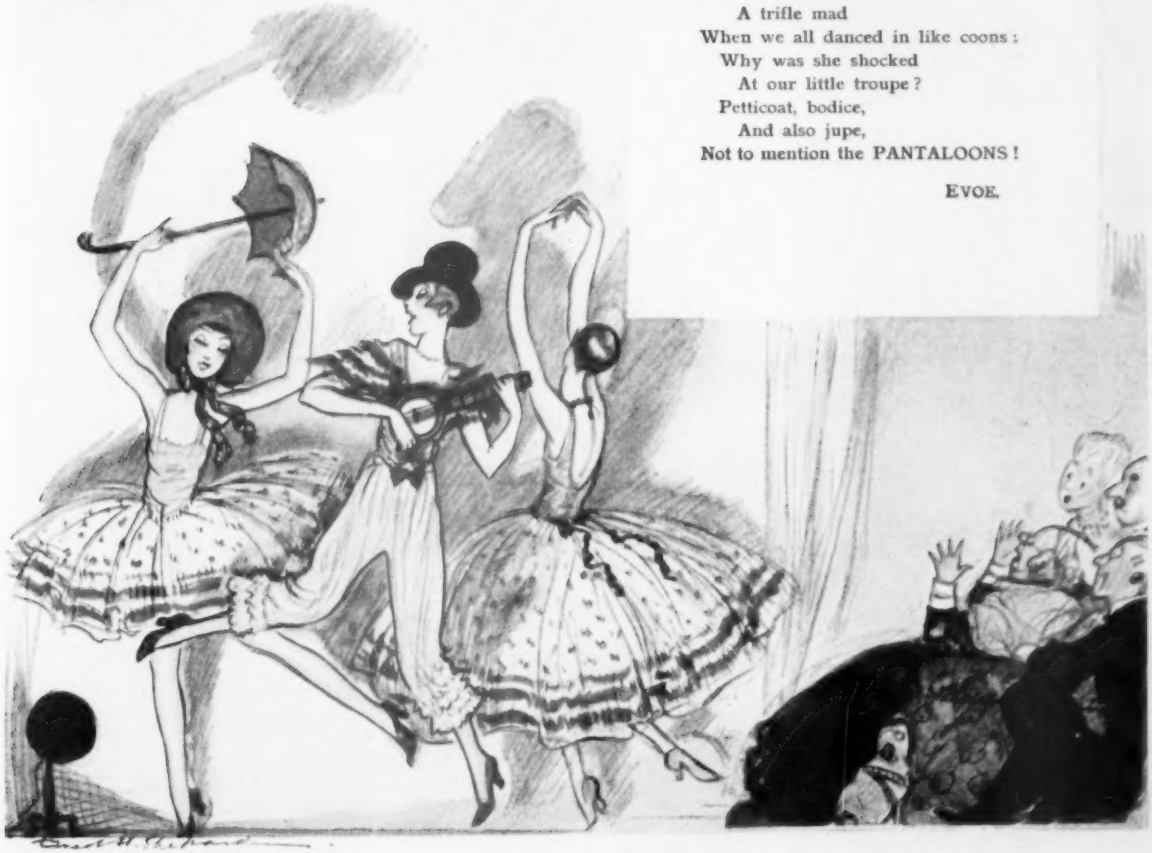


THE CHARADE.

THIS was the dress
That grandmother wore
In the ancient days
Of dear old yore—
Heigh-ho for the vanished moons!
Lived (she did)
In a kind of coop,
Petticoat, bodice
And also jupe,
Not to speak of the pantaloons.

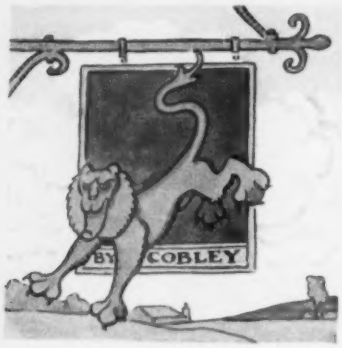
This was the dress
That grandmother had.
Grandmother seemed
A trifle mad
When we all danced in like coons:
Why was she shocked
At our little troupe?
Petticoat, bodice,
And also jupe,
Not to mention the PANTALOONS!

EVOE.



THE BLUE LION SEES THE WORLD.

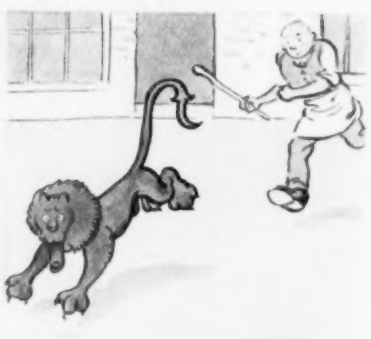


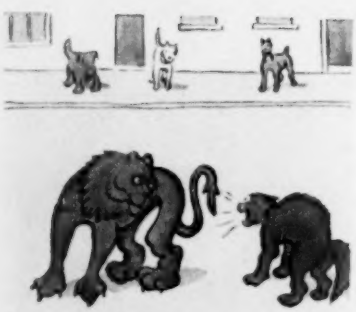










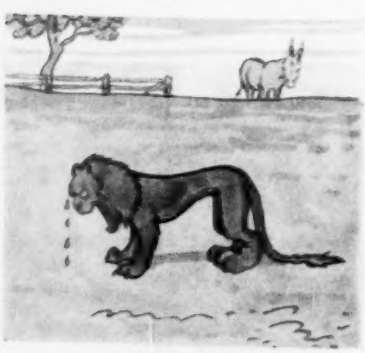




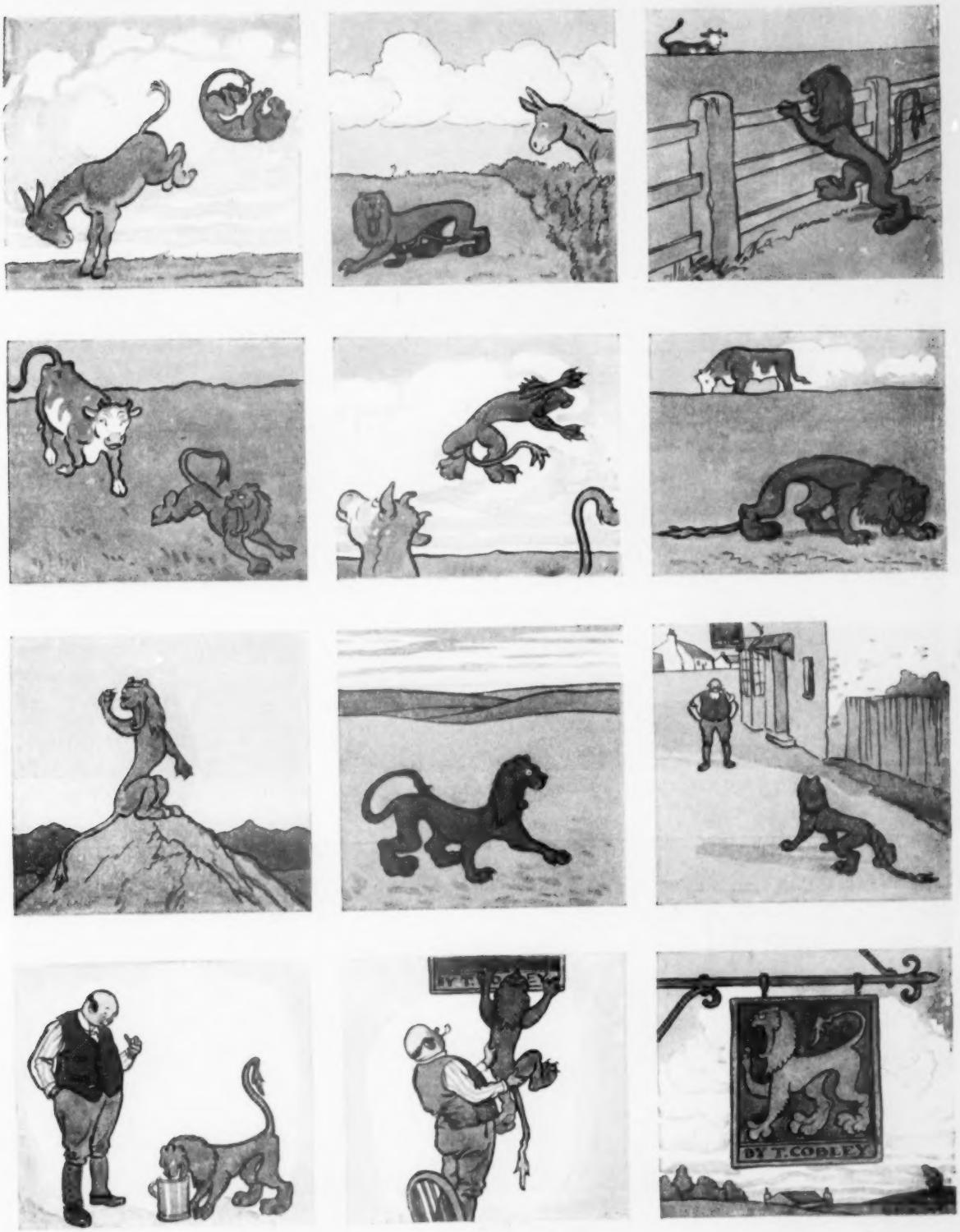




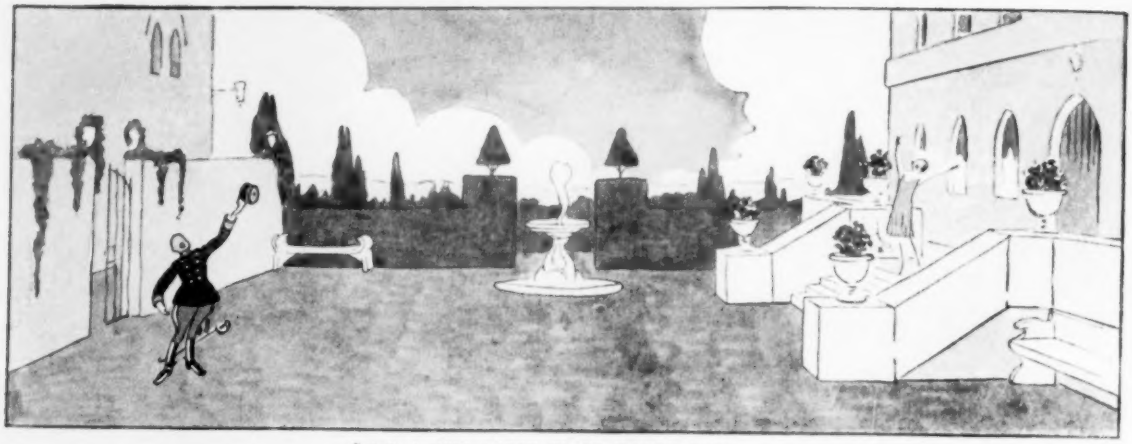




THE BLUE LION SEES THE WORLD.



CHANGE OF SCENE.



"YES, I JUST ADORE PLAYS WHERE THEY—



CHANGE THE SETS WITHOUT LETTING DOWN THE CURTAIN. YOU SEE, THERE'S ALWAYS THE HOPE THAT WHEN THE LIGHTS GO UP AGAIN—



YOU'LL CATCH ONE OF THEM AT IT."

OUR PREDECESSORS' GAMES.

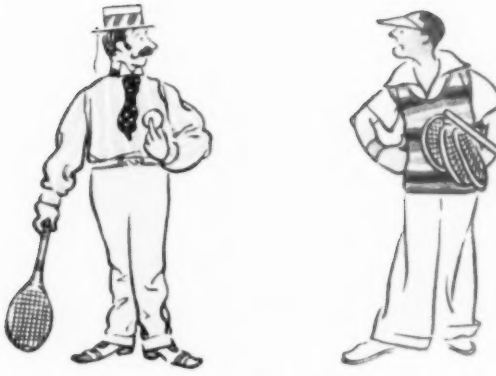
I DARESAY OUR PREDECESSORS GOT A CERTAIN AMOUNT OF PLEASURE OUT OF THEIR GAMES, BUT—



IT SEEMS HARD TO BELIEVE—



THAT—



THEY—



EVER—



ACTUALLY—



WON ANY.


WINTER SPORTS
For POLITICIANS.
COGNAC
DISTRESS OF LORD ASTOR ON PERCEIVING THAT HIS RESCUER PURVEYS ALCOHOLIC REFRESHMENT.
MR LLOYD GEORGE GLIDES GRACEFULLY "BACK TO THE LAND."
LORD BIRKENHEAD STUDIES THE MAGIC ARTS OF INDIA.
CAUTION
THREE-LEGGED SKATING AT GENEVA (ON RATHER THIN ICE) BY SIR AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN & MR BRIDGEMAN.
MR CHURCHILL INDULGES IN A LITTLE DESERT POLO.


LT.-COMMANDER KENWORTHY CUTS HIS FAVOURITE FIGURE ON SKATES.
MASTER WHEATLEY SNOW-BALLS THE HOME SECRETARY.
LORD HALDANE SKIPPERS THE LABOUR BOBSLEIGH TEAM.
CEMENTERS OF EMPIRE:
MR. AMERY BOXES IMPERIALLY:
WHILE MR. BALDWIN ACHIEVES A "BEAU GESTE" BY SACRIFICING HIS FAVOURITE PIPE.

GOLFING TABLEAUX—PAST AND PRESENT.



A GAME FOR TWO.



A WILLING PUPIL.

GOLFING TABLEAUX—PAST AND PRESENT.

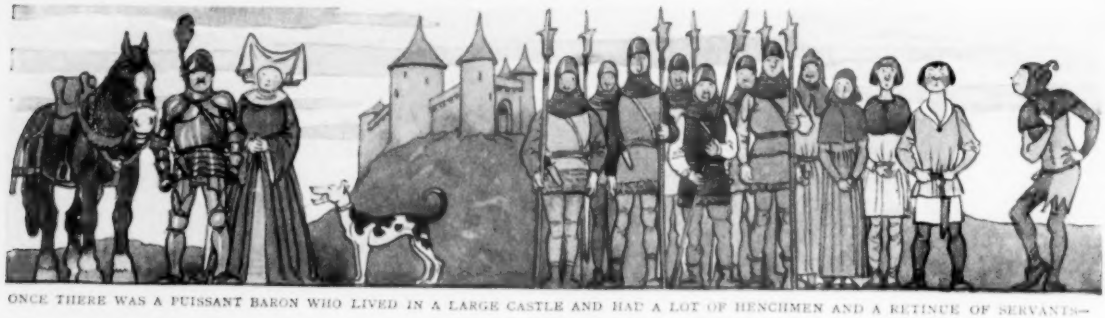


A HOPELESS CASE.



CURSE HER!

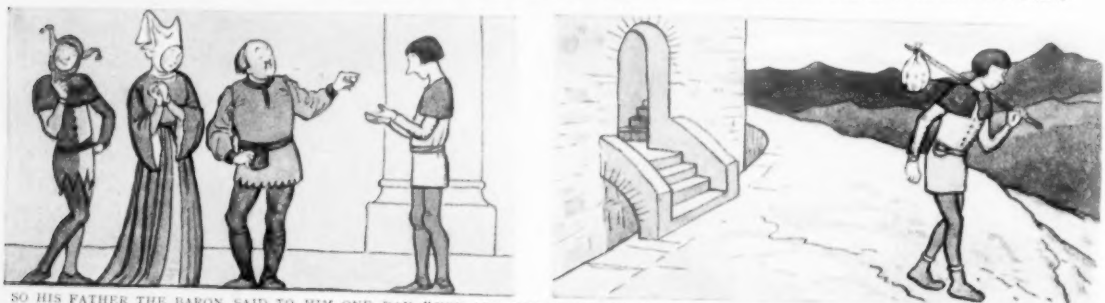
DRIVEN FROM HOME; OR, THE UNHAPPY ENDING.



ONCE THERE WAS A PUISSANT BARON WHO LIVED IN A LARGE CASTLE AND HAD A LOT OF HENCHMEN AND A RETINUE OF SERVANTS—



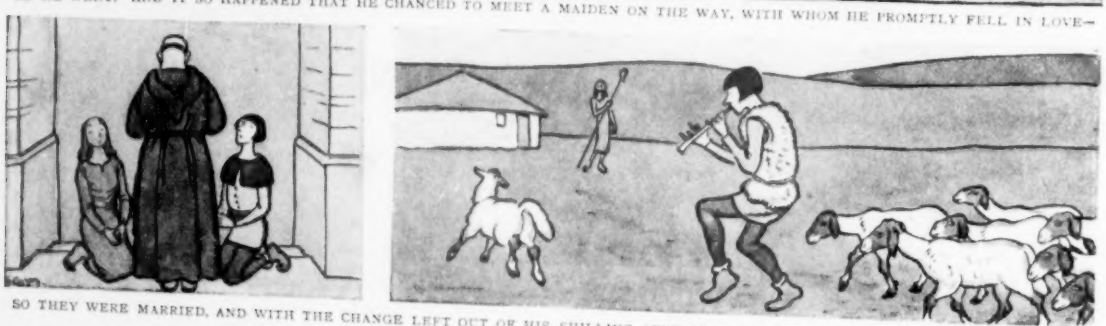
BUT HE WAS RATHER DISAPPOINTED IN HIS ONLY SON, WHO DID NOT CARE FOR WAR AND TOOK NO INTEREST IN BLOOD SPORTS;



SO HIS FATHER THE BARON SAID TO HIM ONE DAY, "YOU ARE NOT DOING MUCH GOOD HERE; TAKE THIS SHILLING AND GO AND SEEK YOUR FORTUNE."



SO HE WENT. AND IT SO HAPPENED THAT HE CHANCED TO MEET A MAIDEN ON THE WAY, WITH WHOM HE PROMPTLY FELL IN LOVE—



SO THEY WERE MARRIED, AND WITH THE CHANGE LEFT OUT OF HIS SHILLING AFTER THE WEDDING HE STARTED A SHEEP-FARM, AND THEY WERE VERY HAPPY; BUT—

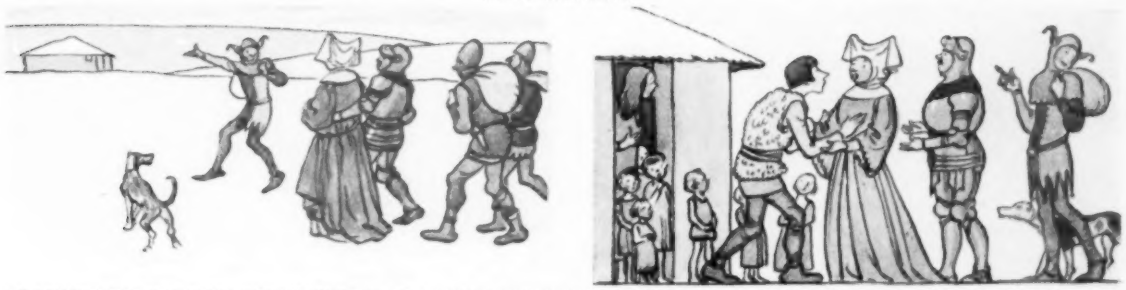
DRIVEN FROM HOME; OR, THE UNHAPPY ENDING.



SOME YEARS LATER THE BARON HAD THE MISFORTUNE TO INCUR THE DISPLEASURE OF THE KING, AND WAS DRIVEN—



OUT INTO THE COLD WORLD, ACCOMPANIED BY THE BARONESS AND A FEW TRUSTY RETAINERS. IT WAS WINTER AND THEY ENDURED GREAT HARDSHIPS.



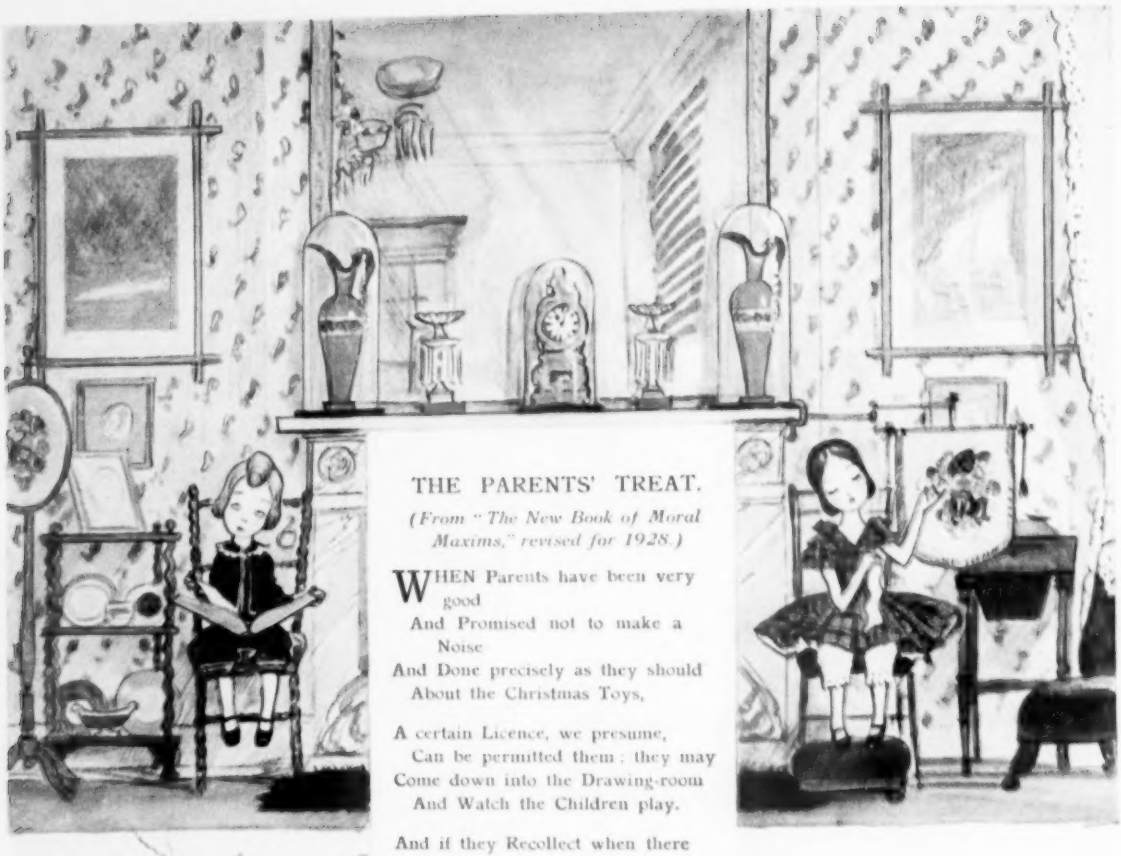
AT LENGTH THE FUGITIVES SOUGHT SHELTER AT A LOWLY SHEPHERD'S COT, WHICH, AS YOU PROBABLY HAVE GUESSED, WAS THAT OF THE BARON'S ONLY SON—



AND WERE HOSPITABLY ENTERTAINED. AND IN THE SPRING THE BARON SAID, "THIS IS A JOLLY PLACE; WE WILL STAY HERE, AND MY MEN CAN LOOK AFTER THE SHEEP IN RETURN FOR BOARD AND LODGING."



ONE MORNING VERY EARLY A SAD LITTLE PROCESSION WENDED ITS WAY OVER THE LONELY DOWNS.



THE PARENTS' TREAT.

(From "The New Book of Moral Maxims," revised for 1928.)

WHEN Parents have been very good
And Promised not to make a Noise
And Done precisely as they should
About the Christmas Toys,

A certain Licence, we presume,
Can be permitted them: they may
Come down into the Drawing-room
And Watch the Children play.

And if they Recollect when there
The Lessons taught them long ago,
To Keep quite Still upon the Chair
And Read a Book, or Sew,

They can be asked to Come Again:
But if they Move a Hand or Foot
And Talk and Fidget or Complain,
They will be told to Scoot.

How Greatly is the Household Blessed
Where Children Romp and make a Din,
While Silent Parents, neatly dressed,
Sit down to Listen-in!

EVOE.



Punch's Almanack for 1928.

CINDERELLA RETOLD.

For Plain Families.

No, my dears, I will not tell you one of the old stories, for really most of them are not quite nice when you begin to think about them, are they? Instead I will tell you a true Cinderella story, which happened only the other day; it is a much more common story than the story you know, and a very much nicer one, I think . . . Stop sniffing, Charlie.

This Cinderella, like your Cinderella, had two step-sisters, both older than herself. Her father's name was Sausage—Sir Cuthbert Sausage—and he had become very rich from selling razors in the Great War, when thousands of our brave boys went out to France and shaved every day. Cinderella's two step-sisters were named Alice and Maud, and they were both ugly, or, as we should say to-day, plain, for that is a nicer word. But you must not think unkindly of them because they were plain, for beauty is much more a question of character than looks, as we read yesterday—did we not, Margaret? Many of you dear children are very nearly plain.

But though Cinderella was quite nice to look at I do not call her a really nice girl. She thought much too much about balls and princes and other young men, instead of thinking how she could be helpful. Alice was always thinking of others, and Maud was always thinking how she could improve the poor and stop them wasting their money. Alice was on several committees for looking after other people's business, and Maud belonged to a society for making the poor better.

But Cinderella was not very nice to her thoughtful sisters, and would not help them with their work. She was a careless girl too and would often borrow their stockings or underclothes without asking their leave. And while they were teaching poor children to sew or giving cocoa-parties to the work-people, she would be laughing with young men, and staying up late at dances, which does no good to anyone. Her father, Sir Cuthbert, was indulgent with her, for he used to say that it was the Age of Youth, and he seemed to think that that meant that young people might do anything they liked; but this is a very wrong idea . . . And if you sniff again, Charlie, you will go straight up to bed.



"Maud was always thinking how she could improve the poor."

Cinderella's step-mother was a good and serious woman, and naturally she loved Maud and Alice better than Cinderella, because of the difference in their characters.



"But Cinderella would be laughing with young men."

Now Sir Cuthbert was very anxious for Maud and Alice to marry because he felt sure that they would improve their husbands and have good children. And he wanted Cinderella to marry because she was a worry.

Now one day Alice and Maud were invited to a Ball, which was given by a rich lady called Lady Cowslip, to help the "Save the Fathers" League, which does such splendid work in helping poor men with families who have bad habits and that kind of thing . . . No, Maggie, I will not; you know what bad habits are as well as I do.

Well, Cinderella was not asked to the Ball because all the guests were serious people and of course Cinderella was a mere flibbertigibbet—a flibbertigibbet, Helen. No, dear, your father will spell it for you afterwards.

But a Ball was a Ball to Cinderella, and just because she was not invited the perverse girl wanted to go to it. And I am afraid there was another reason. The Secretary of the Society was Lady Cowslip's son, the Honourable Arthur Cowslip. Alice and Maud were both interested in Mr. Cowslip because of his goodness. Cinderella also had seen photographs of Mr. Cowslip in the papers, but I am afraid she was not so much interested in his character as in his handsome face. So when the others had gone off to the Ball Cinderella stayed behind and sulked in a very unladylike fashion; and just to put her step-sisters in the wrong she tidied their room and put the tea-things away, which was not a very kind thought, was it, Dora, dear?

Well, just then a young man she knew called Namby telephoned to her. Mr. Namby was not a very manly type of man; he used to go to see the Russian dancers at the theatre, and I suppose you might almost call him the fairy-godmother, for, when Cinderella said that she was moping because she had not been invited to the Ball, he said, "That's nothing, neither have I, but I will take you to the Ball, old cheese." For you must know that in a certain section of what is called Society there are people who act and speak in that way, never thinking whether they are wanted, but only of what they want. And I hope that all you children will



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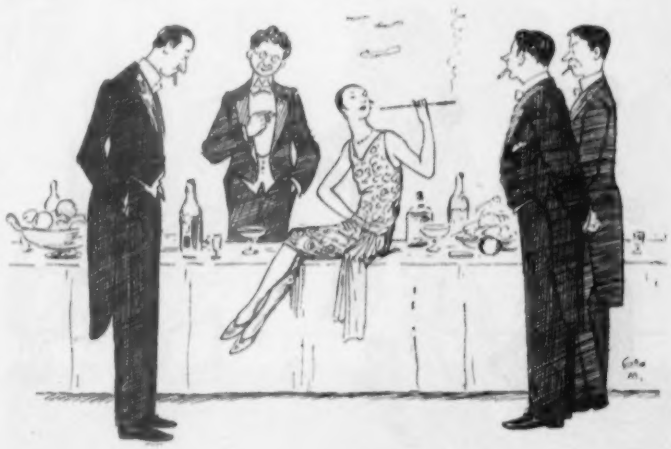
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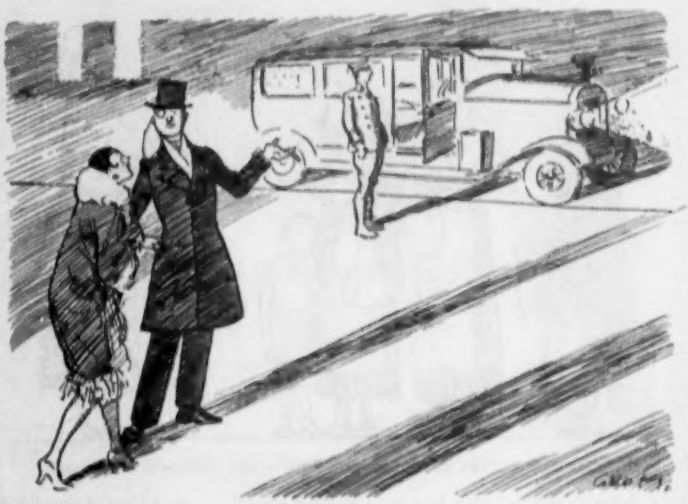
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take great care not to grow up like that . . . . Coral, if you pinch Jennifer's leg again I shall ask your father to slap you.

Well, Cinderella began to dress for the Ball, but when she came to shoes and stockings the idle girl found that her party stockings had ladders in them. So what did she do? Yes, Honoria, you have guessed right and your father will give you a piggy-back afterwards. She ran up to her step-sisters' room and took a pair of Alice's stockings, which of course were carefully darned. And not content with that piece of stealing—for it *is* stealing, Helen, to take what does not belong to us—she also took Alice's pretty silver slippers because they matched the stockings, though they were rather too large for her.



"All made out of pumpkins and white mice."

Then she said, "But how shall we go to the Ball?" and Mr. Namby said in his fairy-godmother way, "Oh, that 's all right. I have a coach and six cylinders outside, all made out of pumpkins and white mice, Cinderella." And there sure enough was a great big motor-car. Mr. Namby's father manufactured pickles and potted meat, and I am afraid that that is what Mr. Namby was hinting; but it was not a very nice way to speak of his father's calling, was it, Honoria?

Well, off they went to the Ball, and on the way Mr. Namby said, "Now mind, Cinderella, you must come away sharp at twelve o'clock, and we will go to another party where there will be a bigger supper and much more champagne"—champagne, Gladys, is a sort of fizzy lemonade—"but the supper at this Ball will not be very nice"—that is how some people go about the world, you see, not thinking how they can give pleasure to people, but only of how much they can eat and drink. Little girls who chew their fingers, Lettice, will *not* go to *Peter Pan*.

Well, at the door of the rich lady's house the footman asked to see their invitations, but the fairy godmother said they had lost them, which of course was a story. So then they went in, and presently Cinderella met Mr. Cowslip, and they danced together. Mr. Cowslip, I am sorry to say, liked dancing with Cinderella, for the best of young men are sometimes carried away by a pretty face and auburn hair (No, Helen, your hair is not auburn, it is pale fox); but if he had thought a little more as he whirled round with Cinderella he would have said to himself, "Is it my better nature that makes me do this? Is it enriching my spiritual life, or is it only the idle pleasure of a moment?" But he did not say that, and they danced together all the evening.



"He went sulking to the refreshment-room."

Meanwhile, of course, the poor step-sisters, Alice and Maud, would have enjoyed a little thoughtful talk with Mr. Cowslip, but they were left out in the cold. And when they saw Cinderella they were rather cross, not about Mr. Cowslip, but because she had practised a deceit and come where she was not invited.

It was just like Cinderella to forget all about Mr. Namby, who had given her the treat. When he saw that she would only pay attention to Mr. Cowslip he went sulking to the refreshment-room and ate ice after ice. And after a while he went off to the other party to get some fizzy lemonade.

Well, presently Cinderella had a blistered heel from dancing in Alice's shoes, which were too big for her. . . . No, Coral, we must not say that it served her right, for that is not kind, but I certainly think she deserved it.

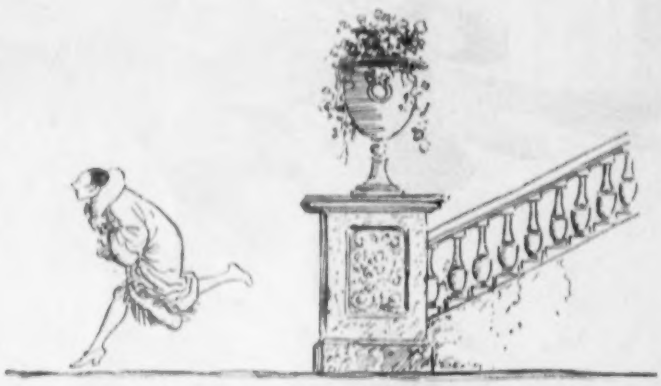
So Mr. Cowslip gave her his arm, like the gentleman he was—your father will show you how to do that, Charlie, afterwards—and he led her down to the refreshment-room; and, though Cinderella did not know it, she sat down in the *very* chair that Mr. Namby had just left! That is called a "co-in-ci-dence," Lettice, and one day you will be a big girl and use long words like "co-in-ci-dence," so take your fingers out of your mouth.

Now Cinderella had not at all a good influence on Mr. Cowslip. He laughed and joked with her and quite enjoyed her foolish talk; he was over-excited and ate far too many ices. And all the time the two nice step-sisters sat by the wall, and it hurt them to see a nice young man losing sight of his better nature. . . . Charlie, go straight up to bed and repeat to yourself one hundred times, "Charlie must use his pocket-handkerchief." No, child, I shall not speak again.

Where were we, children? Right again, Honoria—"his better nature"—your father will show you his stamp-album afterwards. Well, presently the clock struck twelve, and thoughtless Cinderella suddenly remembered Mr. Namby, and, what, I am afraid, was

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even more important to her, the fizzy lemonade. So she jumped up and, not seeing Mr. Namby anywhere, she rushed out of the house to catch him. In the hall one of Alice's shoes, which were . . . What were Alice's shoes, Lettice? Eights? I dare say, Lettice, but that was not what mother said. What did mother say Alice's shoes were, Honoria? That's my attentive one! Mother said that Alice's shoes were "too *large*" for Cinderella, Lettice. So one of them slipped off in the hall, and when she was in the street she could see no sign of Mr. Namby, and even Cinderella was not forward enough to go back to the Ball by herself, so she had to go home by herself, with only one shoe and no fizzy lemonade; which served her—which only shows how careful we should be.



"With only one shoe"

Well, after Cinderella had gone Mr. Cowslip had a nice talk about the poor with Alice and Maud; he told them how he was saving the fathers and checking their bad habits, and Alice and Maud said they would like to join the society and be on the committee. Mr. Cowslip enjoyed this a great deal, for it was much more the sort of way in which he liked to spend an evening. And I expect he was rather ashamed of himself for wasting so much time with a girl like Cinderella, and put her out of his mind, though of course he may have wondered where she had gone.

In the morning Mr. Cowslip had a sad headache from all the coffee and ices he had taken with Cinderella. He felt very poorly, and he could remember very little about what had happened the evening before. But he remembered that he had talked to a very nice girl, whom he had never met before, and when the footman brought him a silver shoe which had been found in the hall he thought he remembered that; and he thought that perhaps the nice shoe had been worn by the nice girl. And as he was very anxious to meet the nice girl again he used to take the shoe about with him to all his committee-meetings and ask the ladies on the committees to try it on. But he never could find a foot that fitted it, and poor Mr. Cowslip fretted more and more. . . . Lettice, clasp your hands behind your back till the story is finished.

Well, meanwhile Alice and Maud had got themselves elected—elected means chosen, Gladys, as you would know if you had been attending to the sermon on Sunday—they had been elected to the "Save the Fathers" Committee. And they invited the committee to tea at their house, because they wanted their father to see what a nice man Mr. Cowslip was. Cinderella of course was generally out at tea time, gadding about and wasting her time. They little guessed that she had been eavesdropping, the sly girl! and when the committee met in the drawing-room there was Cinderella curled up in a big arm-chair in the corner. . . No, Joan, you do *not* know how it is going to end, and, if you do, keep silence or you will spoil the pleasure of others.



"He used to take the shoe to all his committee-meetings."

Well, very soon Mr. Cowslip took the shoe out of his pocket as usual and said, "Did any lady here leave this shoe at the 'Save the Fathers' Ball, and if so would she be so good as to try it on so that there may be no doubt about it?" Up jumps Cinderella as bold as brass, and she said, "*I* left it at the Ball, Mr. Cowslip!" Well, she tried it on, but of course Mr. Cowslip saw at once that it was too large for her, and though he remembered her face he thought that he had caught her out in a falsehood. So Cinderella was crest-fallen, and Alice stayed in the back-ground, not putting herself forward. All the other ladies tried, but the shoe did not fit them, and then Alice said quietly, "May I try, Mr. Cowslip?" and of course the shoe fitted her like a glove. Mr. Cowslip said, "I remember you now! So you are the nice girl I have been looking for so long; will you marry me?" And Alice shyly said she would.

So they married and have lived happily ever since, though of course all this was only last October. So you see no girl need mope simply because she is a little ordinary to look at. And as for Cinderella, if she had not been so fond of taking her sister's things, perhaps the story would have ended differently.

Well, my dears, did you like the story? What is the matter, Joan? Why are you crying? You wanted Cinderella to marry Mr. Cowslip? Then you are a very ungrateful girl, and you had better go to bed.

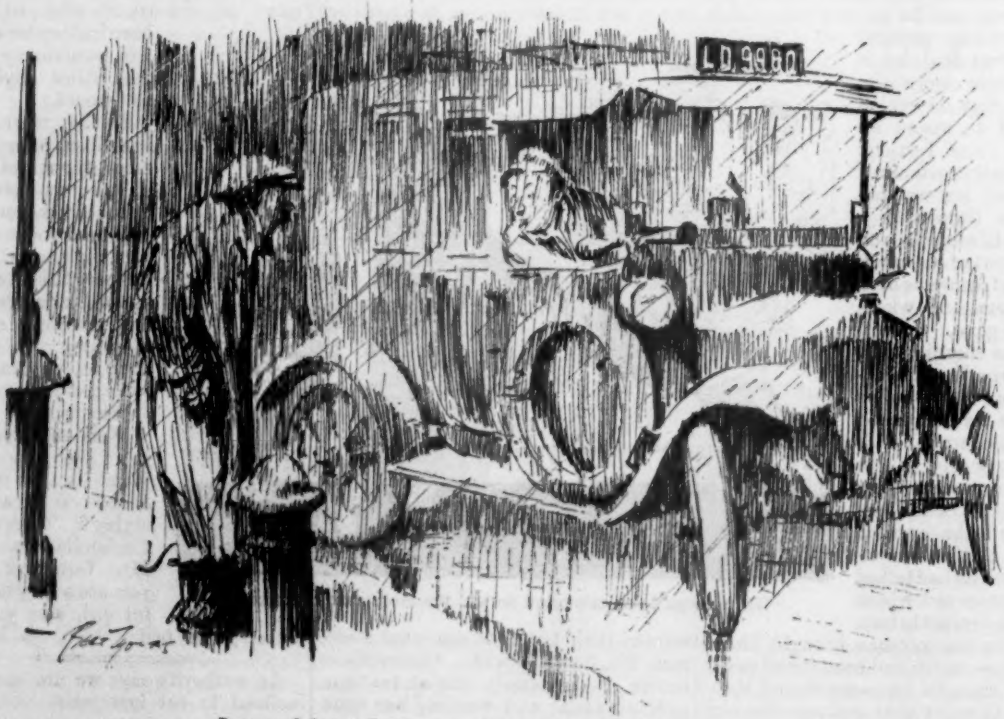
A. P. H.

An authority says we are too much inclined to eat just what looks nice. Stern Scots, however, are never put off by the absence of a pink paper frill round the neck of the Christmas haggis.

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The Major (*"a good putter, Sir, will always win matches"*). "WAIT! (*biff*)—TILL (*bang*)—I (*swipe*)—GET (*smash*)—ON (*whack*)—THE (*wollop*)—GREEN!"



Down-and-Out. "THERE'S A GENT WANTS A TAXI."
Driver. "WHERE IS 'E?"
Down-and-Out. "I DUNNO. BUT 'E GIVE ME A BOB TO FIND ONE."

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OTHER TIMES, OTHER WEAPONS



In days gone by a gentleman of honour would punish a smircher of his good name with a horsewhip—



but in this mechanical age he is content to fling the tool-kit at him.

Punch's Almanack for 1928.

PEOPLE AND PLACES FOR CHRISTMAS.



Though "Monte" is a "plague spot" we must give the D—
his due
And own it 's worth a visit (in the train that 's coloured
blue)
Just to see the Flowers of Fashion (intermingled with
the weeds)
From Berlin up to Beckenham, from Leningrad to Leeds.



Mentone, on the other hand, the gayest spirit quells;
Take Bournemouth, Bath and Cheltenham, Ealing and
Tunbridge Wells,
Then mix them all together, and the general tone (or ton)
Won't be nearly so respectable as Menton-Garavan.



Have you an inclination for a really lazy time?
Well, what about an island in some sunny Southern
clime,
Where nothing breaks the silence but the surging of
the sea
And the little local "Nippy" brings you lotuses for tea?



But Britain for the British; why career to foreign
parts?
Try a good old-fashioned Christmas, say, in Leicestershire
or Herts;
And listen while your good old-fashioned relatives explain
What fun they meant to give you if it only wouldn't rain.

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PEOPLE AND PLACES FOR CHRISTMAS.



FOR PEOPLE WHO DISLIKE TO DINE AT HOME ON CHRISTMAS NIGHT
THE "PICCADILLY PALACE" IS A MOST CONVIVIAL SITE,
AND WHEN THE WAITERS HAND AROUND THE CRACKERS AND THE TOYS
THE SCENE IS MOST HILARIOUS (AT ANY RATE THERE'S NOISE).



BUT, IF YOUR SOUL STILL HANKERS FOR A CHRISTMAS FAR AFIELD,
YOU REALLY OUGHT TO TRY THE THRILLS THAT SWITZERLAND CAN YIELD
AT MÜRREN AND AT GRINDELWALD, AT ADELBODEN AND
THE OTHER JOLLY PLACES IN THE BERNESE OBERLAND.



OR, IF YOU TAKE YOUR PLEASURE IN A MILDER SORT OF WAY,
ST. MORITZ IN THE ENGADINE IS WHERE YOU OUGHT TO STAY,
AND, TASTEFULLY APPARELLED IN THE LATEST SPORTING WEAR,
ENJOY THE SNOW AND SUNSHINE IN THE COMFORT OF A CHAIR.



OR ARE YOU CRAZY ON ROMANCE? THEN EGYPT IS THE LAND
WITH ITS MOSQUES AND DROMEDARIES AND PYRAMIDS AND SAND;
AND MORALS DO NOT MATTER (RUDYARD KIPLING) IN THE LEAST
AS YOU SIT AND SIP YOUR COFFEE IN THE GLAMOUR OF THE EAST.

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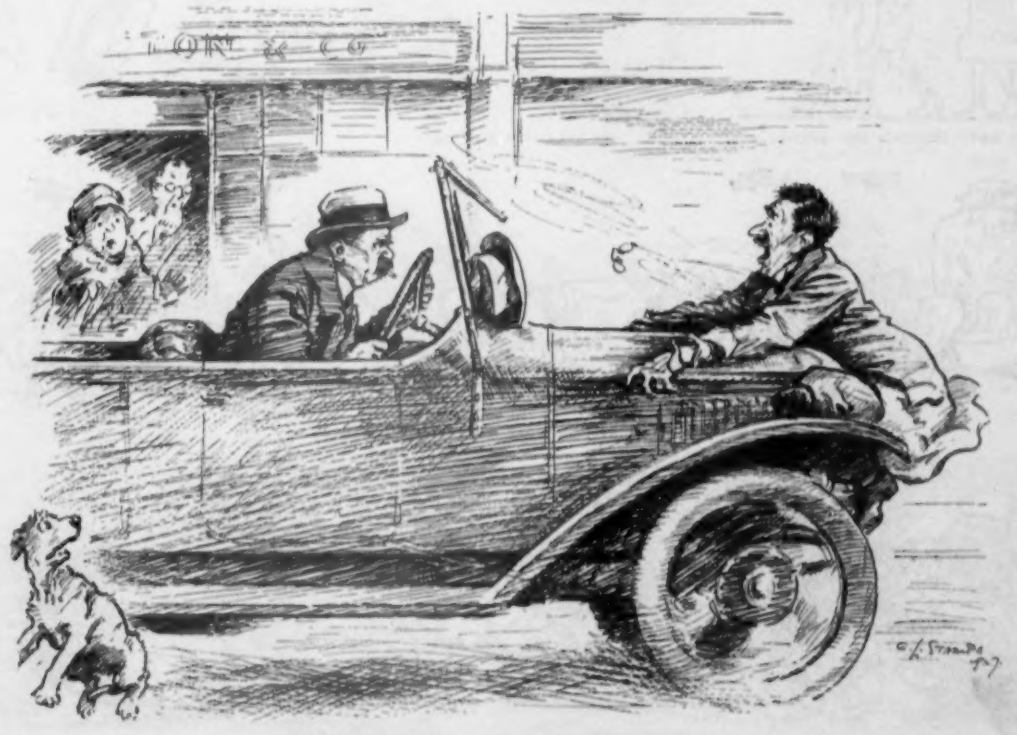


THE BROKEN MIRROR.

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Irish Taximan. "NOW, SORR, I 'LL BE AFTHER LOCKING YE IN, BECAUSE THE DURE'S NOT SAFE. AN' BE CAREFUL YE DON'T FALL THRU THE FLURE."



Pedestrian (to reckless driver). "D-DON'T KILL ME—I 'M ON MY WAY—TO BUY A CAR—SO—I 'LL SOON BE ON YOUR SIDE!"

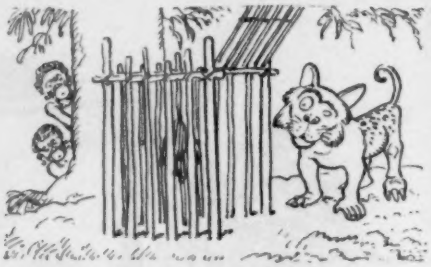
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It is wonderful to think that the great wuff—



which was too swift for the native hunters—



and too artful to be caught in a trap—



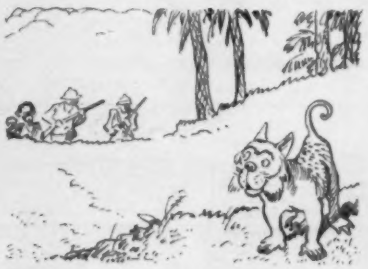
and too thick-skinned to be hurt by arrows (when surprised)—



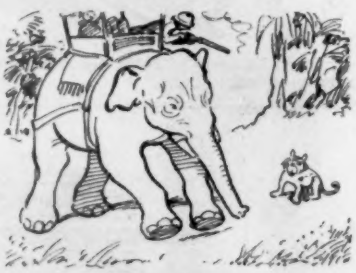
and often turned the tables on its pursuers—



should have excited the interest—



of big-game hunters—



whose methods—



assisted by the most modern equipments—



failed entirely to have any effect upon it—

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AND THAT A LITTLE BOY—



FAR AWAY—



IN ENGLAND—



SHOULD HAVE BEEN THE FIRST—



TO DISCOVER—



THE ONLY—



EFFECTIVE—



METHOD—



OF—



DEALING—



WITH THIS HITHERTO UNDEFEATED DENIZEN OF THE JUNGLE.

Punch's Almanack for 1928.



IF EVERYONE THOUGHT MISS JONES AS LOVELY AS MR. SMITH DOES!



THE SKETCH THING.

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"No, thanks," she interrupted. "I want to get right away from the—the—oh, you know what."

"The beaten track," I suggested. "You wish to break fresh ground."

"Yes," said Susan. "Now keep very quiet and I'll think of something really snappy."

She shut her eyes. I kept very quiet.

"A girl goes into a City office," she said suddenly.

"As a shorthand typist?" I inquired.

"Certainly not. She wants to see a chartered accountant. Averil her name is."

"Why?"

"Because it's an unusual name."

"And why does Averil want to see a chartered accountant?"

"The chartered accountant is her guardian," Susan explained impatiently.

"Let me get this clear," I said. "Averil is seeking neither employment nor professional advice. She is simply paying a friendly call on her guardian, who is a chartered accountant. So far so good."

"The chartered accountant is in love with Averil. He is a well-preserved man of forty. Averil is nineteen, and moderately so-so as to looks in a somewhat soppy way."

"The disparity in age——"

"Averil is in love with the chartered accountant," Susan went on.

"Not a married man, I trust?"

"Oh, no! Nothing of that sort. Well, she confesses to the chartered accountant that she's extremely keen on someone he will probably disapprove of."

"A nasty knock for the chartered accountant."

"Yes," Susan agreed. "He changes colour, so far of course as a chartered accountant can change colour. Averil wants his consent to her marrying. She's under age, you see."

"Nineteen, if I remember rightly."

"Yes, and he's her guardian. However, he's quite a good sort underneath."

"Underneath what?" I inquired.

"Underneath everything. He pretends to hum and ha."

"I know exactly what you mean," I said in some excitement. "I once heard a chartered accountant underneath everything pretending to hum and ha."

"He means all along to give his consent, but he says he has Averil's welfare to consider. She sobs. He pats her on the shoulder and feels frightfully thrilled. She feels frightfully thrilled too.

"Suddenly she opens her bag and produces a photograph. 'My hero!' she murmurs. And it's the chartered accountant's photograph. What do you think of that?"

I said I thought Averil was a forward puss.

"Lend me your fountain-pen," said Susan.

SNOW AND THE NEW JOURNALISM.

WHEN I was young—it was years ago—
All of us knew the look of snow;
Whenever it came we just went out
And cheerfully threw the stuff about,
Or wrought with impious hands a rude
Image in Man's similitude,
Or, if our aptness for art was small,
Rolled it into a monstrous ball.

Nobody thought our childish capers
Worth reporting in all the papers;
Nobody dreamed they might amuse
Anyone else as a piece of news,
Or a camera-shot to serve the need
Of people who didn't know how to read.

When mountains of snow obscured the map,
Nobody talked of an arctic "snap";
Nobody made a frightful fuss
If a drift embedded an omnibus;
Never a journalist let us hear
How he charged a gap on his topmost gear
And flung largesse of his evening sheet
To a town half-dying for mental meat.
Nobody rushed into print to say
That his car had stuck on the Queen's highway
And couldn't be moved for a day and a night;
And the reason was this, if my facts are right—
There were no such things in VICTORIA'S reign;
You travelled, and got there too, by train.

Nobody wrote to ask the Press,
Finding his street in a filthy mess,
Why the authorities failed to buck
Up and remove the beastly muck;
Gentle philanthropists enjoyed
The pleasing sight of the unemployed
Shovelling snow with heart and soul
(Those were the days before the dole).

When I was young—it was years ago—
That was the way we treated snow:
Played with it, carted it off when sloppy,
But never made it a stunt for "copy."

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THE new year was some twenty minutes old. The usual customs which attend the passing of the old year had been boisterously observed and the dance was picking up again the threads which had been dropped on the stroke of midnight. My next dance was with Nancy. Normally the prospect of a dance with Nancy would have filled me with a great content. But on this occasion, for the reason that I had proposed to her some few minutes before midnight and been firmly refused, I was feeling rather less buoyant.

Casting my eye about I espied her at the further end of the room chatting gaily with Carruthers. I crossed the floor and joined them. Greetings were exchanged and then Carruthers excused himself and withdrew.

"Do you mind," said Nancy, "if we sit this out? I 'm a bit tired."

"Very well," I replied.

Leading the way, Nancy took me to a cunningly-contrived alcove and sat down.

"I gave you credit, Nancy," I said, "for having a better sense of the fitness of things than to bring me back to this place, which cannot fail to remind me of the bitter blow you dealt me half-an-hour ago. I should have thought——"

"This," interrupted Nancy without turning a hair of her shingled head, "is easily the best sitting-out place in the building. We 're lucky to find it unoccupied. May I have a cigarette, please?"

I gave her one.

"Thanks," said Nancy and puffed contentedly.

There was a brief silence.

"I didn't see you during the last dance," said Nancy conversationally.

"No," I replied; "I wasn't dancing."

"Did you sit it out?" asked Nancy.

"No," I said; "I went outside and had a quiet smoke."

"Alone?" queried Nancy.

"Alone," I nodded.

"H'm," said Nancy.

I looked at her. She was staring reflectively at a perfect smoke-ring she had loosed upon the atmosphere.

"Why do you ask?" I said.

Nancy turned her fair head and surveyed me gravely.

"Were you," she asked, "outside at midnight?"

"At the stroke of twelve," I assured her solemnly, "I was pacing the terrace in lonely meditation."

"Then," pursued Nancy with a peculiar air of satisfaction, "since you proposed to me last year you 've not really had an opportunity to propose to anybody else?"

I drew myself up stiffly.

"I am not," I said with dignity, "in the habit of including a proposal in my general chit-chat every time I talk to a girl. I have in fact proposed but once in my life. And on that occasion," I added, sighing, "you were present."

"I should like," said she presently, "to ask you a question, if I may."

"You may," I replied courteously.

Nancy dropped her cigarette to the floor and crushed it deliberately, then, turning to me with a sudden briskness, she laid her fingers upon my sleeve.

"Will you marry me?" she asked.

I drew in my breath sharply.

"Why," I spluttered, "why, what do you mean?"

"Take me before the altar," explained Nancy kindly, "and wed me. It 's a very old-established custom. Lots of people do it. You yourself spoke of the very same thing to me only last year, and——"

"But," I cried, "you turned me down. You refused me almost before I asked you."

"You see," explained Nancy, blushing, "this is Leap Year. Lots of girls—I know several myself—are going to propose to men this year. It 's going to be quite general. And I thought it seemed such a pity that I should lose my chance of being the first to propose and be accepted by a mere ten minutes."

I took a deep slow breath, and then I lowered my gaze demurely to the toes of my dancing-pumps.

"Nancy," I said hesitatingly, "I don't know what to say. It is so sudden. I—I hardly know my own mind."

"But," said Nancy, "you seemed to know it half-an-hour ago."

"Ah, yes, but that was last year. This is Leap Year, and things are different now. And I—I am so inexperienced. Besides, there 's father——"

"Don't say you can only be a brother to me," she pleaded. "I think I could make you happy. Won't—won't you take me?"

Very slowly I raised my head and looked into her eyes.

"Very well then, Nancy," I whispered shyly, "I will."

She took my hand in both of hers.

"And now," I prompted, "fling your strong young arms about me and crush me to your breast."

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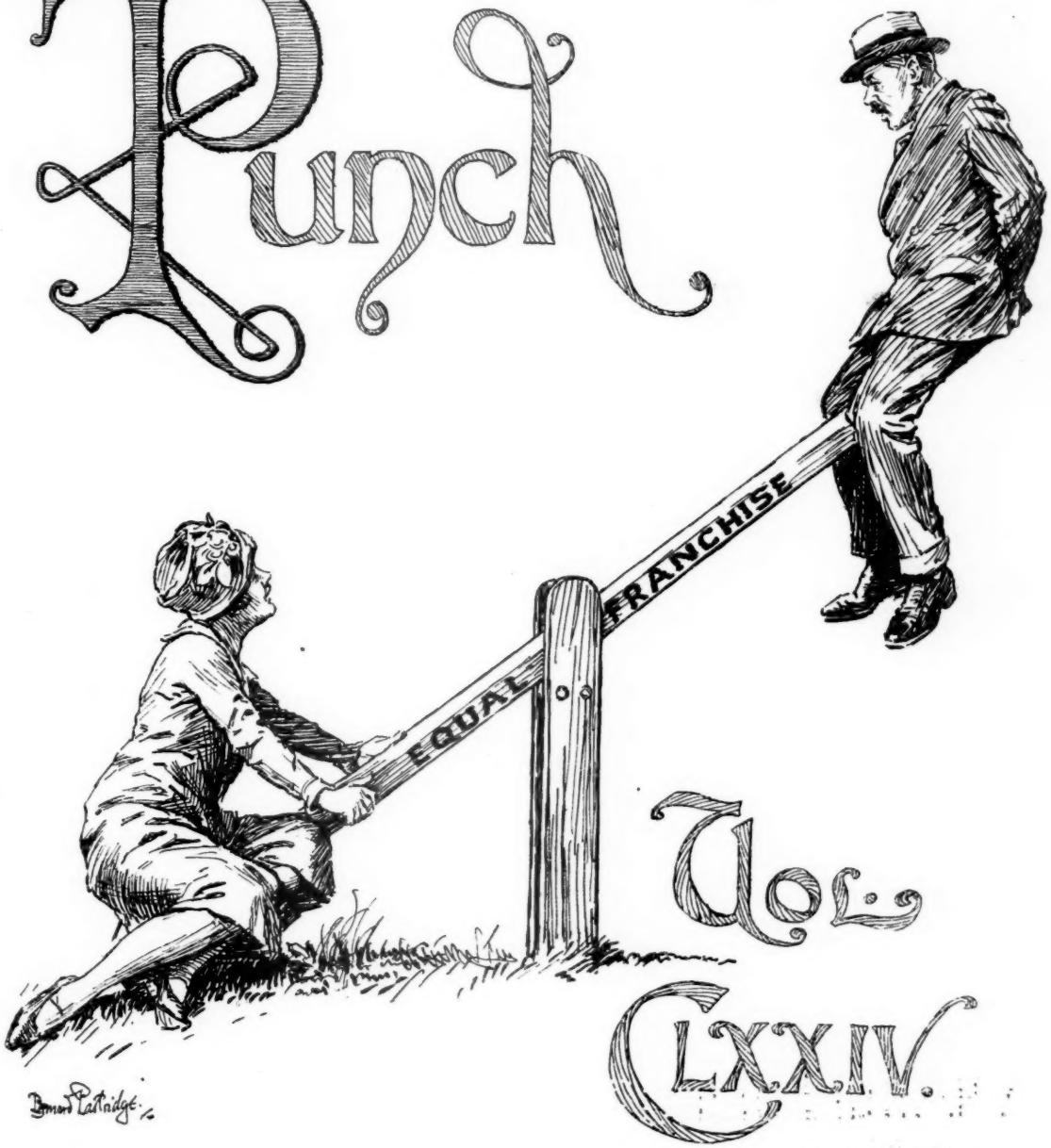
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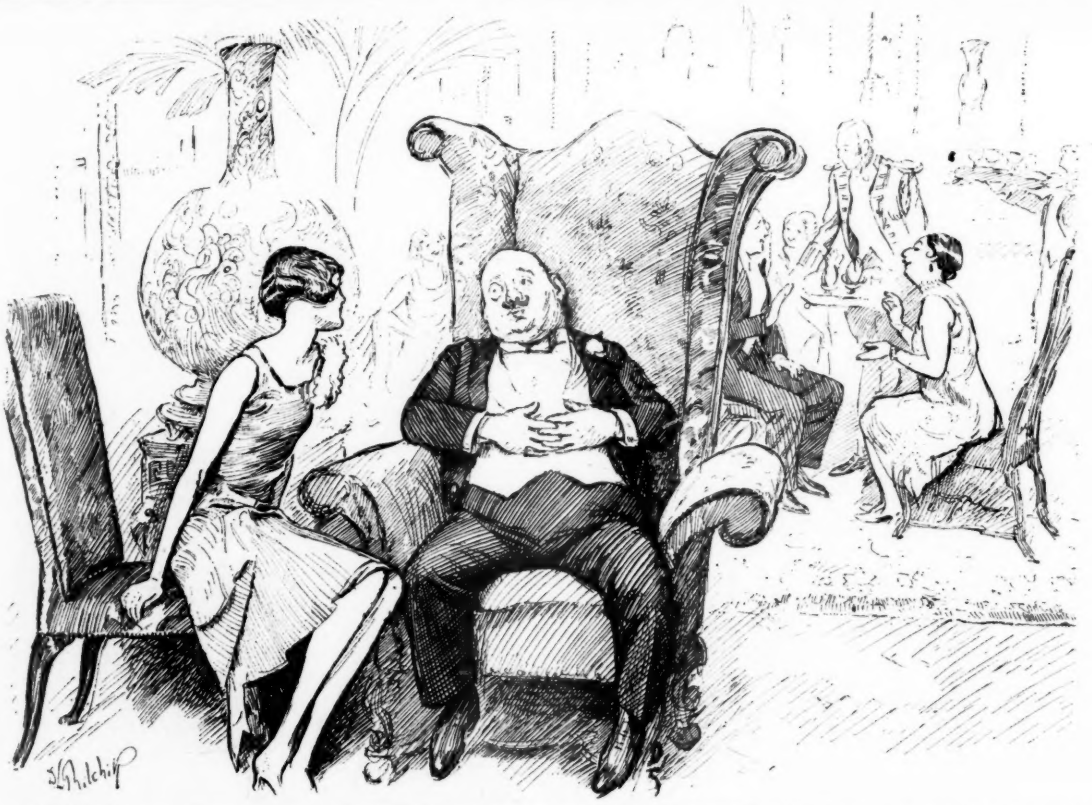
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Girl. "DON'T YOU THINK THE TYPE OF HOSTESS WHO FORCES FOOD ON YOU WHETHER YOU WANT IT OR NOT IS A FRIGHTFUL BORE, COUNT?"
Count. "I CANNOT SAY. NEFFER HAFF I NOT WANTED IT."

CHARIVARIA.

EARLY last week the fact that a flock of wild geese, flying southward, had passed over Holborn was mentioned in the Press as a sign of colder weather. It may not be generally known that the Meteorological Office has agents in Holborn who are constantly on the watch for wild geese.

* * *

A *Daily News* reader regrets that the destruction of a number of the City pigeons was carried out at the season of sentimental friendship for all living things. We also lament the failure of the "Spare the Turkeys" campaign.

* * *

With reference to circus turns, a paragraphist laments that sword-swallowing seems to have died out since the War. A possible explanation is that the conversion of swords into ploughshares has increased the difficulty of deglutition.

* * *

Lecturing on "The Geological History of Scotland," Dr. ROBERT CAMPBELL alluded to the important part played by volcanic disturbances in the development of the scenery. Much of Scotland, in fact, stands where it didn't.

* * *

A pugilist is reported as saying that the air of New York made him feel that he wanted to fight. Those who have only seen our pugilists in the ring little realise what they are capable of feeling.

* * *

We understand that the rough weather experienced by Mr. LLOYD GEORGE on his voyage to South America did not inconvenience the man who claims to have brought the Liberal ship round the Horn.

* * *

Thames angling, we read, has been quiet lately. What has come over this rollicking pastime?

* * *

The Fascist Government is reported to be considering the question of a monument to DANTE. It is anticipated that it will take the form of a castor-oil annexe to the Inferno.

* * *

When the grand stand of the Rome Football Club was shaken by a slight earthquake-shock while a match was in progress it was at first thought that Signor MUSSOLINI had arrived.

* * *

As conjecture is rife with regard to the identity of the donor of a large sum of money to the Treasury, we hasten to say that it wasn't us.

* * *

In Paris it is proposed to substitute the nightingale's song for the telephone bell. Subscribers should enjoy being sung up.

* * *

The report of the Agent-General for Reparation Payments has been criticised in the French Press. France has all along been sceptical of Germany's genuineness in professing to wear her heart upon her sleeve for DAWES to peck at.

* * *

According to an evening paper London taxi-men who took a few days off at Christmas-time have protested that they are only human. This is a staggering blow to the *deus ex machinâ* tradition.

* * *

A South African farmer now in London gives it as his opinion that there is

much to be said for our English climate. Perhaps so, but it isn't tactful to say it.

* * *

Another West End club has been raided. It is a good plan on these forays for the constables not to wear evening-dress, but go disguised as policemen in order to throw the management off the scent.

* * *

A daily paper mentions the case of a music-hall artiste who disappeared. This was not a suitable case, but the principle is a good one.

* * *

A correspondent writing in *The Daily Express* mentions that Dr. ROUTH, one-time President of Magdalen College, knew a lady whose mother had seen CHARLES THE FIRST walking round the parks of Oxford. The explanation is simple: there were no taxicabs in those days.

* * *

A new play in Ireland was howled off the stage after the first twenty minutes. We have still to learn the cause of the delay.

* * *

An author proposes to attempt the Channel swim next year. This is a reversal of the usual order of things, the custom being to attempt to swim the Channel and then to attempt to become an author.

* * *

There has been such a demand for plumbers during the frost that many of them actually overtook each other when hurrying back for forgotten tools.

* * *

We read of a rate-collector who has been bitten by a snake. If we had a reptile like that in our garden we should keep it for sentimental reasons.

* * *

"The Gnu in Danger of Extinction," says a headline. Shall this popular little cross-word animal disappear? Gno, gnever!

ANOTHER AID TO BEAUTY.

[The latest theory is that frequent yawning is conducive to good looks.]

Élise, I hesitated long
Before I deemed it meet
To bring my little book of song
And lay it at your feet,
For much I feared that you would lift
(And half I fear it still)
Derisive eyebrows at a gift
So destitute of thrill.

I could not feel that you who choose
To read of sheikhs and such
Would see the merit of a Muse
That lacks the modern touch;
The trap-drum and the saxophone
That you so much admire
Have rather spoilt you for the tone
Of my less blatant lyre.

In fact, the most I dared to dream
Was that this verse of mine
Might fit your decorative scheme
(The binding 's rather fine);
But brighter hopes begin to dawn
Now specialists declare
That she must regularly yawn
Who wishes to be fair.

Perchance, though it can move you not
Either to tears or mirth,
You 'll find your Harold's book has got
Its own peculiar worth,
When, face-drill ended, still you yearn
More radiant to be,
And in your search for beauty turn
Instinctively to me.



Myopic Visitor. "OH, I SEE YOU 'VE HAD ONE OF THOSE 'REFLECTED' PORTRAITS DONE. THEY 'RE *SO* FASHIONABLE!"

Hostess. "*THAT* IS A PHOTOGRAPH OF MYSELF AND DARLING FIDO."

"The skilful —— tailoring gives . . . a trim fit at neck, front and cuffs which the laundry cannot alter."—*Advt. in Daily Paper.*

This is the sort of challenge that always puts our laundry on its mettle.

BREAKING THROUGH.

IT had often seemed strange to Mr. Thompson (of The Hollies) and Mr. Simpson (of The Firs) that after all these years they did not know each other by sight. Only The Acacias separated them during their leisure-hours. By day they were sundered owing to the fact that Mr. Thompson (running) used the 8.25, and Mr. Simpson (walking) the 8.42.

Snow fell so heavily and lay so deep that Mr. Thompson came out of his front-door with a garden-spade. He felt like a rough pioneer. The time was about 1 A.M. on Boxing-night, and Mr. Thompson had conceived the rather brilliant notion of digging a pathway for the milk. Warming to the exercise he began, after clearing his own home-patch, to cut into the mound which lay in front of The Acacias as well. The Acacias needed no milk; they were at Eastbourne. But it might be pleasant for them to find the snowdrift gone when they were retransplanted to the metropolis.

Every lamp-post had a thick white crust on the northerly side. The branches of the trees were fattened like the horns of elks. There were no stars.

Toiling on, Mr. Thompson was aware of a scraping and scuffling sound two or three feet away from him. The snow wall broke, and he encountered a figure as deeply muffled and heavily overcoated as his own. The two pioneers shook hands.

"Winter's icy mantle!" said The Firs with a ringing laugh.

Mr. Thompson was not to be beaten by so simple a gambit as that.

"A white Christmastide!" he returned.

"The grip of the Snow-king!" said The Firs after a few moments' meditation.

"An arctic world!" answered The Hollies, scoring heavily again.

Reassured that the climatic conditions hid no secrets from either of them they became very friendly indeed.

"Come into my house for a moment and have something to keep the cold out," said Mr. Simpson at last. "We 've a little party on."

Mr. Thompson explained that he had a little party on too. He must get back to it again. He had in fact already been absent from the revelry too long.

"Just for a minute," argued The Firs. "You 've never been into my house yet, you know."

"Nor for the matter of that," countered The Hollies, "have you ever been into mine."

Mr. Simpson still pressed. Mr. Thompson still hesitated. He had a secondary reason for his refusal which might not have weighed with a more robust and self-confident man, but which counted for a good deal with him.

The fact was that, underneath his frieze overcoat and check golfing-cap, he happened to be a pirate-king.

He had left behind him in The Hollies no others than Columbine, Queen Elizabeth, an Arab sheikh and the Fat Boy. Nor had his own transformation—whatever might be said about the others—improved the respectability of his personal appearance. He had burnt-cork side-whiskers and a burnt-cork moustache. His eyebrows met and there were brass curtain-rings hanging from his ears. Underneath his golf-cap was a bright-coloured silk handkerchief, knotted at all four corners. There was a piece of yellow sticking-plaster on his right cheek.

"You look like a bally old Bolshevist," Queen Elizabeth had told him with all the rough outspokenness of the Tudor line.

No modest man cares to make his first appearance in the house of a near neighbour without washing off the more obvious traces of freebooting on the high seas.

He explained the delicate situation to The Firs.

"Oh, that 's all right," said Mr. Simpson heartily. "Don't you worry about that. Nobody 's going to mind in the least."

Persuaded at last, Mr. Thompson followed his neighbour, removed his cap and overcoat in the hall and was shown into the drawing-room.

The drawing-room of The Firs contained (in various attitudes) a pierrot, Dr. Johnson, Marie Antoinette and Mephistopheles. A merry throng.

A little dazed by the sudden light and the brilliance of the gathering, Mr. Thompson turned to his host, who had also removed his outer wrappings, with a mild request for introductions.

For a few mad moments he thought that he was seeing himself in a looking-glass. Then he realised what was the matter.

Mr. Simpson was also a Spanish buccaneer.

Like Mr. Thompson, and probably most other impromptu pirates in the Outer Metropolis, Mr. Simpson too had dark curling side-whiskers, heavy moustachios, a bright bandana handkerchief on his head and curtain rings hanging from his ears. There, however, the resemblance ceased. The broad scarf (in club colours) over the white cricket-shirt of Mr. Thompson was varied in the case of Mr. Simpson by a black paper skull-and-crossbones stitched on to a pullover. Mr. Thompson, following the sound tradition of BLACKBEARD, wore mauve pyjamas tucked into his gumboots. Mr. Simpson, using *Flint* as his model, had chosen tennis-trousers. Mr. Thompson was armed for rapine with a long-handled pistol having a cork at the end, Mr. Simpson with an ivory-bladed dirk. Otherwise they were equally terrifying, and had they been boarding a caravel together you might have sworn that they were twins.

So much merriment was occasioned by the coincidence that in a few moments Mr. Thompson, at the request of Mephistopheles, was singing the song which he had invented only that evening, and sung, by command, about seven times over for the Virgin Queen.

"Broach me a keg of rum, boys,
Broach me a keg of rum!
And then let the enemy come, boys,
What does it matter if we 've got rum, boys?
Broach me a keg of rum!"

were the words. Not very original, no doubt, but the lyrical outpourings of Spanish buccaneers have always had a limited range.

Mr. Thompson and Mr. Simpson also danced a hornpipe together.

Letting himself on board his own lugger with his latch-key, the owner of The Hollies was greeted by reproachful cries and began to defend himself as well as he could.

"And what sort of a pirate did this old booster Simpson make?" inquired the Arab sheikh with a touch of scorn.

"A very handsome one indeed," replied Mr. Thompson. "Rather like me."

"Golly!" said the sheikh, rolling his eyes till nothing but the whites could be seen. The Terror of the Indies threw a silk sofa-cushion at his head.

Later, in the bathroom of The Hollies he removed the dark evidence of piracy from his face with the help of a great deal of cold-cream. In the bathroom of The Firs Mr. Simpson was doing the same.

The tenant of The Firs (trotting carefully) took the 8.25 to the City, and the tenant of The Hollies (treading delicately) the 8.42.

Their paths were sundered again. Their roystering companionship was no more.

And it seemed strange to both of them that after all these years they did not know each other by sight.

EVOE.

From a dairy-prospectus:—

"On this farm there has recently been erected a palatial cowshed. With its glazed walls, concrete floor, iron fittings and constant supply of spring water laid on to each cow, it represents the very latest ideas in scientific dairying."

We should not have mentioned the spring water.



Mistress. "FANCY, MRS. MIGGS, MY HUSBAND RETIRES TO-MORROW AFTER FORTY YEARS IN BUSINESS."
Charlady. "WILL YOU BE REQUIRING ME ANY MORE THEN, MUM?"

THE TRIALS OF TOPSY.

XXI.—THE EPHEMERAL TRIANGLE.

Trix darling I *must* tell you about New Year's Eve my dear I *can't* tell you I shall *never* forget it, well I *think* I told you about Mum in my last letter because *since* she took *glands* she's been *quite* unavoidable, well she's joined *all* the night-clubs and *goes* to all of them *every* night, my dear *don't* think I grudge her a *molecule* of pleasure because I do think it's *too* nourishing to see one's ancestors having *clean* fun instead of *decaying* over a *smoky* fire and picking the poor wee modern girl to pieces, and really I do think that Whoff (my dear I've *met* him!) who *invented* horse-glands ought to be utterly *knighted*, because my dear *nothing* gives me such a *throb* as to see *old* people totally enjoying themselves because after all my dear it's a gruesome thought but *sooner* or later we shall *all* be wearing the moss and mildew, and besides now-a-days Mum is *too* harmonious in the home and the *sole* trouble is that a girl can *hardly* ever get out of it *without* her, which *is* a bit penal as you must admit darling.

Because my dear in the *old* days if nowhere *else* one *could* count on a little peace and quiet at an abandoned night-club, but *now* of course *no* sooner has one made preliminary soul-touch with some endurable he than *in* walks one's *mother*, my dear *too* hampering *e ther* with Dad, who of course is glandless but a goer only he can't keep it up like Mum without horse-glands or with poor Dad's understudy the *most* verminous *Black*-bottoming *poodle-dog* called *Chickweed*, and of course now-a-days at the *creamiest* dance-dens a couple under thirty is *almost* invisible,

and I do think the ancestors ought to have absolute *haunts* of their own, because my dear they merely *dominate* the band and one *never* gets a *balloon* or anything.

Only of course the *sour* fact is that it's the *ancestors* who have the *silk-shares* and keep the pleasure-places *solvent*, however one or two of the *Indigent Young* have started a new place called the Colts and Fillies *intended* solely for revellers under *forty* only of course they can't put it in the *rules* because the man who cashed up for them is a hundred and three and dances nightly (goat-glands they say darling), of course they've circulated a *whisper*, and now and again a few William the Fourthians do drop in but it's *generally* feasible for a *raw* juvenile like *yours* devotedly to get Charlestoning room on the actual dancing-floor, and my dear there's the *most* Elysian band of *one* piano and *one* drum and they play *quite* inaudibly which as Mr. Haddock said is just how *Jazz* music *ought* to be played.

Well my dear *as* I was saying on New Year's Eve Mr. Haddock gave a *perfectly* doomed party at the C. and F., *me* and *he* and the *dispensable* Mrs. Green who as Mr. Haddock said was to bring Green or a man, my dear I've *never* seen Green but they *say* he adjusts *averages*, day after day, well I forget if I mentioned that my *poor* Mr. Haddock has the *most* touching *baby* idea of making me and the Green creature *utterly* adulate each other, my dear *all* girls together and everything, too understanding, and *this* party was to be the *crowning* climax, which of course it *was*, however I was *late* of *course*, and when we got there there was the Green thing *waiting*, the least bit *sultry* I thought however we kissed *too* passionately, and Mr. Haddock was *utterly* buoyant, my dear *quite* cork-like and bubbulous *all* over, and of course to see his two girl-colleagues *definitely* embracing *is* rather illusionary for an untrained male, and my dear I *don't* blame him, but of course *what* happened was that the Green thing's partner *failed* to mature, and there we were *we* three, so at last we ate, and of course my dear Mr. Haddock *said* something *airy* about the *Eternal* Triangle, and if you could have *seen* the *secret* looks between the Green thing and *me* my dear as if we'd *both* said *Eternal?* O *Gosh*, O let us part at *once*, however we had the *most* enticing *frogs'* legs and some *ineffable* Burgundy so things relaxed somewhat and we talked about *Mozart* and all those *albuminous* composers because my dear as I think I told you the *Green* object *sings* and Mr. Haddock says she's absolutely *sui* generis, whatever that means, well so it went on and my *deluded* Mr. Haddock was *too* radiant about his *triangular* little party, but of course after about twenty minutes of *unlearened* Good Music I was the least bit saturated with Good Music and everything, because my dear I've *always* said that Good Music is *too* defensible on a gramophone when you can *turn* it off at *once*, and my dear I do *not* believe that Mr. Haddock is quite so fanatical about *Good* Music as you *might* suppose from the way he talks about *Good* Music to the magnetic *Green* female, so my dear I *blush* to say it but I began talking family and *hinc* illæ *ructions* as Euclid remarked knowingly.

Because my dear you know I *never* talk family without the most *hydraulic* provocation, but in *this* case well my dear the Green's *voice* and everything may be *too* luminous but I *suspect* that her *birth* and everything is *perfectly* opaque because my dear she *dwells* in Chelsea which is only *one* better than *Hammersmith* if that, and my dear as Napoleon said a girl *must* mobilise her natural defences, so I kept asking her if she *knew* people I *knew* she didn't know and of course she *never* did, which my dear is the *most* leopardy but *insidious* gambit, well you see she was all *musical* and I was *quite* Berkeley and *whenever* she played a composer I threw off a *Duchess* and if she *breathed* a Sonata I interrupted with a *week-end*, so that my dear by *about* the coffee-stage *things* were beginning to be the least bit *tropical*, however my *myopic* Haddock was *too* unaware because of course the *more* we loathed each other the *more* the Green thing and me merely *nestled* together and my dear *I* would say DARLING you *must* know the Bilberries and *she* would say But ANGEL Topsy you've *surely* heard some flatulent man who played the *oboe*, and Mr. Haddock *wallowed* in our divine *sympatheticness* and so it went on, however it's a long triangle which has no ending and there comes a moment when the *best* Mahommedan begins to realise that he *can't* dance with *two* fairies at the same time *doesn't* he, and of course the *moment* Mr. Haddock suggested exercising with *either* of us we *both* said we'd be *boiled* in *hot* whisky rather than *desert* the other and we smiled *carbolically*, and I think the *pathetic* male at *last* began to *smell* something, *rather* astigmatous, aren't they darling?



LIFE *v.* DRAMA.

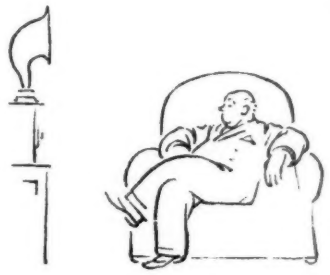
Proprietor. "GOOD HOUSE AGAIN. THERE'S NOTHING LIKE REAL CROOK STUFF TO SEND UP BOX-OFFICE RECEIPTS. WHAT HAVE WE TAKEN TO-NIGHT?"

Box-Office Manager. "CAN'T SAY. SOMEONE'S JUST COME IN AND LIFTED THE SAFE."

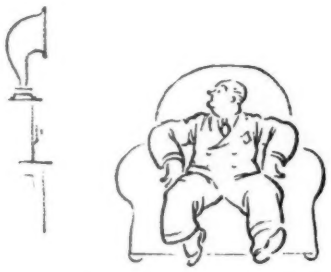
Well of course *meanwhile* there was the *most* tailor-made *festivity* proceeding, my dear the *whole* of the dyspepsigentsia throwing *paper* about and *blowing* squeakers and wearing *blue* balloons, my dear *flat* soda-water from first to last, and *our* little cat-party merely festering in the middle, my dear goodwill to all *men* more or less but no quarter for *women*, so I talked *too* foxily about Hermione Tarver and *Cowes* and everything, *repugnant* darling but war *is* war, only of course just when I was absolutely *oozing* family, what *do* you think, *in* walked Mum with the *uncataloguable* Chickweed and merely *gravitated* to *our* table, well of course Mum's a *cherub* but my dear *no* amount of family-chat will make Mum *look* family *escorted* by Chickweed and inspired with

THE BROADCAST MATCH.

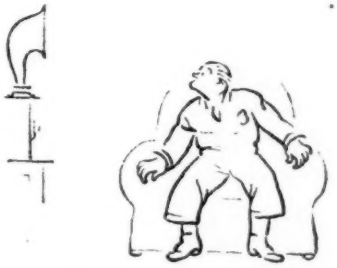
Jungeroo



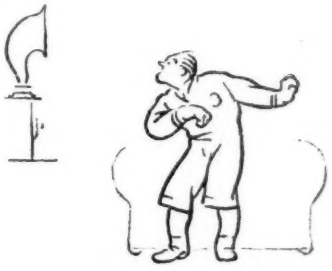
"THE TEAMS ARE ALL READY NOW. SMITH IS JUST KICKING-OFF—



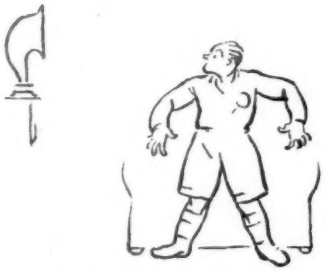
JONES HAS FIELDED IT. AH, GOOD KICK! HE 'S FOUND TOUCH JUST INSIDE THE TWENTY-FIVE—



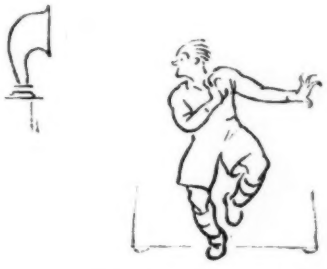
LINE OUT. WILLIAMS HAS GOT IT OUT TO ROBINSON—NO—THROWN FORWARD—SCRUM FORMING DOWN—



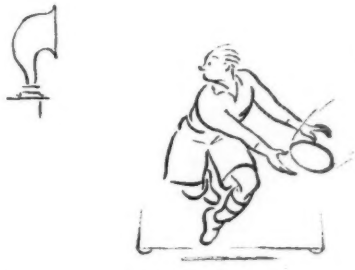
BROWN 'S JUST PUTTING IT IN—IT 'S OUT—NO, IT ISN'T—HELD UP IN THE BACK ROW—



AH, NOW IT 'S OUT. GREEN 'S AWAY WITH IT—



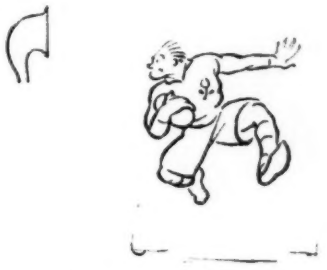
IT 'S OUT TO WHITE. HE 'S DRAWN HIS MAN—BACK TO GREEN AGAIN.



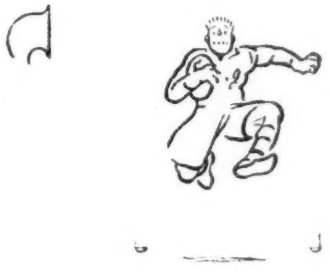
OH, BEAUTY! GREEN HAS PASSED RIGHT OUT TO BLACK—



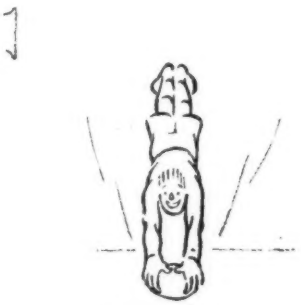
BLACK 'S COMING DOWN ON THE LEFT —PERFECTLY CLEAR FIELD IN FRONT—



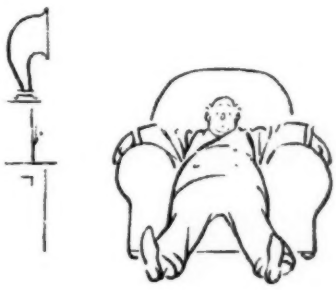
NO, GREY 'S COMING ACROSS—HE 'LL GET HIM—NO—YES—NO, HE HASN'T—



HE 'LL GET IN—NO—YES—YES—YES—HE 'S—



HE 'S IN!!!—



AND NOW WE 'RE TAKING YOU BACK TO THE STUDIO FOR A TALK ON PATAGONIA."

horse-glands, my dear *too* humbling, the *divine* old thing was *lyrical* with excitement, she chose the *most* virginal cracker-caps and popped *everybody's* balloon, if you could have *seen* the Green's *compassionate* glances, my dear she whispered *so* many times your mother's a *darling* darling that I nearly had control-trouble, however at midnight my dear they had *Big* Ben on the wireless and we all clasped hands, my dear all comrades and solemn, *too* Ramsay Macdonald, my dear the *Green* and I *clutched* each other like the *dearest* bosoms, only of course at the *very* climax of the Midnight Hush my *lost* Mum *neighed* hysterically and pulled a cracker with the Chickweed, *quite* wrecking the whole atmosphere, my dear *everybody* glared and *immediately* afterwards the Green went home, calamitous my dear but I *rather* think that's *rather* the end of poor Mr. Haddock's *eternal* triangle, farewell darling your *horrid* little Topsy. A. P. H.

"Boy, 14—15, able to Feed; good prospects."—*Evening Paper.*

We understand that the list of applicants was closed before Christmas.

PASSING SHOWS.

THE OLYMPIA CIRCUS.

MR. BERTRAM MILLS'S Circus at Olympia seemed to be better than ever. What an effort in organisation—to collect twenty-two so elaborate turns from every corner of the sphere (at least half are labelled "First Time in England") and present them all with scarcely a hitch, elephants, ice, acrobats, sea-lions, dogs, crocodiles and a multitude of horses! So good and generous is the fare (and there are two meals a day) that it would be ungracious to suggest that there is almost too much of it; but I must observe that parents in charge of children are, in any healthy family, compelled to wait until the gentleman called LEINERT is shot out of a gun (for the first time in England); that this is the last turn on the programme, and that no parent should be compelled to sit still from 2.30 to 5·30, however glorious the cause. But by this time, no doubt, the whole thing is even slicker and quicker than it was, and some of the turns have been abbreviated or even ejected. It would, again, be ungrateful, and even blasphemous, to suggest that there can be an excess of horses in a circus, but I do suggest it. The horse, I see, is coming back to our streets, but he seems to grow more and more *démodé* in the circus. For one thing, nearly always he gives exactly the same performance. It has never amused me to see a gaily-decorated horse stand on its hind-legs pawing the air to a protracted chord in A major, and I do not suppose it ever will. It makes the horse look ridiculous and it makes me feel ashamed. I hate to see a horse made to look ridiculous. The remarkable thing about a horse is not that it can stand on two legs under persuasion but that it can run about with peculiar grace and velocity on four. Yet how many admirable horse-turns are marred by the same unnatural, unnecessary, unwilling and unattractive attempts of horizontal horses to achieve the perpendicular! I hope that the Circus World, hastening, as of course they will, to act upon this criticism, will not rush to the other extreme. I have no doubt that a horse might be trained to stand on its head, but we should still be not amused.

There are golden exceptions, of course,



THE FUN FAIR AT OLYMPIA: AN IMPRESSION.

in particular one of the Brothers RANCY whose display was bold, brilliant and legitimate, and conformed to all the dramatic canons with its cumulative excitement, suspense and climax. He stands on *two* horses for a long, long time, and at the end of it he is driving eight. For details go to Olympia. I believe that the Brothers SCHUMANN give a fine performance in the *Haute École*, but I went out at this point to look for the Performing Fleas in the Fun Fair—alas, in vain! Where *are* the Performing Fleas? Will not Mr. COCHRAN find them for me and "present" them somewhere?

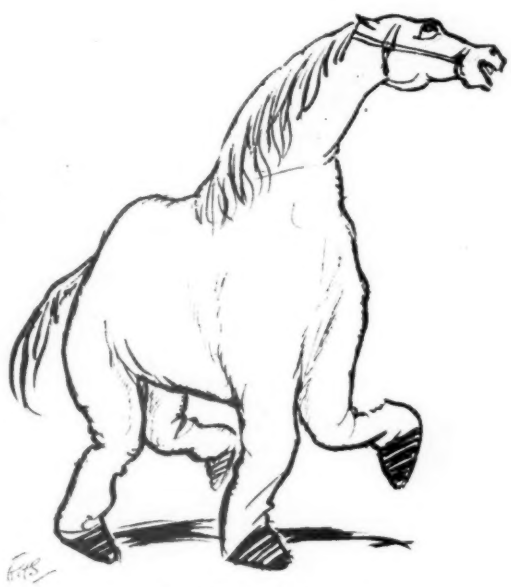
But though, like most of us, I soon weary of horses pretending to be men, I never grow tired of men pretending to be horses: and almost the best thing in the show, I thought, was FRED GRIFFITHS' comical lot of animals. The white horse is one of the funniest things in London. I should have thought that this gifted troupe might go even further and do a much closer parody of the orthodox horse-turn. But perhaps it is not allowed.

I believe the musical sea-lion is not only unusually musical but a convincing specimen of the sea-lion; but I was on the flea-trail. I loved the performing dogs, who certainly enjoyed their game of football as much as we did; and I adored nearly all the MORRISON skating girls, especially of course the dainty little soloist in purple velvet, who for me was Queen of the Circus. For five minutes of her fairy-like proceedings I would cheerfully have sacrificed all the horses of Olympia; but whenever I like anything it is removed at once. The elegant and athletic BARBETTE, who bored me (the knowing ones tell me she is a man, but if so he does it very well), went on interminably doing very much the same thing. She (or he) would be sweeter if shorter.

The PARACHUTE HORSE should definitely be ejected, if this has not already been done. This vast white cart-horse (?), named Jupiter, was solemnly lifted some fifty feet into the air on a kind of raft, with a lady on its back and fireworks exploding round its feet. The horse ascended with shaking knees and gave a pardonable start of surprise when the fireworks went off. It was fortunately so fastened that it could not fall off *en masse*, but at least one hind-leg slipped off the back of the board, and in this undignified posture it was slowly lowered to earth. There can be nothing very difficult, amusing, subtle or even particularly daring in the feat if successful, and as I saw it it was degrading and unpleasant. I wish no ill to Mr. MILLS, but must make these remarks in the faint hope of discouraging others from employing this lady and her unfortunate horse in this country.



A SERVANT OF THE HIGHER CREATION, AND—



TWO OF HIS MASTERS.

Captain WALL gives a demonstration, remarkable, though to my mind a trifle ludicrous, of eating, drinking and smoking under water in a very small tank. He also "wrestles" with a rather anæmic-looking and pacific crocodile.

The BLOOMFIELD GIRLS, having risked their necks very boldly by leaping on to a horse in motion, changed their clothes and their names and risked the same necks very gracefully on the trapeze as the GONZALES GIRLS, and risked them very thoroughly, for only one of them had a net below her.

The Four BRONETTS were really funny with a bucket of water.

KANTEMIROW'S Cossack riders nobly upheld the Cossack reputation for noise and nerve, and did several things which I shall not attempt to imitate—one of them at full gallop dived under his horse's belly and came up the other side.

POWER'S Elephants gave a talented exhibition of the Charleston, but, again, some of their tricks made these admirable animals look too ridiculous for one of the audience to enjoy them much.

My only other gentle suggestion is that eight or nine clowns are perhaps too many and that one or two would have a better chance of producing merriment. The rest is all congratulation. The main thing about a circus, after all, is its lunatic atmosphere, the grotesque pomp and gaudiness of everybody in it, the inconsequent succession of improbable performers doing absurd things with Olympian dignity, their prehistoric postures, unchanging thighs and immemorial tights, the lights, the music, the spangles and the smell. And though Olympia can never produce the authentic sawdustiness and flavour of, say, Islington, Mr. MILLS and his efficient following have come as near to it as anyone can in respectable West Kensington. It is a pity he cannot persuade Lord LONSDALE to present bouquets at every performance, for never were bouquets more beautifully bestowed; and this performance was perhaps the hit of the afternoon.

A. P. H.

SIMPLE PEOPLE.

THE WITCH.

ONE day Dicky and Margaret Prendergast were quarrelling in the garden, and they had often been told not to quarrel but they would go on doing it. And this was such a dreadful quarrel that Dicky pulled out a handful of Margaret's hair and she hit him so hard with a stick he had tried to take away from her that the blood began to run down his forehead, and then they both began to scream and cry.

Well an old witch happened to be flying above the garden just then on her broomstick and she heard them, and it was just what she wanted, because she saw at once that they had been very naughty, and she could only do things to naughty children not to good ones. So she uttered a spell and turned Dicky into a black chess pawn and Margaret into a white one, and then she laughed a horrid sort of screech and flew away on her broomstick.

Well when it was time for Dicky and Margaret to go in and have their tea and they didn't come in their nurse went out into the garden to find them, and of course they weren't there, but she saw their toys where they had been playing before they quarrelled and the two pawns lying on the grass, and she said there now, those naughty children have taken them out of the box in the drawing-room and I had better put them back before I do anything else.

So she did that, and then she went out into the garden again and called and called but there was no answer, and then she began to get frightened and she thought they had run away.



"DICKY PULLED OUT A HANDFUL OF MARGARET'S HAIR."

Well she didn't want to run after them because she was fat and rather lazy so she told Mrs. Prendergast, and she said I can't do anything with those children they are so naughty and always quarrelling, and if it goes on like this I shall have to give notice, and you owe me a lot of wages so I don't suppose that will be at all convenient.

Well Mrs. Prendergast's husband had died from eating too many tinned shrimps the year before, and he had not left her quite enough money, but that didn't matter much because she was soon going to marry Mr. Barraclough, and he had plenty of money but she didn't like to ask him for any of it before they were married, so she had told all the servants that she would owe them their wages, and she owed the butcher and the greengrocer and the other shopkeepers for their bills too, and they were beginning to say that it couldn't go on like that, but she knew they would be all right again when she married Mr. Barraclough.

So she said to the nurse oh please don't go, I don't know what I should do without you, and if the children have run away I am sure they will come back when they are hungry so you needn't trouble to go after them.

Well this was what the nurse wanted, so she said it didn't matter about her wages for the present and she went and had her own tea.

Well then Mrs. Prendergast forgot all about the children because Mr. Barraclough was coming to have tea with her and she thought it was quite time they got married so that she could ask him for some money, and she said to herself now is the time to tell him so.

So she told him so, but Mr. Barraclough got very red and he said well I 'm afraid I can't marry you after all because I have fallen in love with Mrs. Featherstone, I haven't asked her to marry me yet but I expect she will because I have got such a lot of money, but I thought it was only fair to tell you first.

Well directly he had said that there was a funny sort of knocking, and it came from the box of chessmen. And Mrs. Prendergast opened the box to see what it was, and she noticed the two pawns on the top of the other chessmen, and they were bigger than the other pawns, and she said now how on earth did these get there, I must ring the bell and ask Jane about it.

So she did that, but Jane didn't know anything about it, and Mrs. Prendergast said well it is a very funny thing, but we might have a game of chess, and if you win you can marry Mrs. Featherstone, and if I win you can marry me, because you did ask me first and I said yes.

And Mr. Barraclough said well that 's only fair, and they had a game of chess when they had finished their tea, but they didn't use Dicky and Margaret because they were bigger than the other pawns and there were enough without them. And of course they didn't know they were Dicky and Margaret or they would have been very surprised.

Well the nurse had finished her tea by this time and Dicky and Margaret hadn't come in, so she thought she had better go and tell Mrs. Prendergast about it. And she went into the drawing-room without knocking because she was owed her wages and she thought she might see Mr. Barraclough kissing Mrs. Prendergast. But they were only playing chess and, directly she saw that, she said oh those naughty children took two pieces into the garden to play with but I put them back for you because I always like to be obliging.

So Mrs. Prendergast said well that explains it, but where did they get the two pawns from, they are really very naughty and they must go to bed without their supper.

Well Mr. Barraclough had just thought of a way of winning, but he wasn't quite sure that he wanted to win now because Mrs. Prendergast looked very nice playing chess and he thought perhaps he would rather marry her than Mrs. Featherstone after all. Besides he didn't know whether Mrs. Featherstone would have him because she had got plenty of money of her own and she might not want to have his as much as Mrs. Prendergast did. And another thing was that he liked Dicky and Margaret and he didn't mind them being rather naughty, and Mrs. Featherstone's children were always so good that he thought it might be a little dull for him if he married her.

Well it was a lucky thing that the



APPRECIATION.

Derelict Actor of Villains' parts. "HA! THEY HISS ME!"

old witch had been rather in a hurry when she turned Dicky and Margaret into pawns and she had left out a word of her spell by mistake. So the spell had begun not to act when they first tapped on the box, and by this time they could move about. And the first thing they did was to move on to the chessboard and knock the other pieces down, so the game was spoilt and nobody knew who had been going to win.

And then they came to altogether, and Dicky jumped on to Mrs. Prendergast's lap and Margaret jumped on to Mr. Barraclough's, and they kissed them and hugged them and said they would never be naughty any more. And Mr. Barraclough said he didn't mind them being a little naughty and he would marry Mrs. Prendergast after all.

So Mrs. Prendergast sent the children away, and then Mr. Barraclough said well I 'm sorry I gave you a fright, can I do anything to make up for it besides telling Mrs. Featherstone I don't want to marry her?

And Mrs. Prendergast said well you might pay the servants their wages and the shopkeepers their bills if you don't mind, because they are all getting a little rude to me and I don't like it.

And Mr. Barraclough said well I am so pleased that I am going to marry you and not Mrs. Featherstone that I will pay them all double.

So he did that, and everybody was very pleased, and they had plenty of wedding presents although Mrs. Prendergast had had several before. And Dicky and Margaret were a little naughty sometimes to please Mr. Barraclough but not enough to let the old witch do anything to them again. A. M.

THE KILL.

EACH grazing red ox
Lifts his head up and looks;
It 's the Fox, it 's the Fox!
See the down-diving rooks
And each with a taunt to be rubbed in:
Too hopeless a task
Is his point of just now,
So he 's turned his tired mask
From the upland and plough
Once more to the earths he was cubbed in.

But he 's stiffer than starch,
And his tongue 's a red rag,
And his back 's in an arch
And his brush is a-drag,
For the vale 's been as heavy as suet:
He 's a half-mile to go,
But with all of the pluck
In the world—I dunno—
Well, he 'd want all the luck,
All the luck in the world. Ah, I knew it!

Farm Jim over there,
Quite a kind-hearted lad,
Has his hat in the air
And he 's yelling like mad,
And Tom 's galloping hounds to his holloa;
Pied furies and mud,
How they bristle and press,
For they know that it 's *blood*
If Tom *lifts* 'em—no less,
They know there 's a worry to follow.

And, "Thank 'ee, well done,"
Tom he holloas to Jim,
"Much obliged to you, son,
Hi-yi-yi, lads, that 's him!"
And he cheers them "to view" with a rattle;
Who-whoop! the old rover,
In wind and in rain,
Oh, they 're rolling him over
And over again,
Among a stampede of red cattle.

P. R. C.

"The inmates of the —— Workhouse, to the number of nearly 500, had their Christmas festivities on Boxing Day, when some 500lbs. of roast beef and pork, about 400 cwt. of Christmas pudding, and nearly 300 mince pies formed the principal features of the bill of fare."—*Provincial Paper.*

The liberal supply of plum-pudding was intended, no doubt, to compensate for the shortage of mince-pies.



MANNERS AND MODES.

Cheery Youth (to Hostess). "WELL, GOOD-BYE; I DON'T THINK I EVER CAUGHT YOUR NAME, BUT THANKS AWFULLY AND SO ON."

THE SPORTING PITCHER.

HE had asked to see me on private business and he stood in my room now, a plump merry-looking rogue, though unmistakably hard-up.

"Yes?" I said.

"I 'ope you'll excuse me, Sir," he began apologetically, "but, 'earing as you was interested in pitchers——"

"In what?" I demanded.

"In pitchers—drorings."

"Oh," I said, "and how did you hear I was interested in pictures, may I ask?"

He wagged his head knowingly. "Hartists get to 'ear these things, you know, Sir."

"Are you an artist?"

"Well, a young friend o' mine does the actual paintin'" (he removed the parcel from under his arm and began to unpack it), "but I put the finishin'-touches, in a manner o' speakin'."

"Well, don't trouble to undo that parcel," I said, "because I'm not in the least interested in pictures. A simple sporting print satisfies my artistic soul. Good afternoon."

"Ah, wait till you've seen this, Sir," he pleaded; "wait till you've seen this." And before I could protest further he had untied the parcel and held out the picture for my inspection.

I glanced at it; it was dreadful—the worst daub I think I had ever seen in my life. In the midst of a splodge of green (intended apparently to represent a meadow) were two vague and misty figures in semblance of motion. Who they were and what they were supposed to be doing it was beyond the wit of a plain man to surmise.

"Nymp pursued by satter," he explained complacently, pointing to the title beneath. "'Istorical, you know, Sir: the Elisham fields, where nymps used to be chased by satters; on the left the nymp, on the right the satter, the 'ole covered with mist to represent the dawn of 'istory. And 'arf-a-guinea the price."

"I don't want it," I said firmly, "and I won't have it. If half-a-crown will help you——" I rang the bell.

There was something almost pathetic in his affectation of surprise. "I'm sorry about this, Sir," he said; "you may regret it. In years to come this pitcher——"

"Quite so. Good day."

He hesitated. "You said something about half-a-crown, Sir——"

"Yes, here it is, and *good afternoon*."

He took it quite happily; it was much more than the "pitcher" plus the frame was worth. "And you also mentioned about a sportin' pitcher," he added; "I daresay I might——"

"Oh, certainly, if ever you have anything worth looking at."

I intended to be sarcastic, but it was a footling remark to make. What I purposed doing of course, when I had got rid of him, was to give instructions in the outer office for his future exclusion. But a series of telephone conversations intervened, and at a quarter-to-five the fellow was back again, cheerful and smiling as before, "by special appointment," as he informed the staff.

I was more annoyed with myself than with the man. "Look here," I said, frowning at the parcel under his arm, "I'm too busy to see you now; you had better——"



THE SNOW-THROWERS' ANTHEM.

ANTI-BALDWIN SYNDICATE PRESS. "THE MORE WE THROW TOGETHER . . ."
THE SNOW-MAN (*coldly*). "THE SOLIDER I SHALL BE."



"HOW MANY TIMES HAVE YOU FAILED IN YOUR EXAM.?"
"TO-MORROW 'LL MAKE THE THIRD TIME."

But his package was already undone. "You 'll like this, Sir," he remarked cheerily, "I 'm sure you will—a proper sportin' pitcher this time." And, to my amazement, he held up before me the selfsame picture, the unspeakable "Nymp and Satter" daub.

I stared at it incredulously. "But this is the same," I began.

"Not the same, Sir, not the same," he interrupted in tones of gentle reproof; "look at the title."

I looked at the title, and nearly fell out of my chair.

FORECAST FOR 1930

A WOMAN WINS THE MARRYTHON RACE

read the amazing legend.

I stared blankly at the fellow, but he did not blench. On the contrary he seemed to like it, and stared back with a pair of audacious brown eyes that fairly twinkled.

Then I did the fatal thing and laughed.

It was all over; in a flash he was laughing too, and laughing, like drinking, is one of the things you can't do with a man and keep him at a distance. His colossal impudence had beaten me, and he knew it. A minute later a treasury note changed hands.

WASSAIL SONGS.

I.—MEAD (A.D. 987).

Ere the golden dragon-prow
To the silver breakers bow,
  Ere the sail have snared the breeze,
We will gather, we will stand,
Helm on head and horn in hand,
  To drink the wine that Odin loves,
    the dark wine of the bees.

Let it climb and over-brim,
Trickling down the burnished rim,
  Let it lessen to the lees;
And breathe deep, ye Viking men,
For ye must not breathe again
  Till each tilted horn be empty of the
    dark wine of the bees.

Well it is to fare afar,
Led from northward star to star,
  Where the mountains frown and
    freeze;
Well it is to leap ashore
Where the blanching surges roar
  And drink a grace to Odin in the dark
    wine of the bees.

Better yet to win toward
Many-doméd Mikkelgard,
  Thence to bear o'er strange bright
    seas
Cups of glittering green and blue
That the lifted mead glooms through
  When we fill them at homecoming
    with the dark wine of the bees.

Best it is, when all is said,
Ere the flaming ship be sped,
  For a man to take his ease
There where women sit and spin
And the harper wanders in
  To sing the gods who gave to men the
    dark wine of the bees. D. M. S.

Our Intrepid Travellers.

"LONDON'S NEW AIR PORT.

The new control tower and the terminal block of offices and Customs examination rooms, with the doomed (*sic*) passenger entrance, are now practically complete, and will be in full use next month."—*Provincial Paper.*



Keeper. "THAT YOUNG GENT 'S BEEN SHOOTIN' 'ENS 'OLESALE, AND THE MASTER SAID, 'COCKS ONLY.' "
Son of the House (short-sighted and an indifferent shot). "BUT YOU TOLD ME TO SHOOT AT ANYTHING."
Keeper. "THAT WAS ONLY YOU, SIR, AND I KNEW IT WOULD BE ALL RIGHT."

GOOD NEWS FOR BARITONES.

If you are a baritone singer (and we all have our faults) take heart. I have written an entirely original song for you. When I say original, I do not, of course, mean that I have struck out on a new line. Anyone who has the most elementary acquaintance with the musical comedy stage or the concert platform will realise at once how fatal that would be. It is my ambition to help you; and I should be doing you an ill turn if I advised you, in your search for novelty, to depart from the old ways which are proved to be the best.

Now it is established beyond all dispute that, while a tenor may, indeed should be plaintively amorous in a refined sort of way, the present-day baritone must preach a robust philosophy. He may sing the joys of the life of a stone-cracker, a cobbler, a tinker, a wheel-tapper or a pedlar, but he is failing in his duty if he does not find sermons in stones and wheels within wheels.

Though not first in the field, I take credit for having discovered an entirely new subject, and I here present to you—

"THE SCAVENGER'S SONG."

No one will pay much regard to the opening verse, but it is important as giving the background. Note particularly the bucolic dialect, which enhances the local colour without tying the singer down to any particular county:—

I

Oh, I goes on my rounds, as I 'm paid for to do,
And I picks up the things which are no use to you;
For yesterday's paper is done with to-day
And packets when empty be all throwed away.

Chorus.

I kicks 'em and picks 'em,
Puts 'em all in my sack,
And I shakes 'em and takes 'em
Away on my back.

The second verse strikes a deeper note, but the whimsical touch is preserved by the introductory "Oh."

II.

Oh, zumtoimes I thinks that as likely as not
All Life 's but a dustbin where rubbish is shot;
For what be men's boastings, their schemes and their plans
But rustling of papers and jingling of cans?

Chorus.

Fate kicks 'em and picks 'em,
Puts 'em all in her sack,
And she shakes 'em and takes 'em
Away on her back.

Now that you will have brought your listeners to a properly submissive frame of mind, you can afford to go a stage further, for the final verse must necessarily be somewhat sombre in theme. It is piquant for a pleasure-seeking audience to be reminded that their stay on earth is transitory; but the rollicking strain introduced into the third and fourth lines counteracts any effect of morbidity and serves at the same time to preserve the quaint character of the supposed singer:—

III.

p Oh, Life is but brief, it is well to recall,
And Death, the Great Scavenger, (*pp*) rakes in us all;
ff But ri-fol-the-diddle-ri-too-ral-i-ay,
That don't worry me, zo I chuckle and zay:—

Chorus.

Death kicks 'em and picks 'em,
Puts 'em all in his sack,
And he shakes 'em and takes 'em
Away on his back.

The audience may be safely trusted to deduce for themselves the moral of all this, which should be sufficiently obvious.

Good news for baritones indeed! This song may be sung in public without fear or favour; but the LORD CHAM-

BERLAIN's licence requires that sufficient space must be left in all gangways for persons to have free access to exits.

Other new songs in preparation include "The House-Painter's Song," "The Plumber's Song," "The Outfitter's Song," "The Boot-Legger's Song" and "The Flag-Seller's Song." The possibilities of philosophical analogies in these themes are obvious. There is also "The Street-Breaker's Song," but for some reason this does not go down so well with London audiences.

A point which will strongly commend these songs to baritones is that any one of them may be sung without loss of effect in ordinary evening dress.

I should add that broadcasting, mechanical reproduction, cinematograph and translation rights are strictly reserved.

THE RECLUSE.

HIGH on the sofa,
Holiday curled,
Pamela 's reading
And dead to the world;
Only a grunt
As she turns the page
Comes out of Pamela's
Hermitage.

Down on the carpet
And head to the floor
Pious Mohammedans
Kneel to adore;
And that 's the position,
For better for worse,
That Pamela, poet,
Adopts for verse.

Come like a whirlwind
Into the room,
Sound with a trumpet
The knell of doom—
Pamela 's sailing
The fairy seas,
Pamela 's started
An Ode to Bees.

"Pamela! Pamela,"
Children shout,
"*Do* do something!
You *must* come out!"
Pamela, grunting,
Moves no blink
Head from paper
Nor eyes from ink.

Half of the books
In the house she 's read,
Pamela's diet
Is pencil lead,
High on the sofa
Or crouched on the rug:
"Pamela! Pamela!
Wake, you slug!"

"FOR SALE. Upright Piano, Iron Frame. Suit leaner."—*Local Paper.*
Much better than letting it get into the hands of some young person who wants to play on it.



Cinema Manager (watching "try-out" of film). "WHAT 'S THAT PIECE YER PLAYED?"
Conductor. "SCHUBERT'S 'UNFINISHED.'"
Cinema Manager. "THEN GET 'OLD OF A GOOD MAN TO FINISH IT, AND IT OUGHT TO LAST OUT THE BIG SCENE O.K."

THE SYMPOSIUM.

Letter from Mr. Liber Lance, journalist, to Professor Pleistocene.

DEAR SIR,—I have been asked by *The World Science Magazine* to supply them with a symposium consisting of the views of some well-known men on the age of the world. Since this collection would not be complete without something from such an authority as yourself, might I ask that you will favour me with a paragraph on the subject? I enclose a stamped envelope.

Yours faithfully, LIBER LANCE.

From Professor Pleistocene to Mr. Liber Lance.

Professor Pleistocene presents his compliments to Mr. Liber Lance and regrets that it is not his custom to contribute to symposia nor to communicate his views to the public through the medium of "popular" periodicals such as that named.

From Mr. Liber Lance to Professor Pleistocene.

DEAR SIR,—I regret sincerely that you find yourself unable to contribute to my symposium. Would it be too much for you to state simply that you consider that "the application to sedimentary rocks of a time-scale of deposition offers a reliable method of calculating the age of the world?" This, I understand, is the theory you uphold.

Yours faithfully, LIBER LANCE.

From Professor Pleistocene to Mr. Liber Lance.

Professor Pleistocene has nothing further to add to his previous communication.

From Mr. Liber Lance to Professor Pleistocene.

DEAR SIR,—If you do not agree with my previous letter, may I take it then that you agree with the opposing statement that "in calculation of the earth's

age coarse *detritus* and rapid accumulation of individual beds is no criterion of rapid accumulation of the formation as a whole"? To save you trouble I shall assume that silence means compliance.

Yours, etc., LIBER LANCE.

Telegram from Professor Pleistocene to Mr. Liber Lance.

professor pleistocene disagrees in toto remarks re coarse detritus maintains this is the only criterion and contrary statements misleading inaccurate mendacious refuses categorically drawn further discussion.

From Mr. Liber Lance to Professor Pleistocene.

DEAR SIR,—I am very grateful to you for your frank expression of your views and your championship of the measured sedimentation method of ascertaining the earth's age. At the same time the opposing theory mentioned in my last letter was made by a well-known scientist, who, I gather, upholds his method as being likely to give more accurate results.

Yours, etc., LIBER LANCE.

From Professor Pleistocene to Mr. Liber Lance.

Professor Pleistocene adheres to his original declaration that it is not his custom to contribute to symposia in shallow periodicals. At the same time a vulgar curiosity as to the depths of ignorance to which many self-styled scientists of the present day can descend impels him to ask Mr. Liber Lance for the name of the misguided ignoramus responsible for the statement referred to.

From Mr. Liber Lance to Professor Pleistocene.

DEAR SIR,—I quite understand your position regarding my symposium and shall not trouble you further. In answer to your query, however, it was Professor Eolith who advanced the theory previously quoted to you. Professor Eolith has just favoured me with three thousand words upholding his principle of calculating the world's age by the salinity of the ocean and its annual increment of sodium from rivers.

Yours, etc., LIBER LANCE.

From Professor Pleistocene to Mr. Liber Lance.

Professor Pleistocene must reiterate his refusal to take part in *any* symposium in *any* "popular" periodical. At the same time he feels he cannot let Mr. Liber Lance labour under the same delusion as Professor Eolith in the matter referred to. Very few people with cerebral processes of any capability believe nowadays that such an out-of-date theory as Professor Eolith's can offer a solution of the problem. Professor Pleistocene would refer Mr. Liber Lance to his correspondence on the subject with Professor Eolith, extending from May, 1921, to January, 1925, in *The Cambrian and Ordovician Journal*, a periodical of some repute.

From Mr. Liber Lance to Professor Pleistocene.

DEAR SIR,—I have read with considerable interest *The Cambrian and Ordovician Journal* over the period mentioned and have been delighted both by your masterly handling of your theories and by the complete exposure (as it seems to me) of Professor Eolith's fallacious reasoning.

Yours faithfully,

LIBER LANCE.



A FRUITLESS VIGIL.

Mr. A. J. COOK (apostrophising the Trade Union Leaders who have disappointed him). "WHERE IS THE REDNESS IN THE SKY YOU PROMISED ME?"—*Barnaby Rudge*, Chapter 53.

[Mr. COOK has expressed his disapproval of the coming Conference between representatives of Capital and Labour.]

Extract from "The World Science Magazine" two months later.

HOW OLD IS OUR WORLD?

A FRIENDLY DEBATE.

Æons before man's first ancestor crawled to land from the Permian seas the world began in fire and steam. How long ago that was is the fascinating topic discussed below by two of England's greatest scientists in a friendly debate.

Simultaneous Letters in "The Cambrian and Ordovician Journal" of the following month under the heading "Salinity or Sedimentation."

(a) From Professor Pleistocene.

SIR,—I must protest in your enlightened columns against the absurd ideas that appear to be current among those who should know better. Professor Eolith, I observe, in the current *World Science Magazine* has had the temerity to state. . . . (And so on for one-and-a-half columns every month for half-a-year.)

(b) From Professor Eolith.

SIR,—I rarely express my theories in ephemeral periodicals such as *The World Science Magazine*, except when I conceive it to be my duty to do so in order to prevent the public absorbing unthinkably erroneous theories based on weak hypotheses and given to the world by those who should know better. Such a condition now occurs in consequence of the private views put forward by Professor Pleistocene, who has seen fit to. . . . (And so on for one-and-a-half columns every month for half-a-year.)

Note to Mr. Liber Lance from Mr. Penne, Editor of "The World Science Magazine," and "The Cambrian and Ordovician Journal," and other scientific and semi-scientific periodicals.

DEAR LANCE,—Many thanks. I enclose herewith two cheques, one from the *World Science* account and one from the *Cambrian* ditto, for your two contributions. The latter looks like doing well.

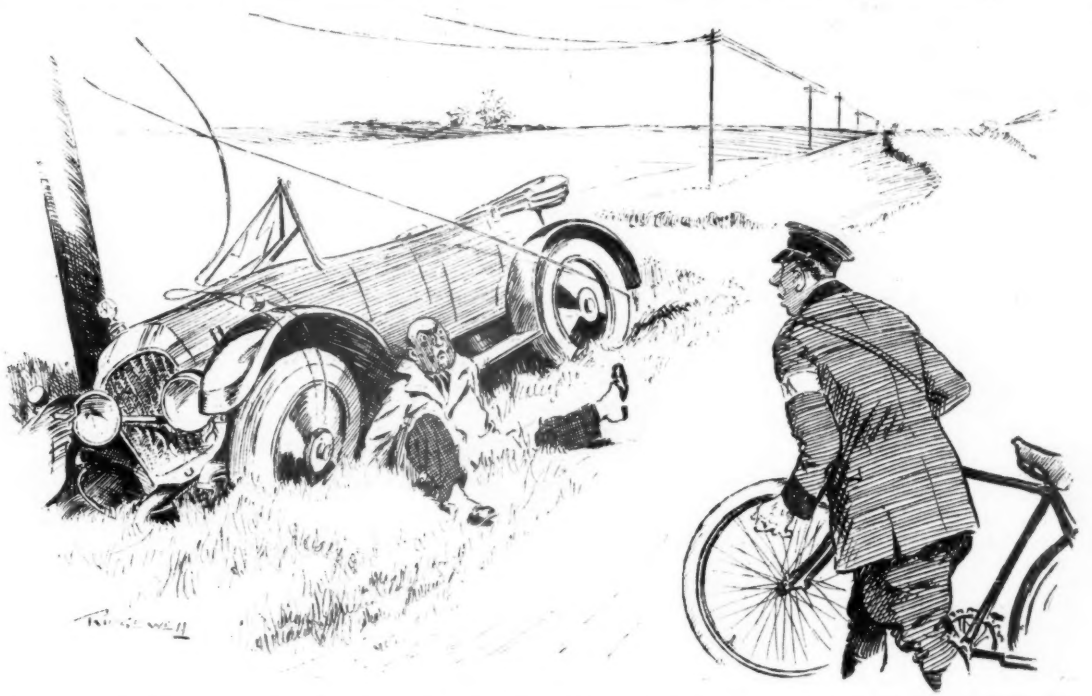
Yours, I. PENNE.

A. A.

"VAST BATTLE WITH NATURE.

The Sabawang River divides the aerodrome from the naval area. A railway bridge and footbridge will be thrown across the channel to connect the two units of defence. The river itself will be damned."—*Continental Paper.*

Nothing is sacred to the engineer.



Keen Stickler for Etiquette (as A.A. man arrives on scene of accident). "HOW NOW, MY MAN! WHAT ABOUT THAT SALUTE?"

HOMER FOR HOLLYWOOD.

[General Sir IAN HAMILTON in a letter to *The Times* suggests the story of the *Odyssey* as an ideal subject for a film play.]

THOUGH the blind Chian mendicant beachcomber
Has now been dead for some three thousand years,
The tale of Troy and that immortal roamer
Still lingers faintly in our modern ears,
And thus, familiar with the scenes which HOMER
Depicted, IAN HAMILTON appears
In the best pages of *The Times* to prove his
Fitness to serve as fodder for the movies.

A hustling generation tires of plodding
Through his interminable catalogues;
His Pegasus at times cries out for prodding
As with untroubled gait it onward jogs;
And yet the old man was not always nodding—
Witness his notion of the human hogs—
And, reinforced with Hollywood's S. A.,
He might provide us with a lively play.

Imperious Cæsar turned to clay may serve
A useful purpose, and we only need
A double dose of "pep" and "vim" and nerve
To galvanize this venerable screed,
To add the requisite voluptuous verve—
The glory of the cinema—to weed
Out all the old conventions and contraptions
And gild the narrative with lurid captions.

The lovely face that launched a thousand ships
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium
Has long been dust; the voice that from her lips
Issued in golden tones has long been dumb;
Yet by new magic, out of her eclipse,
Out of oblivion, Io! we see her come;
And, oh! what happier fate could Helen wish
Than to be re-created by a GISH.

Penelope sitting patient at her loom
Waiting for tidings of her absent sheikh,
The suitors courting her and courting doom,
What admirable pictures should they make!
And then the Sirens, whose unearthly bloom
Marked them as super-vamps and no mistake!
In truth, although he dropped occasional bricks,
Old HOMER had a pretty bag of tricks.

Think of Ulysses, by the breakers battered,
Swimming ashore—oh! what a chance for "DOUG"!
Or of Nausicaa, when her maidens scattered,
Greeting the hero with a "close-up" hug,
And giving him, all worn and spent and shattered,
A Scherian cocktail in a golden mug.
"Ω *πόποι*, which interpreted means "Golly!"
Won't it be quite deliriously jolly!

Think of Calypso and her sex appeal,
And then of THEDA BARA, VILMA BANKY;
Think of the slapstick humours of the reel,
Of famous LASKY, "Ατη and 'Ανάγκη;
Think of Andromache and how she'd feel
Were she impersonated by a Yankee;
And then, if so you're minded, raise a pæan
Over the proposition of Sir IAN.

Enough, enough: the vision grand and glorious
Melts into the illimitable inane;
The risks of prophesying are notorious;
Cassandra's fate impels me to refrain;
Let the fastidious purist wax censorious,
The world in time will make its verdict plain;
Meanwhile let us with fortitude serene
Await the joys of HOMER on the screen.

AT THE PLAY.

"BITS AND PIECES" (PRINCES).

LONDON feels more like its proper self now that GEORGE ROBEY is back again, with mind and body refreshed by foreign travel, to make us laugh. If he brings back nothing particularly new, why should he? What we like and laugh at is the old—the apt aposiopesis, the laugh arrested and turned to frowning reproof, the old preoccupation with the demoralising misbehaviour of loose dentures, the old surprise that anyone should so grossly misinterpret his (no doubt) entirely innocent phrases, the same arched sable eyebrows and Dionysian rubicundity, the old pseudo-clerical garb which lends deplorable point to his most crooked shafts.

Bits and Pieces is a revue-medley invented and produced by Mr. ROBEY with happily frequent insets of himself with and without Miss MARIE BLANCHE, who held her own in the exchanges. He makes it very difficult for us to maintain a decent deportment when exhibiting to us a bulky white-satined bride who has surprisingly trapped some poor idiot into matrimony. Not every jest carried a clear meaning; but on the other hand he is our most accomplished master of the intelligible grimace. And of his sly bits and pieces of lightning caricature the *lèse-majesté* of "Sixty Years a Queen" was perhaps the most diverting. In the monologue "Stuff and Nonsense" he was at all his old tricks and gags, demonstrating that his astonishing power of gathering up an audience and holding it helpless with laughter has not at all declined. And it is all such good, sound, rude, common nonsense.

Other good items were "Joint Forces," an attractive libel on our police, on the note "It's nothing to do with us," with Miss MARIE BLANCHE as the police-woman; "Cross Words," in which two flower-women (Miss BLANCHE and Mr. ROBEY) exchange shrewd and doubtful comments on life and their neighbours; and one of those sketches with surprise endings, without which no revue-ish entertainment is complete—"A London Girl," the tragedy of a whelk-stall, a hard-hearted proprietor, hunger, arrest and rescue. "The Hippodrome Eight," a most shapely, agile and well-trained troupe, carried through their jolly business of the dance with an ardour and accomplishment unusual even in these days. Really no susceptible man should go to see this sort of thing without a chaperon. In particular the item "Sports"—tennis, fencing, football and cricket—was an intelligently designed miniature ballet, in which the movements proper to their exercises were aptly introduced. Tennis racquet and foil were handled with admirable effect; the football was dealt with adequately; they fell down, I am afraid, on the cricket, and this must surely mean a defect of coaching. Nothing can make me believe that such accomplished athletes couldn't be taught how to wield bat and deliver ball more plausibly than that.



MR. GEORGE ROBEY SECURES THE BEST BITS AND PIECES.



"FOOTBALL."
SOME OF THE RATHER FORWARDS.

"Seville" lacked conviction. The subordinate members of the company were bored and stockish. Miss MARIE BLANCHE looked very handsome as a Spanish cavalier, but the whole thing was incurably British. Pleasant voices sang dull songs of piracy and the sea. But nobody need complain. Pauses from laughter are necessary and someone must provide them. Mr. GEORGE ROBEY has assured himself that he is not forgotten; that indeed we really missed him. In sheer exuberance this good man actually turned a cart-wheel. Consult *Who's Who* for dates (*b.* 1869) to estimate that achievement properly. The "Hippodrome Eight" are doubtless so bracing. T.

"PETER PAN" (GAIETY).

For those of us who grew up, alas, before the elfin *Peter* was born this established annual Xmastide gathering of very young England causes inevitable pangs of sharp regret. Another milestone! The twenty-third of its kind!

And how well it all wears—as milestones should. How charming the fancy, how dexterous the manipulation of incident, how unabashed and all but persuasive the pervading sentimentality of it all. Did one really detect in the answer to *Peter's* plea for *Tinker Bell's* life a certain slightly perfunctory politeness replacing the more ingenuous enthusiasm of other years—a conspiracy of kindness towards the elders-in-charge? Perish the thought!

And the new *Peter*? Admirable, certainly. Miss JEAN FORBES-ROBERTSON has obvious natural gifts for the more mysterious, wistful, aloof side of the character. Perhaps her *Peter* seems to have grown up just a little too much. But she has evidently taken pains to try to give the more boyish aspect. It is a difficult balance to achieve—perhaps in the nature of

things an impossible. It was an intelligent sensitive performance, and one can be duly grateful for that. Certainly she put real vigour and fire into the fight with the terrible *Hook*, and handled her cutlass with a technique not naturally to be expected of her sex. Miss MARIE LÖHR was a most satisfactory *Mrs. Darling*, lovely to look upon and not more sentimental than her author intended. I liked Mr. WILLIAM LUFF'S *James Hook*. It reminded me a little of Sir GERALD DU MAURIER'S fantastic original, which still remains the best model, with Mr. HOLMAN CLARKE'S as an admirable second. Mr. GEORGE SHELTON, unhappily missing from the first performances of this revival, was, to our delight, back again at his jolly business of calico-rending.

Miss MARY CASSON'S *Wendy* was very quiet and businesslike, a little less ridden by the true Barrieish mother-complex than is demanded by the occasion. The tiny *Michael* (Master FREDDIE SPRINGETT) was entirely delightful. The lost boys and girls seemed perhaps a little shrill and stiff, but relaxed with complete success in their pillow-fight. Mr. ALLAN WHITTAKER dealt faithfully enough with the humours of *Slightly*. The pirates on the whole seemed lacking in blood and thunder.

The vision of a nervous box-office staff besieged by infuriated mothers demanding for their young tickets for a performance obviously sold out days ago proved to me that among the elders the cult still flourishes. But I still have a slight doubt about the attitude of the new generation. T.

"THE BLACK SPIDER" (LYRIC).

Here is yet another of the now too fashionable crime-plays which dominate our stage. But let it not be supposed there is any mystery nonsense about it. The author (Mr., or perhaps Miss, CARLTON DAWE) quite clearly labels the criminal from the start and carefully avoids doing anything whatever to mitigate our inevitable suspicions. Moreover, everything that is going to happen is announced with precision, not once but several times. This no doubt makes for clarity; it also, I am afraid, involves considerable tedium.

The Black Spider is a jewel thief working the profitable Monte Carlo area on a method which completely baffles the police. It is a method which assumes on the part of the detectives a careful guarding of all means of entrance except one and a complete ignorance of such common phenomena as cat burglars, of which the spider burglar is an obvious variant. It also assumes that the agitated possessors of diamonds, pearls and rubies, elaborately warned and moaning about their impending loss, should leave their treasures in a conspicuous place upon their dressing-tables. Our author has also invented the most original



"I'VE BEEN DREAMING OF SPIDERS."
Lord Carfour . . . MR. O. B. CLARENCE.

sleuth of modern times. No wonder the professionals called him an amateur. All you have to do when he has you in his power is to send him a mes-



THE EXOTIC KISS.
Reginald Cosway . . . MR. ARTHUR AUBREY.
Monsieur Boisfort . . MR. HENRY WENMAN.

sage that he is wanted downstairs, disguise yourself as the president of the republic or the hotel cat, and walk out under his nose. "Very ingenious," says he in generous appreciation of your resourcefulness. But he pursues you pitilessly across the seas and in three months walks into your riverside cottage already surrounded by his "watch-dogs." One gratefully confesses that into this epilogue a certain liveliness is imported which mitigates somewhat the weariness of the main argument. Not that the happy ending errs on the side of credibility.

Clearly the poor mutt *Cosway* was never destined to capture the beautiful spider *Angela* (Miss FRANCES DOBLE). Nor could one so lovely have been really bad. The world surely owes to such beauty not a mere livelihood but a thoroughly good time—the best of lodging, food and raiment, the fidelity of servants, the self-sacrificing devotion of accomplices, the love of a worthy highly unintelligent husband. And when finally at bay you just, after a little bright badinage, shut the brilliant detective in the cupboard, ignore his watch-dogs and embark on the silvery Thames with your lover, abandoning for ever a career which has served its purpose.

Miss FRANCES DOBLE had naturally no difficulty whatever in looking as attractive as the part demanded, and played as intelligently as it allowed. Mr. O. B. CLARENCE (*Lord Carfour*) made up for the emptiness of his lines by those diverting attitudes and gestures of which he is a master. Mr. MICHAEL SHERBROOKE did all that was possible, which wasn't much, with a more than ordinarily preposterous Continental policeman. Miss MADGE SNELL played with great intelligence the only part, that of *Angela's* French maid, which seemed to offer any real chances. Mr. ARTHUR AUBREY walked rather shamefacedly through the part of the fatuous *Cosway*, and Mr. HENRY WENMAN was very expansive and ultra-Continental in the stage manner as the hotel-manager. Others also ran as well as the difficult going permitted. T.

Another Impending Apology.

"Horta—The German Junker seaplane D1230 left for Harbour Grace at 5.25 this afternoon with the Viennese actress, Madame ——, as passenger.

Later: The D1230 is returning towed. Apparently the heavy weight prevented her continuing the flight."—*Official News Bulletin.*

"SPORTING NEWS.

. . . after all, A. T. Young still is Arthur Young."—*Daily Paper.*

So much for those who said he would change his name to Archibald.

"Does anyone know how to stiffen a carpet that has gone soft by being in the flood?"
Provincial Paper.

We should suggest a new carpet; the present one seems to have worn a long time.

THE HAT TRICK.

IT was a heavenly hat. "A model, Modom, you will not see another like it," the assistant assured me at the sale of exclusive gowns and hats at the Cheetham Galleries.

It was fortunate that I had taken an old-fashioned umbrella with a crook handle and a sharp end, which I keep in the attic specially for sales, otherwise I should never have got past the towering female who had had the forethought to put on a leather coat, or that despicable creature who had obviously taken a small child with her for the purpose of arousing sympathy.

"Very much reduced," murmured the assistant as she tenderly stroked the treasure.

I paid for it and she promised to send it at once.

My heart was like a singing-bird as I steered my way through that uncharted sea of shoppers whose faces registered bargain-lust and agony. I scarcely felt them standing on my feet or poking their elbows and the corners of boxes into my body.

As I walked lightly down the road, smiling at the thought of my hat, a happy idea occurred to me. I would call and tell Irene about it. This would be quite fair, although I knew she had neuralgia. Had she not worn a new fur at me when I was suffering from post-influenzal debility?

When I arrived Irene was sitting by the fire. She had evidently recovered from her neuralgia and looked radiantly happy. On her face was that expression of serenity and exaltation that religion bestows upon some women and new babies on other. In Irene's case it could only mean one thing—new clothes.

"I'm so glad to see you!" she exclaimed. "I've got—but I'll fetch it. It's an absolute *poem*."

Two minutes later she came back; my knees turned to jelly and the room began to swim round me. You will have guessed what she was wearing. It was my hat's twin. But you could not have guessed that she had bought it at a little shop round the corner where there was no sale and they only call you "Madam," or that it had cost twelve-and-sixpence less than mine.

Years ago, when I was eight, the news was broken to me on Christmas Eve that I had measles. Never since then had I had the queer sensation in my inside that I felt when I looked at Irene. To think that for this I had endured ordeal by sale!

"Isn't it a joy?" she gurgled. "It's a model."

"I know; you'll not see another like it," I forced myself to say in a voice that sounded bleak and old.

I managed to escape as soon as possible, and Irene's preoccupation with her purchase prevented her from noticing how ill I looked. As I crept away the singing-bird in my heart seemed to have changed into a foul toad.

When I reached home the first thing I saw in the hall was the wretched hat-box. I seized it and carried it and the sale brolly upstairs to the attic.

In the attic, together with battered trunks, dusty venetian-blinds and other junk which had risen to the top of the house in a kind of domestic scum, was a heap of old clothes. There was a skirt which would only fit a thin person of about seven feet, a whiskery jersey, some knobbly shoes and a terrible man's suit carried out in green check.

These articles had been collected for Irene's Aunt Honoria's jumble-sale, which was shortly to be held for the purpose of raising funds for the heathen of Bunwooglia. I suddenly remembered that Irene would be in charge of the millinery-stall on that occasion, and a ray of comfort stole upon my darkened spirit.

Having taken out the model, I teed it up on the box, carefully addressed it with the inverted brolly, and drove off.

It fell on the terrible green trousers.

I went downstairs feeling much better.

HUSH-HUSH MUSIC.

THOUGH MENDELSSOHN is generally regarded by most modern critics as the outstanding representative of Victorian formality, conventionality, respectability and decorum, there is a growing tendency to admit that, after all, he had his points and in one respect at least was a pioneer. The ideal which every serious musician sets before him is the attainment of that mastery of concentration which enables him to read a full score without striking a note—to "auralize" its contents mentally. MENDELSSOHN took the first step in this direction by the composition of his "Songs Without Words," and every day that passes brings us nearer to the Millennium of Silent Music. We have not reached it yet, but the advance that has been made is strikingly illustrated by the announcement, made in *The Westminster Gazette*, that a salary "in the neighbourhood of £500 a week" is to be received by Mr. JACK SMITH, the "Whispering Baritone," who has just signed a contract to appear in a new revue next March.

* * *

Full-throated vocalists, as we have ascertained by careful inquiry, consider themselves lucky if they earn a tenth of this sum. The days of Boanerges and Stentor are no more. Paul the Silentiary is coming into his own. LABLACHE, were he alive now, would find it hard to make both ends meet, and the tremendous TAMAGNO would be in a similar quandary. We live, it is true, in an age of "Big Noises," but this does not apply to vocalists. In that sphere the evolution of the art is marked by a movement in which remuneration is in a direct ratio with inaudibility. *The Westminster Gazette* asserts that Mr. JACK SMITH "will probably settle in England," and his example can hardly fail to produce a rich crop of bat-squeak sopranos, muted contraltos, inarticulate tenors and dumb basses.

* * *

The movement has not as yet spread to instrumental music, though the report that an ingenious inventor has applied for a patent for a silent saxophone has caused a certain amount of anxiety in syncopated circles. There is also talk of a telepathic trombone, whose notes, unheard by the human tympanum, are conveyed to the mental ear. On the other hand signs of reaction are to be noted in the popularity of musical mascots. Fashionable women have been seen parading the sales carrying under their arms realistic little Pekinese dogs, which when squeezed play lively tunes; but the price of these pets is prohibitory to the proletariate, and the habit is reprobated by the R.S.P.C.A. as encouraging the maltreatment of our four-footed friends.

HYMN TO JANUS.

[Janus of the Two Faces was sometimes reputed to have four of them; hence the epithet "Quadrifrons."]

God of Avenues and Gates,
And, I take it, City Streets,
At thy shrine this minstrel waits
And thy liberal ear entreats:
Hearken, Overlord of Jan.,
To a poor pedestrian.

First thy fourfold power I praise
(Ere I mention my request)—
Simultaneously to gaze
North and south and east and west;
Hear, O Quadrifrons, my plea;
Lend this useful gift to me.

May I have at once in sight
(As I ever keep in mind)
Taxis tearing left and right,
Bus ahead and van behind.
Lest I find an early grave,
Son of Phœbus, hear and save.

A. K.

Fed Up!

"Lady, having spent Christmas with her family, strongly Recommends comfortable Homely Hotel."—*Advt. in Daily Paper.*



MR. PUNCH'S PERSONALITIES.

LIX.—MISS RUTH DRAPER.

SHE crowds the stage with airy shapes,
Puppets of which she pulls the tapes
With such address that none can ape her;
All by herself does all the parts,
And, scorning aid of outward arts,
With just her fancy's genius drapes
The drama's scene. Ah, what a DRAPER!



First Lady. "WHO'S THE DAGO?"
Second Lady. "MY DEAR! OH, OF COURSE YOU DON'T REMEMBER. IT'S MY HUSBAND. HE'S HAD TOO MUCH ARTIFICIAL SUNLIGHT."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THINKING over the unfulfilled artistic promise of pre-War days I feel that one of its saddest evidences has been the decay of English and American book and magazine illustration. When PENNELL, in the 'nineties, declared that such illustration was "an important, vital, living branch of the Fine Arts," he spoke of what he knew. When he added that it would "live for ever" he reckoned without his host. Nowadays the practical teacher is mainly concerned with warning the young artist off the ungrateful path of literary illustration and piping him pleasantly along the increasingly fat valleys of commercial enterprise. This, at any rate, is the policy of Mr. G. MONTAGUE ELLWOOD'S interesting manual on *The Art of Pen Drawing* (BATSFORD). There have been books enough, he says, for connoisseurs of black-and-white. This one aims at giving practical instruction to the artist. Apart from a side-wind of "expressionism" blowing strongly from the direction of Gower Street, the volume strikes me as admirably fitted to its purpose. Its historical introduction can afford to be, and is, idealistic, both in text and illustration; its notion of technique is a sound and central one. It assists you to secure the right materials, to use them and to determine your particular bent. Its chapters on magazine work, fashion-drawings and advertisers' illustrations are depressing because they subordinate the convictions of the artist to the expression of the commercial mind. Book illustration at least wedded him to his peers, occasionally, if I may say so, to his superiors. One school of worthily-inspired pen-and-ink work does, however, flourish. Mr. Punch's modesty forbids him to point it out; but the example of its exponents, living and dead, is the gist of an unusually optimistic chapter on "Humorous Illustration."

It would not be candid to claim that the three long-short stories in *The Arrow* (HEINEMANN) are of equal merit or quite up to the expectations of a staunch admirer of *Thunder on the Left*. "Referred to the Author," which tells of a mysterious rehearsal, in which the principal actor's part is played in his absence by a ghost, ends with the death of that same actor at a time prior to the great success which he scores on the first night, and is unsatisfactory because the author gives us no sort of hint of an explanation of his arbitrary tale. "Pleased to Meet You" is an entirely satisfactory, high-spiritedly fantastic account of the initiation of the new ex-fishmonger President of Illyria into the routine of Court life by an escaped patient from an American military hospital for shell-shock cases. The charming incidental romance is handled with a delicate tact. In "The Arrow" a young American and a young countrywoman of his, both independently on a visit to London, are both wounded by the archer of Piccadilly and carry an inconveniently sharp if invisible shaft in their bodies till a mutual

understanding causes it to melt away, its work done. This struck me as a little youthful in conception and treatment. But don't imagine that any of all this is mere "magazine stuff." Mr. CHRISTOPHER MORLEY even when nodding does much better than that.

Those who have held their aching sides
While CYRIL MAUDE has led the jesting,
And grieve to think he now abides
In Devon, permanently resting,
Will welcome as a substitute
His tale of struggle, triumph, worry,
Of Fortune's sweet and bitter fruit,
Told in *Behind the Scenes* (from MURRAY).

He gossips of the ups and downs
Of repertory tours with Yankees,
Of SHAKESPEARE played in mining towns
Where nuggets strewed the stage for "Thank 'ees";
Of comedies of a later day,
All passable but none a winner,
Until in *Mrs. Tanqueray*
His *Cayley Drummle* scored an inner.

He draws us on to bigger things—
Management, starring, prospects ruddy—
Though Fate stood ever in the wings
Like some impatient understudy,
As when his *Rip Van Winkle* failed,
Or Charing Cross one day elected
To crash, and in its fall derailed
The playhouse he had just erected.

But only as brief interludes
These tragedies reveal their faces,
For, spite of Fortune's fickle moods,
His lines were laid in pleasant places;
And, though the public's whim to gauge
Needed at times a surer prophet,
The smiles he gave us on the stage
Were very seldom absent off it.



IN DARKEST CHELSEA.

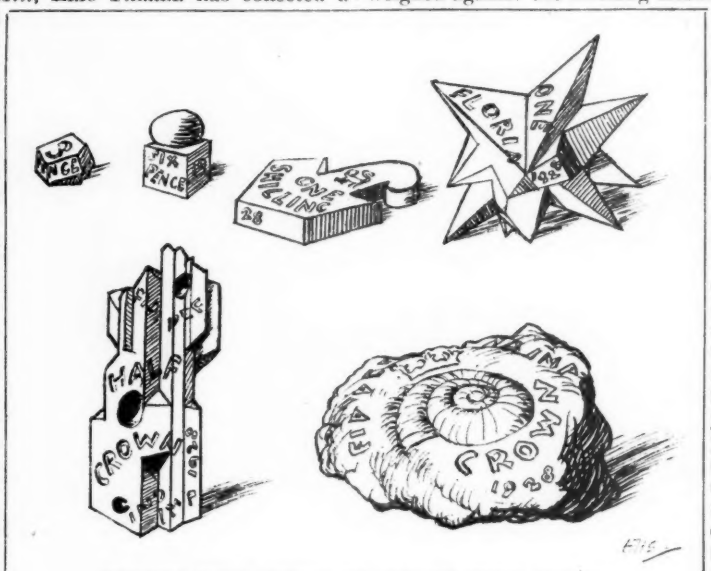
RUTHLESS ATTACK IN THE VICTORIAN MANNER ON A MODERNIST.

Primarily in response to the appeal of her youngest son when a boy, that she should furnish for his particular benefit an account of what she had done, whom she had met and where she had been, HELEN, Countess-Dowager of RADNOR has put together the memoirs of a long and interesting life now published as *From a Great-Grandmother's Armchair* (MARSHALL PRESS). Her childhood is a pretty picture of the age when the ladies of a country-house did cross-stitch before luncheon and children came down of an evening in low frocks to forfeits and dessert. The early loss of both parents, however, broke up the first two of her many homes, and little Miss CHAPLIN, aged twelve, presided for some time over the household of two widowed uncles. After this matronly experience, school-days come as something of an anti-climax; but a real matron, the happy wife of "BILL" BOUVERIE, was sharing her husband's sporting and political activities by 1866. In addition to this partnership, Lady RADNOR, as she subsequently became, had interests of her own, and her chapter on her public singing and the ladies' string band she conducted is a particularly animated one. A parallel excursion on Longford Castle shows her as the connoisseur of the treasures of her husband's family; and on his death she herself painted the window that commemorates him in Salisbury Cathedral. With so many gifts, ardently and generously cultivated, Lady RADNOR cannot be censured for not displaying herself a woman of letters. Her book leaves the impression of a character saved from the pomposity of its surroundings by the simplicity of an artist, the simplicity that could write from a Windsor sitting-room of gold and plush, "I fear I still prefer white dimity to anything else."

It is hardly fair of Miss ETHEL M. DELL. She has prefaced her new novel, *By Request* (T. FISHER UNWIN), with a note which says that about the real worth of her work none holds fewer illusions than she, who would make it worthier if she could, both for her readers' sake and her own. How can a critic with a heart get busy after that? And then the book craves indulgence by its very title. It is the love-story of *Noel* and *Peggy* from *The Keeper of the Door*, "written by request of some of my readers." It is a family party, in fact, and, as we who are not sealed of the tribe come to it unbidden, the least we can do is to behave ourselves. Perhaps we can pay for our seats by explaining

things to the late-comers. Here, then, are all the old favourites, *Nick Ratcliffe* and *Muriel* and *Olga* and *Max*, and of course *Peggy Musgrave* and *Noel the Wonderful*. And while *Peggy* and *Noel* are love-making in India two young things, *Reggie* and *Joan*, are getting engaged in England. Their story is not told in this book; there is just enough of them at the beginning to arouse interest, and a chance allusion to their engagement at the end. And shall it be left like that? Or will there be another family party, on a date not yet fixed? The love-story of *Joan* and *Reggie* (by request). Clever Miss DELL!

When, as here, a master of words and a writer who should surely be giving us the lineal successors of *Lavengro* and other great old stories of the countryside, prefers to employ his talents on "the little things he cares about," I, while regretting the mightier movement that might have been, can only be humbly grateful to him for the lesser. In *Field, River and Hill*, ERIC PARKER has collected a series of his essays and articles on the field sports (the Chase excepted) of the United Kingdom and Ireland. These papers are not simply a sportsman's memories of delectable days, they are also the reflections of a poet and scholar on rural Britain, and you 'll read them with that sense of uplift which belongs to such things as one's enjoyment of a fine May morning or the voices of pine-woods in westerly weather. The author looks at sport from all aspects—the beater's (see his diverting account of a day's bush-whacking at a cover shoot), the luncher's (I find his ideas on menus as delightful to read as a rose catalogue), the lover's (what a galaxy of girls-for-the-butt he so gracefully gives you!)—while his experiences, "a charming variety," range from a County Cork weasel hunt with toy beagles to an attempt on Thames trout in a June weir-pool. Some fifty items go to the making of Mr. PARKER's pageant of memories, and, as anything more than a general notice of them is impossible, I will only say that I for once am in cordial agreement with a writing on a wrapper, when, on this one, the publishers (PHILIP ALLAN) state that here is "a delightful book which, having read once, one will turn to again and again." Moreover, exactly suited to it, I find, are Miss WINIFRED AUSTEN's lovely dry-points.



REJECTED CUBIST DESIGNS FOR THE NEW SILVER COINAGE.

I had not thought that Miss PHYLLIS BOTTOME had yet another surprise to spring on me, but she has done it by writing *Wild Grapes* (COLLINS), a hundred-per-cent. American novel all about New York and the northern corner of Maine, and cocktails and fried chicken, and people who say "Gee!" on every occasion. Her heroine, *Imogen Stubbs*, a genius, a poet, cooped up at the beginning of the story in a poor and uncongenial country home and washing dishes at a local hotel, is discovered there by a wealthy New York woman-guest and wafted away into smart society. At the end of the story *Imogen* is still very young, but she has already had four devastating love affairs, drowned one young man and sought consolation for the defection of another in getting extremely drunk at a ball. For her latest lover, the consumptive *Derrick*, she seems to cherish a passion of a more tender and enduring type than she has lavished on any of his forerunners, but all her contacts are too facile to be taken as seriously as Miss BOTTOME seems to expect, and in spite of a certain wild charm I found her genius a trifle incredible, though not as incredible as the money she made out of her poetry. No book by Miss BOTTOME could fail to be interesting and readable, but *Wild Grapes* does not, as one of the characters expresses it, get you "where you live," at least it doesn't get me right there.

The discovery by a beautiful woman nearing middle-age that her sophisticated charms are as dust in the balance weighed against the morning freshness of what the advertisement-hoardings describe as "that schoolgirl complexion" is, of course, by no means new as a theme for the writer of fiction. When therefore *Madame de Bellegarde*, the central character of Miss MARJORIE BOWEN's novel, *The Pagoda* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), widowed, still fascinating but on the shady side of forty, invites simultaneously to her château in Touraine her own old flame, considerably her junior though of some years' standing as an admirer, and a blushing *ingénue* of seventeen or so, it is not a very difficult matter to guess more or less what is going to happen. Miss BOWEN has contrived, however, to give the old plot a fresh turn, and the touch of artificiality which is evident both in the main story and in its "powder and patches" *obbligato* accords admirably with the setting of formal gardens, gilt salons and pictures by NATTIER and FRAGONARD.

I am enrolling *Uncle Tom Pudd* (CAPE) among the friends I have met in fiction and should like to meet in the flesh. A closer tie I should not desire, because to be *Uncle Tom's* relation, either by birth or marriage, was almost an occupation in itself. His niece, who tells the story, enjoyed and loved him; his wife, a woman born to mould any man who even remotely entered her zone, found him too elusive to receive a sustained impression from her art or craft. He was a dear old scamp who neither could be believed nor expected to be, and was entirely at the mercy of his surroundings and of his momentary mood. My only sorrow is that his ashes are left inurned in his niece's garden. But Mr. LAURENCE HOUSMAN must know many more tales about him, and I hope that he may be persuaded to tell them. In the meantime this "biographical romance," excellent alike in its humour and its form, has furnished me with delightful memories.

CHARIVARIA.

FLOODS in the lower Thames Valley are alleged to have become worse since the construction of the Iffley weirs, which have been of such benefit to Oxford. Among bungalow-dwellers Oxford is getting to be regarded as the cause of lost homes.

A newspaper mentions that during the recent heavy floods men had to be rescued from a Guildford public-house. Another report states that they had to be dragged out.

Bankers, it seems, are making special efforts to encourage the banking habit in all classes of the community. Overdrafts for all are bound to come.

In offering a reward for the head of every bank-bandit killed, the Texas Bankers' Association has of course taken precautions against attempts by unscrupulous persons to cash heads that are not genuine.

Although this is Leap Year a writer thinks that women will not make proposals of marriage. They will simply continue to insist on receiving them.

A correspondent of *The Times* complains of the absurdities of novelists' railway time-tables. Yet we sometimes think that *Bradshaw* is stranger than fiction.

Another suggested motto for London with its ever-increasing traffic problem: *Jam jamque magis.*

In asking M.F.H.'s whether they would be willing to spare foxes that go to ground or take refuge in dwellings or other places the League for Prohibition of Cruel Sports can at least point to the fact that the pedestrian usually receives this much consideration from the motorist.

In his annual report the Education Officer of the L.C.C. points out that even in the poorest schools there are no rags nowadays. It is hoped that this may yet be said of the universities.

According to Professor W. MCCLELLAND, Scottish children begin to excel London children in proficiency in the fundamental rules of arithmetic at the age of nine. At that age, therefore, London children should begin to exercise caution in transactions that involve rapid reckoning in terms of the bawbee.

Attention is drawn to the constant influx into Glasgow of Irish immigrants who threaten to take the bread out of the mouths of Scotsmen. The very thought is enough to make Glaswegians bolt their food.

The Wimbledon justices, in their annual report, state that their statistics appear to suggest that the female is far less violent in her ways than the male. So much for the rumoured wildness of Wimbledon women at the sales.



First Riverside-dweller (in boat). "HOW ARE THINGS WITH YOU, OLD MAN?"
Second Ditto (in house). "MUSTN'T GRUMBLE, OLD BOY. CAUGHT A LOVELY FISH IN THE LETTER-BOX THIS MORNING."

Lord ——, we read, was never photographed until he became a peer. There is therefore no record of what he looked like as a commoner.

Senatore MARCONI, who is to direct an investigation of the natural resources of Italy, has informed a newspaper representative that oil has already been found there. It will be a great day for Fascist Italy when she is self-supporting in the matter of castor-oil.

It is said that authors like reading novels. We understand that recently Mr. EDGAR WALLACE read a book with great enjoyment and then noticed that it was an early volume from the pen of Mr. EDGAR WALLACE.

Writing in a daily paper a General says that temporary officers may use their army titles in private life. We have never attempted to use the one our sergeant-major conferred on us.

A mouth-organ contest is announced to take place in Bermondsey Town Hall this month. Residents in the vicinity still hope, however, that the matter will be settled by arbitration.

With reference to a headmaster's lament that nowadays a boy of fourteen will drive his father in a motor-car to the golf-links on Sunday and beat him, we can only suggest that fathers should endeavour to improve their game.

So many mail-trains have been robbed in America of late that mail-bags in future are to have a label attached bearing the words "Not to be Stolen."

As no money was found inside a huge codfish caught off the Scottish coast it is believed to be an impostor.

According to a news item a car left unattended started off down a hill and knocked down three pedestrians. Not so bad considering the motorist was not in the car.

If it is true, as suggested by a beauty expert, that frequent yawning is conducive to good looks, then we can only say that it hasn't done much for some of our dramatic critics.

Nottingham's automatic telephone exchange comes into operation this month. Subscribers say that they fear it will be some time before they get used to wrong numbers supplied without the kindly human touch.

Now that Professor E. N. DA C. ANDRADE, in a lecture to children, has denied that JAMES WATT was the inventor of the steam-engine it is evident that the reproaches of generations of railway passengers have been unjustly bestowed.

It was noted at this lecture, however, that nothing was said to dispel the popular belief that Mr. J. H. THOMAS is entirely his own idea.

"The intensely cold weather continued in Glasgow yesterday, and in the early morning there was a slight fall of snow. The minimum temperature fell to 24 degrees. Below are given the readings recorded during the 24 hours ended 9 p.m. (Summer Time)."—*Local Paper.*

The late Mr. WILLETT could not have foreseen this development.

ODE TO A SMALL TOBACCONIST.

(From a victim, like himself, of the tedious activities of D.O.R.A.)

VAIN arms you stretch in my direction,
And so do I
In yours,
Yearning respectively to sell and buy
The thing I lack, O
Vendor of pipe-tobacco.
Alike we two condemn the bolted doors
That rudely block
My entry when I want to make connection
With that exotic weed
(Fragrant as hay-ricks or the breath of Venus)
With which you fain would serve my aching need:
But it is after 8 o'clock
And Dora, hoary harridan, stands between us.

Your labour is your own;
You do not prison young employees
All wriggling to get out
To where the pictures move about,
To halls of song and jazz and joy-ease;
You are no capitalist, no bloated brute
Grinding the faces of the honest poor,
But happy in your humble lot,
Purveying, by your lone,
Honeydew in a one-bee hive,
And asking this sole favour—to be sure
Of getting leave to keep alive.
But Dora (heartless) doesn't care a hoot
Whether you die or not.

Yes, and the deuce is
That, if I would appease my crave,
To licensed premises I must repair,
And there
I might conceivably demean
My better self when urged to lave
These lips of mine in other less innocuous juices
Than that of nicotine.

And this is England, this the land
Alleged of Freedom!
Reputed as the most expensive gem
In Liberty's priceless diadem!
You have the goods beneath your hand
And I so terribly need 'em;
But Dora, grimly playing at her old *Kriegspiel*
(Somebody ought to let her know
The War was over years ago),
Says that we aren't allowed to do a deal,
Not after 8 P.M.

O. S.

MODERN RUGGER: THE SEARCH FOR TALENT.

DEFEAT OF OLD BORSTALIANS.

A WONDERFUL HALF-BACK.

(With acknowledgments to "The Daily Telegraph.")

YESTERDAY I was privileged to watch yet another of the finest games I have seen this season. In it St. Vitus' School, Loamshire, defeated a team of Old Borstal Boys by fifteen points to six. But, though beaten by so large a margin, not at all badly did the losers play. Very favourably indeed did the display of both sides compare with what we saw in the last English trial.

The game had not been in progress half-an-hour before I began to suspect that I was about to witness some real constructive Rugger. Very thoroughly had both sides grasped the principle, upon which, at the risk of tediousness, I have always insisted in these columns, that, if you want to win at modern Rugger, you 've bally well got to score more points than the other blokes. Obvious was it that whoever is responsible for the boys' coaching had studied my writings with profit. Hardly any kicking did we see in attack, or indeed in defence, so well had both sides grasped the patent but not always appreciated truth that a football was made to be handled; instead, the swerve, the side-step, the *entrechat*, the reverse pass, the obverse pass and all the other devices of modern "class" Rugger were delightfully in evidence.

Not that there was any stunting for stunting's sake: the players merely imparted an air of novelty to orthodox movements by carrying them out with their heads. Strikingly good was Black, the winners' stand-off half; tall, with a football face and the ability to swerve two ways at once, I have added his name to the list of those who will surprise me if they are not playing stand-off for England in a few years' time. Excellent too, bar an occasional fumble of a not very difficult pass and a tendency, which he must rigorously control, to kick the ball, was White. Remarkably effective for the losers was Pink at left centre; the possessor of a fine pair of hands, a keen nose for an opening and the power to side-step with either foot, or with both, without losing pace, he cannot, in the present dearth of "England" centres, much longer escape the eye of the selection committee. I understand he will shortly be going into residence at Wormwood Scrubbs, where he should be sure of his place in the first XV., which may well prove a stepping-stone to an English cap.

Next week I hope to see the Costermongers' College play Ponders End "A" and to discover yet more international players in the making.

THEMES FOR OUR GREATEST JOURNALIST.

SOME discussion has taken place as to the authorship of a charming little symbolical essay, full of fine teaching, on "The Year's First Snowdrop," which appeared recently in *The Weekly Sigh*. We do not agree with those who discern in it the hand of our best-remunerated journalist. In the first place it was anonymous, and in the second place he has been for some time on his way to a warmer clime—I mean, of course, Brazil.

Now that he has arrived there we may look for a variety of articles in the HEARST Press giving his views and experiences of that great country.

He could write a very interesting column comparing Brazil with the land of his fathers and comparing it unfavourably. Brazil's language is distinctly inferior, as is its mutton. It boasts a number of rodents among its fauna, but not the rarebit. The only thing that may be said of Brazil in comparison with the land to which he himself belongs, and which may almost be claimed to belong to him, is that it is larger. This cannot be helped, and it is a circumstance which would never depress the true patriot, who rather despises largeness and prefers always to talk of "my own gallant little country."

Neither can the mountains of Brazil compare with those among which he spent his youth. Yet we should like to see a prose-poem over his signature, entitled, "Dawn on the Serra da Mantequeira."

His most trenchant article, perhaps, will deal with the lamentable neglect of the land in Brazil. Little or no attempt is made there to prevent the preservation of game. Instead of a countryside dotted with the peaceful homes of industrious peasants one comes upon vast areas which are allowed by callous landowners to remain as jaguar-forests. If Brazil has a "Land Song," it is a poor unintelligible ditty.



AT THE HAVANA PAN-AMERICAN CONFERENCE.

U.S.A. (*to Latin America*). "INTERVENTION IN YOUR AFFAIRS IS THE LAST THING I SHOULD DREAM OF."

LATIN AMERICA. "MAY I ASK IF YOUR VIEWS ARE EMBODIED IN THAT DOCUMENT?"



The Girl. "PITY THERE ISN'T A JAZZ-BAND."
Her Partner. "WELL, ANYHOW, IT 'S A JOLLY FLOOR."

BALLADS FOR BROADBROWS.

FOREIGN POLICY; OR, THE UNIVERSAL AUNT.

I 'M tired of Lithuania,
I weary of the Lett,
I never had no mania
For Pole or Prussian yet;
Old England is an island,
And this is my complaint—
Why does Old England mess about
With continents which ain't?

Poor old Britannier, the Universal Aunt!
Think that you can mother everybody? Well, you can't.
What d' you want with Europe? Why d' you wish to roam?
Ain't you got enough misfortunes in the home?

The foreigner 's an alien,
He does not rule the waves;
Give me the good Australian
Who cleans his teeth and shaves.
Oh, let the hairy Magyar
Stew in his horrid juice,
And scrap the Foreign Office
For it ain't no kind of use!

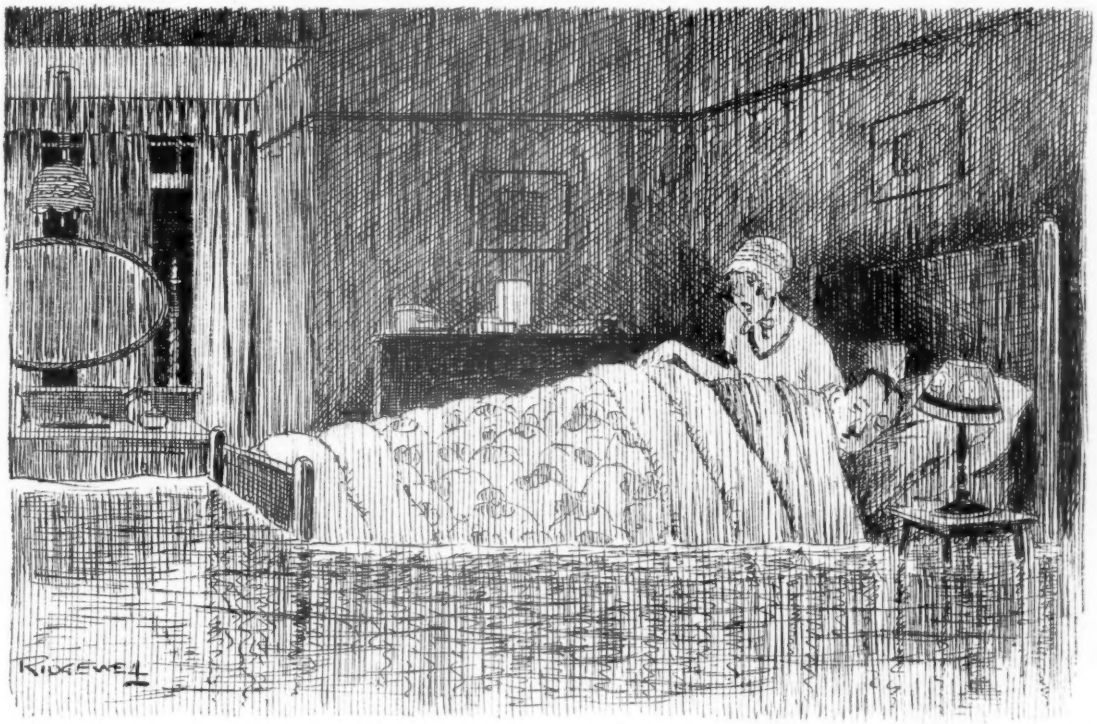
Poor old Britannier! Talk about disarm?
It 's these here diplomatists that do the greatest harm.
Scrap the Foreign Office! Why d' you want to roam?
Ain't you got enough misfortunes in the home?

The paper 's all Croatians
And Jugo-Slavs and Czechs,
In all these bearded nations
We 're buried to the necks;
But it takes a flood or earthquake
Or other nasty mess
To get the British Empire
Into the British Press.

Poor old Britannier! Excuse a little sob;
Ain't your far-flung Empire a whole-time job?
Less of this Locarny-blarny! Why d' you want to roam?
Ain't you got enough misfortunes in the home? A. P. H.

THE DIAGNOSIS.

Jan. 5th.—Odd what a fuss women make about chilblains! Irene is always dabbing something on her hands (or feet) and asking people if they know of a good prescription for chilblains. I have suggested more than once she should try plunging the affected parts in ice-water and then rubbing them briskly with a rough towel (a remedy I read of somewhere), but she always gets huffy and snaps out something about never having had any myself and not knowing what I am talking about. Illogical, of course; a doctor prescribes for appendicitis, but he may never have had it himself. She was absolutely frigid at breakfast this morning because I suggested she should concentrate her mind on something else (such as improving the morning brew of coffee), and then she would not feel her chilblains. Yet I was only uttering a great psychological truth.



Mistress of Bungalow in low-lying district (waking suddenly). "GEORGE! SUCH A NUISANCE! I THINK THE HOT-WATER BOTTLE MUST HAVE BURST."

6th.—Accidentally knocked my foot against the kerb to-day. Did not notice it much at the time, but this evening my big toe-joint is quite painful. I suppose I must have jarred something inside.

7th.—There is certainly something wrong with my foot. My toe-joint is so painful I can hardly bear any pressure on it at all. I must have damaged some muscle or nerve, because there are times when the whole joint throbs and others when it absolutely burns. Showed it to Irene and she rather alarmed me by becoming extraordinarily grave. She told me she knew of a case exactly similar—a Mrs. Harris, who actually lost a foot through not taking an inflamed toe-joint seriously. I am not one to get rattled, but she certainly disturbed me. She suggested poultices at once, but I felt I couldn't bear them, so she swathed the joint in oiled cotton-wool. This is rotten luck!

8th.—No better to-day; in fact shooting pains have been added to the throbbing and burning. Something is certainly seriously wrong. Irene suggested I should stop at home and keep the foot off the ground, and I have done so; but, though I felt a slight easing after lunch, the improvement has not been maintained. Irene is a brick—a true helpmeet to a man in affliction.

9th.—Not the slightest improvement in my foot. Irene suggests I should hobble round and see Dimchurch. I have not very great faith in Dimchurch as a medical man—for anything serious, I mean—but I suppose I had better go. If he is at all doubtful I shall tell him straight I prefer to see a specialist. I am not windy, but it would be simply silly not to take this matter seriously. The pain is practically continuous now.

Later.—Have seen Dimchurch and told him about having stubbed my foot against the kerbstone. He said I had a large chilblain on the toe-joint and that was all. The kerbstone episode was just a coincidence, he said, and had nothing to do with it. He suggested rubbing the affected part with an onion and seemed rather amused about the whole thing. Is the man mad? Came home in a state of considerable annoyance and told Irene. To my absolute surprise she acquiesced brightly in Dimchurch's diagnosis.

"Of course," she said, "didn't you know?"

"Know?" I echoed. "Do you mean to say you thought it was a chilblain all the time?"

"I knew it was," she said.

For the moment I could not speak, and then, just as I was going to say something really heartfelt, it came to me that the situation was too painfully poignant for words. There are some actions surely which strike at the very heart of family life, and this of Irene's was one of them. I resumed my hat and was about to walk out into the night when she spoke again.

"Oh, by the way," she said, "there 's a bowl of ice-water in the bathroom; if you——"

I walked out into the night.

"England wants a few Henry Fords, and then we should get a move on."—*Letter in Provincial Paper.*

Those of us who are still pedestrians are already doing so.

"A well-known actor fired a revolver shot at Doctor Seitz, Mayor of Vienna, as he was leaving 'Snow Palace' after a public function. The Mayor was not hurt. His assailant was arrested. He explained that he attempted to kill the Mayor for the purpose of drawing the attention of the world to the deplorable condition of the people of Australia."—*South African Paper.*

It only shows how lamentably ignorant of geography well-known actors can be.

ENDERBY, I AND THE NEW YEAR.

A VERY very curious thing has occurred. I had been busily burying a number of toy buffaloes, belonging to the species made of wood and covered with real skin, underneath a small laurel bush in the garden—but perhaps I had better begin again.

The buffaloes were part of my dream.

Roughly speaking, there are three explanations of the dream-world—that of the ordinary medical practitioner, that of the psycho-analyst and that of the mystic or seer. There would be no difficulty in explaining my dream about the buffaloes at this season of Yuletide jollity from the point of view of the ordinary medical practitioner. What the psycho-analyst would say about it I can guess, but I have far too much pride and dignity to say. I merely narrate my dream for the benefit of those who believe in mystical vision or prophecy.

After I had buried the buffaloes I returned to the house, and was almost immediately aware that the animals had leaped to life, like crocus bulbs, or the dragon's-teeth which were sown by Cadmus, and were following me. So I waited on the stairs and pushed them down, one after the other, with the point of my toe. There was one in particular with very yellow gleaming eyes which kept coming up again and again and snuffling at me.

After a while I grew weary of this and went into my study, shutting the door. It was at this point that my dream became rather menacing and sinister in tone. The buffaloes crowded upstairs again, and I was conscious that as they came they were increasing rapidly in size. They must have been about as big as year-old calves when they passed by my study-door, making a heavy snorting and trampling sound.

I knew later that they had gone into the bathroom, for I could hear them turning on the water there.

To an expert zoologist in his waking hours this might have occasioned surprise, but it caused none to me. It caused nothing but terror and dismay. I ran downstairs rapidly and, slamming the front-door, escaped into the street.

After that there is a long blank in my recollections, but at some later period I was returning home by the Underground Railway, and on leaving the lift was aware of one thing, and one only—a thing that might have been expected to annoy the most easy-going of London householders, namely that my home was packed with buffaloes.

But it was not annoyance that I felt; it was not even fear. Or perhaps I should rather say that it was not the ordinary annoyance and fear felt by a London citizen who has buffaloes in the home. Waking, one might suppose that the first instinct in such a situation would be an anxiety about the rosewood writing-desk, the Chesterfield or the piano. There would be a natural tendency to consult the police or to telephone to the Zoo. There would be alarm for one's own personal safety upon entering the house (or corral), and possibly even alarm on account of those loved and dear ones left behind amongst the shaggy herd, numbering, as nearly as I could calculate, about seventy or eighty head.

None of these loved and dear ones, however, entered into my dream. They may have been going to a party, or sleeping, or staying with an aunt. At any rate I had no thought for them. Nor was I in the least troubled by my own previous inexperience in hobnobbing with buffaloes, in working with a dozen or so of them seated in the study, or in sleeping with a score of them standing round my bed. I might, for that matter, have been a retired Mexican cowboy, for whom the constant presence of buffaloes as pet companions merely satisfied a long-felt want. I no more thought of summoning the police to remove them than I would have thought of summoning the Borough Council to scrape away snow from the pavement in front of my gate.

I was harassed merely by the premonition that I should meet, on the way back from the Underground, somebody whom I knew, and I felt certain that this man, whoever he was, would insist on coming with me to my house and borrowing a book. In this way the presence of the buffaloes was almost certain to be revealed to the outer world, and I knew in my heart of hearts that it was bourgeois to have buffaloes in the home. It was a thing emphatically not done. It was an accident which occurred no doubt to the harassed taxpayer from time to time, but one did not mention it; one kept it dark.

In fact, in my dream I was a snob.

A man of simpler, less worldly disposition would have felt no reticence but would have flung open his front-door heartily and cried to his guest, "Sit down here for a moment, won't you, old fellow, while I go up to my study and fetch the thing? There are one or two buffaloes about in the drawing-room, but I am quite sure you won't mind them."

But I was a craven, a poltroon. I slunk round by-streets, using the most complicated routes that I could devise, in order to escape observation. And as fate would have it, of course, near a lamp-post at the end of an obscure back alley I ran right into Enderby.

It was a lamp-post that had been broken off at the base by a motor-car in the snowstorm, and the sight of Enderby gave me almost as severe a shock. He was going to ask me for a book. He was going to insist upon having it, and he was going to come round to my house with me to fetch it away. He was, and he did.

The trouble I took to throw him off! The senseless excuses I made! Of all people living round about us he was the very last man whom I would have chosen to learn about my buffaloes. Outside my dream there was no reason for imputing such an attitude to him,



Hotel Porter. "DID YOU RING, SIR?"
Visitor. "YES. JUST GO AND WAIT IN THE QUEUE FOR MY BATH, PLEASE."



The American. "SAY, I'VE PLAYED THIS GAME IN EVERY COUNTRY UNDER THE SUN."
The Briton. "AH, WELL, YOU'RE PLAYING IT IN ANOTHER COUNTRY NOW."

for (except in the matter of judging the wines of Provence) he is a kindly tolerant man. But inside my dream I was clear on the point. "Is it quite the thing," he would ask Mrs. Enderby when he got back, "to have all that livestock stamping about in the drawing-room and the hall; not one or two, I mean, but whole dozens of them?"

And, thinking it over, whilst giving me due credit for originality, she would reply at last, and reply decisively, that she thought not. And we should get to be known as those people "who are all right, of course, but *why*, oh, why do they have that ridiculous herd of buffaloes in their house?"

It was no use. I could not get rid of him. Step by step he came with me, and at every step I felt that I was coming nearer to social extinction and despair. I believe that the book he wanted to borrow was a bound volume of *The Sunday Quiver* or *The Leisure Hour*, which in waking moments I do not possess. I remember at any rate telling him that page 304 was printed upside down. But in vain.

Finally, with an anguished heart I put the latchkey in the door, flung it open—and woke with a muffled cry to the second morning of 1928.

"An arrant snob, as you say," I was told, sweetly enough, at breakfast-time.

"But a prophetic one," I rejoined triumphantly, having glanced for a moment at *The Times*.

For, lo and behold, Enderby was knighted! EVOE.

A Batch of Impending Apologies.

"NEW YEAR HONOURS.
CLEARING AWAY THE DEBRIS OF 1927."
Consecutive Headlines in Daily Paper.

From a notice of the new opera, *Penelope*:—

"Penelope must have been a singularly intelligent and tenacious woman. I always connect her in my mind with Julius Cæsar's wife—Portia."—*Sunday Paper.*

CALPURNIA must indeed have been above suspicion if she allowed CÆSAR to annex BRUTUS'S wife. That no doubt would help to account for the subsequent tragedy in the Forum.

SOUP.

[It is stated that CASANOVA introduced soup into the bill of fare at London restaurants.]

A LEGEND is handed as history down
That the great CASANOVA gave soup to the town.
We take it to-day as a matter of course,
But seldom bestow any thought on its source.
Yet now I reflect, as in public I dine
Where foreigners gather and slobber like swine,
That many inventions we sadly should miss
Have made far less noise and commotion than this. W. K. H.

Le Plat Courant.

Notice in a Swiss hotel:—

"Guests who arrive late for meals will be served with the coursing dish."

Not necessarily jugged hare.

Notice in the shop-window of a Ladies' Outfitter:—

"ASK FOR GARMENTS NOT DISPLAYED."

But are there any?

TRYING HER BEST.

"IT was, I suppose," she said with a faint reminiscent shudder, "as awkward an experience as any one could have had in that terrible weather."

"You refer, no doubt," I asked sympathetically, "to a burst bath-room pipe?"

"Gracious, no!" she answered; "burst pipes are all in a winter day."

"Then," I said with conviction, "a ton of wet snow must have fallen off your roof just as you were passing underneath on your way to keep an important engagement, and all have gone dripping down the back of your neck."

"Did that happen to you?" she asked, struck perhaps by a certain accent of realism in my voice.

"It did," I said simply.

"Well, what we went through was ever so much worse," she asserted with equal simplicity. "You know dear Aunt Jane, who has a little money of her own, though of course one never thinks of that, and lives in a perfectly wild unexplored part of Kent, far from all human habitation?"

"I've heard of her," I conceded cautiously.

"Well, just before that awful weather began, Tom and I thought we ought to pay her a visit, because it was Christmas and the New Year and all that kind of thing, you know."

"Who does not?" I asked, still simply.

"And so we started out," she continued, "even though we could see by then what the weather was going to be like."

"It was noble of you, but was it wise?" I asked.

"Tom asked me that," she admitted. "I said if he was afraid of snow and ice and didn't care a thing about poor Aunt Jane he could get out as we passed the Gorgeous and stop there. I said if he could enjoy dinner and a dance there while I was in the car driving on undaunted through storm and cold and darkness, trying my best to reach dear Aunt Jane and cheer her in her loneliness, then, I said, he must. And just then we turned the corner and there was the Gorgeous, and I made him stop the car, and I said, 'Get down if you want to.'"

"And what did Tom say to that?"

"He didn't say a word."

"I don't wonder. Just signed to the chauffeur to drive on, I suppose."

"No, he just got out, and I told the chauffeur to go on. He had his instructions. And I thought if the car could get through I could get through too."

"Well, obviously," I said; "but all the same you surprise me. I should never have believed it of Tom. Did you get through?"

She smiled wanly.

"The last I heard of that car," she said, "it was at the bottom of a drift hundreds of yards wide—and deep—and long—and broad."

"Good heavens!" I cried.

"From what I could make out," she said, "it hit the edge of a ditch, fell in and stayed there, while all the snow in the world accumulated. Luckily the chauffeur was able to make his way to a 'phone box, and fortunately he managed to get through to Aunt Jane and tell her what had happened."

"And you?" I asked.

"Oh, I didn't mind a bit," she answered bravely. "I just wanted Aunt Jane to know we had tried our hardest."

"You certainly had," I agreed. "I am sure she will appreciate it."

"I think she did," she answered meekly; "in fact, when she knew our car was a perfect wreck and probably won't be seen again till the depths of the summer, she sent us a cheque to help towards a new one. If we put a little to it we shall be able to get quite a nice new car, much better than the second-hand old thing we had before."

"The nicer the better," I declared with some enthusiasm, "for you certainly deserved it."

"That's what I think myself," she admitted; "and I think the chauffeur earned his ten pounds too—don't you?"

"I do," I said. "But I must say I'm a little surprised at Tom—disappointed too. What does he say about it?"

"Well, he was rather cross that night when I put my foot down and wouldn't let him have a second helping of lobster mayonnaise. But he admitted later on I was quite right, for he would only have been very ill afterwards, so I was quite right to prevent him. Somehow he never can resist lobster mayonnaise at the Gorgeous."

"But," I asked, puzzled, "how could you—I mean, how could you prevent him?"

"There's only one way," she answered; "I've learned that by experience. I simply tell the waiter to take it away and not to bring it back on any account, and then Tom has either to go without his second helping or make a scene—a thing no Englishman likes to do, you know, at least, I mean, not in public."

"But if you were in the car," I asked, still bewildered, "struggling through storm and cold to reach Aunt Jane——"

"Oh, I wasn't," she explained. "You see, when Tom got out at the Gorgeous without a word, so did I, because I thought, if the car could get through, so could I, but it had better try without me first. So I told the chauffeur to go on and try and, if he could, then to come back for us, and, if he couldn't, then to 'phone Aunt Jane and tell her we had done our best; and so I'm sure we had. The chauffeur was quite an intelligent man and managed very well in spite of smashing the car; and we don't mind about that a bit, though it was a shock at first when we heard, but so long as Aunt Jane was pleased and touched, nothing else matters."

"I hope she was pleased," I murmured, "but there seems no doubt that she was touched." E. R. P.

TWEENY ANN.

AN undistinguished creature,
Behold our Tweeny Ann,
With neither form nor feature
To hold the gaze of man
When peeling a potato or careering with a can.

She's mostly most untidy—
Her clothes are like a clout—
On every day but Friday;
On Friday she goes out,
And Tweeny Ann on Friday is a thing to talk about.

She poises on the pavement,
A duck about to dive,
Set free from her enslavement
Till morning call at five,
And, judging from the look of her, she's glad to be alive.

She wears her bit of rabbit
Upon her bosom crossed
Like someone in the habit
Of damning what it cost—
"I'm one of England's beauties; if you look at me you're lost."

No wonder folk stand staring:
She points a dainty shoe;
The stockings she is wearing
Reflect the favoured hue,
Suggest the needful nudity and fit the girl like glue.

Now, where's her interest vested?
Where stands her Golden Calf?
One guess—I see you've guessed it—
The cinematograph!
Yes, Ann enjoys the pictures; our Tweeny loves a laugh.

And there, with manners moulded
To all that's most genteel,
With hands demurely folded
She scorns potato-peel
And feeds her femininity with raptures from the reel. W. H. O.

From a review of a recent novel:—

"'Half-gentleman, half-valet, half-wolf, half-fox'—that was ——."—*Evening Paper.*

Two singular gentlemen rolled into one.



Hostess (to guest who has been house-bound by the weather beyond her welcome). "GOOD-BYE, DARLING. I FEEL I HAVE SEEN SO MUCH OF YOU."

THE TRIALS OF TOPSY.

XXII.—ENGAGED.

Trix darling I've come to the conclusion that I'm a *born* misogamist, well my dear what with the New Year I've been thinking *too* deeply about marriage and everything and I do think that perhaps *some* girls' destinies are *definitely* celibatic don't you and if so it's *quite* sterile to shut the old eyes to it, well my dear here I am twenty-one already and not a *tinkle* from the village bells, though really my dear I *am* one of the rages of the city and when I think of the *platoons* of poor fish who merely *flounder* in my wake, not to speak of what I call the *rather* eligible danglers, but my dear the *utter* fallacy is that *whenever* I begin the *gentlest* heart-beat about a man he *merely* evaporates but the ones that go soupy about me are nearly always *absolutely* dispensable, my dear I find it *too* prohibitive to take the masculine gender seriously when it begins to *flabbify* don't you darling, on the other hand of course my *only* Patrick went off to India without so much as a parting wireless, and ever since the Park episode my *poor* Sweet has *dwindled* back into a walking Plato, my *unique* Nick *shuns* me, and my *unimpeachable* Wog does nothing but tell me about his *latest* proposal to the *noxious* Margery, my dear that *deluded* youth has been dangling from the *cradle*, and I do think Margery Pooks is perfectly *unclassified* don't you?

And of course Mr. Haddock is a *chronic* enigma, well there you are my dear, either the male merely *gravitates* at me or he *merely* gallops away, but always the wrong ones, my dear it's *too* inequitable, because my dear the *rows* of men who've *departed* to Kenya

and everywhere *just* as I was beginning to think they were *rather* endurable, really darling in my humble way I'm *quite* populating the Empire, because my dear I do seem to have a gift for *dissipating* the flower of our youth to the four corners and everything while I *rally* about me a *complete* herd of the most *toxic* scions of the upper classes, and my dear I do think some of our aristocracy are *perfectly* unvaccinated don't you darling, so it's all a little *morbid* you must admit and what with one thing and another and everything I might just as well decide on misogamy and have done with it, because my dear from what I see of marriage it's the *most* hypothetical of all human proceedings, well look at the *Featherlegs* who do nothing but *impeach* each other in public, and *look* at the Merridews who do nothing but *venerate* each other in public and really I don't know *which* is the most emetical, you know my dear *I can't* bear these *varicose* emotions, and besides I *rather* fancy that perhaps my real destiny is just to be the *world's* ray of sunshine, not anybody *particular's* darling but utterly communal, well what I mean is that I *rather* see myself *drifting* radiantly from *life* to *life*, my dear a sort of *universal* electric butterfly, well I should *flit* in at the Featherlegs and make the moribund Featherleg see that *after* all there is something in life worth living for, my dear *too* spiritual and everything of *course* but when I flut away the *poor* lamb would be *utterly* reconciled to existence and Hattie F. and then I should merely *waft* in and out of the *Merridew* ménage and *shake* up that *sedimentary* man till he saw that *after* all there *is* something worth looking at besides his *totally* oval and methylated *wife*, my dear it would do the pair of them a *mountain* of good and my dear think what you like but *doing good* would be the *dominant* note of my *whole* policy and I do think there's something *rather* valid about the idea don't you darling?

Because my dear there's *no* doubt that married life *is* definitely a *dungeon*, and unless it gets *continual* rays of sunshine from the *outer* world well the whole thing becomes *too* unhygienic and fungy, and I do think that perhaps it's the *duty* of a really *unusual* ray of sunshine to keep herself available for *general* sweetness instead of wasting herself on a desert husband if you see what I mean, so I shall just *float* about the world *brightening* the lives of *despairing* widowers and suicidal City men, my dear *quite* fairy-like, and of course what's so remunerative one would keep the old figure for perfectly *ever*, and I *rather* see myself as the *most* heavenly old maid don't you darling, my dear the *nation's* godmother, *always* doing *cushion-covers* over the wood-fire at house-parties, and my dear saying *sagacious* things about *Life* and everything, and of course my dear the *Young* would worship me because I should be *too* advanced and understanding about the *Young* and my dear always help the Young to marry each other *whatever* their *foul* parents said, and my dear the *most* blossomy nieces would cluster at my knee and say *Wasn't* there ever a *Man* in your life Aunt Topsy, and I shall say Well darlings I did meet a man once only the letter wasn't delivered and we *drifted* apart and everything, and p'raps I shall tell them how my *poor* Sweet took me to the greyhounds once, only of course by that time it will all sound *too* fragrant and Victorian, and I shall drop *two* tears on to my tapestry p'raps.

But my dear the *real* reason of all this philosophication is that I'm expecting Mr. Haddock ANY minute, my dear he *rang* up this morning and said he had a *rather* serious proposal to make and my dear I'm in a *virginal* dither from floor to ceiling, because my dear well Mr. Haddock has *never* yet turned oozy like most of them, he's *always* been a sort of *salubrious* background, and my dear if he *does* turn oozy I'm not *sure* that I can bear it, on the *other* hand darling it *isn't* like him and if he *should* suggest anything in a *disarming* way I've a *gnawing* fear my dear that I *may* have a moment of *girlish* abandon and utterly forget about misogamy and everything, because my dear with *all* his faults, O snakes here he is, pray for me darling.

Later.—Well my dear I'll tell you what happened, he didn't ooze a *fraction*, my dear *too* restrained, but he made the *longest* speech about my convincing *qualities*, well he said that I might be the *tiniest* bit superficial on the *top*, but he knew perfectly well that *deep* down I was *utterly* fundamental, my dear heart of gold and everything, because he said that he didn't care *what* these *fermented* centenarians said, *my* type of Modern Girl was the *penultimate* flower of *evolution*, which is what I've *always* thought haven't you darling, well he said that what he was going to propose might p'raps seem strange to a girl of my position and everything, and my dear I was just working up for *acute* emotion-trouble, my dear I felt like a *blanc-mange*, when he said the *fact* was he'd just been adopted for a *Parliamentary* Candidate and he wanted me to be a sort of extra-special super-Private *Secretary*, my dear *too* flattening of course he'll have some plebeian creature to do the typing and everything *menial* but he wants somebody *rather* Cadogan to help in the *policy* department and *fascinate* the electors because it seems it's the *most* industrial neighbourhood, Burbleton or somewhere, my dear *too* democratic, but he says they're *all* snobs and adore Beauty, and he says he *rather* thinks I have a *flair* for politics, and he's *quite* sure that when it comes to it I shall have some perfectly *strategic* ideas, and it seems there may be a bye-election *quite* soon so we're to go down for week-ends and *nurse* the constituency, my dear it's *rather* a throb *isn't* it.

Well of course after the first shock I said I'd do *anything* because my litterary career does seem to be *procrastinating* somewhat and I do think a girl ought to do *something* for her principles and the country and everything, of course it isn't *quite* what I expected but it never *is* with men *is* it darling and anyhow it's *quite* compatible with *utter* misogamy so farewell my sister soul, your *single* but nevertheless *secretarial* little Topsy.

A. P. H.

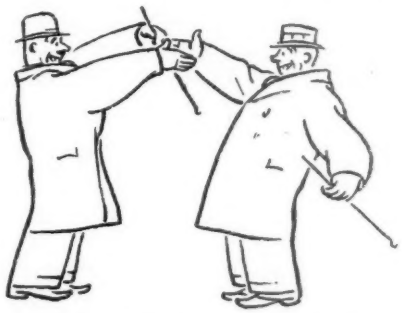


"I SUPPOSE YOU'VE BEEN ALL OVER THE SEVEN SEAS?"

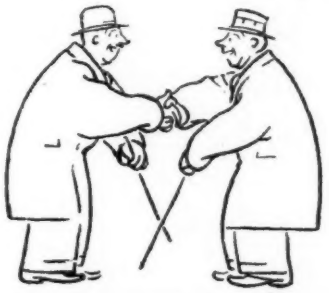
"WELL, TO TELL YOU NO LIE, I NEVER WAS IN THE SEVENTH. BUT IF WE WAS TO GET SOMEWHERE WHERE WE COULD SIT DOWN IN COMFORT I COULD TELL YOU SOME TALES ABOUT THE OTHER SIX."

A TALK OVER OLD TIMES.

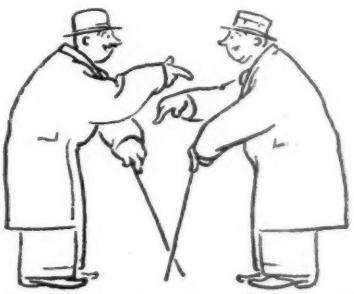
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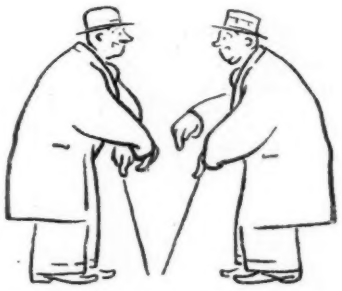
"HULLO, JONES! FANCY RUNNING ACROSS YOU AFTER ALL THESE YEARS!"
"BY JOVE! IT'S SMITH OF ALL PEOPLE. HOW ARE YOU?"



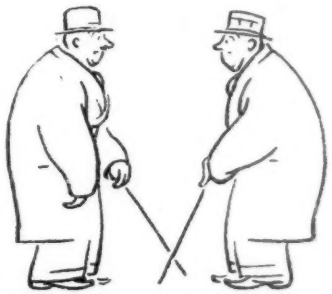
"I'M VERY WELL, THANKS. AND YOU?"
"VERY FIT INDEED. DO YOU EVER SEE OLD THOMPSON THESE DAYS?"



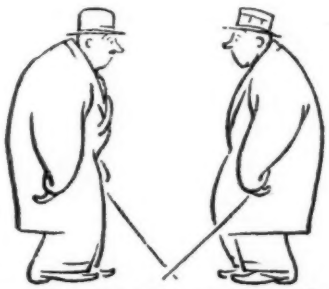
"NO, NOT FOR AGES. WHAT'S BECOME OF OLD TIMSON, DO YOU KNOW?"
"HAVEN'T AN IDEA. HEARD ANYTHING OF OLD TAMSON LATELY?"



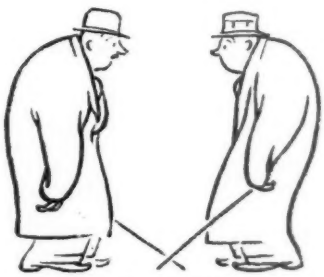
"NOTHING. EVER GET ANY NEWS OF OLD SIMPSON?"
"NEVER. KNOW ANYTHING OF OLD SAMPSON?"



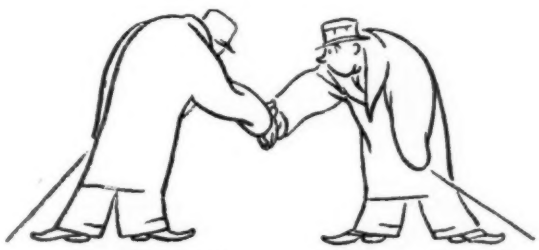
"NO. EVER HEAR FROM OLD HILL?"
"NO. EVER GET NEWS FROM OLD HALL?"



"NO. HAVE YOU KEPT UP WITH OLD HIGGS?"
"NO. EVER COME ACROSS OLD GRIGGS?"



"NO. OR OLD HOOK?"
"NO. OR OLD CROOK?"



"NO. WELL, IT'S BEEN AWFULLY JOLLY TO HEAR ALL YOUR NEWS, OLD MAN. SO LONG."
"YES. JOLLY TO GET A TALK OVER OLD TIMES. GOOD-BYE, OLD BOY."

SIMPLE PEOPLE.

THE INVENTOR.

ONCE there was an inventor who made a lot of inventions but none of them quite acted until one day he invented a pair of shoes that would go on either foot, so that if you put them on the wrong ones by mistake it didn't matter and you didn't have the trouble of changing them.

Well he didn't get much money for this invention because the shoes didn't look very nice when you put them on and people soon left off buying them, but he said at any rate it is a start, and the next thing he invented was a button that could be fastened on anywhere without being sewn on. And it had a little thermometer in it, so that you could always tell exactly how hot or cold it was when you were wearing the button. But it was rather expensive and people didn't really want to carry about more than one thermometer, and a lot of them didn't even want that, so most people went on having ordinary buttons. And the inventor was rather disappointed but he said oh well everybody can learn from their mistakes and I shall soon invent something really valuable.

And the next thing he invented was something quite different, and it was a way of looking through a brick wall so that you could see what was happening on the other side of it. And when he had invented it he said well I had better try it first to see if it acts properly, and he went out into his garden and he looked through the brick wall into the garden of the next house.



"THE BURGLAR GOT VERY ANGRY."

Well the next house had been taken by a burglar, and nobody knew he was a burglar and he had told everybody that he was a cheesemonger. But once when the inventor had asked him if he would bring him home a nice piece of Gruyère cheese he had brought him home a piece of Gorgonzola cheese instead, and he didn't seem to know the difference. And the very same night the inventor had seen him go out with a black mask on and a lantern and come back with a heavy sack on his shoulders and climb in at the window. So he thought perhaps he was only pretending to be a cheesemonger and didn't want his wife to know that he was really a burglar. But he didn't say anything to anybody because his own wife liked the burglar's wife and they used to ask each other to tea and exchange dress-patterns. And he wasn't quite sure that he was a burglar yet, because he might only have been doing those things for fun.

Well when the inventor looked through the brick wall he saw the burglar burying a lot of silver spoons and forks in his garden, so now he knew for certain that he was a burglar, and he said to himself well I have made a useful invention at last and it will stop things like burglary altogether, because if burglars know that people can see what they are doing through brick walls they will be frightened of being sent to prison for it and won't do it any more.

Well he didn't want to have this burglar sent to prison because of his wife, so he said well I will give him a lesson, and that night he climbed over the brick wall and dug up the silver spoons and forks and put them in his own sideboard. And the next morning he said to the burglar when you have finished your breakfast I wish you would just come in here, I have got something to show you.

Well directly he showed him the burglar got very angry, and he went straight out of the house and fetched a policeman, and he told him to take up the inventor for climbing over his garden wall which was trespassing, and for stealing his silver spoons and forks. And when the inventor explained how it was he said to the policeman oh of course he is making that up as an excuse, and it will be something extra to have him sent to prison for, telling lies about me.

Well the inventor told the judge how it was and the judge said well I will go into the next room and if you can see through a wall as you say you can you will be able to tell me what I have done there, and then I shall know whether you are telling the truth or not.

So he did that, and the inventor was frightened because the wall wasn't made of brick and his invention was only for seeing through brick walls, but he thought if he said that the judge wouldn't believe him at all. So when the judge came back and said well what have I been doing? he said oh that is quite easy, you blew your nose and then you scratched it. Well he had heard the judge blowing his nose and it was red where he had scratched it, but of course he didn't say that, so the judge said it was very wonderful and of course he was telling the truth, and the burglar must go to prison instead of him.

Well the only thing that the inventor was sorry about was what the burglar's wife would do when she heard about it, and he told his own wife to go and tell her about it and to be as kind to her as she could. And she did that, but the burglar's wife said oh I don't mind at all and I hope it will be a lesson to him, and as he is going to be in prison for some time I think I will take the children to the seaside. And the inventor's wife said well we might come too with our children, it is time we had a little holiday.

So they all went to the seaside together, and while they were there the inventor made a really good invention for counting smells, so that if you took it for a walk with you when you came back you knew exactly how many different smells you had smelt and which of them were nice and which of them were nasty. And this invention caught on, because people liked to have competitions with it, and the inventor made plenty of money out of it, and the newspapers wrote about him and said how clever he was.

So he was very happy, and when the burglar came out of prison he said he would give him some money to start a shop with if he would be a real cheesemonger and promise faithfully never to be a burglar any more. And he forgave him for trying to have him sent to prison and the burglar broke down and



"THAT 'S A JOLLY BIT OF COLOUR. WHAT IS IT—PORTRAIT OF YOUR WIFE, OR SOMETHING?"

cried because he was so kind to him, and after that he turned over quite a new leaf.

And the inventor invented a new cheese for the cheesemonger to sell, and it was half cheese and half tapioca but it tasted nearly as nice as proper cheese and was much cheaper. So they made plenty of money out of selling the cheese, and both of them went into Parliament and were very useful there. A. M.

THE TYRANNY OF TUCK.

(By our Psycho-Dietist.)

IT is much to be hoped that the thinking public will not be lured by the attractions of centenary celebrations from the consideration of matters of more urgent importance to the well-being of the community. Amongst these I would assign a foremost place to the recent discussions of public-school hygiene. Many years have elapsed since hampers were abolished. That in itself was a good thing, but the substitution of the school tuck-shop has proved an even greater danger. For what could be a better example of the vicious circle than an institution which is chiefly encouraged because the profits are largely devoted to athletic equipment, and which simultaneously promotes the excessive consumption of those comestibles which are least conducive to athletic fitness and most productive of dyspepsia?

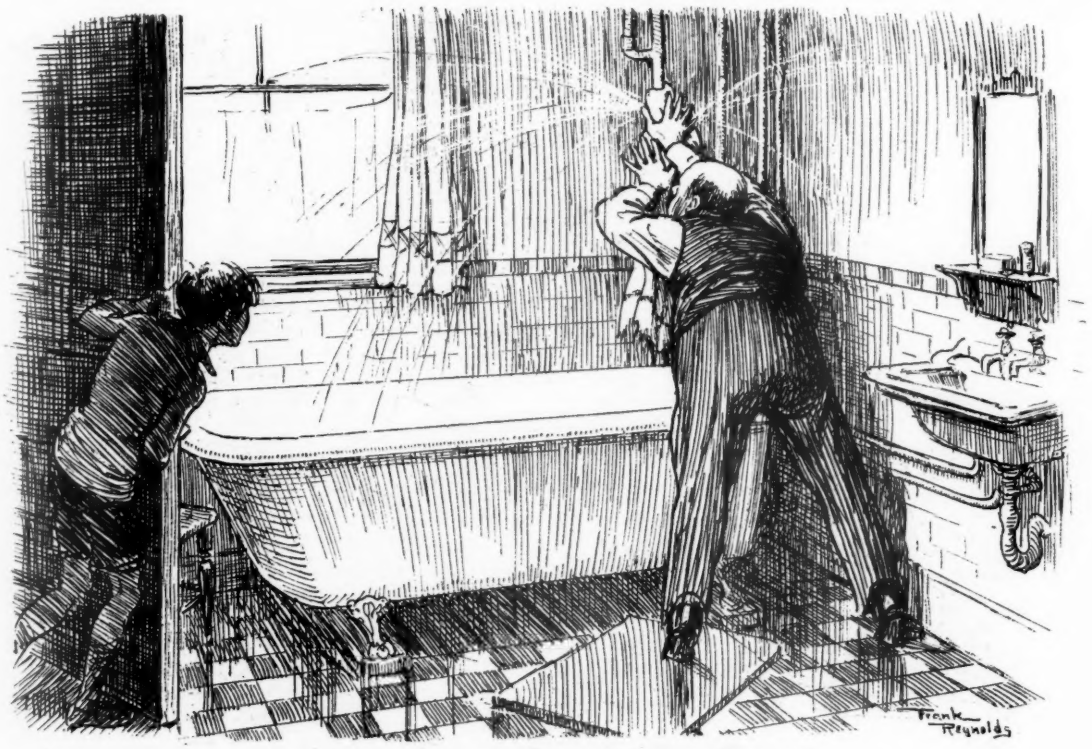
There is another aspect of the matter, however, which clamours for amendment. I refer to the revolting system of nomenclature in regard to school diet which is still allowed to prevail without any formal protest from the authorities. Efforts are being made by a committee, including the POET LAUREATE and Mr. BERNARD SHAW, the greatest living exponent of the Dublin accent, to improve the purity of our pronunciation. But nothing is being done to lay an embargo on the use of uncouth, uncomely and cacophonous words and phrases. Beyond its brevity the term "tuck-shop" has nothing to recommend it. The connotation of the word "tuck" is purely barbaric, suggestive of excess, the bolting of food and a complete disregard for table manners. It is true that "grub" and "swipes" are seldom heard to-day, but the terminology of school diet is still lamentably lacking in refinement. When boys were habitually underfed at school there was some excuse for their applying derogatory terms to unpalatable dishes. That excuse no longer exists when public schoolboys are given facilities to overeat themselves on every occasion, and when housemasters who, a generation back, amassed fortunes by economical hotel-keeping are now by their more liberal catering hard put to it to make both ends meet.

The physiological results of the present régime are disastrous and doubtless largely responsible for our loss of prestige in international athletics. It may also be pointed out that, while the modern school-boy is encouraged to eat more, the hours of sleep provided are as a rule quite inadequate to cope with the coma which this excess induces. But even more disastrous is the moral and psychological influence of the outlook on food which prevails in most schools. If it should prove impossible to abolish the tuck-shop, owing to its commercial advantages, it ought at least to be within the power of headmasters to proscribe the use of that and other unseemly terms applied to food by their pupils.

Another Sex Problem.

"Gentleman ... Wants Capital, either sex."
Advt. in Provincial Paper.

Unlike KARL MARX, who called it *Das Kapital* and had no use for it.



WHAT DADDY DID IN THE GREAT THAW.

THE EMBARRASSING DRYAD.

I've known Winser Browne for years; he is a book-lover, a bit of a recluse, a bachelor both of Arts and actual fact and a man moreover of simple and kindly disposition. He has a week-end cottage in the country and, though he doesn't hunt, he subscribes liberally to the hounds. His niece, Marjorie, is married to the Master, an alliance which accounts for her uncle having had to turn out for the children's party at Tally-Ho Hall the other night. Nevertheless Winser Browne told me, when I met him at the club yesterday, that he had had quite a jolly time, except that that sort of thing wasn't in his line and that he'd had a worrying experience during the evening. He went on:—

"Dances in London, where escape is easy, are bad enough, but dances in the country, especially fancy-dress dances, are the very devil; and yet, when the preliminary Christmas-tree was duly accomplished and removed to whatever limbo is appointed for such things, in order that the children and the older girls and boys might go a-dancing in the great library, I stayed to look on, in love with the liveliness of pink coats and happy prettiness in that grave and sumptuous setting of old bindings and editions.

"But I wearied soon enough, and went, without saying Good-night, in search of a cigarette, my coat and the car. Then, on my way to the stables—it was really very awkward indeed—I almost tumbled over a young lady—one of the guests, I presumed. She was crying her heart out. Her face was to the wall and hidden in her hands, and she looked as lonely and forlorn as a moonbeam. Her fancy-dress, such as there was of it, seemed a mere waver of brown and green, like running brook water, you'd say, and her slim bare shoulders shook as she sobbed. It was really very awkward for me indeed. I mean that, though she was a stranger to me, still she was one of young Marjorie's guests, even if unknown to her hostess (which reminds me that Marjorie couldn't identify her next day, at least not by my description), so I couldn't just do *nothing*, could I?

"'Forgive me,' I said, 'my dear young lady, but can't I help you? I'm Marjorie's uncle and I simply hate to think——' She shook her head and through her white fingers the tears fell continuously.

"'My dear,' I said, 'I can't leave you here when you are so evidently in sad trouble. Won't you tell me what's wrong, or at least let me send one of the maids to you with a cloak or something,' and I made to touch her shoulder.

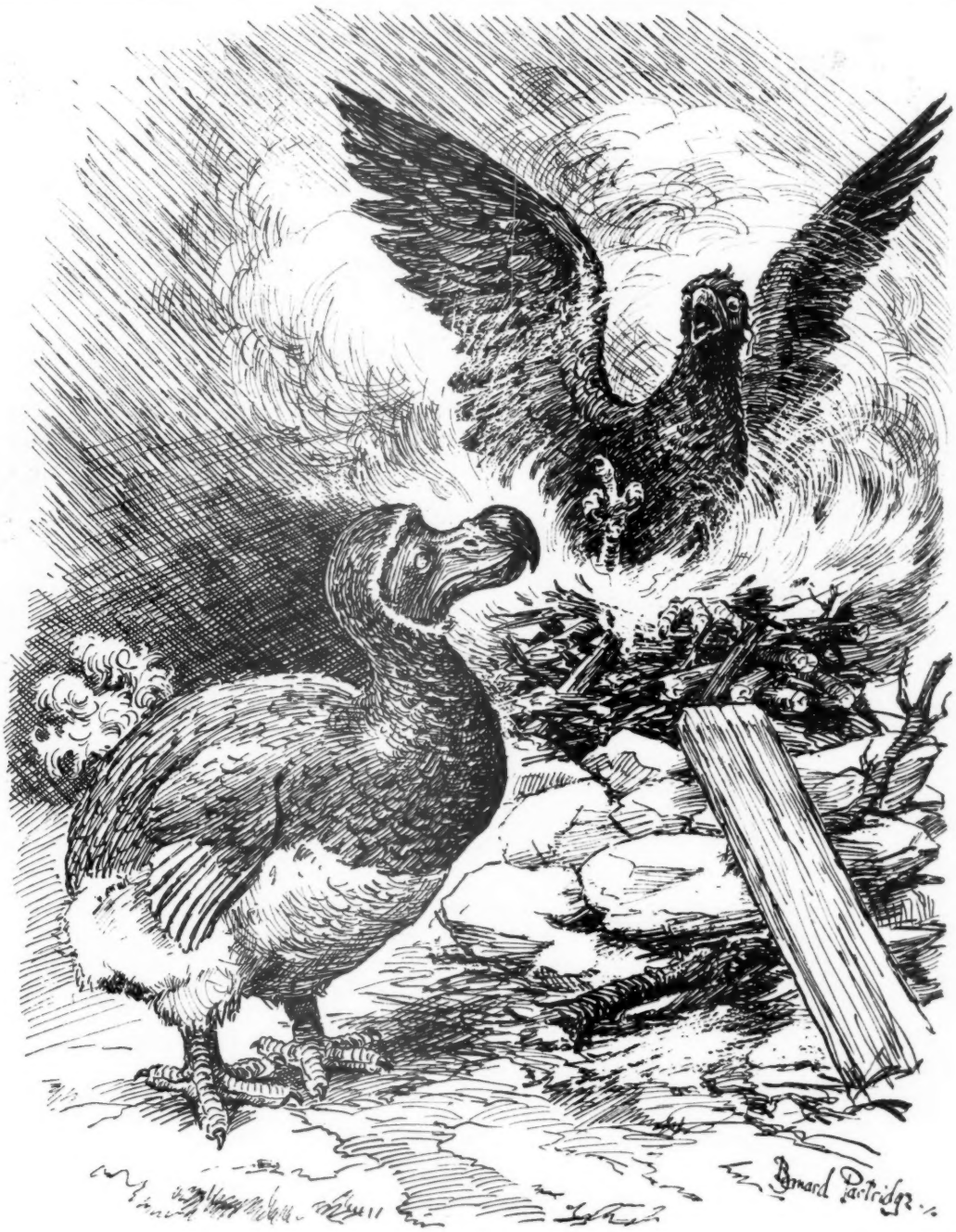
"She turned then and I saw that she was more like a moonbeam than ever, a moonbeam about seventeen years old, and, were I five-and-twenty instead of nine-and-forty, I'd probably describe her to you as quite distractingly lovely or by some similar verbal extravagance. She was in point of fact a distinctly pretty child.

"'Oh,' she said in quick gasps, 'they're going to cut it up and burn it, and what shall I do? Oh, what shall I do?'

"'My child,' I said, 'control yourself; *what* are they going to cut up and burn?'

"'The tree,' she told me, 'the Christmas-tree.'

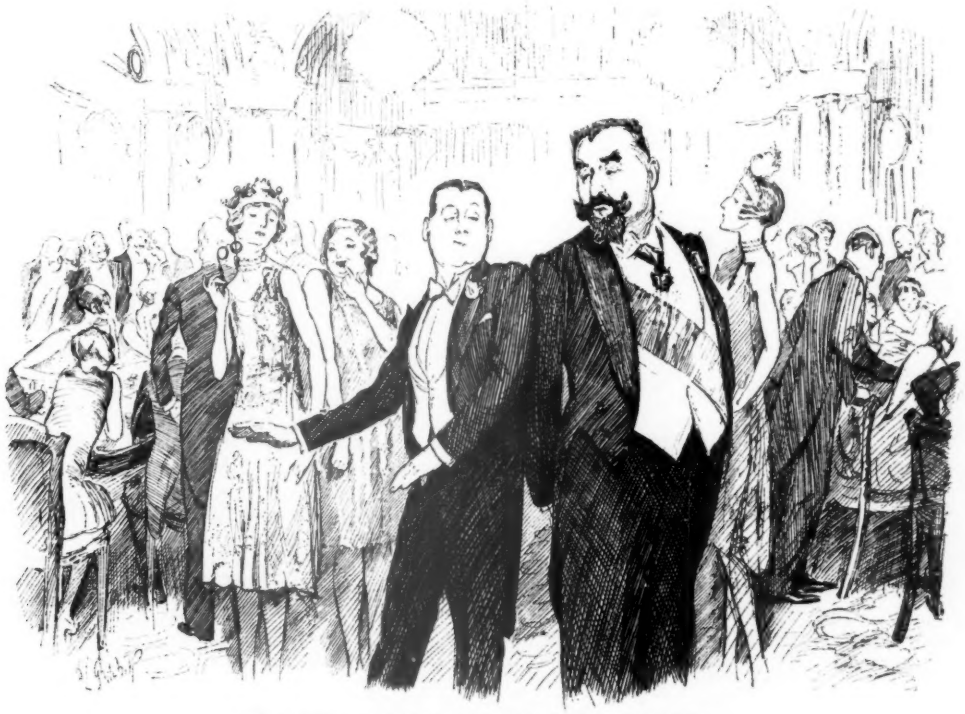
"I then saw that the young pine which had played its prominent part earlier in the evening had been taken out of its tub and that it was even now leaning propped up against the courtyard wall. It looked slightly dissipated, but I noticed that, even in this crisis in its career, it still kept its roots, which, if



THE DODORA BIRD.

THE PHŒNIX. "MY GOOD FOWL, NOBODY LOVES YOU; YOU 'RE OBSOLETE, AND YOU OUGHT TO BE EXTINCT. WHY DON'T YOU DO LIKE ME—MAKE A BONFIRE OF YOURSELF, AND START AGAIN WITHOUT A PAST?"

[It is commonly felt that "Dora," as being a relic of War-time, should, without any further tinkering, be exterminated, and that fresh legislation, adapted to Peace conditions, should be introduced to regulate Shop Hours and other matters affected by the present restrictions.]



SOCIETY NOTES FROM THE RIVIERA.

"HERE, IN THE GLITTERING SALONS, ONE IS CONSTANTLY RUBBING SHOULDERS WITH THE GREAT." (See our Gossip Writers.)

you are a tree, is no doubt a tremendous asset in an emergency.

"'Yet, my dear,' I mildly expostulated, 'surely that is the common fate of all Christmas-trees. Come, you mustn't be so foolish, so sentimentally foolish——'

"'But,' she said, sniffing afresh, 'I 'm its—its D-d-dryad.'

"'So I see,' I replied soothingly, 'and an uncommon pretty dress too, but please, *please* don't be so *realistic*, and do, I beg you, go back to the house or else home.'

"'Home?' said she; 'but unless it 's *planted* again—and it 's going to be chopped up and b-burnt——'

"She seemed so genuinely distressed that, 'Look here,' I said, 'I 'll go and ask Marjorie if *I* may have the tree, and I 'll plant it in my garden this very night if only you 'll go home and feel happy about it.'

"'*Will* you, will you *really?*' said the minx, brightening up wonderfully. 'Oh, oh, you perfect *darling*, and I shall love you for *ever* and——'

"'Please don't talk like that,' I said discouragingly; 'I should greatly, *very* greatly, dislike anything of the sort. And now promise me that you 'll go home at once, and stay there' (I considered her in no fit state to return to the party), 'and I 'll go and find Marjorie.'

"'Oh, I *do* promise,' she cried; 'oh, I *do*, you perfect dar——'

"'Good night,' I said shortly and, raising my hat, I returned to the house.

"Marjorie made no difficulty about the tree and paid no more attention to my excuse for demanding it than the excuse warranted (something about my gardener's children, I think it was) or than could be expected from a young hostess at supper-time; and when I went back to put the infernal thing into the car—hang it, a promise is a promise—I was relieved to find that her young guest had been as good as her word and gone home. Cursing the weakness of my good nature and the imbecility into which it had led me, that very night I planted her *protégé*, by the light of a stable lantern—superficially perhaps, but plant it I did; and my gardener, who finished the job on the following day, tells me that the thing is likely to do excellently." Winser Browne paused and seemed undecided.

"Well?" said I.

"Well," said he, "it really seems—it 's all rot, of course, but it would be a bit awkward, in *my* case. Look here, when I 'd planted the beastly thing it started sighing sentimentally and whispering in the most *languishing* manner."

"Do you remember," I asked him, "*The Woodlanders? Marty* says, if you remember, when she and *Giles* are putting in the little pines, that they start sighing as soon as they 're planted—'a musical breathing,' THOMAS HARDY calls it, and——"

"*This* one," said Winser Browne gloomily, "coos like a damned dove whenever it sees me." P. R. C.

Another Impending Apology.

"The King of Egypt was in grey with crimson fez—indeed the Egyptian tar brushes provided a brilliant colour touch."
New Zealand Paper.

Gleanings from Smith minor's General Knowledge paper:—

"General Smuts are what all the different black races are called in the north western quater of Africa."

Virgil was in love with a girl called Enid and wrote a lot of books about her."

"If you put a bedstead through thin starch water after it has been washed, it will stay clean as long again. Fold it and press on wrong side. It will look like new."
Daily Paper.

If anyone makes our bed in this way we shall refuse to lie on it.

PRIVATE PULLTHROUGH, LEGIONARY.

(With all sorts of apologies to everybody, but I don't see why our barracks should be left out of this kind of thing.)

THE news came one night to Lower Peddlington, the village whence, two years ago, young Pullthrough, holding the King's shilling and the recruiting-sergeant's free beer, had set forth to enlist. The news was terrible. Pullthrough, the pride of the village, had been put under arrest. Pullthrough, a one-time acquaintance of the village landlord, had been found guilty of "neglecting to obey standing orders in that he at-or-about-six-P.M. entered a public-house at Havvershott known as 'The Rose,' contrary to a standing order forbidding him to do so." Pullthrough, a free-born native of Lower Peddlington, was now 'perforce Confined to Barracks in Havvershott.

Such a state of affairs could not be allowed to continue. The Vicar wrote a pathetic letter to Pullthrough's Colonel, interspersed with anecdotes of Pullthrough's exemplary childhood. *The Lower Peddlington Gazette* took up a subscription in the village, which amounted to seven-and-tenpence and half-a-pound of best butter from old Mrs. Minchin in Vicarage Lane. The Editor himself made the subscription up to ten shillings and kept the butter. The money was sent to Pullthrough languishing in far-away Havvershott, and Pullthrough lost it all at illegal Crown-and-Anchor behind "D" Company Store. Sir Horace Slumgullion of Lower Peddlington Hall wrote a letter to the M.P. for the district calling upon him to make representations to the General Commanding at Havvershott. The Rural Council was urged by everyone to demand from the Havvershott military authorities the immediate pardon of the prisoner.

Long before anything happened, Pullthrough finished his punishment of seven days' C.B. A few days later his Colonel, in order to exemplify, it is thought, the good relations existing between Lower Peddlington and Havvershott, gave him week-end leave. Interviewed at once on his return by a special representative of *The Lower Peddlington Gazette*, he gave a full account of his sufferings in a Havvershott barracks.

"Have no illusions about life in the army at Havvershott," he said. "It 's not what it 's cracked up to be. You enter with promises of pensions, allured by visions of the free life of the barracks. You are soon disillusioned. The pension is not to be given you till you have served so many years, and behaved well too. The free life of the barracks becomes no longer free when you are restricted by stupid orders in your choice of a public-house. Tampering with a man's freedom, that 's what I call it, as you suggest.

"But what will you? You have seen cinematograph films of army life. Well, I can assure you that the original is very different. It is not at all what the producers would have you believe.

"Yes," he replied in answer to a further question, "I have once even been struck by an officer. It was terrible. It was in the first round of the Inter-Company Boxing Competitions. Being a free-born native of Lower Peddlington, I struck him back. After that we struck each other repeatedly, but in the end even the Havvershott authorities must have been impressed by the injustice of the whole affair, because they awarded me the fight on points.

"The N.C.O.'s are more brutal than the officers. I met an N.C.O. in the second round. I lost. Do you wonder that I am bitter?

"Those N.C.O.'s," continued Pullthrough with sullen reminiscence—"that Sergeant Haversack," he added even more sullenly, interspersing his narrative with strange military oaths, "he it was who tampered with my liberty by spying through the tap-room window. I 'd like to tell him what I think of him, but at Havvershott we are not allowed to speak to the N.C.O.'s even in the most friendly way without being confined to barracks. Indeed I feel certain that had it not been for the representations made by the Lower Peddlington authorities and for the efforts of *The Lower Peddlington Gazette* I should have been undergoing another sentence.

"Yes, I am thinking of writing a few sensational articles for the daily Press. As to terms, I . . . oh, all right.

"I am glad to be back for a while to recuperate from my hardships, and I thank you all. I shall return to barracks in distant Havvershott confident in the knowledge that Lower Peddlington can invariably be relied upon to extricate her free-born children from the unpleasant consequences of breaking the standing orders of any barracks in Havvershott."

* * * *

Extract from a Charge Sheet at Havvershott a few weeks later.

". . . Private Pullthrough, a soldier of the regular forces, is charged with

Conduct prejudicial to good order and military discipline

in that he at Lower Peddlington, on the —th instant, communicated his views on a military subject to a newspaper representative without authority having been given him to do so, which views were subsequently published in the daily Press under his name and purporting to be communicated by him." A. A.



SIR MALVOLIO MOND AND THE COUNTESS THOMAS.

THE FIRST CONFERENCE OF THE "GET TOGETHER" MOVEMENT IS TO TAKE PLACE TO-MORROW.

Our Official Orators.

"The Governor visited the Girls' Playground at —— Park shortly after 4 o'clock yesterday. He spoke a few yards of encouragement to the little girls."—*Colonial Paper.*

We are glad to note that he measured his language, as a Governor should.

"Included among the Stores' vast clientèle are Members of the Royal Family and various of the Crowned Herds of Europe."

Advt. in Indian Paper.

Is this quite the best way to retain the custom of Royalty?

THE REST CURE.



IT 'S ALL VERY WELL TO BE ORDERED A SEA VOYAGE TO GIVE ONE A PERFECT REST—



BUT ONE CAN'T LIE IN A STUFFY CABIN ALL DAY—



AND ONE'S BATH AT SEA IS SO INVIGORATING—



ONE WANTS A FEW MILES' WALK AFTERWARDS—



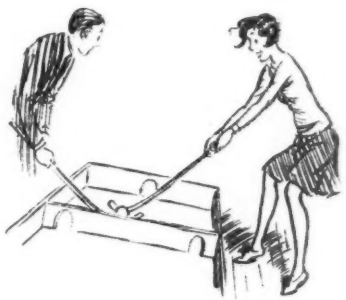
AND PERHAPS A TURN IN THE GYMNASIUM ON THE MECHANICAL HORSE—



NOT TO SPEAK OF THE MECHANICAL CAMEL—



AND AFTER LUNCH A LITTLE DECK-TENNIS—



AND DECK-HOCKEY KEEP ONE BUSY TILL IT'S TIME—



TO HAVE A PLUNGE IN THE SWIMMING-POOL BEFORE DINNER—



AFTER WHICH A LITTLE DANCING—



MAKES ONE ENJOY THE LONG RESTFUL NIGHT.

FABLE AND FACT.

A PROFESSOR has been telling children that little JAMES WATT didn't invent the steam-engine because he saw the steam lift up the kettle-lid. The true version of the story was this:—

"JAMES WATT," says the Professor, "was an instrument-maker, and in the course of repairing the model of a Newcomen engine was led to design a more efficient and economic engine, in which steam, having been expanded to low pressure in other parts of the engine, did work by virtue of the partial vacuum created by the condenser."

Very likely. But it seems to me to knock some of the homely beauty out of the tale. Instead of little JAMES, looking wistfully at his mother's large kettle whilst waiting for tea, and saying, when she came in, "Muvver, if steam can lift up ve kettle-lid, couldn't steam dwive a puff-puff?" you have JAMES, the young Glasgow mechanic, suddenly turning pale and clapping his hand to his brow.

"Ye gods!" he exclaims in a low tense voice. "If steam were expanded to low pressure in other parts of this engine it might—nay, by all the powers, it would!—increase the efficiency of its work (*he walks across the room and strikes himself a blow across the heart*), ay, and moreover the economy of its work by stern virtue of the partial vacuum created by a condenser. And may Heaven defend the right!"

It is the same with all these old anecdotes. The story about NEWTON and the apple, may be, is quite as inaccurate as the story about WATT and the steam-engine.

"ISAAC NEWTON was standing near a cider vat when it suddenly occurred to him that, if he slipped and fell into it, he would tumble to the bottom. Working on the basis of this theory he cried out one day, 'I have discovered the fundamental law of gravitation.'"

And so with ARCHIMEDES. Not a doubt of it. The story about his running naked through the streets of Syracuse, crying "Eureka! Eureka!" is entirely apocryphal. He dropped, I imagine, the soap-dish into his bath, and later in the day, having occasion to appear before HIERO, made obeisance and said—

"It has occurred to me, Sire, that a body plunged into a fluid loses as much of its weight as is equal to the weight of an equal volume of the fluid; or, putting it in other words, a body when immersed in a fluid weighs less than it does in vacuo by the weight of the fluid it displaces; or, putting it in a third way——"

HIERO (yawning). Quite, quite.

It all depends whether one puts more value on imaginative literature or on historical truth.

Curiously enough, at the present moment, while professors are busily abolishing the old legends of childhood, the film-makers are busily embroidering them. If the history of steam-engines were turned into a Hollywood film, the lid of JAMES WATT's kettle would probably blow a hole through the cottage ceiling. Not one apple, but a whole orchard of apples, would fall upon NEWTON's head. And ARCHIMEDES, not naked, but nearly naked, would occupy several feet of celluloid in dodging the chariot-traffic of his home town, crying, "Eureka! Eureka!" to the baffled and infuriated police.

I am inclined to think myself that, despite the efforts of the professors, Hollywood will win. I judge partly from a school-boy's essay which was sent to me a few weeks ago. It is entitled "In Ancient Days," and runs as follows:—

"The scene opens in an English forest glade in what was then Northumbria. The year is 35 A.D.; the time, nearly noon by the sun. Having briefly described the time and place, the few persons who were in the glade might be described. One was a sturdy Roman, and one look at his face spelt JULIUS CÆSAR; and JULIUS CÆSAR it was. The other person was a British woman quite as well known as CÆSAR, BOADICEA. With CÆSAR was AGRICOLA, and with BOADICEA, CARACTACUS. BOADICEA and CÆSAR were talking together, not as angrily as one might suppose. We will change the dialect into modern English.

"'Why do you treat us so?' cries BOADICEA. 'We did nothing to you at first; we acted in self-defence.'

"'When I and my countrymen were roaming the seas,' replied CÆSAR coolly, 'we came across a land which afterwards I found to be an island; it was a rich land; tin was plentiful. I attempted to land, for we Romans wanted the land. You fought us; we beat you. Who's fault? We landed and drove you. "I came."

"'I noticed the land was good and the soil fertile. Tin was abundant and so were trees. The people were brave and had towns; but they were enemies with each other. "I saw."

"'I wanted the land for myself, for Rome. Again the Britons protested. My legions fought them; they stormed your towns. You are beaten; I am lawful holder of this land. "I conquered."'

"CÆSAR drew a deep breath and BOADICEA answered: 'Know you not of the story of NATHAN and DAVID? A rich man had many sheep and cattle, and he took from a poor man who had but one lamb the lamb; and DAVID said to NATHAN, "Thismandieth." Then said NATHAN unto DAVID, "Thou art the man."'

"'Oh, so AUGUSTINE has reached you, has he?' remarked CÆSAR. . . .

"BOADICEA cast a defiant look at his face and strode away to her chariot, with CARACTACUS at her heels.

"JULIUS CÆSAR muttered under his breath, 'I came; I saw; but it appears I have not yet conquered.' He too then strode away."

There is written above this essay, in red ink, "*Excellent, except for the anachronisms,*" and I do not see how the verdict can be disputed. EVOE.



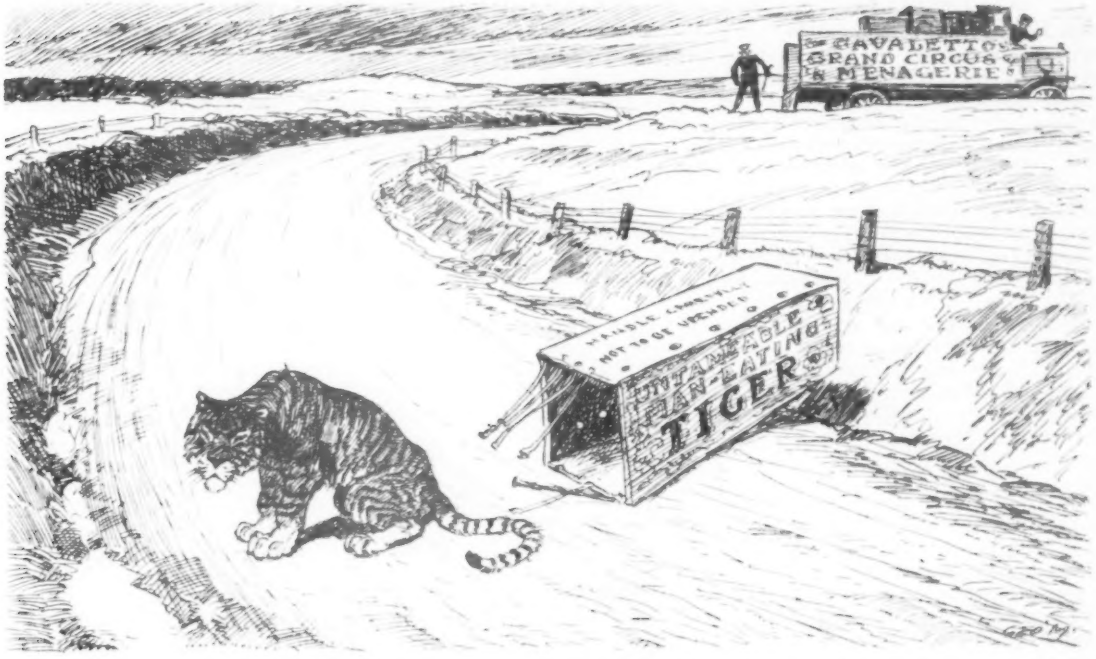
Local Gentleman (directing stranger). "'THE OASIS,' DID YOU SAY? THAT'S THE HOUSE—OVER THERE."

Our Capricious Climate Again.

From an account of a Rugby football-match:—

"It was doubtful until the very last moment whether the match would be played. The straw was removed from the ground at 10 o'clock in the morning. About eleven it began to snow and the snow began to lay."—*Daily Paper.*

The question was, would it moult?



Driver of Circus Lorry has discovering that one of his parcels has dropped off—to his assistant. "'EREY UP, BILL! RUN AND SEE IF POOR OLD CLEM 'AS GOT 'URT, AN' PUT 'IM BACK IN 'IS BOX WHILE I REVERSE GEAR."

BEES ON STRIKE.

"At Los Angeles the bees are now taken out to their field of operations by car."—*Press.*

The Californian bees
Were a hardy breed and famous;
To say they cared for ease
Would betray the ignoramus.
Their field of effort lay
Some tiresome leagues away,
Which, out and back again,
Meant quite a heavy strain,
Especially at night
When all the bags were tight.
Yet still those insects took
That double journey daily
And, to a casual look,
Appeared to do so gaily;
Hard labour seemed to please
The Californian bees.

The people of the soil
Were a frugal folk and tough;
They lived a life of toil
And liked it well enough.
They rose at morning's crack
And, barring the *élite*,
Went to their work and back
Mostly upon their feet,
Thus by a simple plan
Enabling one to see
For once the race of man
As virtuous as the bee.

The Californian shores
Were afflicted by a boom;
Rich men grew up in scores
And shone in native bloom.
The tide of wealth increased,
Engulfing e'en the least,
Till on a golden morn
The movie-star was born.
As views on life got finer
The stoneman and the miner,
The ditcher and the digger
(Though possibly a nigger)
And the man behind the bar
Had each his motor-car.
The uses of the leg
Were dropped with wide accord,
And the hobo stopped to beg
Assistance in a Ford.

Now from those of old Hymettus
To the latest modern sample
The bee has loved to set us
An industrious example;
And the Californian kind,
Though far from being blind
To a growing turn for sloping,
Kept at it, inly hoping
To win the human loafer
From car and, maybe, chauffeur.
They still pursued their flight
Out early, home at night.
But when, for all they swaggered,
Man didn't stir a limb
But still remained a laggard
They thought they'd follow him;
So one day, when all was sunny
And a moderately good bee
Would be out for getting honey
Or by all the betting should be,
Without the slightest warning
They hung about their hives
And took from that same morning
To vain and idle lives.

Their owners, greatly puzzled,
Were in a pretty pass,
For that article was guzzled
To the furthest shores of Mass.
At first they thought the bees
Were victims of disease,
But found that they could sting,
If riled, like anything.
So they put their heads together
And determined in despair
To drive them to the heather
And see what happened there.
'Twas done. An old Tin Lizzie
Started next day at dawn,
And every bee got busy
And never stopped to yawn.

* * * * *

There was no car next day
And the bees declined to play.

Their owners took the tip,
And now, when work is due,
The bees enjoy a trip
Where formerly they flew;
A sad and shameful wheeze
For Californian bees. DUM-DUM.

AT THE PLAY.

MISS EDNA THOMAS (ST. MARTIN'S).

MISS EDNA THOMAS, well known to many for her always welcome interpretations of negro spirituals at the Coliseum, has taken her courage in both hands and essayed a whole afternoon's entertainment at the charmingly intimate St. Martin's Theatre. It is a hazardous venture, if only because to an English audience the subtle differentiations of the jargons and the particular circumstances of the negroes of Tennessee, Georgia, Virginia, Kentucky, South Carolina and her own Louisiana are relatively meaningless, as we have no knowledge of the historical background or any acquaintance with the survivals of which so many of her countrymen have daily experience.

Miss THOMAS, with her pleasant, rich, flexible voice, her soft Southern slurrings of our English speech, her faculty of swift passage from grave mood to gay, her admirable gift of mimicry and cleverly-calculated dramatic effects, holds her audience out of range of boredom and restlessness, as only an artist with commanding personality can hope to do. Her performance is worth the compliment of critical study, and it seemed to me that she does not wholly conceal the artfulness of her method. For instance, at the end of the effective mournful cadences of "Saloungadou" (the lament of a broken-hearted negro mother for her child kidnapped by Indians) the artist seemed for the moment too completely overwhelmed by its pathos to break into the gay mockery of "Ca qui to mo dit." Did one not detect here the conscious repetition of an effect once no doubt the result of spontaneous emotion?

This rather self-conscious artistry has its parallel in the exploitation (perfectly legitimate) of the hoops, coatees and flounces of our grandmothers, which have no particular reference to the subject of her entertainment but do undeniably suit Miss THOMAS'S grave and (I say it with entire and envious respect) dignified old-fashioned comeliness. Another note of ultra-sophistication appears in some of the accompaniments (most tactfully played by Miss GWENDOLEN WILLIAMS), whose remarkable beauty, or at least ingenuity, was not always in keeping with the artless simplicity and spontaneity of the folk-tunes of Miss THOMAS'S interesting repertory.

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(His positively last appearance on earth).

[The abnormal vitality and resilience of *Mr. Sherlock Holmes* have given rise to the belief that his final retirement in 1927 might be compatible with a reappearance. The following episode of last month, narrated by himself, shows this belief to have been reasonable; at the same time it frustrates any hope of yet further resurrection.]

I FIND from my notebook that one night last month my friend John H. Watson, M.D., called on me at Baker Street, in the room which had formerly been in part his own. Time was hanging heavy on my hands. I had at the moment no case worthy of my serious consideration, and the advent of my biographer and foil was, if not supremely exciting, at any rate opportune. I waved him to an arm-chair, threw across my case of cigars and indicated a spirit-case and a gasogene in the corner.

"Now, Watson," I began pleasantly, "how many steps would you say there are leading from the hall to this room?"

"Seventeen," replied Watson. "Did you not tell me so on the evening that we first became interested in the Scandal in Bohemia? But to-night, my dear Holmes," he continued, "I want you to take steps rather than to talk of them."

I could scarcely forbear an exclamation of surprise. Was this the old Watson I used to know? His set teeth and flashing eyes betokened a more than ordinary determination. I invited him to proceed.

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"Perfectly," I assured him: "I have even contributed a small monograph to the literature of the subject."

"You would not hesitate to administer an anæsthetic if necessary?"

By way of answer I drew from underneath my arm-chair my violin and bow and improvised a variation on an old eighteenth-century air from *The Beggar's Opera*.

"How happy could I be with ether" was the burden of my song.

When I had finished Watson resumed his remarks.

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"Frequently, my dear fellow."

"I wonder if you would consent to give an anæsthetic to a patient on whom I propose to operate?"

It did not take me long to make up my mind.

"When would you require my services?"

"To-night. Now."

"You may rely on me from this moment."

Overjoyed at the prospect of action I instantly summoned a taxi and we set forth. I noticed that, with the achievement of his purpose (he had nerved himself to entreat my assistance and obtained it), my companion had become more natural in manner, his eyes flashed less brightly, the set of his teeth relaxed. He was in fact once more the warm-hearted wooden-headed Watson I knew so well.

"This anæsthetic you were speaking of," I said to him, "what and where is it?"

"We call it A.C.E.—a hospital technical term," he replied. "I have a bottle of it here in my bag."

"Where are we going?"

"33, Nordic Road."

"In that case," I answered, leaning forward and observing by the dim light of a street-lamp the name "Nordic Road," "unless I am very much mistaken we are here. Let us complete our journey on foot."

Our cab was dismissed and we set out in quest of No. 33. It was not long before we found No. 32 and, next door but one to it, No. 34, but the intermediate building was in darkness and its fanlight so murky as to reveal no legible number. Nor did the gate furnish us with any clue, numerical or nominal, as to the identity of the silent house at which we gazed.

"Strange," muttered Watson. "There is 34 and there is 32."

"And here," I rejoined smilingly, "is 33. Between 34 and 32 we find the integers 3 and 3. So it is, so it ever has been, and so, Watson, it ever ought to be."

My companion admitted the correctness of my deduction and applied himself to the bell. But though he rang and knocked repeatedly there was no answer to his imperative summons. He turned to me.

"Holmes, this is serious," he said. "It may be a matter of life and death."

"Then I fear there is nothing for it," I replied, "but to have recourse to other methods."

I had taken the precaution to bring with me a skeleton key, and with its aid our difficulties were speedily surmounted. We entered together; I closed the door behind us and shed a light from an electric torch. The beam fell on bare boards, dismantled walls and general dilapidation.

"Why," gasped Watson, "the house is empty."

Stooping, I possessed myself, with a quick feline movement, of an envelope which was lying at my feet. It was a halfpenny circular, but I had seen the address.

The number of the house in which we stood was 32a.

I became austere and abstracted as is

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Overjoyed at the prospect of action I instantly summoned a taxi and we set forth. I noticed that, with the achievement of his purpose (he had nerved himself to entreat my assistance and obtained it), my companion had become more natural in manner, his eyes flashed less brightly, the set of his teeth relaxed. He was in fact once more the warm-hearted wooden-headed Watson I knew so well.

"This anæsthetic you were speaking of," I said to him, "what and where is it?"

"We call it A.C.E.—a hospital technical term," he replied. "I have a bottle of it here in my bag."

"Where are we going?"

"33, Nordic Road."

"In that case," I answered, leaning forward and observing by the dim light of a street-lamp the name "Nordic Road," "unless I am very much mistaken we are here. Let us complete our journey on foot."

Our cab was dismissed and we set out in quest of No. 33. It was not long before we found No. 32 and, next door but one to it, No. 34, but the intermediate building was in darkness and its fanlight so murky as to reveal no legible number. Nor did the gate furnish us with any clue, numerical or nominal, as to the identity of the silent house at which we gazed.

"Strange," muttered Watson. "There is 34 and there is 32."

"And here," I rejoined smilingly, "is 33. Between 34 and 32 we find the integers 3 and 3. So it is, so it ever has been, and so, Watson, it ever ought to be."

My companion admitted the correctness of my deduction and applied himself to the bell. But though he rang and knocked repeatedly there was no answer to his imperative summons. He turned to me.

"Holmes, this is serious," he said. "It may be a matter of life and death."

"Then I fear there is nothing for it," I replied, "but to have recourse to other methods."

I had taken the precaution to bring with me a skeleton key, and with its aid our difficulties were speedily surmounted. We entered together; I closed the door behind us and shed a light from an electric torch. The beam fell on bare boards, dismantled walls and general dilapidation.

"Why," gasped Watson, "the house is empty."

Stooping, I possessed myself, with a quick feline movement, of an envelope which was lying at my feet. It was a halfpenny circular, but I had seen the address.

The number of the house in which we stood was 32a.

I became austere and abstracted as is

my wont when confronted by a clue of absorbing significance, and, after assisting Watson to light the hall gas, fortunately still laid on, I handed him the torch and said:—

"Run you upstairs, Watson, and investigate. I will in the meantime digest the contents of this paper and by the time you return I may have news for you."

Responsive to my request, Watson, with a combination of the bull-dog intrepidity which procured for him his old wound and the constitutional ineptitude which rendered him uncertain as to its precise location in his anatomy, dashed impetuously downstairs, leaving me to my reflections. These were in some small measure disturbing. I had inadvertently led Watson into the wrong house. No. 33 was almost certainly, nay must be, on the other side of the road. So rapidly does the brain act that simultaneously with this realisation I resolved that, as Watson by himself would have in all probability but the vaguest conception of what had occurred, no words of mine should enlighten him.

It was at this juncture that I perceived the small black bag which Watson had been carrying and which he had set down on the floor prior to his stampede below stairs. What, I wondered, was this A.C.E. of which he had spoken? True I had professed myself an authority on anæsthetics, but in reality my knowledge of the subject was superficial and I welcomed the opportunity now afforded me for first-hand inspection and analysis.

I removed the stopper from the bottle and sniffed once or twice with the view of establishing in my mind the various qualities of the components. I detected a pungent odour of a not wholly unpleasing character, but being for the moment unable to determine to my satisfaction its precise nature I continued to sniff introspectively.

I went on sniffing.

* * * * *

For over two hours Dr. Watson attempted artificial respiration, but in vain.

I was dead.

Our Municipal Cynics.

"The —— Golf Club has purchased the —— House estate and mansion for a new club and golf links. . . A report is being submitted by the Committee for the Care of the Mentally Defective to the —— C.C. recommending the provision of further asylum accommodation."
Technical Paper.

"The medical and surgical staff of our hospitals have been steadily building on the superstructure laid by Lister."
Letter in Daily Paper.

It sounds a rather airy foundation.

"LITTLE WILLIE."

A CAUTIONARY TALE.

[Being a faithful metrical paraphrase, with a brief epilogue, of Dr. ALEXANDER LIVINGSTON'S terrifying tale of "Little Willie," the victim of a "sticky, sugary, starchy and solely synthetic diet," unfolded before the conference of health visitors and school nurses at King's College, Strand, on Tuesday, January 3rd.]

O PARENTS, guardians, poor or rich,
Whether you dwell in Bow, Shoreditch,
In Peckham or in Piccadilly,
List to the tale of "Little Willie"
As told by that great dental don,
Good ALEXANDER LIVINGSTON.

This hapless infant nightly gulped
A mess of milk and biscuits pulped,
Because, they said, 'twould make him strong,
A view calamitously wrong.
This sticky, starchy, sugary food
Such poison in his system brewed
That microbes nested in his gums
Until they throbbed like living drums.
He could not sleep, but lay awake
Tormented by a gnawing ache,
Till by his parents, worn and worried,
To hospital the child was hurried,
Where doctors, surgeons, nurses too,
A motley but devoted crew,
By their exertions pulled him through
Only to add him to the list
Of wrecks who breed the Bolshevist.

Addicted from his earliest teething
To the bad habit of mouth-breathing,
He now abandoned in disdain
The tooth-brush, for it gave him pain;
And when, arriving at eighteen,
He saw a dentist and was seen,
He promptly was pronounced to be a
Victim of chronic pyorrhœa,
And furnished for his life's adventure
With a full artificial "denture."

O fatuous humans, futile breed!
For dental hygiene the need
Would ne'er arise if, like the brutes,
You lived on plants and herbs and fruits—
Fruits, to be more precise, that are
"Fresh, fragrant, firm and fibrillar."
Poor mothers cannot run to peaches
But, as a wide experience teaches,
Cheap veg., including watercresses,
Are better than synthetic messes,
And teeth, when exercised on carrots,
Grow durable as the beaks of parrots.

Though Dr. LIVINGSTON cuts short
His catastrophical report
Of Willie's tragical career
Before he reached his twentieth year,
The hints and warnings that he drops
Before the grim recital stops
Enable me in verses crude
This dental drama to conclude.

Abjuring all nutritious greens,
Carrots and even butter-beans,
Poor Willie spent his meagre means
On meat, tinned, overcooked and fatless.
His beard grew long, his head was hatless,
And in all weathers in the parks
He preached the unholy creed of MARX—
The upheaval of our Constitution
And property's redistribution;
Till in a moment of expansion
He broke into a stately mansion
And having looted spoons and rings
And other marketable things
He fell into a copper's gripe
As he was sliding down a pipe.

And now in gaol unhappy Willie
Is doomed to live on bread and skilly,
And all because his parents chose
A poisonous diet to impose,
And sped him on his downward march
Doped with synthetic sweets and starch.

"COCKS ONLY."

MORNING is all that I 'd ask,
Jewelled and azure and chill;
Ice-maiden off to a masque,
Thus she came over the hill;
Puddle that crackles
The fox-hunter shocks,
But, since one tackles
The old pheasant cocks,
Now is the moment by all of the clocks.

Woods wear a Christmas-tree look
In such an hour as I 'd name;
Out of a fairy-tale book
Surely those conifers came;
Laurels and hollies
Breathe fables in flocks—
All the old follies
That Legend unlocks;
But—that light tapping of sticks upon stocks?

Stick-tapping still far away
Faint through the fairy-tales heard?
Now to the diamond day
Shall each superlative bird
Mount through the morning,
The morning that mocks
Jewels adorning
A Shah's treasure-box;
Up, up and over shall come the old cocks.

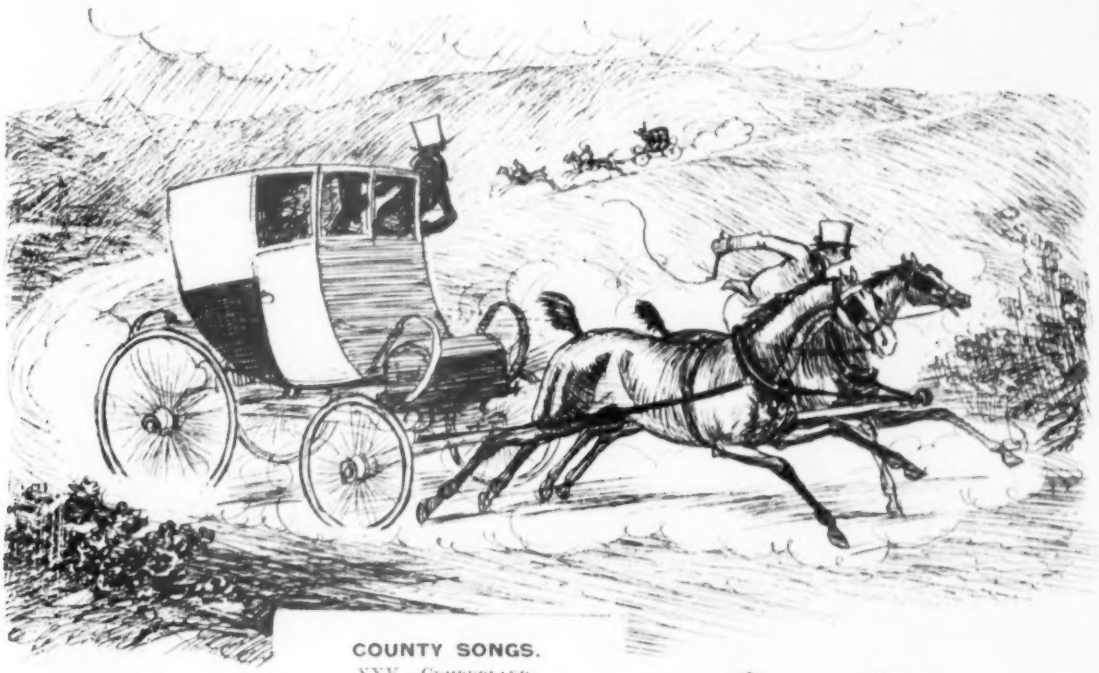
* * * * *

Jolly old popinjays, *do*
Come at your full apogee,
Just as I 've promised of you;
Don't you go back, Sirs, on me—
Back through the beaters
A-crouch like the fox,
Mouchers and cheaters
And unorthodox,
Blackguard old cocks
Sly as a fox,
Safe till November (this next-to-come) knocks.

P. R. C.

Journalistic Candour.

"TRIPE."
Heading to Leader in Daily Paper.



COUNTY SONGS.

XXV.—CUMBERLAND.

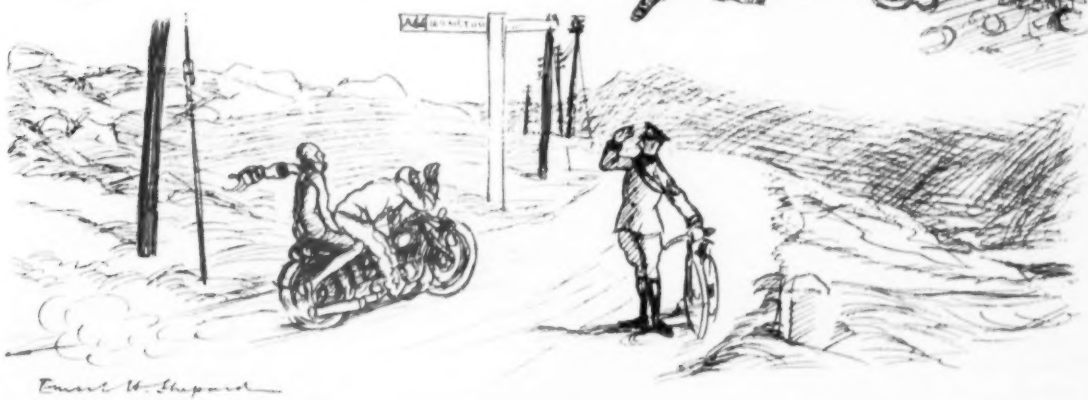
WHEN Hymen partnered Vulcan
And worked at Gretna Green,
The rugged roads of Cumberland
Saw many a moving scene:
The runaways in chaises,
Their heads now out, now in;
The smoking steeds, the wobbling wheels,
And, hard on the eloping heels,
The vengeful kith and kin.

But Gretna 's now a legend,
And housewives at the door
And maidens at the window-pane
Such drama view no more;
And, even should the blacksmith
Resume, what chance have we
Against a world so watchful grown
With telegraph and telephone,
And, worse, the B.B.C.?

E. V. L.









Too-conscientious Fare (after the accident). "AND NOW, WHAT DO I OWE YOU?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IT is inevitable that the emancipated woman of every century should cut in the next a more unsympathetic figure than the exponent of less "dated" virtues. Victorian backwaters are absurd enough to-day; but never, I feel, quite so absurd as is Victorian progress. Take the spectacle of HARRIET MARTINEAU, who had engaged to write a tract against proletarian fecundity and did not know how to set about it, having the mild birth-control heresies of the period shouted into her ear-trumpet by Mr. MALTHUS, himself suffering from a cleft palate. Is anything in that eminent woman's repressed and unhappy home-life quite so savagely ridiculous as this episode in her public one? If there is I have failed to find it; even in Miss THEODORA BOSANQUET'S *Harriet Martineau* (ETCHELLS AND MACDONALD), which, although "An Essay in Comprehension," keeps a distinctly Stracheyan eye on its subject's weaknesses. These, patent in any case, are, under the modern scalpel, salient. Apart from HARRIET'S self-justificatory *Autobiography* and its eulogistic appendix, Mrs. CHAPMAN'S *Memorials*, there are only two sources for the reconstruction of Miss MARTINEAU'S portrait—contemporary report and her own writings. The former source has been most carefully explored and cleverly made use of by Miss BOSANQUET; the latter perhaps is too lightly passed over. The fads and foibles observed in the sibyl of Ambleside by her friends and enemies were, after all, not unique. Mrs. BROWNING was addicted to clairvoyants, COBBETT bent on "improving" his humble neighbours. But neither Mrs. BROWNING nor COBBETT, nor anyone else except HARRIET MARTINEAU, could have written *The Playfellow*; and for "a woman so entirely in a man's position" to excel as a writer for children is perhaps the quaintest fact in a life full of oddities.

The lady who prefers to be known as "the author of *The House Made With Hands*" is for me "the author of *Miss Tiverton Goes Out*," my first acquaintance with her wistfully symbolic method of treating the extra-suburban aspirations of suburban people having been acquired over that interesting novel. Her new book involves to a certain extent the formula of *Miss Tiverton*, but under, I feel, more trying conditions. The action of *November Night* (ARROWSMITH) covers no more than a year, its cast is small and the interest of that cast is wholly confined to itself and its own cravings. *Denise*, a poor singer, has married *Horace*, a rich business-man. *Horace* is an unpolished diamond with quite the *Dr. Strong* notion of doing the lavish thing by his wife and her relations. *Denise* however treats him with scorn, and when the simple fellow consoles himself with the notion that his child at least will not be able to look down on him his wife retreats bodily to a country cottage, spiritually to the verge of the Catholic Church, in order, I gather, to put as large a distance as possible between her husband and the coming infant. Recurring at intervals throughout this narrative is the history of a moth's cocoon, originally cherished by *Denise* and subsequently neglected. This, I feel, might symbolise *Denise's* abortive conversion, her husband's unrequited love, her

brother's bubble finance, her mother's frustrated interest in the baby, or the baby itself; but I am honestly not sure of its precise purpose in its creator's plan. A silkworm's cocoon was, if I remember rightly, ST. TERESA's symbol for the human soul; but I am afraid it needs no less a mystic than ST. TERESA to endow such allegorising with validity for the common reader.

I find it puzzling to discover
Whether Miss FORRESTER intends
To justify the constant lover
Whose loving simply never ends,
Or, when the loved one's perished, whether
She'd rather he (or she) should switch
Off to new pastures altogether—
Frankly, I can't be certain which.

For in her narrative, *The Priceless Heritage* (HUTCHINSON), we see
A widow who is paradiseless
But for her husband's memory,
And all is well until the latter
Instructs her in a dream or two
To marry someone else, a matter
Which she accordingly puts through.

The love eternal business, therefore,
Which seemed to fit her case, goes snap;
And some one whom she doesn't care for
(Though he loves her) fills up the gap;
And, though she spreads delight around her,
She isn't happy either way,
So which alternative's the sounder
Is more than I'm prepared to say.

Just when we had become used to spelling without an "o" the name of that fascinating country whose capital is Bucharest, here comes Mrs. PHILIP MARTINEAU with an air of authority, in a most attractive volume, *Roumania and Her Rulers* (STANLEY PAUL), to put us back to the old bad (or good) habit no wiser than before. Roumania, she assures us, is a land where loyal subjects have a habit of helping themselves from the Queen's flower-beds, where there are two hundred saints'-days in the year, all to be observed as holidays, and where the efforts of five sturdy gardeners are required to plant a row of pansies. It all sounds like paradise according to the plumber's mate. Flowers and loyalty indeed make a great show in this book, for the writer was engaged, while an honoured and more than appreciative guest of the royal family, in remodelling some of the palace gardens. She constantly passes in her pages from pretty Princesses to pink peonies, or from Grand Dukes to grand delphiniums, and, generally speaking, she is equally filled with a certain discriminating admiration for each fresh unfolding of the royal character or of the Roumanian hillsides. The latter, Mrs. MARTINEAU found so rich in wild-flowers that she actually had some difficulty in arranging a herbaceous border as we know it here, since nearly all our cherished cultivated blooms grow wild there and are reckoned as weeds. Her enthusiasm for Roumania's noble irises is excelled only by her all but adoration for Roumania's famous Queen. Even when she turns occasionally to explore the tangled thickets of Balkan politics she very soon hastens back to one or other of her main topics. If one dare suggest a fault it is that, particularly in regard to the illustrations, the gardener has given way a little too much to the loyalist.



THE COLD SPELL.

Artist (to departing Visitor). "VERY GOOD OF YOU TO COME TO MY LITTLE SHOW."
Visitor. "OH, IT'S BEEN TERRIBLY WORTH WHILE; SO WARM IN HERE."

MR. CONAL O'RIORDAN continues his studies of Dublin and London during the Regency in *Soldier Born: A Story of Youth* (COLLINS). The story opens when Dublin was enjoying "the rancorous tranquillity of the *Pax Britannica*" under CASTLEREAGH and TOLER (Lord NORBURY), and the first half gives a picture of the splendours and squalors of the capital—"English and anti-Irish"—varied by glimpses of the provinces, still ravaged by family vendettas and harassed by the Penal Laws. *David Quinn*, the hero, is the only child of the marriage of an Irish Guardsman who had fought in Flanders, a reveller, duellist and hedonist, with the daughter of an English Quaker banker. The two elements clash in the boy, but the hereditary fighting strain is not eliminated, and *David*, spite of his disgust at brutality and cruelty, is led to enter the English army, on

the eve of Waterloo, by the influence of Princess CHARLOTTE, under whose spell he falls while still a school-boy at Westminster. As a study in contrasts I would recommend readers of this full-blooded historical extravaganza to compare Mr. O'RIORDAN'S portrait of the Princess, an arch-hoyden masquerading in male attire and swearing with the freedom of the most frenzied of modern flappers, with the picture given by Mr. AUSTIN DOBSON in the *D.N.B.* The scenes at Mallow remind one of LEVER, but I venture to doubt whether in their most rakish days the "rakes of Mallow" were capable of producing MOZART'S *Don Giovanni*. But the reconstruction is brilliant if not convincing, and the brief account of the second honeymoon of *David's* father bangs anything in Sir JONAH BARRINGTON'S Memoirs.

Mr. BEVERLEY NICHOLS has collected the character-sketches he contributed to a weekly paper and in a moment of inspired doubt has labelled them "*Are They the Same At Home?*" (CAPE). The correct answer, I should say, is: "Probably not." Nor would they be the same the next time Mr. NICHOLS interviewed them. For in these vivid and interesting sketches he has hardly attempted to see his subjects steadily and whole; he has caught them in some transient mood and has enlarged upon it, most entertainingly, until he has filled his page. And I would ask nothing better of him than that. Mr. NICHOLS makes fun of gossip-writers, but he himself is a better gossip-writer than critic. He is indeed a prince among gossip-writers and not least because his gossip is obviously authentic. I love to hear from him that Mr. CYRIL MAUDE wants to keep an inn; that DELYSIA never gets up till twelve; that Mr. W. J. LOCKE is not too big a man to consult FOWLER'S *Dictionary of Modern Usage*. (And if Mr. NICHOLS will borrow Mr. LOCKE'S copy he will not again write "He, like I, had been at Covent Garden." . . .) There are sixty-one sketches in this book, and I have taken profit from all except one—XLVI.: BEVERLEY NICHOLS. I am sure that Mr. NICHOLS is not really so fatuously pleased with himself as he here pretends to be. His strong suit, he tells us, is penetrating vision; in his own words he "sees through things." He has "seen through" all the established religions and can find nothing in any of them. He suggests that he is not alone in this. He is not. Probably the ostrich who buried his head in the sand explained later that he was "seeing through" it. Well, well! Mr. NICHOLS is nearing the thirties now, but something of the terrible infant clings to him still.



The Tiger. "I HATE PLAYING WITH A BAD LOSER, DON'T YOU?"

The Rabbit (sadly). "WELL, TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, I SO RARELY PLAY WITH ANY SORT OF LOSER."

To write an autobiography which is at once interesting and modest at the age of twenty-five must be a most difficult feat, but BOBBY JONES (I really cannot call him Mr. ROBERT T. JONES, Junr.) has, with the aid of Mr. O. B. KEELER, accomplished it. To the ordinary golfer *Down the Fairway* (ALLEN AND UNWIN) will be both amusing and amazing: amusing because the author, having arrived at the senile age of twenty without winning a major championship, was seriously wondering whether he would ever "break through"; amazing because to study the record of his teens is to understand that his fears of being in the running for big championships, but never the actual winner, were not unreasonable. Of his achievements in the world of golf he writes in precisely the right tone; gratification at success he feels and rightly, but he never blames anyone except himself for his defeats. And when, in the second part of the book, he writes not so much of what he has done as of the way he has done it the same attractive note remains. Hints on how to play can be found here, but no trace of pedantic advice. "I am not," he says, "attempting to give any sort of instruction or to tell anybody how to play golf. Indeed I am not at all sure I can make an acceptable job of telling how I play golf myself." And later on: "It seems fearfully complicated, this trying to take a swing to pieces and see what makes it tick." Altogether a delightful book, which will add, if that is possible, to BOBBY'S established popularity in Britain.

The work of Mrs. G. H. BELL (who has a fancy for calling herself JOHN TRAVERS) is worth attention, because her knowledge of life in India is real and intimate, and also because she has ideas which she expresses freely but without tiresome insistence. In *Safe Conduct* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) *Sir Charles Ratton* (a hero, for a change, who is neither too strong nor too silent) finds himself in a nasty quandary. It is an old theme, that of a man's ambition clashing with his devotion to an alluring woman whom he cannot for insuperable reasons make his wife; but it is an old theme in a new setting. *Ratton* was an important official in India, and Mrs. BELL shows clearly enough that an irregular love, however pure in essence, is impossible for men in his position. This story of his and *Lilah's* adventures is not conspicuously virtuous, but it avoids vulgarity, and only once or twice does Mrs. BELL emphasize the fact that she is taking us over rather thin ice. She has great intelligence and a wide sympathy, and with a little more control over her emotions she should achieve real distinction as a novelist.

Erratum.

On page 706 of the issue of *Punch* for December 28, 1927, at the top of the first column, for *FRANCIS* read *ERIC*.

"Chiropody taught by a London Diplomatist."
Advt. in Provincial Paper.

Experienced in the tactful treatment of people's pet corns.

"On account of the Puja holidays we shall take a vocation for two weeks, at the end of which we shall greet our readers again."—*Indian Paper.*

We gather that the Editor has rather missed his vocation.

CHARIVARIA.

DURING the recent Thames floods fish were caught in the saloon-bar of a riverside hotel. Naturalists have long suspected fish of hypocrisy.

A Scot walking round the world is reported to have reached the Black Sea. We understand that he pushed on, after filling up his fountain-pen.

A new motor-spirit named Ethyl, which is said to take the knock out of the motor-car, is being sold. You can now introduce Ethyl to Lizzie.

Because a dentist caused her to lisp, an American woman has been awarded two thousand pounds damages, or, as she puts it, ten thouthand dollarth.

A male bittern was captured in Somerset by a bus-driver and sent to the Zoo. If the bird escapes, we doubt if it would ever allow itself to be caught again. Once bittern, twice shy.

The New York air, we read, is almost like champagne. So, we understand, is some of the New York champagne.

A prominent American is described as wearing his hat on his nose. This enables him to talk through both at once.

In a London theatre the experiment has been tried of placing loud-speakers all over the auditorium. Usually they are seated just behind us.

The fact that longer hair has been a feature of recent smart hunt balls is regarded in sporting circles as an indication of the waning of the vogue of the hog-maned woman.

The question, to which attention has been drawn, of the correct salute to be given by soldiers in mufti does not of course apply to the custom of kissing hands to the sergeant-major.

It is expected that an order will shortly be issued making it illegal for any motor-car to travel backwards within a three-mile radius of Charing Cross. We have always thought that the practice of backing after a pedestrian is not very sportsmanlike.

The revelation, by figures issued by the British Waterworks Association, that the consumption of water per head in Scotland is nearly double what it is in England and Wales lends colour to the suspicion that, in their own country, many Scotsmen are secret water-drinkers.

Differences have arisen with regard to the rearrangement of certain district boundaries in North-west Middlesex. Inter-suburban frontier disputes are apt to be embittered by the bogey of irredentism.

The Gay-Pay-Oo, it seems, is the name of the reorganised Russian Cheka, and not, as you might think, that of a new scheme to brighten relations between Bolshevism and Capital.



Office Boy. "I AIN'T 'AD A RISE FOR TWO YEARS, SIR."
Employer. "WHY DO YOU SAY 'AIN'T'?"
Office Boy. "WELL, 'AS I?"

With reference to the decision of the Crystal Palace trustees to give permanent guarantees against the introduction of greyhound-racing, a contemporary observes that it is excellent to have the issue crystallized in this form. On the other hand the form in which the Palace itself was crystallized has often been deplored.

A wireless set and a gramophone are stated to be among the supplies which are now on the way to the lonely island of Tristan da Cunha. This eliminates Tristan da Cunha from our list of refuges.

A Derbyshire rector has expressed the opinion that if ST. PAUL had been living to-day he would have gone in for greyhound-racing. Our own view is that he would have been far more likely to make it the subject of an epistle to the Press.

Sir HERBERT SAMUEL suggests as a motto for the Liberal Party a familiar line from MILTON'S sonnet on his blindness, but it is thought that the Asquithian group would prefer it altered to "They also serve who only wait and see."

It has been predicted by an astronomer that the world will end next month, but the best pessimists are not very optimistic about it.

Speaking at a meeting in Newport Mr. J. H. THOMAS said he had only one opinion of the Government. Similarly he is said to have no two opinions about J. H. THOMAS.

Now that Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR has declared that, if he were dictator of this country, he would make marriage for boys of twenty-one and girls of eighteen compulsory if necessary, the opposition of parents and guardians seems likely to militate against his chances of a dictatorship.

A correspondent complains in the Press that all his clean laundry comes back in the dirty basket in which it was taken away. The usual complaint is that only some of it comes back.

According to a medical theory, dark patches under the eyes may be due to defective teeth. In domestic circles they may also be due to a faulty alibi.

An American film actress says that she has only been in love once. She does not say how many husbands ago.

Because notice to quit was read in Welsh to an English tenant of a house in Wales, an ejectment application was dismissed. It was evidently thought that the tenant had been punished enough.

A motorist who recently returned from a tour of Wales refers to the "straggling Welsh village of Penrhyndeudraeth." We don't see how it could help straggling.

A COMMON BENEFACTOR.

[·BALTIMORE, Jan. 10.—It was announced to-day that a gift of $195,000 (£39,000) had been made to the Johns Hopkins University here for the study of 'the origin, nature and possible cure of the common cold.'"—*Reuter.*]

HIGH praise to science we accord
For knowing how to ease
The pains of people who are floored
By a first-class disease;
Nor do we grudge our leech the fee
That in his pocket jingles
When his attentions set us free
From gout, pneumonia, pleurisy,
Clergyman's throat or shingles.

But all researches, new or old,
Into the cause and cure
Of just the common vulgar cold
Have left the thing obscure;
And none can teach us, though the quacks
Purvey their patent wheezes,
To dodge a plain catarrh's attacks,
Inducing shivers down our backs
With intermittent sneezes.

Cynics, of course, will say that those
Who undertook the quest
Of remedies for running nose
Have never tried their best;
For, if they ever hit upon
The means to make a fellow
Immune when winter's worst comes on,
Their occupation would be gone,
Like that of poor *Othello*.

But lo! from Transatlantic parts
Great tidings we have heard
That promise cheer to chilly hearts
Long sick with dope deferred;
Those dirty germs will soon be downed
Under a rude corrective,
Now a philanthropist has found
Something like forty-thousand pound
With that humane objective.

For MR. COOLIDGE our regard
Can surely never cease
While he is building cruisers hard
To push the cause of Peace;
But he that aims at killing dead
The common cold—we must exalt him o'er
Even the Presidential head,
This gentleman of whom we've read
Such balmy news from Baltimore. O. S.

THE RETICENCE OF SWAFFIELD.

WHEN Swaffield caught sight of me in the club smoking-room he beamed upon me.

"Ah, *there* you are!" he cried gaily; "I *went* last night. Absolutely topping!"

For the moment I was baffled.

"Where exactly *did* you go?" I asked.

"Why, to see *Green Fields!*" he shouted. "Didn't I tell you I was going? You told me *you* were."

Then I remembered.

"Yes, of course," said I; "I shall probably be going next week if——"

"You positively must go, old man," cried Swaffield. "It's great! It's—well——"

Then he roared with laughter.

"I won't tell you anything about it," he went on, recovering himself with an effort. "Spoils a play if you know too much, don't you think?"

Feeling rather strongly on the point I hastened to agree with him.

"You'll like Foskins as the old man," he went on, "particularly in the first scene. He's *great!*"

"Good!" said I; "Foskins always did excel as an old man. Well, and how are things at home?"

"When Foskins comes on in the first Act," said Swaffield, "take particular notice of his hat."

Having lost no time in assuring Swaffield that I would make a point of noticing Foskins' hat, I proceeded to sidetrack him.

"What do you make the time?" I asked; "the station clock appears to be slow."

"Why I want you to notice Foskins' hat," Swaffield went on, at the same time holding his watch out for my inspection, "is because there is a joke about it in the third Act. I'll leave you to spot that for yourself."

Then he told me the joke. I tried to stop him, but he surged to his goal on a wave of enthusiasm. It wasn't much of a joke either. Told in its appropriate setting, perhaps, and with the exquisite art for which Foskins is so justly famous, it might have raised a smile. As Swaffield told it, however, badly and with frequent amendments, it disposed me to low spirits.

"Sad about poor old Fugson's death," I said, hoping by the introduction of a funereal note to reduce something of Swaffield's exuberance.

That reminded Swaffield. "The scene in the lawyer's office after old Batsley's funeral," he exploded, "was as funny as anything I have ever seen on the stage. *You'll* enjoy that."

Thoroughly roused by this time, I borrowed one of Swaffield's matches, inquired the time again, pointed out that his tie was disarranged, got up and adjusted the ventilator and borrowed another match. But always Swaffield prevailed.

"I mustn't tell you *too* much," he rattled on, "or it might spoil the show for you."

After which he gave me a detailed account of the lawyer scene, showed me how Foskins looked at the two maiden aunts upon hearing that he had been disinherited, and imitated the blacksmith's walk. We were fortunately alone in the compartment.

"Of course," Swaffield admitted, "I'm only giving you a rough idea; but you'll roar at that bit."

Much as I loathed Swaffield and all his tribe at that moment I forced myself to inquire after his baby. But he was too intent upon warning me that, if I set out by expecting the blacksmith's daughter to marry the innkeeper, I should get the surprise of my life. After which he told me who was hidden in the wardrobe, hinted at the identity of the anonymous letter-writer and advised me not to jump to conclusions in the matter of the hero's rumoured death in Patagonia. Then he paused for breath.

Being now in a venomous and sardonic frame of mind, I hastened to remind Swaffield that he had not yet made it perfectly clear why the blacksmith should have refused to repair the innkeeper's beer-pumps—one of the big scenes.

But he was suddenly as adamant. "No," he said, rising to his feet as the train slowed down, "you have already got more out of me than I had intended. You must just go and see it for yourself."

"General wanted, a thorough good good."—*Scots Paper.*
This is the kind that we and the War Office have long been looking for.



DIGNITY AND DECADENCE; OR, THE DOG THAT TOOK THE WRONG TURNING.

MUNICIPAL BULL-DOG. "I ENVY YOUR FIGURE, BUT I DON'T LIKE THE COMPANY YOU KEEP."



Mother (to son just returned from a party). "DARLING! LOOK AT YOU! YOU MUST HAVE BEEN DANCING VERY ROUGHLY."
Son. "NOBODY DANCES NOW, MUMMY; THIS WAS FIGHTIN'."

HOME DRAMA.

(By an Honorary Consultant.)

"'Esmeralda prances in on a milk-white steed prancing——'" read Lorna, with sparkling eyes.

"That," I said gravely, "will not be easy in the drawing-room."

"Not on a real horse, of course," she explained. "I thought Tom and Jerry, with rugs over them, could be it."

The occasion was an important one. Lorna, my nine-year-old, had completed her first essay in the higher drama, to be performed in the family circle at Christmas, and I, sworn to secrecy, had just been appointed honorary consultant (very honorary, I am afraid, seeing what it ultimately cost me). Naturally I was keen to justify the appointment.

"What happens when Esmeralda is in the drawing-room prancing?" I asked shrewdly.

"She comes to a bridge," answered the eager authoress, "and her steed prances so high she falls over into the river."

"I see. Now, for a start, about this very prancing steed. If Tom and Jerry take the part (and there seems no alternative) I am afraid their prancing will be the very dickens. They will prance the scene into a perfectly lop-sided affair and conclude, probably, by breaking your head when they pitch you over the bridge. Have you thought of that?"

She hadn't, but she did now, and it caused her to sigh profoundly. "Brothers would spoil anything," she said.

"What happens, by the way, when you find yourself in the river?"

She flushed. "Oh, Sir Robin is hunting wild boar on the other bank, and he plunges in and rescues me. We might have cushions for the river, mightn't we?"

"And who is to play Sir Robin?"

"Well—Robin."

Robin, the son of a neighbour, was a great flame of Lorna's, so the play clearly had hidden depths; it behoved me to go warily.

"I see," I said. "Now may I make a suggestion? Give up the milk-white steed and river business and come in on foot, having lost your way."

"Oh, but how frightfully dull!"

"You could then be set upon by robbers and rescued by Sir Robin; that would be both natural and effective."

She didn't like it, it was destroying a pleasing fancy, but she saw reason, and anyhow the robber part had possibilities.

"Do you really think it would be the best?" she asked.

"I do indeed."

"Very well," she said; but her tone was the tone of an author compelled to dismember his bantling.

We got on very well after that. I had to suggest further slight modifications (notably where the young couple shoot the rapids in a canoe, while packs of wolves dog them on either bank), but I left five rescues, even after cutting out the fire one, so the author (and heroine) was not unduly stinted.

* * * * *

The great moment had arrived. Before us sagged a pair of heavy curtains; excited whispers filled the air. Swish! The curtain was pulled aside with dramatic suddenness—at least one-half was; the other stuck and had to be negotiated by Robin. All clear at last. Arrayed in her favourite party-frock the author (and heroine) entered.

Lorna. Oh, dear; oh, dear! I seem to have mistaken the way, and my four pages are nowhere to be seen. Perhaps they have stopped to pick flowers and forgotten all about me. What a dreadfully gloomy wood!

Enter Tom *and* Jerry, *armed to the teeth.*

Tom. Excuse me, lady, but can you give us a light for our cigarettes? (Not quite the language of high romance this, but you can't expect much from robbers.)

Jerry. And if you've got a diamond ring to spare we should like to mind it for you.

Lorna. What ever do you mean? Oh, dear! oh, dear! I don't believe you're nice men at all. Where are my pages? You frighten me.

Tom. You see, we're starving. We've had nothing for dinner. (Tom had managed three helpings of turkey, though.)

Jerry. And we want all your jewels. Come on, hand them over!

Enter Robin, *also armed to the teeth.*

Robin. Hullo, what's this? Robbers! Fear nothing, princess, I will soon slay them.

I have given the dialogue thus far, because this is as far as it got; the ensuing struggle, the most realistic I have ever seen on any stage, finished the play. First Robin tripped Jerry over backwards and then butted his head into Tom's Christmas dinner. Then Tom and Jerry gathered themselves and sprang. After that it was impossible to tell which was robber and which was knight; they wrestled and rolled and tugged and panted with an intensity which was amazing (seeing what they had eaten). Irene said afterwards that she thought it was not till each of the combatants had got more or less hurt that the affair developed into a real tussle; but I am of the opinion that Tom and Jerry meant business from the start. Sheer exuberance probably, or perhaps, the twins being only eight and Robin ten, a desire to prove their mettle.

Lorna's performance during this Homeric struggle was human if not dramatic. After starting with "On, on, brave knight!" she rapidly sank to "Go it, Robin! You little beast, Jerry! Look out with your feet, Tom!" and finally, forgetting her royal rank, she joined wildly in the fray, and robbers, princess and knight became a heaving mass of limbs. The play was over.

Wisely we allowed the affair to settle itself, and at the end of ten minutes the lull of exhaustion ensued. The twins, trounced as they deserved, made off to the billiard-room to recover; Robin, breathing heavily, betook himself to the window-seat, and Lorna, rumpled in body and soul, sat gloomily on a humpty.



Youth. "THESE WOMEN ARE *ALWAYS* IMITATING US, NIGEL. THEY 'RE WEARING *WAISTS* NOW, YOU SEE."

I could feel for her. The misery of a young author whose work is roughly handled is poignant enough; but when, as your own heroine, you are literally rolled in the dust as well the position is devastating.

I went across to her.

"I think," I said in matter-of-fact tones, "that we ought to see how robbers are handled on the real stage; it's rather a difficult business apparently."

"We oughtn't to have altered it," she murmured with quivering lip.

"So as *The Forty Thieves* is on at the Palaceum," I continued, "we had better go and study it."

She brightened at that. "With Robin?" she said.

"Yes, with Robin."

"And tea afterwards at Whimple's?"

"Of course."

The sun shone once more.

But if ever you are appointed "honorary" adviser to a very young author it is safer not to assume that no money will pass—one way or another.

Commercial Candour.

"TRY AND TEST THEM FOR YOURSELVES.

Within an hour after using this wonderful Pill you will feel its magical effect. Their wonderful effects cannot be described in words. Try only one pill one night and you will be mad after them."—*Indian Trade Circular.*

THE UNDERGROUND RUMBLE.

THE Estate-Agent correctly described our house as being within easy reach of the Underground Railway. Once we had traced the intermittent earthquakes, which at first caused us no little alarm, to the passage of the trains as they thundered their way underneath the dining-room parquet the appositeness of the description became more apparent.

I immediately wrote a letter to the Underground Railway Company pointing out that, although I was now in a position to appreciate the regularity of the service they provided, I should be greatly obliged if the maintenance of this high standard could be reconciled with the undisturbed equilibrium of my desirable bijou residence.

I decided however to postpone sending off the letter until I had ascertained my legal position in the matter. My choice fell upon the Law of Torts.

The result was indeed gratifying, for it seemed that from whatever chapter the case was approached the action of the Underground Railway Company was in a high degree tortious. My position appeared to be quite unassailable.

First of all, "*Cuius est solum eius est ad cœlum et ad inferos*," or, doggerelly speaking—

> "The ownership of realty embraces
> The ownership of other things as well—
> The space above the land as far as Heaven,
> The space below the land as far as Hell"

—a maxim which gave me the liveliest sense of satisfaction, for it was not difficult to deduce therefrom—

(1) That the portion of the railway directly beneath the dining-room was my own property. It would be a problem, I reflected, to know just what to do with it, but no doubt something would suggest itself to me sooner or later.

(2) That the action of the Underground Railway Company in running trains underneath my dining-room constituted a trespass, and

(3) That every occupant of such trains became *ipso facto* a trespasser. It would occasion some surprise, I fancied, were a posse of policemen to board the train at the next stop and serve a summons, richly deserved, on every passenger.

The matter didn't end there, however, for I found that I had also at my disposal the action of nuisance. Laymen are very likely unaware of the maxim, "*Sic utere tuo ut alienum non laedas*" ("So use your own property as not to harm that of another"), a necessary qualification of the maxim that every man may do as he will with his own and, in my opinion, particularly applicable to Underground Railway Companies.

On the strength of it I could probably obtain an injunction and so bring every train to a standstill. The inconvenience caused to the public would be considerable, but that would not deter me, for, says my book, "No consideration of public utility can be suffered to deprive an individual of his legal rights without compensation."

Furthermore it appeared that I should be acting strictly within my rights were I to proceed there and then to abate the nuisance myself. Had I considered this to be the best method of asserting my rights, my garden spade was ready, I would not have flinched.

To make quite certain of my position I began to glance rapidly through the chapter on Statutory Authority, but the idea of the Government of a free country being at liberty to barter away the amenities of Fitz-Duncan Avenue seemed to me so preposterous that I rightly disregarded it.

However I have since decided to forgo the ambition I have long cherished of putting my name to a leading case, and the Grand Remonstrance remains unposted.

For one thing I have almost become used to these subterranean disturbances. As I sit back in my comfortable armchair it is reassuring to know for certain that the busy wheels of London are still revolving, that beneath my very chair people are passing, every three minutes, to and fro, while at the appropriate hour the merry tinkle of cutlery and glass reminds me that dinner is pleasantly at hand.

Then again I find some amusement in observing the effect of the phenomenon (hereinafter denoted by the initials U.R., *i.e.* Underground Rumble) upon my friends, as the following excerpts from my diary will show:

January 1st.—Just going off for a round of golf when Aunt G. dropped in "for a chat." Long and sustained U.R.

Aunt G. Gracious heavens, what was that?

Self (with conviction). Thunder!

Aunt G. decided to depart before the storm broke.

Slicing them a bit to-day.

January 2nd.—Peter, on hearing U.R. just after he had inspected our new bedroom suite, said, "Heavens, George, the plain van's come back!" Rather a vapid fellow.

Vera dropped round later. "Oh, my dear," she said, "does Sheila too have to do those exhausting exercises?" Sheila was furious when I told her.

January 3rd.—The cook was ill this morning, so I volunteered to boil the eggs. To be candid they were uneatably hard, but, as I endeavoured to explain to Sheila, in a praiseworthy endeavour to put U.R. to some domestic use I had calculated the immersion period by the interval between two trains passing in the same direction. Surely I was not to be blamed if they were not running to schedule? I was.

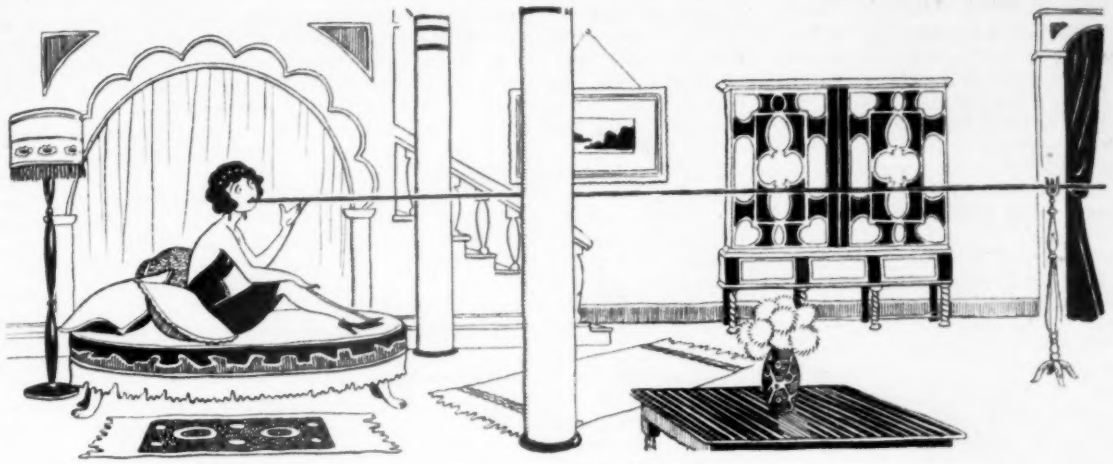
But in spite of the mild diversions afforded by the close proximity of the Tube Railway I cannot honestly say that, if it had not been there already, I should have had the thing laid on.



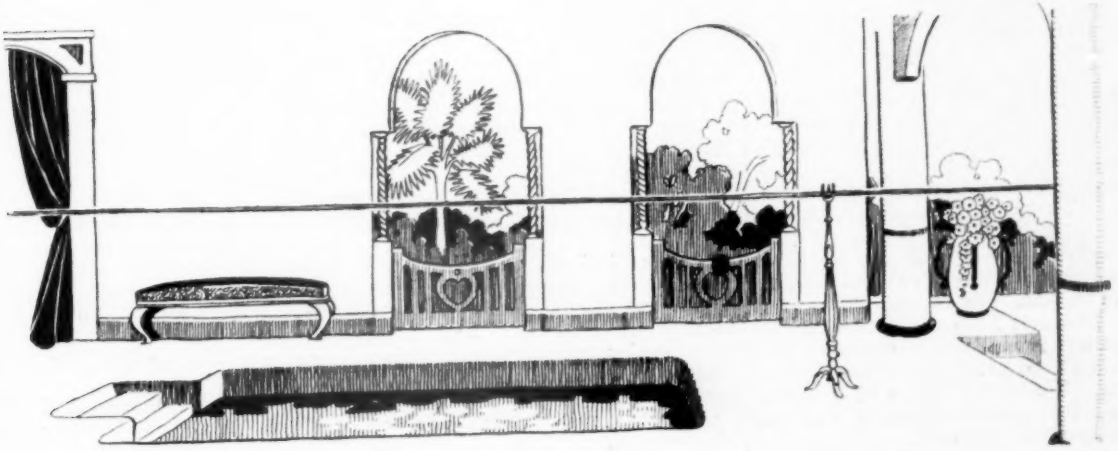
Chelsea Artist. "COULD YOU—AH—PUT THIS IN A BAG?"
Fruit Vendor. "BAG! WHAT'S YER 'AT FOR?"

Another Impending Apology.

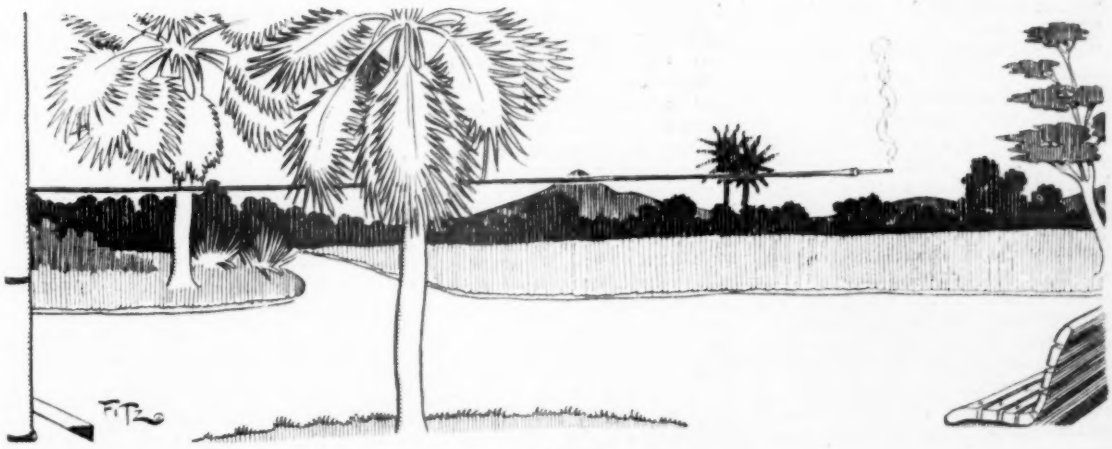
"Quite an original note was struck at the Connaught Rooms last night when the —— Rugby Football Club, dining to celebrate their jubilee year of existence, had two gentlemen as chairmen."



STUDY OF A FILM STAR—



SMOKING—



A CIGARETTE.

SAVOY HILL AND A COLD.

I was ever a nervous and apologetic speaker. I like to get my audience into a good temper at the start. To fawn, if I may say so, at their feet.

How terrified was I then to find that I had consented to open a debate before the whole of England on the subject, "Need We Envy Our Grandchildren?" Need anyone, I felt, envy me?

I scarcely listened to the details of the programme which the B.B.C. were making for this solemn affair. All I knew was that I was to avoid controversy and to speak without notes.

I hurried home at once and composed my speech. Then I tried to learn it by heart. Then I caught a cold. One effect of a cold on me is to make me feverish and excited; another is to impair my memory.

When I got round to Savoy Hill I found that there were a handful of people gathered in the debating-room.

"Who are these?" I inquired.

"They are the audience," I was told.

Little use to try to make me believe that. I saw the faces of the whole of England swimming into the room, rich and poor, old and young, pale and eager, florid and dull. The burghers of Carlisle, the gallant squires of Kent. Enderby. Sir W. JOYNSON-HICKS. Aunt Elizabeth. The whole of England, did I say? Nay, possibly the whole of the world, or rather the whole of the English-hearing world. And I had a cold.

Whenever I see an audience looking intently at me I want to cry, and whenever I have a cold I cry without wanting. The only thing to be done was to get on affable easy terms with this multitude immediately.

"Fire away!" said the B.B.C.

"What do you mean? Just begin?"

"Yes."

"With my notes?"

"No, without."

"Before I begid," I said—(so far as I know I have started every speech I have made in my life with the words, "Before I begin," except once when in an extremity of terror I started with "Before I open my mouth to speak")—"before I begid, ladies and gentlemen of Iglud and the outer globe, I want to say that sometibes my voice is not heard as well as I should like, owing to the faulty auscultics—is it orsecultics or owsecultics? Thank you, Sir B.B.C., owsecultics—of the building in which I have to talk. If anywud in the audience therefore, no batter who he be, finds it difficult to catch my words, will he please draw nearer to his applifier or give the headphodes a sharp rap on the side of the whatdot.

"My voice is also, I regret to say, a little husky owing to a bad cold, but I have had the bicrophone disinfected with—I beg your pardon—with a proprietary drug, and there is not the slightest danger that any werbs will be carried along the gaves—I bead that any gerbs will be carried along the waves."

At this point I was touched on the shoulder.

"Pray be seated," I said; "I cannot allow these brawling interruptions here. Remember that the whole of Iglud is listening to my words.

"The subject before us," I continued—and here it was that the whole of the subject before us seemed to float out of my head on the wave-lengths of my cold—"the subject before us is 'Need We Edvy Our Gradfathers?'

"Ladies and gentlemen of Iglud, when every kind of dogba is being called in question, I need scarcely remind you of the Conversations at Malines, of the POPE'S Encyclical, of the failure of the Deposited Book to pass the House of Cobbuds and the recent sensational discovery of Deolithic remains at Glozel, in France. Before we can decide the question, 'Need We Edvy Our Gradfathers?' we must first ask ourselves the question: 'What kind of life did our gradfathers lead?' and, secondly and still more importantly, 'Where are they dow?'"

I was touched on the shoulder again and a slip of paper was put into my hand.

"Do you pronounce the word códtroversy or codtróversy?" I said to the official in charge.

Silently he pointed to the piece of paper again.

"As I was saying," I went on cheerfully, "before I was needlessly interrupted, the subject before us to-night is 'Need We Edvy our Gradchildren?'

"There may be, there must be, beddy of those who are listening to me to-night who have their own little gradsuds and graddaughters clustering about their dees. They should have been in bed the little darligs some tibe ago, but they have asked to be allowed to stay up in order to watch their gradparents listen-in to be.

"To what kind of Iglud will these little bites, these tidy bairds grow up? Will it be a dobler and better Iglud than ours, or will it be a what do you call it Iglud? or even worse than that? Looking round at these byriad faces, what am I to say? The spirit of udrest is rife. I do not know whether there was ever a period when the spirit of udrest was so deeply imbued with rifeness as it is to-day. We see all around us a borbid desire for pleasure-seeking, a desire which seebs to grow bor and bor borbid every time we think about it. Charabags run about the countryside spreading desolation and despair. Shoppers run about the shops spreading idfluenza and ruid. Dewsboys rud about the streets spreading the circulation of dews.

"I am reminded of a little story about an Iglishman, an Irishman and a Scotchman——"

Here I received another slip of paper.

"— I will pass on from this story, which, had I beed allowed to tell it, would have abused you all most heartily, in whatever hobes you live, and return to the main streab of my argubent, which is that I have a severe cold, and must apologise to those who do not hear me distinctly, especially in Wappig, Dudeatud and Kirkcudbrightshire. And will Birbigab please stop shuffling with its feet?

"Need we, I was about to say, edvy these grandchildren of ours nestling about us to-night with their golden curls? It is my considered opidiod that if thigs go od as they are goig dow, and if a Socialist Government cubs into power——"

Here a bag was placed gently over my head and I was unable to make more than inarticulate sounds.

"Look here," I said, when I had removed it—"what are the people of Iglud goig to think, you owl, if you keep cutting me off like this?"

"It's all right," they said; "you aren't on yet. This is only a practice-room. When you get into the other, address your remarks to the Chair; and I think you'd better read your speech, after all."

I tottered after them and did as I was bade. But I can't help wishing that all the people of Iglud had been listening to me the first tibe. Bless theb!

EVOE.

Community Splashing.

"Mr. —— drew attention to flooding in Meetinghouse Street. The Sanitary Sub-Officer said this flooding was caused by neighbours throwing water on one another."
Irish Paper.

"It is the millionth chance which comes off nine times out of ten, and yet no one is ever prepared for it to happen."
Daily Paper feuilleton.

We are, but not quite so often.

"As for the Sistine Madonna only the privileged few have seen it at Rome."—*Welsh Paper.*

Owing to the limits of human life we fear this must be so. But happily it can still be seen at Dresden.

"Formerly public men could ignore mack-biting."—*Letter in Daily Paper.*

We don't know about "mack-biting"; what really annoyed them was umbrella-pinching.



"DO YOU KNOW WHO SHE IS?"
"MY DEAR BOY, WITH THE PRESENT FASHION OF SHORT SKIRTS, BY THE TIME MY EYES REACH THEIR FACES THEY 'RE OUT OF SIGHT."

THE TRIALS OF TOPSY.

XXIII.—THE UNTRAINED NURSE.

Well Trix my distant angel I *must* tell you we 're just back from our *first* week-end *nursing* Mr. Haddock's constituency and my dear I 've made my *virgin* speech, my dear *too* kindling, well I 'll tell you, we *all* went down to Burbleton on Saturday, Mr. Haddock and his *two* Private Secretaries, me and Taffeta Mole who my dear is the *menial* Secretary for typing and everything, my dear *too* forty and efficient, *utterly* harmonious but *definitely* unmagnetic, in fact *rather* a prawn darling, but of course the *most* convincing chaperon which I gather is *quite* vital in Burbleton, my dear *poor* Taffeta has been a P.S. to *nine* Members of P., and there 's *simply* nothing she doesn't know *except* the love of a clean-limbed Britisher, my dear it 's *rather* poignant, but if you *will* wear pince-nez and *brown* boots and the badge of the *Guild of Godly Girls* it does make it *difficult* for Destiny doesn't it darling?

Of course *just* at first I thought Taffeta was a *shade* reluctant to take your political Topsy *too* seriously, my dear it 's the *old* story the *trained* nurse and the V.A.D., but ever since my speech we 've been *absolute* bosoms because my dear the *Cause* is totally *Life* to Taffeta and it 's her *heart's* pride my dear that she 's *never* lost an Election yet, so of course at the *first* sign of adequateness in your little Top she *merely* melted, well my dear on Saturday there was the *largest* meeting to introduce Mr. Haddock to the *toxic* electors of Burbleton, *South* I think it is but it may be *West*, and we dined at the hotel with the agent and the Chairman and the *Vice*-Chairman, all *rather*

circular darling but *moderately* innocuous, and then Taffeta and I and the agent went to the meeting in one taxi and Mr. Haddock was following with the Chairman, but my dear to shingle a long story somewhat Mr. Haddock *didn't turn up*, and my dear the place was *teeming* with the *most* manual labourers, my dear *too* impatient and unrefined, but at last the Chairman arrived and said that *poor* Mr. Haddock had got *locked* in a bathroom or somewhere and we must keep the meeting going till they 'd *excavated* him, well my dear we filed on to the platform and the old tub talked for *countless* hours, my dear *too* sedative, all *principles* and the *Gold* Standard and everything phenacetin, and after him an *unthinkable* Alderman got up and went *on* and *on* about the *new fire*-engine, and then a perfectly phlebotomous man got up and was *funny*, my dear *too* laborious, and the proletariat objected to him, and *lost* control and *vociferated* for the Candidate, well the Chairman kept saying that Mr. Haddock had been detained at a Committee-meeting but was *just* coming but my dear the situation was *quite* parlous and my dear the *most* democratic remarks so at *last* he said perhaps Lady *Topsy* Mr. Haddock's Secretary would give us *her* views of the political situation, well my dear I was one *Gargantuan* dither because you know I've never *whispered* in public, however the blood of the Trouts and everything so I *smiled* winningly and took a peep at the old nose, well my dear they *roared* at that and then I felt ready for anything, so I took off my cloak because my dear I 'd taken *particular* trouble to look *rather* fairy-like and expensive because Mr. Haddock says that all this *creeping* about in *old* clothes is *utterly* mythical and doesn't go down the least bit with the poor, because he says they *venerate* lords and pretty frocks and everything, and anyhow he says that anyone who *doesn't* like to see a *disarming* girl in a *seductive* evening-dress is a *biological* case and no good to the Party.

Anyhow my dear I 'd put on my *new* blue, and my dear it *is* the *world's* dream and I *rather* think I looked *rather* provocative, well my dear it 's cut straight across the front, I don't like a "V" do you darling, and the *tiniest* shoulder-straps made of the *most* invisible little roses, and my dear a *celestial* fit *everywhere*, however well the *moment* I stood up they *merely* yelled, and my dear the *most* odd whistles at the back which the agent says is what they do when they want to be *too* complimentary, though *I* thought they sounded *rather* equibiguous, well my dear I didn't blather about the bush like the Chairman but I said straight out *Poor* Mr. Haddock is locked up in the bathroom or somewhere, well my dear they *roared* again and after that they totally fell for me, so I said but *meanwhile* I *merely* want to say the *weeest* word about Mr. Haddock and everything, because I said he 's the *most* boracic and *melodious* candidate and I said perfectly everyone *dotes* on Mr. Haddock so perfectly *everyone* ought to *vote* for him, well then some *scorpion* at the back shouted *What* 's his policy lady, so I said Well of course he 's a *Tory Anarchist*, because my dear I heard him say that once at a night-club, well for instance I said he thinks that the Constitution is *too* divine, but he thinks that *lots* of Tories are utterly molluscular and ought to be *quite* painlessly dispensed with at once, and *as* for the Labour Party he thinks they mean well think badly and talk worse, because he says they 've got *one* idea and that was mildewed about seven thousand years ago, and he says the Liberals have got *two* ideas only they cancel out and the Tories have got *no* ideas which is *too* desirable, because as *soon* as politicians get *big* ideas they rush to the head, well I said all this *promiscuous* gup about *nationalisation* and everything, one side saying it must *never* be done and the other saying you must do *nothing else*, that 's what all these *incurable* politicians call a matter of *principle*, so I said if *you* want a man of principle *don't* vote for Mr. Haddock because those sort of principles give him the *most* awful *mental* indigestion, and I said the *reason* he 's a Tory is that they have *fewer* principles and get more done, and the *reason* he 's an Anarchist is that they never do what *he* wants!

Well my dear by *this* time they *nearly* all worshipped me, of course *some* of the things I said caused *microscopic* riots in one or two corners but my dear whenever some *inflated* man at the back interrupted me, about *six* darling blacksmiths who adored me merely *knocked* him on the head and he was *carted* away, well then I said And of *course* Mr. Haddock is *utterly* vinophilous and at the *first* sign of *vinophobia* he *merely* detonates, because he says all this *fictitious* yap about *tea* being a necessity and *beer* being a vice because he says when *tea* came in the *doctors* and everybody said exactly what they 're saying now about *beer*, my dear *sapping* the stamina and all that, and as a *matter* of fact tea 's far more corroding to the national life because *whenever* two women sit down to tea they talk *sickening* scandal and the *most* felonious *gossip* but when two men have a beer they get more and more *Christian*, and I said Well Mr. Haddock *always* says that he *always* believes in *always* doing the *Christian* thing, so you can take it from me that *his* motto is *Better* beer



SCENE—*Draughts Tournament at Village Inn.*
Friend. "WELL, JIM, 'OW DID YOU GET ON?"
Jim. "LOST. DIRTY DOG PLAYED LEFT-'ANDED."



Father. "WHAT DO YOU WANT A NEW CAR FOR? YOU 'VE ONLY HAD THIS A MONTH."
Daughter. "YES—BUT IT 'S KNOWN TO THE POLICE BY NOW."

and *larger* glasses, and as a *matter* of fact his *first* action will be to *abolish* the Licensing Laws, and stop all these *flatulent* interferences with private life and everything, because he says it 's the *most* staggering nonsense that an Englishman 's thought fit to choose his own Government but he *isn't* thought fit to choose his own food and drink, don't you agree darling?

Well my dear they *merely* ululated and by this time I felt *too* rhetorical and satisfactory, my dear I 'd *no* idea that public speaking could give you such a *throb*, well I had *masses* more to say but just then Mr. Haddock arrived, and my dear he had the *loveliest* reception, *all* because of me some of them said, and my dear he was *too* moved when he heard about it and the Taffeta cried on my new frock which was a bit uncalled-for perhaps, of course I *rather* gather that the Chairman didn't exactly *rave* about some of the things I said, but Mr. Haddock said he agreed with every word of it, my dear it 's *all* reported in the Burbleton Post, my dear *Promising* Recruit to *Public* Life, the *only* worry is that some of the other speakers got muddled and *would* keep talking about *Lady Haddock*, my dear *too* embarrassing, however the great thing is that I 'm a *public* woman and the *Joy* of Burbleton and really my dear I *do* begin to think that I 'm *rather* a darling, and so farewell your little fairy Topsy.

A. P. H.

DANEGELD.

KING ETHELRED told the Londoners,
"It 's money I want this day;
Off with your hats and pass them round,
For I 'm in need of a hundred pound
To keep the Danes away.
For they break in here
And they sneak in there,
Kent and Essex and everywhere;
There isn't a spot in this part of the planet,
From east to west, from Tyne to Thanet,
No, never a rood in my wide domains
But it 's Danes, Danes, nothing but Danes!
I 've tried to coax and I 've tried to bluff,
I 've paid them once, and it wasn't enough,
And now they 're painting England red;
But gold 's the diet
To keep them quiet,
Yes, gold 's the stuff,"
KING ETHELRED said.

To ETHELRED wrote the Londoners:
"Reference yours to hand.
We 've paid our taxes heretofore,
But a hundred pound is rather more
Than London's purse can stand.
For it 's squeeze, squeeze,
Cash, if you please,
Taxes and tolls and fines and fees.
Yet if the Dane should come this way"
(Said London Town), "as come he may,
To bully and burn and rob and raid,
And if your Liege would have him paid
Ere Westminster he rudely sacks,
We 'll pay; but not with tithe or tax,
Nor gold and silver paid cash down.
By scowling Thor!
We 'll pay the score
With pike and axe,"
Said London Town.

"RIVIERA WEATHER.

The weather at Nice was sunny to-day with a mixumum temperature of 60 degrees and a minimum one of 45."—*Daily Paper.*

"Mixt mum" seems the right word.

"The memory of Peirson [1757-1781] deserves the finest monument we in Jersey can erect, and we hope that something concrete will be done."—*Channel Islands Paper.*

It sounds dull; won't the money run to bronze or marble?

SIMPLE PEOPLE.

THE BUTLER.

WHEN Mr. and Mrs. Gumble got rich they thought they would like to keep a butler because it was grander, so they put it in the newspaper that they would give a kind home to a really good butler and pay him plenty of wages. And the one they chose was called Hicks, and they chose him because he had been butler to an Earl before, and they didn't know any Earls yet but they wanted to know some, and they thought perhaps Hicks might introduce them to his Earl. And when they asked him he said well perhaps I might if I am satisfied with the place, but you must do everything I tell you because you are both very common indeed.

And Mr. Gumble said well I know we are, but I suppose we can improve if we try.

And the butler said oh yes, but you'll never be anything much because you haven't begun soon enough, still you can be better than you are, and of course people won't mind you being a little common because you are so rich.

So he told Mr. and Mrs. Gumble how to behave properly, and they got on pretty well with it because they tried hard and only had a holiday sometimes when they were alone. And then Mr. Gumble said do you think you could introduce us to the Earl now, we have got on so well that I'm sure we shouldn't offend him, and if he would come and have dinner with us we could put it in the newspaper next day and everybody would see how we are getting on.

So the butler went to the Earl and he said look here will you come and have dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Gumble, they are rather common but they are very rich and it might be a good thing for you.

And the Earl said well how much will they pay me for it, because I want some more money and it would be one way of getting it.

And the butler said well they might be rather shocked if an Earl wanted to be paid for having dinner with them, but I'll tell you what, after dinner you could ask Mr. Gumble if he would lend you some money, and then you could forget to pay him back.

So the Earl said oh very well, and he went and had dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Gumble, and he was very polite to them and told them about QUEEN VICTORIA and KING EDWARD, and Mrs. Gumble said to him well I had no idea that Earls were so nice and I wish I knew some more of them.

And the butler was pouring out some wine, and he said well perhaps you will if you go on learning how to behave, you have done pretty well this evening but now it is time you went away, because gentlemen don't want ladies with them when they are talking together after dinner, of course you are not really a lady but it 's all the same.

And Mrs. Gumble said oh I didn't know, ought I to go to bed now or go and sit in the drawing-room?



"SO THE BUTLER TOLD MR. AND MRS. GUMBLE HOW TO BEHAVE PROPERLY."

And the butler said you had better go and sit in the drawing-room, and when the gentlemen have drunk enough wine they will go there too.

And the Earl said oh I'm afraid I can't do that because I promised some other Earls to go and play at cards with them when I had had enough dinner.

And the butler said to Mr. Gumble yes you can't expect him to stay here all the evening when you are so common, I wonder he has stayed so long.

And Mr. Gumble said well I suppose he wanted to finish his dinner, and Mrs. Gumble said to the Earl well thank you very much for coming, and I am sorry we are so common but we can't help it because we were born like that. And she went away and sat in the drawing-room on a sofa, and she took off her shoes because they were so tight.

Well directly they were left alone together the Earl said to Mr. Gumble do you think you could lend me some money, because I have got a lot of things to pay for and I haven't got enough.

And Mr. Gumble said well how much money? And he said oh the more the better.

So Mr. Gumble said well I might, but when will you be able to pay me back?

And the Earl said oh I don't know, I will some day.

And Mr. Gumble said well I will lend you half-a-crown, and he took one out of his pocket and put it on the table.

Well the Earl was rather disappointed because he had thought of something more like a thousand pounds, but he took the half-crown and said thank you, and then he said well I'm afraid I can't stay any longer, but I haven't drunk quite enough wine yet, would you mind if I took the rest of the bottle away with me?

And Mr. Gumble said no I don't mind, I have got plenty more bottles of wine downstairs, but I didn't know Earls did that.

And the Earl said well some do and some don't, would you mind ringing the bell for the butler? I would myself but I am a little tipsy, and when I am like that I can't walk quite straight.

So Mr. Gumble rang the bell and the butler came, and the Earl said to him order Mr. Gumble's motor-car please to take me away, I have had enough of this and he has only lent me half-a-crown so it isn't worth while stopping any longer.

So the butler ordered the motor-car, and he and the chauffeur carried the Earl down to it with the rest of the bottle of wine and he went away.

Well after some time Mr. Gumble said to the butler I think it is time the Earl paid me back my half-crown, and you had better go and ask him for it.

And the butler said oh how common to ask an Earl to pay you back half-a-crown, I don't think I shall ever be able to do anything with you, you get worse and worse every day.

And Mr. Gumble said well I don't care whether I do or not, I am going to have my half-crown back or I shall have the Earl sent to prison, and he has got a decanter of mine which he



SEASONABLE AMUSEMENT DURING MILD SPELL.

MILLIONAIRE'S SON, WITH HIS OWN REFRIGERATING PLANT, ENJOYS A MONOPOLY IN SNOWBALLS.

has never sent back either, I don't mind him having the wine that was in it but I am not going to let him keep the decanter.

So the butler had to go to the Earl, and the Earl said well you can have the decanter but I can't give you the half-crown because I spent it long ago.

And the butler said well Mr. Gumble will have you sent to prison if you don't.

So the Earl said oh well then I shall have to sell my wife's diamond tiara, I was afraid it would come to that but it can't be helped, perhaps Mr. Gumble would like to buy it for Mrs. Gumble, you might ask him.

Well of course Mr. Gumble could easily have afforded to buy his wife several diamond tiaras if he had wanted to, but he hadn't thought of it before and he bought the Earl's wife's tiara fairly cheap and Mrs. Gumble went to the opera with it. And everybody said how grand she was, and a lot of people thought it would be a good thing to get to know the Gumbles because they seemed so rich.

So after that Mr. and Mrs. Gumble got on very well, and they weren't quite so common as they had been because of the butler telling them how not to be. And the butler said well you must pay me double wages now, because it is all through me that you have got on so well.

And Mr. Gumble said I won't pay you double wages, but I'll tell you what I will do, I will give you the sack. And the butler said what for?

And he said why for keeping on calling me and Mrs. Gumble common, I have had enough of it.

And the butler said well I do call that unfair, and Mr. Gumble said I don't care whether you do or not, we have got on so well now that we can do without you.

So the butler had to go, and the Earl had spent all his money by this time, so they set up a fishmonger's shop between them, and Mrs. Gumble always bought her fish from them because she was sorry for the Earl and she rather liked the butler, but she told them not to tell Mr. Gumble. A. M.

Our Tantalizing Advertisers.

"Readers.—The Bon Marche winter sale commences to-day (Saturday). Bargains. Details next week."—*Provincial Paper.*

The Ideal Caddy.

A Lancashire golfer, who has been resident in Ceylon for a short time, forwards the following translation from Tamil of instructions for the local caddies:—

"Put back grass when master cutting.
Count master's strokes as he is playing.
Wash master's ball if dirty.
No speaking. Not to move when master playing stroke.
Watch master if angry.
If master angry, keep far.
If master use swear words, put wool in ears.
Always know master good, kind, Christian gentleman, with plenty money."

To test their knowledge of English the native students in a Chinese Christian college were asked to give in their own language the meaning of certain phrases, including "Out of sight, out of mind." One of them summed up the situation in two words—"Invisible, insane."

"In social life the gulf that has hitherto separated . . . the lawyer and the scavenger into two distinct classes, having no social communion with each other, must be bridged."
Scots Paper.

Yes, but the old unreasoning prejudice against lawyers dies hard.



MANNERS AND MODES AT ST. MORITZ.

A QUIET CUP OF TEA AT "HANSELMANN'S."

Thomas Hardy, O.M.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY, JANUARY 16, 1928.

THE Nation's Temple claims her noblest Dead;
So to its care his ashes we confide,
But where his heart would choose a lowlier bed
There lay it, in his own loved countryside. O. S.

TRUTH AND FICTION.

THOSE who, like Mr. Punch, are profoundly preoccupied with the dissemination of truth and the vindication of exactitude, have been sadly perturbed by the tone of some of the correspondence on "Novelists' Blunders" in *The Times*. It is nothing short of a calamity that in an age of reason and realism, which has, thanks to Madame MONTESSORI, largely emancipated children from the fetters of the fairy-tale, persons should be found who not only condone but actually encourage novelists to persevere in their misrepresentations of fact.

Here, for example, is Mr. Punch's old friend, Professor ALISON PHILLIPS, himself an historian of great distinction, imploring us "for heaven's sake" to avoid arousing a scientific conscience in our romancers, declaring his conviction that no historian can write a good novel, and (worst of all) affirming that the tendency nowadays is to take novels and novelists far too seriously. As regards his initial appeal, the Professor must surely have forgotten the historic utterance of the poet that "Heaven *lies* about us in our infancy." As for his final affirmation it is a clean contradiction of fact. Rather should it be declared that it is impossible to take novels and novelists too seriously nowadays. The vast majority of people read nothing else, and if writers are encouraged to throw verisimilitude to the winds and wallow in inconsistency and inexactitude the effect on coming generations is likely to make *Mr. Chadband*, that apostle of "Terewth," turn in his grave. While applied science has succeeded, in the happy phrase of *The Musical Times*, in "harnessing the howl," we seem in letters to be within measurable distance of a permanent enslavement to the "howler."

Several of the correspondents of *The Times*, including Professor ALISON PHILLIPS, invoke the example of the great novelists of the past, notably VICTOR HUGO, SCOTT and THACKERAY. Fortunately none of these writers can be reckoned amongst the "best-sellers" of to-day. SCOTT, apart from his diffuseness and prolixity, wandered habitually in a wilderness of anachronisms. The force of his bad example is practically neutralised by his loss of vogue, and his inveterate optimism, like that of BROWNING, another extinct volcano, renders him repulsive to the clear-eyed critics of to-day. But the danger remains, and the hidden hand, which lurks in such utterances as those of Professor ALISON PHILLIPS, needs to be firmly nipped in the bud before it inundates the world of letters with a cataclysm of illimitable inanity.

Various remedies have been proposed, of which one of the most impressive is a University of Veracity, organised and directed by the great newspaper combines. But, whatever form the movement takes, no real progress is possible without the proscription, prohibition and abolition of the fatal word "fiction" as applied to works of imagination, and the substitution of a term or phrase which will impose on their writers the imperative obligations of adhering to truth and consistency.

A Lethal Use for Snow.

"A striking feature of motoring on snowy roads at night is the way in which dark objects, such as pedestrians, can be picked out without difficulty."—*Motoring Journal.*



A LEAP-YEAR PROPOSAL.

M. BRIAND (*to American charmer*). "ALAS, MADAM, I AM PLEDGED TO ANOTHER."

THE MISSING WORD.

Billy-the-Bedlington, the bold bad pup, sat warming his back at the fire, his front legs straddled, as like his master as he could manage, allowing for the lack of pockets, and hands to put into them. As so often degradingly happened, he was picked up and turned on his back on Jane's knee.

"Come and be brushed then, the darling!" said she. "Oh, isn't he lovely underneath? All soft and gray and feathery! Just like—like—oh, *you* know! That stuff that 's like fur that 's feathers. *What* 's its name? I know it as well as can be. Bother! No, don't tell me; I 'll get it in a minute."

There was a tense silence.

"Well, you may tell me then. Hurry up!"

I cleared my throat.

"I know the stuff you mean," I said, "but the name has escaped me for the moment. Begins with B, I think."

"No," said Jane, "it begins with an R. I 'm *positive*."

She clutched her hair.

"I just *had* it and you interrupted me. Do be quiet."

After that the silence hung heavy, except for Billy, who gnawed the hair-brush noisily.

"Do go and ask Uncle," said Jane at last. "He loves telling people things. Oh, here he is. Uncle, we can't think of a word. Do tell us."

"Ha!" said Uncle, at once alertly intelligent. "What word?"

"That 's what we want to *know*. Billy 's underneath," tapping it with the brush. "What 's it like?"

Uncle craned forward and peered at it with disfavour. "Like a balloon," said he, "too tight. You 'll ruin the dog if you go on giving him so much to eat."

Billy rolled an eye at Uncle and silently congratulated himself on the fact that he and he alone knew what had happened to Uncle's new fur glove. He would shake it to death, what was left of it, when he got free from the beastly hairbrush—in that nice smelly corner behind the hen-house.

"No, *no*," Jane wailed. "*Look* at it. It 's not like fur. It 's like that soft *feathery* stuff. Auntie has a sort of boa of it. It 's the name of the feathers I want to know. Uncle, *you* ought to know." For Uncle was a well-informed old gentleman with a passion for living up to and beyond his reputation.

"Well, well," he said, "don't get so excited. It is—— I haven't time to stop just now. Pelmanize, my dear, Pelmanize. Find it for yourself. It will do you more good than if I were to tell you." But there was a wandering look in his eye as he opened the door. "You say your Aunt has one?" he said reflectively and went out. A little later we heard the wardrobe door in Aunt's bedroom squeaking.

"Sh—h!" whispered Jane, "he 's trying to get at it by having a look at the thing."

Billy sat up with one ear outside in and grinned.

"Boo!" said Jane, blowing on his head.

"Marabout!" I shouted.

"*So* it is," said Jane thankfully. "I was sure it began with an M. Don't tell Uncle. He 'd only say he knew it all the time."

The door opened and Uncle's head appeared.

"In passing," he said. "In case you are still at a loss for that word descriptive of your overfed dog's stomach——"

"Yes," inquired Jane eagerly, "what is it?"

"Ostrich!" said Uncle.



Vicar. "HOW MANY?"

New Curate. "LET ME SEE—I WAS ON THE GREEN IN SEVEN, AND OUT IN FOUR MORE—ELEVEN."

Vicar. "THEN I 'VE ONLY GOT THIS FOR A HALF. YOU KNOW, YOU 'RE AN OLDER HAND AT THIS GAME THAN YOU MADE OUT."

THE UNBELIEVABLE PLUMBER.

"CAN you come and look at a pipe?" asked Frances, putting her head in at the study door.

"Nerff!" I said, buried in manuscript.

"The ceiling of the dressing-room is leaking," continued Frances. "*Will* you pay attention?"

"Nerff!" I repeated.

"The thaw has burst a pipe," cooed Frances in a sweet voice.

"My *dear* girl, *how* often have I told you it's the *frost* that——" I began in exasperation and saw her amused eyes. I had been caught. "All right, I'll come."

Upstairs under the roof, a pipe, wriggling among the rafters, was oozing water from a burst gusset.

"It's a plumber's job," I said as I applied a ligature of handkerchief and fashioned a tourniquet out of my braces. "Go and ring up the decorators and order one to be delivered immediately, complete with mate."

In about half-an-hour George arrived, looking, with his bag of tools, like a comic drawing. With him was his mate, Sid, a young man of about eleven winters.

They both inspected the leak with a candle. I waited interestedly in the offing. I had never yet seen a real plumber at work.

"She's leakin'," said George authoritatively.

"Yus," squeaked Sid, confirming the diagnosis with an authority almost but not quite equal to George's—say, as Wimpole Street to Harley Street.

"Ar well, we'll have to mend 'er."

"Yus," squeaked Sid.

An operation having been thus decided upon, Sid extinguished the candle flame between finger and thumb in the dainty manner of a perfect lady picking a male green-fly off a rose. He then turned off the water at the main, while George proceeded to rummage among his scalpels and hammers and bicuspid drills.

I felt I knew what was coming next, for I regularly read all the humorous papers. But I was premature. George actually *found* what he was looking for—an enormous forceps—laid it on the floor and began to look for something else.

This time I was more keenly interested. Together with Sid I peered over George's shoulder, waiting for the failure of his quest. Once more I was disappointed. Once more he unearthed the tool he sought. I gave a sigh of annoyance, and George rebuked Sid for breathing down his neck.

By the time he had initiated and brought to a successful conclusion two further hunts and had actually relighted the candle and got to work, I was quite exasperated.

"Are you a real plumber?" I asked sharply.

"Plummer *an'* gasfitter," he replied with a touch of simple dignity.

This threw me momentarily out of my stride, and all I could do was to say feebly that our gas fitted quite well, thank you, at present, but might have to be let out a trifle in the summer.

He stared at me for a bit but made no comment. Sid giggled suddenly,



CRYING FOR THE MOON.

SIR GODFREY COLLINS, ADDRESSING A SCOTTISH AUDIENCE, ADVOCATED THE REDUCTION OF THE INCOME-TAX TO TWO-AND-SIXPENCE.

a giggle which ran down his arm to his fingers, out into the candle and thence, in the form of a blob of melted wax, on to the back of George's hand, who rapidly dispersed it with his lips, like an oath. It was the most mobile giggle I'd ever encountered.

When the excitement had died down and Sid had been first cuffed and then saved from stepping through a weak spot in the dressing-room ceiling, I spoke to George again.

"Tell me——," I began earnestly.

"Pick up that wench," interrupted George, surprisingly, to Sid.

I looked round in amazement. It seemed unusual sort of advice to give a young fellow of Sid's size. I wasn't sure I approved.

"What wench?" I asked automatically.

"Rrench," remarked George affably as Sid handed it. "Sorter spanner, Sir, you know."

"Ah," I said sagely. "And now tell me—haven't you left anything behind?"

"Wot 'ave I left behind?"

"Er—anything. Haven't you forgotten something you'll have to go back for?"

"Now, I 'aven't," replied George, doctoring the pipe fiercely. "Why should I? I got everything I'm likely to want in my bag. You drop more grease over me 'and, Sid, and I'll tan yer."

"Good heavens," I cried earnestly, "here have I regularly been reading and even writing jokes about imaginary plumbers who forget their tools and have to go back for them, and you, my first real plumber, are going to mend my pipe in one visit."

"Not in one visit, Sir. I'll 'ave to come back and finish off." He evidently saw the pleased look on my face, for he damped it at once. "Not becos I've forgot nothing. No, Sir, I rarely leave a tool behind. I may say, Sir, I don't forget *much*."

I was disappointed in George. He seemed all wrong to me. He went away promising to come and put the final touches next morning. It was to be just a sort of plumbers' varnishing-day, I gathered.

He did not come.

Nor yet the next day.

On the morning of the fifth day I rang up the decorators. I was hailed with delight by a young clerk.

"Certainly, Sir; he'll be round at once. I'm very glad you rang up as we'd mislaid the record of your original order."

"Why didn't you send your man George round then to find out what it was and finish the job at the same time?"

"Well, Sir, he has been trying to, so to speak. Only all the houses in the square look alike to him and he'd forgotten the number of yours. He's been into four already, and had to do a job in each."

I rang off, and greeted George later with great satisfaction. It seemed he had plumber's forgetfulness after all, but on the higher plane. A. A.

"It is hoped that before very long we shall be able to report a real advance in the plans for the enlargement of the churchyard, which is becoming more and more a very grave necessity."—*Parish Magazine.*

While all in favour of brightening our parochial literature we draw the line at *jeux d'esprit* of this description.



Mother. "BUT, TONY DARLING, IF YOU COULDN'T SLEEP WHY DIDN'T YOU LIE QUIET AND JUST THINK?"
Tony. "MUMMY, I DID. I'VE THOUGHT EACH OF MY THOUGHTS TWICE, AND ONE OR TWO OF THEM THREE TIMES."

ODE AGAINST DORA.

As KEATS *might have written it (or possibly not).*

Thou still unrivalled piece of foolishness,
Thou foster-child of Chance and Closing Time,
Monstrous absurdity, who hast the dress
Of male comedians in our pantomime—
What bead-fringed legend haunts about thy shape
Of duty, or of decency, or both,
Dating from England in her hour of war?
What angry men are these? What maidens wroth?
What mad desire to strangle us with tape?
What pipes unlit? How many a fast-closed door?

Cooked articles are sold, but those uncooked
Are vetoed: therefore, ye soft tripes, sell on.
Banana bunches, be ye not unhooked,
We may not buy hard fruits that have no stone.
Bright youth, remember that there is not leave
To purchase sweetmeats when the sweets are there
At public entertainments such as this.
The hour is after eight; yet do not grieve,
Port-wine may be obtained to dope thy miss,
Though not the bon-bons that delight the fair.

O sloppy, sloppy land, that durst not shed
The old restrictions when the facts are new!
And sloppy Dora, still unwearied,
For ever putting off thy last adieu!
More sloppy men, more sloppy, sloppy men,
For ever satisfied to feel annoyed
With lists of regulations long outstrung
Telling us how, and where, and why, and when,
That leave the diner-out perplexed and void,
The empty fag-case and the burning tongue.

Who are these coming to be sacrificed?
At what sad altar, O mysterious bane,
Must all our one-man shopkeepers hold tryst,
Their unpretentious windows dressed in vain?
What little town has never felt thy power,
The solemn tolling of the curfew bell,
The silent streets, heart-desolate and lorn?
And, little town, thy streets for many an hour
Will silent be, and not a soul to sell
Tobacco in them till to-morrow morn.

O Doric shape! Fair dottiness! With brede
Of senseless prohibitions overwrought
That tire the helpless public even to read,
Explaining when things may and mayn't be bought,
To all eternity. Old criminal!
I see thee still, grown wider in the waist,
In darker days, in days of deeper woe,
Mid poor posterity to whom thou sayest
"Dora is life, life Dora"—that is all
The "Yes" we need on earth, and all the "No."

EVOE.

THE UNBELIEVABLE PLUMBER.

"CAN you come and look at a pipe?" asked Frances, putting her head in at the study door.

"Nerff!" I said, buried in manuscript.

"The ceiling of the dressing-room is leaking," continued Frances. "*Will* you pay attention?"

"Nerff!" I repeated.

"The thaw has burst a pipe," cooed Frances in a sweet voice.

"My *dear* girl, *how* often have I told you it's the *frost* that——" I began in exasperation and saw her amused eyes. I had been caught. "All right, I'll come."

Upstairs under the roof, a pipe, wriggling among the rafters, was oozing water from a burst gusset.

"It's a plumber's job," I said as I applied a ligature of handkerchief and fashioned a tourniquet out of my braces. "Go and ring up the decorators and order one to be delivered immediately, complete with mate."

In about half-an-hour George arrived, looking, with his bag of tools, like a comic drawing. With him was his mate, Sid, a young man of about eleven winters.

They both inspected the leak with a candle. I waited interestedly in the offing. I had never yet seen a real plumber at work.

"She's leakin'," said George authoritatively.

"Yus," squeaked Sid, confirming the diagnosis with an authority almost but not quite equal to George's—say, as Wimpole Street to Harley Street.

"Ar well, we'll have to mend 'er."

"Yus," squeaked Sid.

An operation having been thus decided upon, Sid extinguished the candle flame between finger and thumb in the dainty manner of a perfect lady picking a male green-fly off a rose. He then turned off the water at the main, while George proceeded to rummage among his scalpels and hammers and bicuspid drills.

I felt I knew what was coming next, for I regularly read all the humorous papers. But I was premature. George actually *found* what he was looking for—an enormous forceps—laid it on the floor and began to look for something else.

This time I was more keenly interested. Together with Sid I peered over George's shoulder, waiting for the failure of his quest. Once more I was disappointed. Once more he unearthed the tool he sought. I gave a sigh of annoyance, and George rebuked Sid for breathing down his neck.

By the time he had initiated and brought to a successful conclusion two further hunts and had actually relighted the candle and got to work, I was quite exasperated.

"Are you a real plumber?" I asked sharply.

"Plummer *an'* gasfitter," he replied with a touch of simple dignity.

This threw me momentarily out of my stride, and all I could do was to say feebly that our gas fitted quite well, thank you, at present, but might have to be let out a trifle in the summer.

He stared at me for a bit but made no comment. Sid giggled suddenly,



CRYING FOR THE MOON.

SIR GODFREY COLLINS, ADDRESSING A SCOTTISH AUDIENCE, ADVOCATED THE REDUCTION OF THE INCOME-TAX TO TWO-AND-SIXPENCE.

a giggle which ran down his arm to his fingers, out into the candle and thence, in the form of a blob of melted wax, on to the back of George's hand, who rapidly dispersed it with his lips, like an oath. It was the most mobile giggle I'd ever encountered.

When the excitement had died down and Sid had been first cuffed and then saved from stepping through a weak spot in the dressing-room ceiling, I spoke to George again.

"Tell me——," I began earnestly.

"Pick up that wench," interrupted George, surprisingly, to Sid.

I looked round in amazement. It seemed unusual sort of advice to give a young fellow of Sid's size. I wasn't sure I approved.

"What wench?" I asked automatically.

"Rrench," remarked George affably as Sid handed it. "Sorter spanner, Sir, you know."

"Ah," I said sagely. "And now tell me—haven't you left anything behind?"

"Wot 'ave I left behind?"

"Er—anything. Haven't you forgotten something you'll have to go back for?"

"Now, I 'aven't," replied George, doctoring the pipe fiercely. "Why should I? I got everything I'm likely to want in my bag. You drop more grease over me 'and, Sid, and I'll tan yer."

"Good heavens," I cried earnestly, "here have I regularly been reading and even writing jokes about imaginary plumbers who forget their tools and have to go back for them, and you, my first real plumber, are going to mend my pipe in one visit."

"Not in one visit, Sir. I'll 'ave to come back and finish off." He evidently saw the pleased look on my face, for he damped it at once. "Not becos I've forgot nothing. No, Sir, I rarely leave a tool behind. I may say, Sir, I don't forget *much*."

I was disappointed in George. He seemed all wrong to me. He went away promising to come and put the final touches next morning. It was to be just a sort of plumbers' varnishing-day, I gathered.

He did not come.

Nor yet the next day.

On the morning of the fifth day I rang up the decorators. I was hailed with delight by a young clerk.

"Certainly, Sir; he'll be round at once. I'm very glad you rang up as we'd mislaid the record of your original order."

"Why didn't you send your man George round then to find out what it was and finish the job at the same time?"

"Well, Sir, he has been trying to, so to speak. Only all the houses in the square look alike to him and he'd forgotten the number of yours. He's been into four already, and had to do a job in each."

I rang off, and greeted George later with great satisfaction. It seemed he had plumber's forgetfulness after all, but on the higher plane. A. A.

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EVOE.

THE APACHE.

HE shook back a lock of blue-black hair and laughed bitterly, so that a party of Americans in the next coffin stopped drinking to listen.

"My life?" he muttered hoarsely; "Monsieur has the goodness to interest himself in the story of my life? That is too much of condescension. But because I have drunk even more absinthe than is customary, and because Monsieur has the lean hairless face of an Italian primitive, I will tell him the truth."

He lurched, grinning, across the black wood and waited until the scraping of chairs should have died down.

"The story," he began, on a slightly higher note, "is not for all ears; for even a butler, as one of our poets has said, has his destiny and even an Apache his reserves. An Apache! This, Monsieur"—and he flung out a showroom's hand at the black-and-shadow crudities of the *Cercueil du Soûlard*—"this is where I pass my sodden nights. My days—do not ask, Monsieur, what sewer shelters their despair. I would bid you halt at the threshold. When I pass through the sunny streets the women draw their little ones closer and the men stare furtively, whispering. I have risen, Monsieur, not from the gutter, which is a comparatively easy thing, but from the grocery.

"A grocery, even when old-established as was ours, and patronised by the Château, is no place for an ambitious lad. Ambition! I was consumed by it as by a fire. My infancy was spent largely beneath the shop-counter, dreaming and planning and building, as one might say, cafés on Montmartre. They say that genius is always lonely, and I believe it. I remember the struggle I had with my father and all the arguments I found to support me in my desire: the good pay, for instance, and regular hours; the enormous demand for blue-black hair; and best of all I remember that triumphant day on which my father, won over at last, gave his consent. My younger brother could have the grocery and I was to be an Apache."

He paused dramatically, choking back his emotion. There were also one or two late-comers at the door.

"From that hour," he continued when they had settled down, "I never looked back; and there was much to overcome. Monsieur can figure to himself the difficulties of the training in a small country village. Unable to serve an apprenticeship with any of the more famous masters, I was forced to take a correspondence course: the *Fifteen Steps to the Abyss*, by Lucien and Guy de Retz; it was modelled, I believe, on a famous English work of which Monsieur has doubtless heard: the *Help Yourself* of Monsieur SMILES. There were fifteen lessons, all of an extraordinary stiffness, above all for a lad in my circumstances. The second chapter, for example, deals with the Slink, the svelte and crouching swagger so essential to the Apache; and I can remember even now the words of the opening sentence: 'The last four vertebræ,' it ran, 'should droop at an angle of forty-five degrees, giving an effect at once dashing and depraved,'"



"WELL, I MUST SAY I DON'T THINK MUCH OF YOU AS A LINGUIST. YOU DIDN'T UNDERSTAND A WORD THEY WERE SAYING."

"WELL, THEY DIDN'T UNDERSTAND A WORD I WAS SAYING EITHER—SO THERE."

Now it may be easy enough in Paris for a lad of sixteen to practise depraving his vertebræ in public, but at Villeneuve-les-Moutons he can't so much as shrug his shoulders without having half the good wives of the place advising cow-ointment. Yes, Monsieur, and applying it."

A shudder zigzagged swiftly down his spine and two of the Americans ordered cocktails in sympathy.

"And there were others almost as hard. The Sardonic Ogle for example. I do not know whether Monsieur has ever practised this accomplishment on a Breton shepherdess, but I can assure him that the consequences are even more unpleasant than one would imagine. Especially if her favoured swain is hard behind you with a pitchfork. But nevertheless at the end of the year I had completed the course and was able to write a letter of thanks to its director and tell him that, as advertised in the prospectus, I had indeed earned while learning. Which was true enough, for they paid me five francs for the letter.

"So with that five francs I set out for Paris, where my director got me an entry to the audition for the new *Vieux Tombeau*. There were forty of us at that audition, all sardonic, all drunk, all blue-black-haired; and Monsieur will comprehend my triumph when I tell him that I was among the chosen ten. I began my duties at eleven that night, and when I left a year later I took with me a reference that got me into the *Moulin Vert*. See, Monsieur, I have it still—the first trophy."

And with that he produced a sheet of notepaper, torn along the folds and so thickened with grease as to be completely undecipherable. "'Thoroughly depraved,'" he murmured, spreading it out on the coffin-lid before him, "'morose and punctual.' Morose and punctual!"

The Apache laughed bitterly and shook back a lock of blue-black hair.

"Strange, is it not," he asked, "that I, the *Fléau des Fortifs*, should treasure a reference from the *Vieux Tombeau*? (Monsieur is generous.) But so it is in this most unaccountable of worlds. And after all," he concluded, folding the trophy to the size of his pocket-book, "was not NAPOLEON'S most precious title *Le Petit Caporal*?"

Another Impending Apology.

From "A Day with the Shyest King in Europe":—

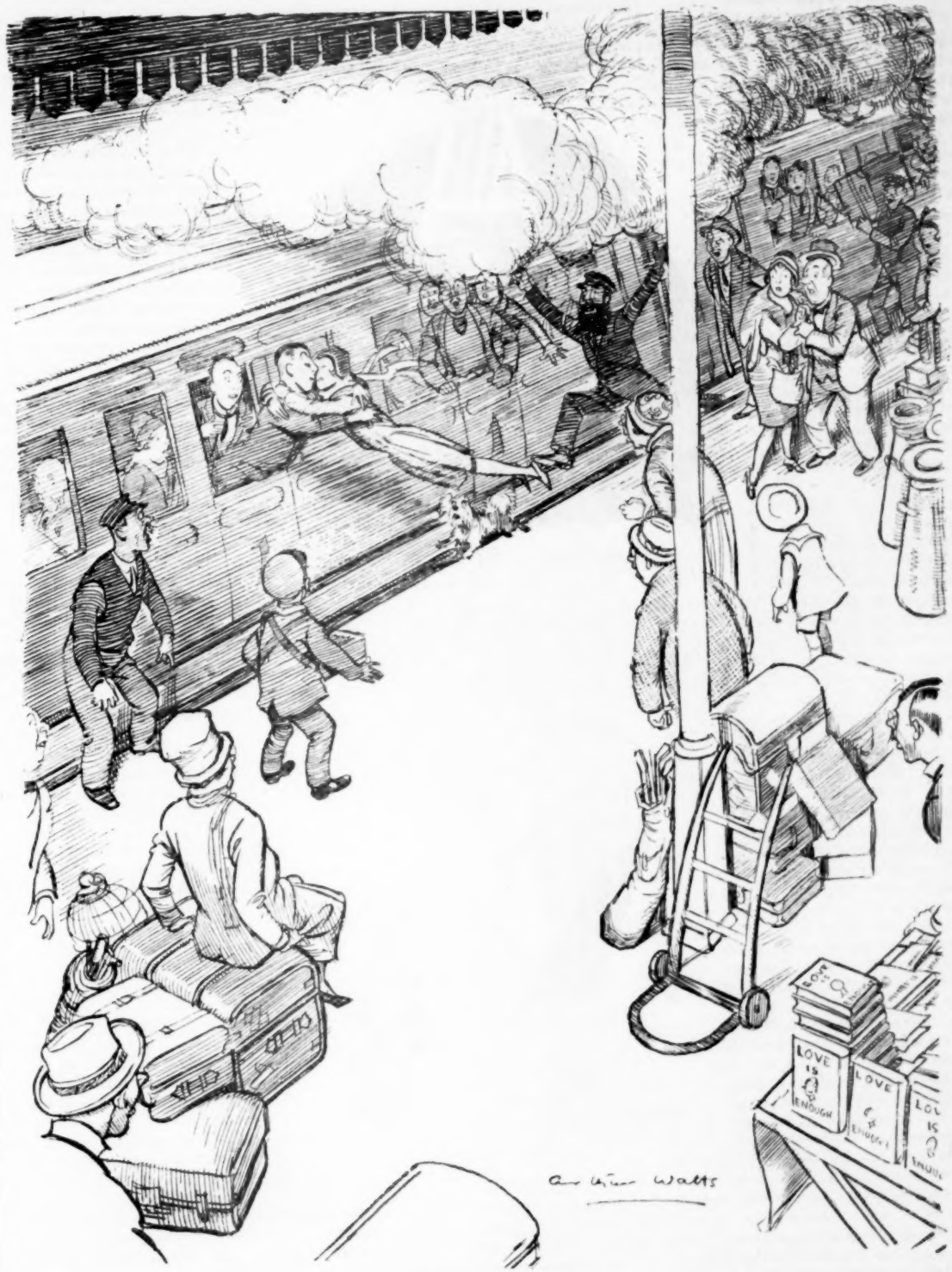
"A thinker, an intellectual in a position to discuss intelligently with the foremost scientists of the day the most obtuse problems. . . . a man with a heart almost too big for his body."—*Daily Paper.*

Compare the description of another monarch in *The Gondoliers*:—

"That King, although no one denies
His heart was of abnormal size,
Yet he 'd have acted otherwise
If he had been acuter."

"—— PIER.
ROLLER SKATING—Three sessions daily."
Isle of Wight Paper.

Only three? There were more when we tried our luck there.



INFATUATION.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE ADDING MACHINE" (COURT).

SIR BARRY JACKSON has done well to put Mr. ELMER RICE'S *The Adding Machine* into his Court repertory and so give the general public some idea of the expressionist experiments which are engaging the excited attention of the revolutionary theatre of the Continent and the serious theatre of America.

MR. RICE'S whole-hogging pessimism and savage contempt for the human species are well served by this new technique of deliberate violence and crudity. His *Mr. Zero* has for twenty-five years been adding up figures at the same desk in the same store, tortured, for much of that time, by the naggings and suspicions of the terrible female that fate has dealt him in the marriage lottery. He is, of course, rather a symbol than a person, for expressionism does not, like the traditional tragedy or tragi-comedy, deal with the conflict of human characters in action, but presents rather the states of mind, the secret whirling thoughts of dehumanised abstractions.

By a rather unlikely departure from routine he kills his "boss," who (as he protests) has given him notice, not in a businesslike way but with an embroidery of blather. A jury of twelve fellow-slaves, unimpressed by this reasonable defence, sends him to the chair. He wakes in the cemetery, makes acquaintance with a highly-religious young man who, about to carve a leg of lamb, had instead cut his mother's throat; borrows from him a cigarette to keep off the mosquitoes; is translated to the Elysian Fields, where he has a deferred understanding with his fellow-slave of the desk, *Daisy*, who had blown out the gas to join him; leaves this pleasant place because he is shocked by the fact that nobody is objecting to the two of them staying there unmarried, and wanders off to "another office" (in Hell), where the Riddle of the Universe is explained to him by a cheerily-cynical manager with a stock-whip who sends him out on another life-cycle to a slavery appreciably worse than the last—for that is the System, and that his eternal place in it. Helpful fellow, our author!

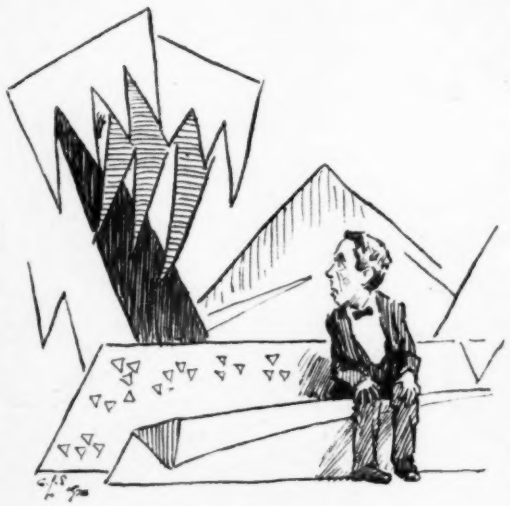
This being a perfectly fair account of the bizarre matter, why does the experiment hold our interested attention? Because no doubt Mr. RICE is very much in earnest, sees an aspect of our rather unsatisfactory civilisation, and of his unhappy countrymen suffering under it, with passionately distorted vision; because certain devices of the new technique are, when new to us, in themselves astonishingly effective. The interminable monologue poured out of her mean soul by *Mrs. Zero* upon the silent *Zero* in his crooked bed in the crooked apartment-house somehow conveys more sense of the misery of it all than the normal exchanges of a bitter dialogue in a normal scene; and the darkened court, with its high triangular white cage containing the maundering prisoner uttering his confused thoughts before his silent judges, has a very definite macabre power.



A BLACK OUTLOOK FOR THE PRISONER.
Mr. Zero . . . . . MR. FRANK RANDELL.

Perhaps also eye and ear are so battered by the combined assault of designers, electricians and noise-makers rioting in an orgy of abandoned modernism that the critical faculty is momentarily numbed. It is only afterwards that we ask ourselves if the author has said anything that he couldn't have said as well through the normal medium of ordered plot, coherent speech and developed individual character, and whether, in the new technique, oddity, novelty and violence do not serve to conceal contradictions and crudities of thought and errors of taste in joke-making. Clearly, however, here is an experiment very well worth seeing and judging for oneself. I can promise that no one need be bored.

The *décor* provided by Mr. HUGH OWEN is the apotheosis of the cock-eyed alternating with the rigidly geometrical. I should like to be quite certain he had not his tongue in his cheek. The unhappy characters did their hair at triangular mirrors, ate out of pyramidal bowls, looked out of rhomboidal windows, cherished geometrical aspidistras. They did not wear triangular trousers and skirts, the men indeed appearing in the Elysian Fields in the rather jaded livery of Soho restaurants. Expressionism, in short, presents certain difficulties to sticklers for consistency!



ADMIRING THE VIEW.
MR. ZERO IN THE ELYSIAN FIELDS.

The principals, Mr. FRANK RANDELL (*Zero*), Miss CARRIE BAILLIE (*Mrs. Zero*), Miss DOROTHY TURNER (*Daisy*), Mr. LAURENCE OLIVIER (the young matricide), surrendered themselves self-sacrificingly to the producer, Mr. W. G. FAY. It seemed to me that logically he should have insisted on some more radical conventionalising of voice and gesture. Mr. OLIVIER alone established such a convention successfully. I am philistine enough to hope that Expressionism of this particular type, having duly cocked its snook, will disappear round the corner. But the gesture itself is lively and diverting and should be stimulating. T.

EMOTIONAL GASTRONOMY.

SOME twelve months have now elapsed since a learned professor discovered that, whereas we have been accustomed to consider that only through the medium of sight, touch or hearing are we affected to laughter or tears, yet the same results are attainable through the sense of taste, and that by the scientific development of the culinary art the ingredients of our meals may be so blended as to stimulate our emotions in either direction. It may be argued that over-indulgence in certain condiments, such as mustard and cayenne pepper, has always produced tears; but as these represent a purely reflex action resulting from irritation of the lachrymatory organs and have no connection with our emotions, the professor's premiss holds good.

Restaurant-proprietors, wine-merchants and well-known hostesses have not been slow to take advantage of this new discovery. A glance at the advertisements in the newspapers will at once give an inkling of the wide possibilities open to the modern student of gastronomy:

GRAND UTOPIA RESTAURANT.
THE MOST AMUSING DINNER IN LONDON!
LAUGHS WITH EVERY COURSE!

The Dioner Critic of *The Evening Post* says: "The Utopia Cuisine provides more merriment to the square meal than any I know."

TIGER'S POPULAR CAFÉ.
JOINTS AND JOLLITIES.

Try our Side-splitting Sandwiches and roar yourself hoarse for 3½*d.*

Commencing next Monday:
"TIGER'S TOMATES FARCIES."

MESSRS. SPARKLE AND BODY,
WINE MERCHANTS.

We have just received a large consignment of a delicious light humour from our Vineyards in Spain.

THE WITTIEST WINE ON THE MARKET!
YOU SIP CERVANTES AT HIS BEST!

Restaurant-proprietors would, however, be well advised to recognise certain difficulties which are exemplified by the following letter in the Press:—

"It would surely not be asking too much to request that restaurants should allot separate rooms for the consumption of different types of meals, and so preclude the possibility of such an experience as I recently had at a well-known establishment. With great care and after a personal consultation with the producer I had ordered a sentimental little dinner, working up to a particularly tender passage in the *entremets*, during which I intended to put a vital question to the lady I had invited to dine with me. Judge therefore of my discomfiture to find that the next table was occupied by a bachelor party, who were served first with "Purée à la Robey" and then with a "Lobster Salad Charlie Chaplin." The unrestrained laughter of the party entirely ruined the effect of my dinner and rendered the *entremets motif* abortive."

We read too of a distressing accident at the Grand Champagne Supper-Bar, where a youth was choked by his third helping of a "thriller" called "Devilled Bones on Horseback."

Also there are traps for the unwary reporter in this new discovery, as witness the pitfalls into which the writer of the following has slipped:—

"SIR JOSHUA BLOCK ENTERTAINED.

The dinner given last night to Sir Joshua Block was a signal success both in conception and production. The courses ran through the whole gamut of emotions. After a pathetic *purée* there followed a strong fish piece, and, working up through an *entrée* which reduced many guests to tears, we came to the joint, which was a real tragedy. Thereafter our feelings were gradually let down until the dinner ended with a savoury which was a sheer farce, eliciting roars of laughter all round the table."



Butterfly (in over-exacting mood). "THAT STILL WON'T DO, JACQUELINE. THE PARTING IS NOT ABSOLUTELY IN THE CENTRE EVEN NOW."
Exhausted Maid. "ZAT EES SOON PUT RIGHT. MADAME HAS MERELY TO KEEP HER HEAD SLIGHTLY ON ONE SIDE."

THE PROFESSIONS OF MICHAEL.

SINCE he was three months old it has been a nice problem what Michael's profession should be. Mary suggested the Chinese method, giving the child a choice of implements and watching the trend of his unconscious mind. We began by offering him the choice between a mouth-organ and a hammer. We considered it better to begin with broad distinctions.

Well, he didn't exactly choose. He picked up the mouth-organ with one hand and the hammer with the other. As soon as I could make myself heard I pointed out to Mary that we seemed to have arrived at an *impasse*.

When we talked the experiment over in cold blood I said the only conclusion I could draw was that Michael was destined to be a star performer in a jazz band. Mary said that would never do, because by the time Michael was of age syncopated music would be out of fashion, and it was no use apprenticing him to a dying trade, even if he had genius enough to sing its swan-song.

So after this we decided to lie doggo, watching meanwhile the trend of Michael's unconscious mind.

By the time he was five I had resolved to keep a note-book exclusively for the subject, because no normal memory could keep abreast of Michael. At one period he aspired fairly consistently to be an ice-cream vendor. Mary was none too pleased, but I pointed out that all the best people were going into the catering line nowadays. She said it wasn't that which worried her, it was the financial side of the question, in view of the nature of the English summer. Now if it had been hot chestnuts. . . .

We were, however, happily saved from having to make a decision on this point, for soon, owing to someone's negligence, Michael happened to get a couple of hours alone among the flower-beds. As I surveyed results I felt that he was obviously cut out to be a jobbing-gardener.

By the age of six Michael had elected to be, among other things, an astronomer, a stoker, a window-cleaner, a bus-conductor and a layer of tar-macadam. Then one day he found his way into my study and directed his attention to the typewriter.

My first sensation was dismay; then my glance fell on the piece of paper he had used, still in the machine. I reproduce evidence of his unconscious mind:—

£ £££££ ££££££££££££££££££££££££
%%%%%%%%%% %%%%%% %% %%%%% % %%%%%

Mary said that might be the instinct for decoration, but I said that even so one couldn't overlook the significance of his choice of those particular symbols in preference to, say, "?" or "&," which in my opinion were infinitely more decorative. There followed:—

. . -7263548764857625 453 6 28374659870928
53895768 7 £££££87623££
827365423453429 8 ££87645328 £
87362 -;] . 209675 78576
£££££7263548576
10

Obviously, as I pointed out, an instinctive reaching forth towards big figures. The next and most important stage I must give in full, for in it Michael's unconscious is positively rampant:—

%%%%%%
£££876 @@@@@@ 100% ---------- £87600 . . .
99000£ @@ 1000%% ------ £££99000000
. . . . . ^ ^]]]] ---
£100 @ 10%---------! ! ! ???

"Note," I said to Mary, "the plausibility of these admittedly fictitious results, calculated to deceive all but the most wary. But it is the last entry which to my mind fixes irrevocably his vocation. The impatience of his genius refuses to deal with anything so unremunerative as the ten per cents. . . ."

But need I go further? Michael is destined for the realms of high finance.

THE BLESSINGS OF FOG.

[Fog is now alleged to be beneficial to vegetation of every kind.]

NEVER again, a vociferous pessimist,
Will I complain with a querulous frown
When in November a noxious and messy mist
Comes to enshroud this unfortunate town;
Even on days when the truculent taximan
Urges his client to get out and walk
I will not follow the line which that waxy man
Takes in his talk.

Fog-bound, I 'll bear my climatic imprisonment
Calmly, convinced that my garden will be
Blest with additional floral bedizenment,
Thanks to the gloom that is smothering me,
Deeming it truly a promise of glory, a
Matter for joy when the world at its work
Seems to be merely a phantasmagoria
Moving in murk.

Wholly content, I will raise a *Te Deum* up,
Smiling while others continue to foam—
"This is the stuff that will ginger the geum up,
This will encourage the rambler to roam;
All through the summer (presuming there be any)
I shall be ever on ecstasy's brink,
Noting the splendour of poppy and peony,
Pansy and pink.

"Nor are the fumes that make many a party choke
Bad for the flora I 'm meaning to eat;
They are a wonderful aid to the artichoke,
They are a subsidy given to beet,
They are a part of the diet the early kale
(Highly eccentric) apparently craves,
They—very likely—are giving the curly kale
Permanent waves."

Thinking of joys that will come to me later on
I shall refuse to be other than gay,
And, after putting my new respirator on,
Placidly face the affairs of the day;
What if the fog undermines my virility?
I shall be happy, though nearly half-dead,
Looking, in spite of the low visibility,
Six months ahead.

"The wintry weather has brought golf to a stand-still generally in Britain, except in a few favoured spots which have escaped the blizzard. Golfers who have managed to reach their clubs have been unable to use the courses."—*Scots Paper.*

Some again who have managed to reach their courses have been unable to use their clubs.

From the agenda of a Farmers' Co-operative Association Meeting:—

"Reconsideration of Notice of Motion (postponed in 1924 for three years) to write down the Ordinary hares of the Association to £1."
New Zealand Paper.

In New Zealand, agriculturists are apparently feeling the effects of mechanical coursing.



MR HAVELOCK WILSON, C.H., C.B.E.

He knows the men who stoke and steer
His "Argo" of the Labour Line,
Best of the fleet for sound design,
Towards her port, "Imperial Peace;"
Knows how to handle all the gear,
And when and where the trade-winds blow;
Takes orders from no Union boss,
And isn't like to give a toss
For dragons, such as COOK *and Co.,*
That guard the Golden Fleece.

MR. PUNCH'S PERSONALITIES.—LX.



The Youth. "DID YOU NOTICE THE DRIVER?"
The Flapper. "NO—HE WASN'T MY *TYPE*."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

IT is easy where biography is concerned for the ironic approach to degenerate into irrelevant carping, and I welcome with particular pleasure the sympathetic mood of Miss IRIS BARRY'S *Portrait of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu* (BENN). Neither satirist nor sentimentalist, Miss BARRY has produced not only an appealing study of her somewhat difficult subject but a telling background of the surface graces and subcutaneous barbarism of her period. These last are cleverly indicated in the attitudes and actions of Lady MARY'S circle; the form of Miss BARRY'S book—an unostentatiously documented narrative—forbidding any critical discursion on the times. The three motherless daughters of that hearty rake the Duke of KINGSTON, were naturally rather eclipsed in girlhood; but MARY, the toast of the Kit-Cat Club, the ingenuous correspondent of Mistress ANNE WORTLEY, had the makings of a figure from the beginning, and her elopement only anticipates an enfranchisement that might have come more happily otherwise. Her spell of fame at the Court of GEORGE I., as ambassadress to Turkey, in town again, and at Twickenham as the high priestess of inoculation and the friend of POPE, her domestic and social misfortunes and her exile at the age of fifty, are handled with vivacity and compassion. Her farewell to another social down-and-out, the old Duchess of MARLBOROUGH; her pathetic and half-successful efforts to queen it in Venice; her wholly successful endeavours, as mistress of an Italian country-house, to sell admirable "English" butter to appreciative Brescian neighbours—these, and her *revenant's* appearance in the changed and curious London of her married daughter, display the happiest use of the best material in her life. Miss BARRY'S last chapters indeed are so good that I could have wished them extended at the expense of her slightly too *adagio* opening.

A sumptuous folio that comes to us from Messrs. EYRE AND SPOTTISWOODE—*A. J. Munnings, R.A.—Pictures of Horses and English Life*—will be a delight to all horse-lovers and an eye-opener to those who think of this artist as a horse-painter only. The truth is that Mr. MUNNINGS can paint most things, as anyone can see who looks at his "New Year Morning in a Chelsea Studio," his riverside studies and many other pictures in which no horse appears. It is odd that a man with such a wide range should occasionally lapse into repetition; there is a slight similarity in the arrangement of some of the hunting portraits, the same lighting, the same view point and one particular gnarled tree that seems to follow Mr. MUNNINGS about. There is, however, no suggestion of this in the "War Pictures of the Canadians in France." In these vivid sketches, done on the spot, all schemes for a formula or recipe for a picture have been forgotten; and it is rather a pity that these subjects could not have been included among the coloured plates. Mr. MUNNINGS is a realist; his work can be understood by the ordinary individual without the aid of a modern art critic to explain the artist's intentions. This has no reference to the admirable introduction by Mr. LIONEL LINDSAY, which is both welcome and well done and gives many interesting details of the artist's life and training. Mr. MUNNINGS' dexterity is amazing and a constant delight to those of us who still admire

this quality. There have been other famous horse-painters, but surely no painter of horses has ever produced better figures and landscapes. Considering the size of the original paintings, the colour reproductions are on the whole good and go to make an exhilarating book full of brave scenes and open air, the work of a dashing artist. Go it, MUNNINGS!

I can't explain it, but I for one
Can always read, if it 's deftly done,
A story of wealth from the Spanish Main,
Of how it was won and lost again,
Or hidden with cryptic clues that stir
The heart of the modern adventurer.

This is the stuff of the genuine brand
Which JOHN TREVENA has brought to hand
(Through CHAPMAN AND HALL) in *Tupet's Treasure*—
Excellent reading with generous measure
Of pearls and rubies and priceless plate,
Gold in ingots and pieces of eight.

First he tells how the hoard was won—
Pirates, cutlasses, decks that run
With gore of hidalgoes, scuttled ships
And a cave to finish; and so he skips
To a later time when memory fails
And the thing lives only in old wives' tales.

But someone suspects that the tales are true
And the quest for the treasure begins anew;
Rival parties get on the scent—
A cut-throat gang and a sporting gent—
And the sportsman finds it, I 'm glad to state—
Bullion, jewels and pieces of eight.

Captain REGINALD BERKELEY has been doing some sane thinking about the technique of plays for broadcasting, and offers us *Machines* (HOLDEN) as an illustration of his thesis—"the art of writing for the microphone lies in thinking in verbal images," with appropriate illustrating noises ranging from "music strepitant and disturbing" to shuffling of feet. Here is a well-contrived play of swift dramatic action, in which an idealist operative, eager to free his fellows from the domination of the machines by making them active partners in industry, is offered the money for his organisation by the daughter of the President of the Imperial Industries Federation, who also (and perhaps a little unaccountably) becomes his mistress. So far as one can judge from the printed text this play should "come over" well. It was in fact rejected by the B.B.C. as too controversial, and I think the author fairly makes his point that, as serious drama is essentially the conflict of ideas, you cannot eliminate the controversial element in plays dealing with living issues; and that the B.B.C. seems chiefly concerned for the susceptibilities of its more comfortable listeners. On the other hand he certainly does not give due weight to the fact that a universal medium such as broadcasting presents much more difficult and delicate problems of censorship than, say, a journal with a limited and sophisticated constituency. However, I think Captain BERKELEY wins this round on points.



Country Lady (pausing before very select milliner's). "THESE LONDON SALES ARE WONDERFUL, MY DEAR. NOW LOOK AT THIS SHOP—PRACTICALLY SOLD OUT."

In the last lap of the reign of her namesake monarch, *Victoria Tresidder* was a somewhat sub-human little girl who "classified humanity according to the impression they made upon her nostrils," an accomplishment for which her parents' residence in Malta undoubtedly afforded her exceptional scope. The petty vulgarities of garrison life and the seduction and suicide of an Irish governess as they impinged on *Victoria's* consciousness occupy the first chapters of *The Earthen Lot* (CONSTABLE); then the child's mother dies and she is sent home to her grandfather. *Admiral Tresidder*

is unfortunately a speculating imbecile, his second wife, *Miriam*, a low-grade Oriental, *Aunt Sophy* a pernicketty old maid, and *Aunt Verena* an erotico-religious maniac. A school for officers' daughters, although envisaged with the same jaundiced eye as *Victoria's* other surroundings, provides relief from the recriminatory atmosphere of the *Admiral's* household and on his death offers a post for *Victoria*. She subsequently marries *Colin Dallas*, a disingenuous youth who has cut the Navy in favour of the Hallé orchestra. Manchester, with the Free Trade Hall and Victoria Park, all considerably blacker than local industry has actually painted them, provide a background for *Victoria's* conjugal infelicities; and the Great War finds her awaiting an unwelcome child and polishing up a rusty sword for the obviously non-combatant *Colin*. I gather that Miss BRADDA FIELD has borrowed her book's title from *Omar Khayyám* to express the predestined misery of mankind in general and her cast in particular. Her pessimism strikes me, I must own, as the note of inexperience. A maturer apprehension of the harshness of life is usually qualified, in a novelist at any rate, by a finer sense of proportion and a more lively consideration for the feelings of the reader.

The great god Pan, who is not nearly so dead as legend reports, pays periodical visits to England. The Elizabethans knew him, and SHELLEY and KEATS and SWINBURNE; and he was here about thirty years ago, if I remember rightly, when he made the acquaintance of MAURICE HEWLETT, ARTHUR MACHEN and others. Now Lord DUNSANY has discovered him, or rather his tracks, in the little village of Wolding, on the North Downs (diocese of Wealdenstone), where he appeared in the unlikely guise of the *Reverend Arthur Davidson*, vicar of that parish. His incumbency, it seems, was short; at any rate it came to an abrupt conclusion; but he had time to join the *Duffins* in matrimony, and the fruit of their wedding, though duly baptized by the *Reverend Pan's* orthodox successor, was filled with his influence. *Tommy Duffin* made himself a pipe of reeds and used to wander on Wold Hill at sundown, playing strange tunes which came he knew not whence. The girls of the village followed that seductive music, and then the lads, and at last the older folk, until all but the Vicar, *Elderick Anwrel*, had received *The Blessing of Pan* (PUTNAM). It is *Anwrel's* long struggle against the lure and his heroic efforts to bring his straying flock back to the fold that make Lord DUNSANY'S story. And, for all its fantasy, it seems, as one reads it, to be a true story; for Lord DUNSANY has the art of making the impossible seem actual. There is both humour and humanity in it, and it is instinct with the beauty of wild nature, intensely felt and exquisitely described. Lord DUNSANY, himself Pan's ardent votary, has written a strangely attractive book, in prose which has the magic of poetry.



Captain of the Rovers. "'ERBERT, W'Y CAN'T YER KEEP UP WIV THE UVVER FORWARDS?"

'Erbert. "'CAUSE THEY 'ADN'T TER BLOW UP THE BLINKIN' BALL AFORE THE GAME STARTED, 'AD THEY?"

Of all the girls I have met this winter—in fiction—I count Miss M. F. PERHAM'S *Josie Vine* (HUTCHINSON) as the most natural, most original, most real and most endearing. I was enchanted with her at our first meeting when she was a long-legged child climbing in and out of the windows of her somewhat unconventional home; enchanted when she ran away with her brother *Frank* to London and they set up house-keeping together, and enchanted through all the flowering and withering of her love for the ultra-sophisticated *Arthur*. Indeed, though I ought to have admired the fidelity to life with which Miss PERHAM refused to provide her with a happy issue out of all her afflictions, I was by the end of the story much too fond of *Josie* to bear to see even her creator, for the best of reasons, dealing harshly with her. There are a great many characters in this book, and all, save perhaps *Arthur's* wife, *Verena*, the Society beauty, are utterly convincing; even *Arthur*, given his upbringing to account for the worst in him and his fundamental fineness to account for the best, is a comprehensible mixture. But it is *Josie* herself, with her ignorant idealism and her young courage, who makes the book, and a very good book too.

Miss KATHARINE TYNAN, in her latest story, is mainly concerned with three ladies, two of whom were the "uncrowned queens" of the old-world villages of King's Riding and Abbot's Riding; the third was *Mrs. Heseltine, The Respectable Lady* (COLLINS). Faithful adherents of Miss TYNAN will guess that *Mrs. Heseltine's* claims to respectability were open to challenge, and that she was the subject of considerable gossip in the Ridings before the mystery surrounding her was cleared. Of the "uncrowned queens" I am a devoted subject, but I confess that my loyalty to one of them was slightly shaken when she said, "And yet I am going to marry a very noble gentleman, the man upon whom I could confer felicity. It is so wonderful to confer felicity." This slight shock, however, did not seriously disturb my enjoyment of a story which, if old-fashioned in style, is always humane and sympathetic.

Mrs. ELINOR MORDAUNT has evidently a keen appreciation of the *genius loci* peculiar to Malaya and New Guinea and the other remote places with which she is on familiar terms; and she uses it effectively—if perhaps a thought too flamboyantly—in those of the stories in her volume, *And Then——?* (HUTCHINSON), which have these regions for their setting. The local colour is, on the whole, the strongest point of most of the tales; though in one—"The Lost Island"—it is pleasant to note a divergence from the usual blend of magazine sentiment and the cruder passions which seems nowadays to be the accepted convention among writers of South Sea fiction. She is least successful in the stories staged in waterside London, of which the rather elusive atmosphere seems to have escaped her.

CHARIVARIA.

The Weekly Dispatch mentions that Mr. BALDWIN recently lost his way during a walk in Worcestershire. Yet he persists in dispensing with Lord ROTHERMERE'S guidance.

An artist-designer is reported as saying that women like their attire to be witty. They have certainly made brevity the soul of it.

M. POINCARÉ'S conciliatory handling of the Alsatian question is expected by fanciers to have the effect of counteracting the growing prejudice against these animals.

TROTSKY has been banished from Moscow to Russia Turkestan. A kind of Turkey-Trotsky.

In this connection a contemporary states that there are two Russian lunatics who think they are TROTSKY. It does not say which one of them is right.

LENIN, we are told, thought STALIN too rough. TROTSKY also considers him rather rude and ungentlemanly.

Latin-American opinion would appear to be against the view that the United States of North America have the right to put the "rag" in Nicaragua.

In signing a protest against the imperialist policy of the United States Government, Professor EINSTEIN is understood to have been actuated by the view that it is incompatible with his theory of relativity.

Sir FRANK DYSON has explained in a lecture that the movement of the tides is lengthening the day by a thousandth part of a second each century. Many people have remarked lately that the days seem to be drawing out.

A Liberal paper has drawn attention to a photograph of Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL smoking a cigar with the band on. In Abingdon Street there is rubbing of hands over a disclosure which, it is thought, cannot fail to prove embarrassing to the Government.

At the Carlton Club, on the other hand, the feeling is that the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER'S regrettable indiscretion does not necessarily compromise the Cabinet as a whole.

The writer of an article on agriculture suggests that a farmer might economise in labour if he gave his time to farmwork instead of to the "ordinary" in market towns. An objection to this is that it would necessitate his sending a representative to do his grumbling.

Exception is taken in the Press to the mailed-fist methods of the G.P.O. in dealing with telephone subscribers. It should be remembered, however, that the G.P.O.'s occupation depends upon the mailed fist.

Competitors training for the mouth-organ championship are said to have given up meat, alcohol and tobacco. The rigorous self-denial demanded of a mouth-organist deters many of them from attempting the highest honours.



TAPPERTIT FANCIES HIMSELF.
MR. PHILIP SNOWDEN AT SALTAIRE.

Señor CAPABLANCA is seeking another match with Dr. ALEKHINE for the World's Chess Championship, and it is thought that he will not again allow a younger and more active opponent to rush him off his feet in the first few months.

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE has been photographed while enjoying a nap on his voyage home from Brazil. He must be careful not to be caught napping on the rising tide of Liberalism.

The Daily Mail describes some of the serious accidents that might happen to anybody in the home. But isn't it just this element of risk that gives a zest to the home-life?

Women are said to be learning jujitsu in increasing numbers, but the catch-as-catch-can style is still in evidence at the sales.

The promotion of a famous *chef* from a Chevalier to an Officer of the Legion of Honour is regarded as the equivalent of another bar to his *cordon bleu*.

A Manxman's appeal in *The Times* for a revival of the Manx language, which is all but extinct, reawakens regrets that Sir HALL CAINE elected to write in English.

Roman buildings in the form of an "L" have been excavated in Wales. Contemporary Welsh buildings were of course in the form of "Ll."

Mr. A. E. HAILWOOD, the Independent Conservative candidate at the Southend and the Northampton by-elections, has decided to contest the Faversham seat. He seems determined to march triumphantly from one defeat to another. Let us hope that this exercise will rid him of some more adipose deposit.

There is happily no truth in the rumour that the foot-and-mouth disease has spread to the haggis moors in the Highlands.

A Canadian farmer now in England says that a servant-girl in his country is looked after like a daughter. It is only fair to point out that a servant-girl in our own country often treats her mistress like one of the family.

A daily paper remarks that there are too many burglaries in this country. It does not state, however, what is the ideal number to have.

A party of ping-pong players is to represent Great Britain abroad. We understand that they are good all-round athletes, and, if the necessity arises, will be able to muster a very formidable halma team.

A girl of six has taken part in an angling competition. The account she gave of her efforts was not very striking, but of course her little arms will stretch in time.

"Mr. —— said employers should be discouraged who set foolish questions for juniors, such as, 'Who are Lenin and G. B. Shaw?'"
Provincial Paper.

Nobody under the rank of judge should be allowed to put questions like that.

I AND WINSTON.

[His own Budget balanced within one-sixteenth of one per cent. of the estimates which he drew—a feat, if he might be permitted to say so, without parallel in the financial history of the country. . . . There had never been in the history of the country a more gigantic failure than the failure of Mr. CHURCHILL at the Treasury. . . . Out of £1 of national expenditure 14*s.* 6*d.* was to pay for past wars and for the preparation for future wars. . . . If his Party had remained in office they would have swept away every vestige of food taxation.—*Mr. PHILIP SNOWDEN at Saltaire.*]

OF all who've ruled our land's Exchequer
And laboured long and hard to wreck her,
WINSTON I most despise, because
He is the worst that ever was.

And, were I asked to choose my own
Among the Chancellors I've known,
My humble self I would suggest
As being easily the best.

The clever estimates I drew
Came right within a pound or two,
A feat, I venture to recall,
That has no parallel at all.

And if, while checking wanton waste,
I hadn't been so soon displaced
You would have got—and all through me—
Your breakfast practically free.

Compare my form, the country's saviour,
With WINSTON'S bellicose behaviour,
Who concentrates his so-called mind
On wars ahead and wars behind.

See how he budgets for supplies
To guard our sea-borne merchandise,
And hasn't shown the least intention
Of scrapping any Service pension!

Yet in his futile brain I trace
A rudimentary sign of grace:
Touching the surtax I can sense
Symptoms of some intelligence;
There he adopts a reasoned line—
His views, in fact, concur with mine.

O. S.

The Hazards of Billiards.

"BILLIARDS.
Davis 4,193, Newman 2,805.
Each sentenced to ten years."
Evening Paper, Stop Press.

"Married Couple require situation, Cook and Handy Man; middle ages."—*Morning Paper.*

They should just suit one of those profiteer households where the craze for mediævalism is rampant.

"FROM OUR OWD CORRESPONDENT.
GENEVA, Friday."
Daily Telegraph.

We are glad to find that the *D. T.*'s recent change of ownership has not involved a change of staff.

THE TWENTY-FIFTH.

[NOTE.—For the benefit of poor illiterate Sassenachs it should perhaps be explained that the 25th of January is the anniversary of the birth of Scotland's Patron Saint, ROBERT BURNS. The occasion is celebrated by Scotsmen the world over with loyal and solemn ceremony.]

SCENE—*A City Street.*

Two men who have just met are shaking hands cordially. It is obvious from a casual glance at them that they have some sentiment in common.

First Man. Hullo, old chap! Feeling fit? To-night 's the night, you know.

Second Man. Fit as a fiddle and looking forward to the haggis and what-not immensely.

[*All at once they pause and a thought seems to strike them simultaneously.*

First Man (*coughing slightly*). Weel, ma cantie callant, I 'm pleased tae hae met ye again. Ye maun hae a drap o' the auld Kirk wi' me.

Second Man (*nervously*). Thanks, I—Man, it 's unco guid o' ye, and I 'll no say naw.

[*They enter arm-in-arm a nearby bar.*

First Man (*to waitress*). Here, lassie, see 's twa glesses o' yule.

[*He is rather proud about this and glances slyly at his friend to see how he is taking it.*

Second Man (*triumphantly*). And dinna be blate aboot it.

[*The waitress, guessing correctly, brings the whisky and is not a little surprised at receiving prompt payment. Indeed she tests the coins unobtrusively with her teeth.*

Both men (*together*). Weel, here 's tae us.

[*There is a pause while they both recover their breaths.*

First Man. And hoo 's the guidwife and the wee bits o' bairns?

Second Man. Brawly, thenk ye; they 're a' daein' fine.

[*Both, as can be seen from their anxious expressions, are beginning to feel the strain.*

Second Man (*suddenly*). Aiblins ye 'll tak anither wee drappie?

[*The* First Man *nods without speaking, for he is mentally noting that word "aiblins" for future use. The* Second Man *feels that he has scored heavily. They drink again in silence, each not being too sure of the proper words to say this time.*

First Man (*proudly and loudly*)—

"For a' that an' a' that,
It 's comin yet for a' that,
That man to man the world o'er
Shall brithers be for a' that."

Second Man (*not to be outdone*)—

"Wee, sleekit, cowrin, tim'rous beestie,
O, what a panic 's in thy breastie!
Thou need na start awa——"

[*He stops there, having forgotten the rest. The other people in the bar are beginning to look at him.*

Second Man (*nervously*). Pretty warm in here—er—— Mind ye, it 's unco het in here. I 'm fair ramfeezled wi' it.

First Man. That 's so. I think I 'll toddle—that is, I 'll hae tae gang awa the noo.

Second Man. Ay. It 's gey late.

[*They leave the bar slowly, trying to think of other Scots words to use until they reach the street again.*

First Man. Weel, we 'll be seeing ye the nicht (*moves off*).

[*The* Second Man *merely waves his hand and retires in the opposite direction. All at once he turns round and runs after his friend, but cannot find him. Which is a pity, because he had just remembered two good words, "tapsalteerie" and "forjeskit."*

THE PUNTER'S SOLACE.

[A racing writer suggests that a horse's refusal to do his best in a race may be a sign of superior intelligence.]

FULL often I 've railed upon Sonnie,
Accounting his conduct a sin
When he carried my trifle of money,
Nor made any effort to win;
He gave me good reason for sighing,
Since cash isn't easily got,
And I found his performances trying,
Although *he* was not.

By my favourite prophet directed,
As soon as the season began
I made him my "special selected"
To follow whenever he ran;
But vainly I 've urged him to gee-up
When bearing my dollar (or crown);
No matter what jockey might be up
I always went down.

Such railing is silenced for ever,
My murmurings cease now I find
That, maybe, his feeble endeavour
Proclaims a superior mind;
When rivals so oft in the past set
A pace he refused to maintain,
This showed his contempt for the fast set
Which hasn't much brain.

No longer my tongue shall attack him,
My lips shall be decently dumb,
The while I continue to back him,
Convinced an occasion will come
When, wearied of filling the worst place,
He 'll demonstrate clearly instead
That his brain is entitled to first place
And win by a head.



THE RETURN OF ULYSSES.

THE WANDERER. "WILL SHE RECOGNISE ME?"



Interviewer (to Author whose book has made a great hit). "WHAT FIRST GAVE YOU THE IDEA TO WRITE THIS BOOK?"
Modest Author. "OH—ER—I 'D JUST BOUGHT A BOTTLE OF INK."

TERM TIME.

"OH, the joy," I would murmur to myself a month ago, "of the hearth-side! The happiness of the child-haunted home!"

To return weary from some distant part of the metropolis, through the wet and dismal streets, thinking of the welcome that awaits one—the cosy fire, the shaded lights, the sympathetic young voices saying, "I'm sure you must be tired," the willing young hands that place one in the familiar armchair; to imagine all this—but oh, better still, to realise it; to enter the hall, to hang up one's coat and hat, to open the drawing-room door and be greeted instantly by a merry chorus of—

"Hobblegobble!"
"Tweet-tweet!"
"Hee-haw!"
"Shut up, you fool, I was first!"
"Cock-a-doodle-do!"
"You're making the table all *wet*!"
"Me-ow!"
"Put it in the pool!"
"Ba-ba!"
"Get out, that was mine!"—

to be told casually, after watching for ten minutes or so, that there is a stool somewhere in the corner if you don't want to join in. . . .

"How much better," I would say tentatively when there was a mild lull in the pandemonium, "to take part in some quiet pastime such as this, which I have found in the games cupboard, a pastime equally popular with lovers of animal life, yet how much more instructive and how much more calculated to create an aura of elegant refinement in the home!

"I see here that by collecting the Goldfinch, the Bartramian Sandpiper, the Barn Swallow and the Bronzed Grackle through gentle yet persistent inquiries addressed to the other players, one obtains a set of delightfully-illustrated bird-cards. In the same way may be gathered or grouped together the Passenger Pigeon, the Wood Pewee, the Arizona Jay and the Indigo Bunting. Also the Scaled Partridge, the Cat Bird——"

"Stow it!" they yelled.

All the same I think I had a right to object to community song in the early hours. To come upstairs to the bathroom in a mood of mild inspiration—BYRON composed *The Isles of Greece* while he shaved—and then, walking along the passage, to hear one shrill treble piping out—

"Ben Backstay was a bosun,
He was a jolly boy,
And none as he so merrily
Could pipe 'All hands ahoy!'
Could pipe 'All hands ahoy!'
Could pipe 'All hands ahoy!'
With a chip chop cherry chop fol de rol
riddle rop,
Chip chop cherry chop fol de rol ray"—

to hear that shrill treble deeply interpenetrated by another shrill treble which proclaimed—

"Where de ivy am a-creepin'
O'er de grassy mound,
Dere ole Massa am a-sleepin',
Sleepin' in de cold, cold ground"—

what I mean to say is that community song does not seem to me to have been intended for conflicting solos in confined spaces whilst dressing and before breakfast-time, but rather for big public gatherings under the open sky or in large halls.

What is more, there were, as I kept pointing out, much more enjoyable com-

munity songs in the book than the songs they chose.

"Charlie is my darling,
My darling, my darling,
Charlie is my darling,
The young cavalier!"

or

"Oft in the stilly night
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond memory brings the light
Of other days around me,"

for instance. Or something of a sacred nature.

To which they would simply respond with incredible gaiety:—

"When I die
Don't bury me at all,
Just pickle my bones
In alcohol;
Put a bottle of booze
At my head and my feet
And then I know
That my bones will keep."

Also the bathroom floor was a regular lake, in which apparently a miniature regatta had taken place.

And furthermore there was a large green oval piece of soap left in the bottom of the bath.

"Careless little brutes!" I would say, picking it out.

It gave a plaintive squeak, being made (apparently) of indiarubber.

They had been waiting for that, confound them!

Nor do I see any reason, whatever may be thought about the need of a powerful Air Force for consolidating the interests of our mighty Empire, why my best umbrella should be used to give a parachute descent for a stuffed elephant from a top-storey window into the garden.

Even at breakfast-time a lack of courtesy prevailed.

When I opened *The Times* with a real desire to study the latest developments in the cotton trade dispute it was disconcerting—it was more than that, it was destructive of one's self-respect—to hear a small voice begin:—

"'Often that careworn expression, that harassed look which the head of the household wears in the mornings is due to an irregular diet, or the consumption of too rich fare on the previous evening, and may be dispelled by the elementary precaution——' May I have another orange, please, if I eat it upstairs?"

When I was young I never talked like that. When I was young I never talked till I was spoken to. When I was young I never talked at all. When I was young——

But what on earth is the use of telling them that?

"Poor fellow! What a rotten time he must have had," seems to be their notion of a consoling rejoinder.

But if they ragged the head-waiter at the Swiss sports hotel what is one to expect in England and at home? I never ragged head-waiters when I was young. Nor do I now.

"He was rather fed up at first because we all called him 'Alphonse,' and he thought he ought to be called 'head-waiter.' But we asked him whether he could speak Italianski and he soon got used to it."

I sympathise with Alphonse.

Which makes it all the more curious that I seem to be complaining now because the house is so deathly still.

EVOE.



Lady. "SOMETHING 'S MAKING ME LOOK OLD, JENKINS. I THINK IT MUST BE ALL THIS STRAIN OF LOOKING YOUNG."

Our Cultivated Contemporaries.

"'Enough? *Assez!*' he repeated in his good French."—*Daily Paper feuilleton.*

"You 'll laugh, weep and stand up and cheer over this Immortal Love story of Love that was fried in the fires of passion."
Indian Paper.

We hope Love didn't, as so often happens, jump out of the frying-pan into the divorce-court.

"It was a chocolate pot, graceful as an Etruscan cup in its outline, profuse in ornament, at once fanciful and elegant, and finished in a style that would not have disgraced the cunning hand of Benevato Cellini."
Irish Paper.

Se non è vero, è Benevato.

SALES FOR TWO.

"No," she said with a faint touch of restraint in her manner—"no, I didn't go to a single one of the sales this year—not one."

"I saw you the other day," I said, a little suspiciously perhaps, "looking at a window in the West-End."

"I know," she admitted; "they were selling the loveliest bridge coats reduced to their normal price, and silk stockings for almost nothing, only such impossible colours no one could possibly wear them, but so cheap it was a sin not to buy them. But," she said, and sighed, "I left them and never even went into the shop."

"Why was that?" I asked sympathetically.

"Haven't you noticed?" she asked, a little surprised, "how attractive the shops are making their sales for men now?"

"But surely," I argued, "that doesn't make them less attractive to women?"

"No," she admitted; "no-o, it 's not that exactly, it 's the expense."

"Expense," I protested, "when sales are the greatest of money-saving devices?"

"Oh, yes," she agreed, "so they are; but then Tom and I aren't millionaires, and while we can afford one of us saving money all through January, both of us doing it would mean—well, I don't know what. Tom 's bought three new dressing-gowns already, all of them awfully cheap at half-marked price, only twice what he would have given in the ordinary way; and then he 'll never wear one of them, because he simply won't give up that awful old thing all in holes he has had for centuries."

"Do you mean?" I asked incredulously, "that Tom has been going to the sales on his own account?"

"It began," she said, "the very first day, and he has brought home nothing but bargains ever since. One shop advertised socks for sale at an alarming sacrifice, and Tom said he had cold feet anyhow and he would have a look at them on the way to the office, and he bought them all."

"All?"

"Well, there can't have been many left. I found him clearing all my things out of one of my drawers because he said he had to put the socks somewhere, and I always grumbled so if he left things on the floor."

"However, if they were cheap," I murmured.

"Oh, they were cheap," she admitted; "not much more than he usually pays, and perhaps in time he 'll be able to wear most of them, but I can't see what he wants with seven pairs of gloves, all yellow, and he never wears yellow gloves, and if he did I should love him still, but for himself alone; and it 's all very well for him to say they were such a bargain he simply couldn't resist them."

"I can quite imagine," I agreed, "that no one could possibly resist seven pairs of gloves—all yellow."

"But when he showed me," she continued, "an advertisement of a sale of dress-suits, all marked down to three guineas each, guaranteed as worn in fashionable circles, and he said he thought of getting several because it was such a good opportunity, I felt I had to do something."

"It was time," I agreed; "but does he want a dress-suit—I mean several?"

"No, but he said you never knew when a thing might come in useful, and you could keep it by you and wait, and then when you wanted it there it was."



"ARE YOU THERE? THIS IS MR. LOMAX SPEAKING . . . SPELL IT? CERTAINLY. L FOR LOMAX—O FOR OMAX—M FOR MAX—A FOR AX—AND X AS IN LOMAX."

"Unless," I observed, "you happen to have forgotten where you put it."

"If you are referring," she said with some dignity, "to those two remnants of gold brocade I got last sales, only one got mislaid, and it wasn't my fault that they charged so much for sending to Paris to get the other matched."

"Of course it wasn't," I agreed, "and I wasn't thinking of that at all, but only of some cigars my sister bought me at the sales, awfully cheap, and gave them to me, and I 've never been able to remember where I put them."

"Well, it 's your own fault," she said severely, "and it wasn't a bit like that with me, and anyhow the brocade wasn't lost, for I found it the very same day the new brocade came from Paris, so there wasn't anything really for anyone to grumble at, was there?"

"Certainly not," I agreed. "And did Tom buy his dress-suits in the end or did he let the opportunity slip?"

"Well, we had a tremendous argument, because he would keep saying that money saved was money gained, and he simply couldn't afford not to gain money like that these hard times, and I said he didn't really need them because he already had three, his best and his second-best and the one he wears when we go to see relations, and he said he knew he didn't need them yet, but what a tremendous saving when he did. Of course I know it 's a saving," she admitted mournfully, "but you see we simply can't *both* afford to go on saving money at that rate, so one of us has got to stop."

E. R. P.

LADY LUX.

[DAME MILLICENT FAWCETT, in the course of her eulogy of the modern girl, urges upon men the adoption of highly-coloured stockings as a protective device for the pedestrian like the red rear-lamp or reflector of the cyclist.]

O WOMAN, short-skirted and shingled,
Cool, capable, candid and queer,
With emotions decidedly mingled
I watch your triumphant career;
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Exposed to the risk of the roads
I cannot deal harshly or lightly
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Your lipstick may move us to mockings,
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Secures you from doom in the dark;
And man would be wiser, when homing,
Were he to be found in the ranks
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The calves of our deans and archdeacons
Are black and they bring no relief,
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That guard you from coming to grief;
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And crime in impunity goes,
Salvation alone is forthcoming
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By day the infirm and the fragile
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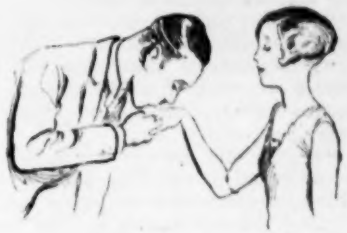
THE LOVES OF LAURA.



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FANCY DRESS.

"SHALL we sit this out?" asked Anne Boleyn.

"As Sir Walter Raleigh," I replied, "I hasten to agree. Unfortunately I have assumed not only the character of Sir WALTER, but his garments."

"Are they tight?" she asked with the frankness that one associates with ANNE BOLEYN.

"In the absence of any assurance from the makers that they will stretch, I would much rather lean negligently against the wall while you sit. A compromise, but you will appreciate——"

"Quite," said Anne Boleyn with a roguish smile which would have delighted Bluff KING HAL. "Terribly sporting of you to have turned out so picturesquely."

"At times one regrets it. The buffet is the only place where one can lean negligently for any length of time, and there is a parlous draught in the buffet. Unfortunately I appear to be the only Sir Walter present."

"Why unfortunately?"

"Because, if I could introduce you to another Sir Walter, I should be able to slip off home without destroying Sir WALTER'S reputation for chivalry."

"Please don't let me detain you," said Anne Boleyn frostily.

"Two historic characters who are doomed to mount the scaffold should not waste their time in recriminations. I should of course return, but in another character."

"Less draughty," she suggested.

"Do you refer to the pattern scheme or to ventilation?" I asked.

"Both," she said. "But what disguise would you assume?"

"Something which would permit me to wear two or more waistcoats, and a collar which would at least let me enjoy a drink. I thought of a tramp's costume——"

"You have been anticipated," she informed me. "There is the most perfect tramp here."

"Where?" I asked.

"In the buffet. Where else should he be? And he's drinking beer."

"The advantages of a tramp's disguise are so obvious. If only I could get away decently—— Ah!" I exclaimed, "luck is with me. If I mistake not yonder is another Sir Walter."

"That," decided Anne Boleyn, "is William Shakespeare talking to Queen Elizabeth. You were awfully thick with Queen Elizabeth once," she reminded me. "Didn't you on one occasion spread your cloak at her feet?"

"History will not repeat itself," I assured her. "I am not in a bending mood to-night."

"Of course we can't live up to our characters all the evening. Or I should have to ask for a stoup of sack instead of a cocktail."

"No harm in asking," I said.

"But are you going to ignore my hint about a cocktail?"

"We will both quaff a stoup of Martini. That is, if you don't mind feeding me with a spoon. My ruff——"

"Of course. And weren't you the person who introduced tobacco into England? If you have any left——"

"That was after your execution, old thing. But we will take liberties with history if you like. Then, when we've had a spoonful of cocktail, I'll slip off and come back disguised as a tramp."

"Like that gentleman," she said, indicating the most perfect tramp I have ever seen in the ballroom.

"Marvellous!" I exclaimed. "He might have walked in from the street. And he's speaking in character too. Just the whine of the professional out-of-work."

"Don't you think there's a danger in too much realism?" she said, sniffing slightly.

"Perhaps. Shall we go over to leeward? Or is it windward? The breeze is a little fresh."

Queen Elizabeth sailed across the room to us.

"Do you know the gentleman dressed as a tramp?" she asked. "So clever, isn't it? His face is familiar but I can't place him. He must be a friend of Percy, because I'm positive he's wearing one of Percy's old pullovers. I thought I had given it away myself. Do find Percy and ask him. You see, we must know his name because we're giving him the prize."

I didn't waste time looking for Percy. I dashed home, peeled off my doublet and hose and selected a mixed wardrobe from the pile of discarded garments destined for a jumble sale.

Ten minutes with my amateur theatrical make-up outfit turned me into a passable imitation of a tramp.

I intended to slip in quietly, but that was not possible. The whole room stared at me when I entered. I shot a smile at Anne Boleyn, but there was no recognition in her eyes. Queen Elizabeth, I regret to record, sniffed. I saw no sign of the other tramp.

Bluff King Hal, Drake, Frobisher, Oliver Cromwell, William Shakespeare and an Executioner advanced in my direction.

"Tramps are plentiful to-night," said William Shakespeare.

Bluff King Hal lifted me by the coat-collar and kicked me down the steps.

THE LIGHTS IN ELIZABETH'S ROAD.

THE lamp that looks over Elizabeth's gate
Seems stately and solemn and very sedate;
It stands at its corner majestic and bright,
And stares with an insolent air at the night.

But far down the road, where there's no one to tell,
The lamps, I'm afraid, don't behave quite so well;
Their conduct is frequently skittish and gay,
And they wander about in a scandalous way.

You'll see them hobnobbing quite closely together,
And nodding their heads and discussing the weather,
And jigging and dancing and having such fun,
And twinkling with laughter at what they have done.

But, if you go near them, "She's coming!" they cry,
And back to their places they scurry and fly,
And, though you may run nearly all of the way,
You'll never be able to catch them at play.

Elizabeth tried, so I know it's no good;
She hurried and hurried as fast as she could,
And when she arrived there was nothing to see—
They all looked as prim and sedate as could be.

But, when she turned homewards, why, *what* do you think?
She says that the lamp by her gate gave a wink!
She saw it distinctly and clearly—*what's more*
It had walked down the road to the lamp that's next-door!

"Slump in Greyhound Deferred Shares" followed the HOME SECRETARY'S pronouncement with regard to betting at dog-races. Greyhound Deferred Maketh the Heart Sick.

"The Rev. David ——, B.D., occupied the pulpit of the Parish Church on Sunday evening, and delivered an eloquent discourse, his subject being 'Columbus in Iona.'"—*Scots Paper.*

President COOLIDGE apparently was not aware of this episode in the career of the great Genoese when he delivered his recent pæan upon him at the Pan-American Conference.



LAVISH ECONOMY.

Lady (to Friend, after hectic buying at the Sales). "OH, COME ALONG, DEAR; WE 'VE SAVED ENOUGH MONEY FOR TO-DAY."

THE TRIALS OF TOPSY.

XXIV.—POLITICS.

WELL Trix darling I haven't a *second* to write you my dear I'm *quite* frenzical but I *simply* must, well I suppose you 've seen in the papers only of course you don't read the papers but anyhow *here* we are in the absolute *throes* of a *bye*-election because Sir Antony Stuff my dear resigned his seat after his *Christmas* dinner, my dear *too* thoughtless, and *here* we are as I said before, Mr. Haddock and Taffeta Mole and your *political* Top, and my dear it 's *too* lowering but in *spite* of Taffeta *such* is politics that already from what I can make out there's the *most* definite little *breath* of scandal in the noxious air of Burbleton.

However well when I tell you that the moment we got here *poor* Mr. Haddock merely *disintegrated* with flu so of course Taffeta and I have been *madly* drafting the Election Address, and we didn't *quite* harmonise so we each did one well I finished first, and my dear you know you *never* can tell about litterature until you see it in *print* so of course I sent mine straight off to the printer's which it seems has *rather* alienated the Committee and people because the Chairman was *too* forbearing but he said my address was the least bit erroneous in punctuation and a few things however *I* thought it was *rather* winning but they wouldn't even show it to Mr. Haddock because of his temperature, well I 'll send you one but no more now darling because we 're a *whirl* of deputations and *wounded* constituents and *importunate* Societies for the abolition of *everything* and now I must fly because Mr. Haddock wants to dictate a letter to the Society for *Increasing* the

Death Penalty or something, *farewell* your frenetical Topsy.

(*Enclosure*)

MR. ALBERT HADDOCK'S ELECTION ADDRESS.

To the Electors and Everybody.

Too RIGHT.

DARLINGS,—I do hope you 'll all vote for me because I may not be *orthodox* and everything but you 'll find that *nearly* always I 'm *too* right.

POLICY.

Well of course I *always* say that I *always* believe in always doing the *Christian* thing and that 's the main thing in this life *isn't* it, apart from that I think the British Constitution is too adequate, well no one's thought of a better one *have* they, and of course we *must* have a *Navy* and *Army* and the *Police* and the *Fire Brigade* because you 've *only* got to *think* what would happen if we didn't, but of course don't think I don't *adulate* the poor because I *simply* do only the people *I* pity are the *Middle Classes* who of course *pay* for everything and *get* nothing and *why* they do it I *simply* can't imagine and my advice to them is to pay *no* Income-Tax until they 've one foot in the jail.

PEACE.

Of course I *adore* Peace and Disarmament and everything, but what I always say is well what about *pirates?*

WAR.

I think War is *utterly* anomalous, but so are burglars.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

I 'm *too* saturated with foreign affairs, my dears I *don't* want to hear a *single* word about the *contagious* Lithuanians or the *dyspeptic* Croats or the Poles or the Yaks or *any* of these *redundant* Europeans, because of course they 're *not* white men, they *don't* care *two* hoots for us, I don't care *half* a hoot for them, they 're *miles* away, they *don't* shave, and *why* we should waste *ten* minutes *oozing* about in their *insanitary* affairs I *merely* can't imagine so what I 've *always* said is *Let* them *wallow*, because *why* we should be the *scullery-maid* of Europe when *meanwhile* we 've got the *most* disarming *clean-limbed* Empire *utterly* far-flung and *starving* for a matey glance, and if you ask me *my* Foreign Policy is *eliminate* the Foreign Office, because my dears merely *all* they do is to make *jobs* for themselves and *trouble* for us.

SECOND CHAMBER REFORM.

Well of course we *haven't* got a Second Chamber and it *doesn't* want reforming, because my dears I think the *House* of Lords is *too* sagacious, they 're the sole people who *know* their job and have *no* publicity so of course they 've *nothing* to do, which is *too* English and utterly right.

BAZAARS AND EVERYTHING.

Well I 'd better tell you at once that *if* I 'm elected it 'll be *too* fruitless to write *carbolic* letters to me about the way I *vote* because of course I shall be *utterly* plastic and vote *just* how I feel in the mood at the time and of course *don't* expect me to *snow* money on all your *sickly* Bazaars and *superfluous* bicycling-clubs, because I will *not* open Shopping Weeks, I will *not* spend week-ends *smarming* about in your *ulcerated* town, because and my dears we 'd better be *too* frank from the *soup-stage*, and the *fact* is I 've always said that *constituencies* are the *most* unsalubrious places in the *whole* United Kingdom and I 'm *not* asking you to elect me to Burbleton but *Westminster* and my dears supposing you do I shall park there *permanently* and you won't so much as set *eyes* on me till next election.



Colonel. "WERE YOU ON THE WESTERN FRONT?"
Barber. "NO, SIR."
Colonel. "OUT EAST, I SUPPOSE?"
Barber. "NO, SIR."
Colonel. "WHERE THE DEUCE WERE YOU, THEN?"
Barber. "AT SCHOOL, SIR."

VINOPHOBIA.

But my *angel* electors I *can't* tell you how I *abhor* vinophobes and all these *cociferous* busies and feminine nose-pokers, and my dears that 's the *main* plank in my *whole* platform because nowadays whenever there 's a clear case of *feverish* vinophobia or unnecessary nose-poking in the Spinster of Parliaments there 's *merely* nobody whose *first* idea is to *merely* jump on it, because *all* these *gelatinous* Parties are equally bad, they *all* go pale at the sight of a postcard, and even the Liberals well all that will be my particular heartburn because I think all these laws about selling meat-pies and everything, and after all *did* we or *did* we not win the Great War for Liberty, well look at London and look at *conquered* Berlin *and* then look again, I *ask* you my dears.

DEDISTRIBUTION AND ALL THAT.

And *all* that of course leads up *too* fluidly to all *this* doesn't it because of course the *sole* trouble with Parliament is that it *simply* never has time to discuss anything that anybody really cares about, because of course they spend *weeks* on *Trade* and *Disarmament* and *Unemployment* and all those *extensive* things which of course are *too* cardinal only of course *everybody* knows that *nobody* in the world can do *anything* about them, so of course *what* happens is that we have too much legislation all about *nothing* because *meanwhile* darlings they never have time for all the *wee* small things that really might be done and even *they* could understand, poor blotting-pads, so of course what I 've *always* said is that there ought to be *two* Parliaments, one *large* one where they could talk *politics* and have *amendments* and all that *attitudinous* yap about *Nationalisation* and *Free* Trade and everything, and another small one where they could get small things *done*, well my dears things like *Stonehenge* and *Hospitals* and *Theatre* Rents and *buying matches* and a boat-service on the *Thames* and when you can get *married* and when you can eat and *drink* and all these *Bridges* and *Dora* and the *dogs* and my dears *all* the things that everybody in the world is talking about except Parliament, and of course if we *can't* have two Parliaments *all* I can say is that *this* Parliament ought to *start* work at ten in the morning and go on till it does



Escort. "WELL, I THINK WE'VE DONE PRETTY WELL—RESTAURANT AND THREE NIGHT-CLUBS."
Girl. "MY GOOD MAN, DON'T TELL ME YOU DON'T BELONG TO ANY MORE!"

something *sensible* because I 've always said that *nobody* who starts work at *three* in the afternoon is likely to do *too* much in this world well *are* they?

THE SURTAX.

Well of course you 've all heard of these *Christian* highwaymen who *only* robbed the *rich* and were *too* idealish only I never heard it called *Social Services* before and I *never* heard that the poor got offensively *fat* on their proceedings. However.

Mr. BALDWIN.

All the same I *do* rather think that it 's *almost* about time that my *divine* Mr. Baldwin *cleaned* his pipe or did *something* about *something*, because of course I *do* see that all this immobility is *rather* intriguing but of course as *I* said in one of my *arresting* plays I *do* think it 's *rather* a case of

> Man, like a pebble on a glacier,
> Moves imperceptibly but always down.

Yours wearily, ALBERT HADDOCK.

A. P. H.

Overdoing It.

"HOSE FOR VICTIMS OF LONDON FLOODS."
Headline in Evening Paper.

A BALLAD OF BARNACK.

[A special correspondent of *The Daily News* in the issue of January 16th writes a glowing account of his visit to Barnack, in Northants, the politest village in England, without a bad boy or a naughty girl, where the school-children are taught the Code of Honour as well as the three R's, and respond loyally without fear of punishment to the fostering idealism of their headmaster.]

ASSIST me, O Melpomene,
With thy immortal lyre
To sing of Barnack's dominie
And his angelic quire
Of pupils, the politest,
The kindliest, the brightest
And morally the whitest
In all Northamptonshire.

The boys and girls of Barnack
To excellence attain
Less by the triple R knack—
Though that 's a useful gain—
Than by their "innate breeding"
Fostered by kindly leading,
And never, never needing
Correction by the cane.

No girl is ever naughty
In this serene abode;
No boy is bad or haughty,
None tramples on the toad;
They mayn't have heard of HARNACK
Or seen the fanes of Karnak,
But they revere at Barnack
The rules of Honour's code.

You hear no vulgar sniggers,
You see no sidelong looks
As they cast up their figures
Or con their copy-books;
There are no signs of cribbing,
They don't indulge in fibbing
Or any sort of bibbing
Save from the running brooks.

Yet while their fine condition
Delights *The Daily News*
Their master's frank admission
With comfort I peruse,
That from these lofty levels
Some stoop to rags and revels;
"Some can be little devils,"
He tells us, "when they choose."

Cup-Tie Candour.

"All that was beast in the match came during the last half-hour of the first half."
Sunday Paper.

"The man who joins a fishing club does so because he wants to fish."—*Provincial Paper.*
Not necessarily. He may be wanting to practise the long-bow.

THE BARON.

ONCE there was a bold Baron who was very good at fighting, and he had been on a Crusade and liked it very much, so he thought he would like to go on another one which the King was getting up. And his wife didn't want him to go because she was afraid that the next-door Baron who was called Richard the Cripple might come and take their castle. But he said oh that will be all right, the castle is very strong and I will leave you some men to defend it with, and there are plenty of arbalists and hauberks and things like that in the armoury, and I will bring you back a nice present from the Holy Land.

And his wife said yes that's all very well, but supposing they do take the castle and take me prisoner.

And the Baron said oh I can easily rescue you when I come back, and I don't suppose they will do anything to you, because people are too civilized for that now, so it will be more like a little holiday for you, the great thing is not to worry.

So the Baron went away, and he took most of his men with him to help him fight, but he left a few who weren't worth much to defend the castle besides plenty of serfs to look after his lands, and he said to his wife if the worst comes to the worst you can get all the serfs inside the castle and I shall be very much surprised if they are able to take it.

Well Richard the Cripple did take the castle, and he didn't take it by assault or anything like that but he bribed people to give it up to him. And he had only been waiting to do that for the Baron to go off to the Holy Land because he liked his castle better than his own to live in. So he brought his wife and his children to live there, and they were quite nice to the Baron's wife and her children and they said she could stay there if she liked and do the housekeeping, and all the children could play together and have the same governess.

Well Richard the Cripple wasn't really a cripple, he had one leg shorter than the other but it only made him walk a little lame and he could quite well have gone off to the Crusade if he had wanted to but he liked living at home best. And he brought all his best furniture to the castle and made it much more comfortable, and he used to ride about and see that the serfs did their work properly, and he only tortured the lazy ones, but all the same they didn't like him as much as their own Baron.

Well some time went by and the Baron's wife hadn't heard about him for a long while, because post-offices hadn't been invented then and besides the Baron didn't know how to write. And then one of his men-at-arms came home and he said that the Baron had been killed in the Holy Land.

So then the Baron's wife was very sad indeed, but Richard the Cripple said to her oh I shouldn't worry about it if I were you, because you haven't seen him for a good long time, and you are very comfortable here through me being so kind to you.



"HE HADN'T BEEN KILLED IN THE HOLY LAND AFTER ALL."

But she kept on being very sad, so he tried to comfort her a little more, and he said you are quite good-looking still, I should never fall in love with you myself but somebody else might and then you could get married again, and I would give you a nice wedding-present, it isn't everybody who would treat his enemy's wife and children as well as I have you, but I believe in being kind to people at home instead of going off fighting Saracens and people like that, and your husband was really rather stupid so I should think you would get over it quite soon.

Well that made the Baron's wife angry, and she said I'm not going to stop here any longer and hear my husband talked about like that, I shall go away and be a serf.

And Richard the Cripple said oh I shouldn't do that if I were you, and he tried to persuade her not to, but she would, so he said well I will furnish you a nice little hovel, and you can take some of the things that used to be yours if you don't take too many, and you can do the washing for the castle, and you and the children can come to the Christmas treat with the other serfs.

Well the Baron's wife went to the hovel and she did the washing for the castle, but people didn't believe in being so clean then as they do now so there wasn't much washing and she was very poor. And then one day a pilgrim came to the door of the hovel and he said can you give me a little bread and an apple or something like that, because I have walked all the way from the Holy Land and I am very hungry.

Well directly she heard that she asked him to come in and sit down, and she said there wasn't much to eat in the hovel but she would give him whatever she had. And the pilgrim came in and sat down, and he kept his hood over his face and seemed rather grumpy in the way he spoke. And then she asked him if he had seen anything of the Baron in the Holy Land, and he said do you mean the Baron whose wife gave up his castle here to Richard the Cripple and stayed there and did the housekeeping for him?

And then she burst out crying, and she said I am the Baron's wife, and I couldn't help giving up the castle to Richard the Cripple, and I have come to live in this hovel because Richard the Cripple said horrid things about my dear husband when he was killed.

So then the pilgrim threw off his hood and it was the Baron himself, and he hadn't been killed in the Holy Land after all, but he had lost all his horses and nearly all his men so he had had to walk all the way home and it had taken him months to do it, because of course there weren't any trains or motor-cars in those days and he wouldn't have been able to afford to take one if there had been.

And he kissed his wife, and when his children came in he kissed them too and said how they had grown, and the younger ones hardly remembered him he had been away for such a long time, but they soon got used to him.



Indulgent Father. "COME ON, MICKY, I'LL TELL YOU THE STORY OF *LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD*."
Micky. "I'M TOO BUSY. TELL IT TO MOTHER."

Well that was on Christmas Eve, and the next day all the serfs and their children went to the Christmas treat at the castle, and crackers and paper-caps hadn't been invented then but they had other things instead, and the Baron went to it, but he was dressed as a pilgrim and kept his hood over his head.

Well Richard the Cripple made a speech, and he said he was very glad to see them all there and he hoped they would enjoy themselves, and if anybody didn't he would talk to him about it the next day. And when he had finished the Baron called out from the back of the hall Richard the Cripple is a dirty dog, which is what people used to call each other then when they wanted to be rude.

Well Richard the Cripple was shocked at somebody calling out a thing like that just when he was being kinder than ever to them, and it was Christmas-time and everybody ought to be as nice as they could. So he shouted out who said that?

And one of the serfs said please sir it was this pilgrim.

And Richard the Cripple said seize and put him in a dungeon, that will teach him not to spoil people's Christmas treats.

And then the Baron threw off his hood, and he had some armour on underneath, and he shouted out whoever is on my side follow me. And he ran up to where Richard the Cripple was standing on the daïs, and he seized hold of him and said you can go into the dungeon yourself.

Well nearly all the serfs were very pleased to see him back again, and they seized hold of those who weren't so that they couldn't do anything, and they put Richard the Cripple in a dungeon and then they went on with the treat so as not to disappoint the children.

Well as it was Christmas time the Baron let Richard the Cripple have some turkey and plum-pudding in his dungeon and he let him out the next day and allowed him to go back to his own castle with his wife and children. But he kept all his lands and all the furniture he had brought to the castle, and he said that 's only fair after what you did, and Richard the Cripple couldn't say it wasn't. But he was very poor now and he didn't like that at all so he went to London and became a goldsmith, and the next Christmas he sent the Baron's wife quite a nice bracelet for a present, and after that they all became friends again and their wives and children used to stay with each other sometimes.

And the Baron didn't go on any more Crusades but he settled down at home and went in for carpentering. A. M.

UPLIFT.

[According to *The Daily Chronicle* of January 14 there has been a strong tendency of late towards cultivated speech among Underground employés.]

For years I travelled to and fro
Upon the Tube; I knew
The ins and outs of Totcaw Row,
Benk, Lipplestree, Wawloo;
And, should the need arise, I doubt
If abler pens than mine
Could write unstinted reams about
The Emstid-Eyegit line.

Responsive to the stern behest
Of raucous-throated men
In uniform I did my best
To urriup, and when
They thundered "Stenclee gytes!"
(a phrase
Of which they never tired),
Instead of staring in amaze
I did as they desired.

Their speech was blunt and unrefined
And caused the pedant pain,
But nowadays I feel inclined
To wish them back again
When young officials, bland of mien,
On being asked to state
If I am right for Golders Green,
Vouchsafe a languid "Quate."



"MARY, WHAT IS THAT SMELL OF BURNING FAT IN THE HOUSE?"
"PLEASE, 'M, IT 'S COOK."

"SAUCY ANN" COMES TO STAY.

SEVERAL days ago, in common with other riverside dwellers, I was compelled to evacuate temporarily my dwelling (The Acacias). On my return, in addition to the devastation of my dining-room, drawing-room and kitchen, I found practically the whole of my back-garden occupied by the barge *Saucy Ann*. With almost geometrical accuracy the subsiding waters had deposited her on my rose-bed in the centre and my four tulip-beds at the corners.

Startling as this apparition was, we were too much occupied with the restoration of our dwelling to bother at once with the *Saucy Ann*, and we thought moreover that something would soon be done about her by someone. But three days elapsed and not a single person evinced the slightest interest in the matter. It was then that, examining her more carefully, I discovered she was a craft long past her prime; in fact she gave one the impression of a great lumbering creature that had for some time been seeking a quiet bed of roses in which to end her days, and had now found it (with four tulip-beds thrown in).

This was disquieting, and I thought I had better do something quickly. I therefore notified the police and inserted an advertisement in four different newspapers (cost £2 5*s*.); but not a whisper of a communication did I receive until three days later when a mysterious postcard (anonymous) was delivered at my house. This was inscribed as follows:—

(1) As a bird-bath.
(2) As a school for training sea-lions.
(3) As a rock-garden, the name being changed from *Saucy Ann* to *The Grotto*.
(4) As a relic of BOADICEA (admission sixpence).

This card at first puzzled and then seriously alarmed me. It was clearly a series of suggested uses to which the *Saucy Ann*, regarded as a permanent fixture, might be put. I suspected a young man named Pipp, who lives in this neighbourhood and writes for the alleged humorous journals, but subsequently the dreadful thought assailed me that it might be from the owner of the *Saucy Ann* himself. The expense of transferring her back to the river (if it could be done at all) would certainly be considerable and, if she was indeed already worn out, would not be worth his while. Was it possible, then, that this ruffian intended to make me a present of her, that she was to lie in my garden for ever? The thought fairly rocked me. Burning with indignation I hurried round to the police, the Urban Council and the Labour Exchange. Each in turn refused to accept responsibility. I returned and wrote to my Fire Insurance Company, the HOME SECRETARY, our local paper and the Lord Mayor's Fund. From these I have so far received no reply, and a depression amounting to numbness has gradually crept over me.

Is it possible—and I ask the question with all solemnity—is it possible that an honest humble citizen, who pays his rates and taxes and is buying his house through a building society, can be treated in this dastardly manner without anyone stirring a finger to help him? Is it fair? Is it English?

As a final blow I have this morning received the following letter from the local inspector of taxes:—

"I understand that certain additions have been recently made to your premises, 'The Acacias,' which may necessitate their reassessment under Schedule A. Will you please let me have full details of the increased accommodation in order that the matter may be considered?"

[We think No. 2 the best suggestion.—EDITOR.]

"We believe that the attractiveness of these offers will surpass our most sanguinary expectations."—*Sale Advt. in Daily Paper.*

"What did *you* do in the great bargain-war, Mother?"



REMOVE THAT BAWBEE!

THE CHILD (*to* WINSTON TELL). "I'M SICK OF HAVING THIS THING ON MY HEAD. CAN'T YOU KNOCK IT OFF?"



[A Cockney is defined as one "born within the sound of Bow Bells."]

A LITTLE COCKNEY OF THE NIGER AND HIS PROUD PARENTS.

A SONG OF SELF-SUFFICIENCY.

(A Contribution to the Music-Hall Revival.)

THERE are people who hold—and affirm it, when goaded,
In terms both decisive and warm—
That we all, when the burden of life is unloaded,
Reappear in some animal form.
Though I cannot profess a fanatic adherence
To a creed which is faintly absurd,
I should like to become at my second appearance
An ostrich, a regular bird.

For *if* I were only an ostrich
No toothache would trouble my jaw;
I could gallop a mile in professional style
And plant a stiff punch with my claw.

I unceasingly labour and toil in my garden
At producing all manner of flowers,
But practice has failed most completely to harden
My sinews and muscular powers;
Uric acid has worsened my feeble condition
And I soon become weary and slack;
How it hurts to resume the upstanding position!
How I long for a hinge in my back!

But *if* I were only an ostrich
My alacrity nothing would check;
I would do mighty deeds in extracting the weeds
With a dexterous flick of my neck.

You know very well how a man now and then is
Unaccountably much below par;
Well, on certain occasions, when asked to play tennis
(I pose as a bit of a star),
I strike at the ball, but I can't get it back; it
Just kicks at surmounting the net;
I perspire and I blush and I stare at my racquet,
While the bystanders murmur and fret.

But *if* I were only an ostrich
And I saw that the onlookers frowned,
I could just turn my back on the whole blessèd pack
And bury my head in the ground.

Or again, when I long for an evening of pleasure
And start from my suburb to roam,
If I find that my pockets are empty of treasure
I am forced to sit dully at home;
Though my hump is as big as the back of a camel
And my thirst has a palpable edge,
Yet my watch is a dud and my links are enamel,
And they won't fetch a penny on pledge.

But *if* I were only an ostrich
And found myself broke on the road,
I could turn round and hale out a plume from my tail
And pledge it at "Uncle's" abode.

There are times in my life when finances are slender,
And on all such occasions I go
To a place where they feed you for two and a bender,
Located in foreign Soho;
In vain all the dishes they offer I ram in
My gullet, from radish to cheese,
For I feel at the end like a victim of famine,
With weakness attacking my knees.

But *if* I were only an ostrich
No hunger would worry me much;
I could finish my meal off the plate and the steel,
Not to mention the glasses and such.

E. P. W.

BRAINS AND THE GOLFER.

I HAVE always contended that brains are the bane of the golfer. Brains connote imagination, and imagination is a far, far greater curse than a right shoulder that ducks, a head that moves, an elbow that sticks out, a body that sways, a hip that doesn't turn, a left arm that bends in the middle. For imagination is the root cause of all and sundry of these afflictions.

The perfect golfer (there isn't any) would be one whose mind was a permanent blank throughout the swing. He would plant his feet at a comfortable distance from the ball, take one glance at the direction in which he was aiming, and, his mind thrust wholly out of the business, he would just swing like a gate. There are no brains or imagination in a gate; a gate that has once learnt to swing swings always in the same faultless fashion. There is nothing to check it in the middle of its back-swing and make it wonder whether it is taking itself away far enough outwards, or slowly enough, or close enough to the ground, or far enough away from the ground; there is no chance that when it reaches the end of its back-swing it will wonder whether it has got into the right position for the forward swing; no danger that it will begin the forward swing hurriedly and in a panic, or hesitate for a second too long, so that it loses its balance; no possibility that just prior to the moment of impact with its latch it should be filled with apprehension lest it take a great chunk out of the ground or miss the latch altogether by hitting the air above it. None of these things happen in the swing of a gate. Because the gate has no brains or imagination.

I have mentioned this theory of mine to golfers of all types and handicaps, but never have I found one to agree with me. The very good golfers reject it, I suppose, on the grounds that it is a personal insult; the very bad golfers—men like managing directors of banks and insurance companies, editors, K.C.'s and the like—no doubt reject the theory because it would preclude them once and for all from attaining what has by now become their one ambition in life.

My theory, however, remains incontrovertible.

I have a friend called Brown. Brown is not a remarkably clever man, but he has an average amount of brains and imagination. His golf is not distinguished, but he is undoubtedly a better golfer than I am. I have often propounded this theory of mine to Brown, and it has always annoyed him tremendously. He calls it "the comfortable cloak of a rabbit." It is therefore with the utmost satisfaction that I quote an extract from a letter which I received from Brown the other day, posted from somewhere in Italy, where he was practising for a local championship:—

"I have just come across the most wonderful stunt for golf. A man out here has suggested it to me, and it works wonders. It sounds silly at first—but you just try it. This is it: Whenever you are playing a shot—and this is the beauty of it, it doesn't matter what shot it is, from a full drive to a short pitch—you pretend that you are being watched *by your best girl*. No, don't laugh; it is marvellous. It has the effect of steadying you down completely, making you swing gracefully and smoothly, and giving you the most perfect follow-through. Instead of pressing at your drive to get the extra thirty yards, or digging at your iron shots to make sure they go up in the air, you just stand up comfortably and confidently and make a perfectly good golf shot. You *can't* go wrong. It's mental, you know. It takes your mind off the difficulties—gives you a kind of pride, a feeling of superiority or whatever it is. But you try it, and let me know."



RIKKI-TIKKI-SIMON GETS A MOVE ON.
(*With acknowledgments to "The Jungle Book."*)

Well, if that's not an admission of my theory, what is? What else is this but a trick for the bamboozling of the brain, the stifling of an overwrought imagination? And as such may it not be as good as Brown paints it? Is it not just such a trick as this that we golfers are in need of, in place of those worn-out maxims about our arms and legs and ankles and wrists and feet and fingers and shoulders and thighs? May this not be so?

The fact that Brown's scheme failed with me must not be taken as a criterion. It was due simply to the fact that I couldn't think who was my best girl. On the first tee I began dutifully and naturally enough with my wife. As I addressed my ball I thought of my wife. I pictured her standing there watching me swing. I shifted uneasily, realising that she had spotted that my stance was all cramped up. I straightened up and brought my feet closer together. At the beginning of my back-swing I was careful to turn the left hip slightly in advance of any other part of my anatomy, realising that my wife was on the look-out for this. Half-way through the back-swing I halted, realising that my left elbow was sticking out and obstructing my view of the ball; at the top of my swing I was conscious that everything had gone awry and that there was no hope unless I began the whole thing all over again. But it was too late. There were several couples on the tee waiting to drive off, and the shot had to be completed. In a flash I determined to forget my wife, and, concentrating on a straight right leg, a stiff left arm, a rigid head, a pivot from the hips, I crashed down on the ball, snicking it into the rough about eight yards from the tee. It was evident that my wife was not my best girl for the purpose of Brown's scheme. Never again would I use her so.

It was not until the third hole that I was able to think of another best girl. This was Joan. Joan is my wife's young sister—a pretty girl, a beautiful dancer and banjulele-player, but no golfer. Joan seemed all right. But,



Small New Arrival (watching Professionals). "DON'T LET 'S HAVE LESSONS FROM HIM, MUMMY. HE SEEMS RATHER VIOLENT."

alas! Joan giggled on the stroke and ruined the shot completely.

I tried Phyllis at the next hole—a short hole, calling for a neat little pitch-mashie shot. Phyllis is even prettier than Joan. I met her at a dance the other day, and—well, Phyllis did not act. I think my wife was watching again or something. Anyhow, I hurried the shot most horribly, looked up and socketed my ball into the stinging-nettles on the right.

I will not take you through the whole of this unhappy round and the list of girls whom I called upon to act as best girls to me. One and all they failed me miserably.

But as I say this does not necessarily condemn the scheme. On the contrary, I think it is well worth a trial; after all what tip isn't worth trying if you suffer from brains at golf?

L. B. G.

"A REGRETTABLE INCIDENT.

"The sting of the serpent is in its tail, we are told."—*Channel Islands Paper.*

The author of this attempt, rightly described as "regrettable," to mislead our contemporary deserves sharp censure.

The Mystery Solved at Last.

"FLIES STOP ORGAN.

When the organ of the parish church of Walton-on-the-Hill, Surrey, would not play it was found that pipes and other parts had been choked by a plague of flies."—*Evening Paper.*

Now we know where some of them go in the winter-time.

THE EXILE OF TROTSKY.

[AUTHOR'S NOTE.—If any persistent reader of *Punch* happened to be at Moscow and a witness of the scene which I have described, let him forbear to write and say that I have got any of the details wrong. I don't care if I have. What was the persistent reader doing at Moscow, anyway? Up to no good, I 'll be bound. Besides, this is poetry.]

So ends the awful tourney—
The hawk that used to pounce
Has been despatched to Wjerny,
Which I cannot pronounce;
TROTSKY has gone, his day has been;
The earth is ruled by M. STALIN.

There were no loud reproaches,
There was no stern affray,
The couplings on the coaches
Were tied the usual way,
When TROTSKY passed from mortal sight,
With sandwiches, into the night.

He went unwatched by warder,
A pale and silent man,
His luggage was in order
And labelled "Turkestan,"
And chaps with names that end in "koff"
Came to the train to see him off.

But many an eye was leaky
When rang the raucous shout,
"Long live the Bolsheviki!"
From TROTSKY, leaning out,
"Long live the Soviet Government!"
The red flag waved. The engine went.

"Not thus have ancient Cæsars
In exile kept their heart,"
Observed the axle-greasers
Who watched the train depart;
"Not thus did CORIOLANUS go,"
The guard said, spitting in the snow.

We may not learn the loathing
That rent the leaders' hearts
When TROTSKY put his clothing
In trunks for foreign parts;
We only know he was de-pomped
And left for Wjerny midnight prompt.

We only know that Bolshie
He goes abroad to sit
In *far niente dolce*
(Which does not rhyme a bit);
We only know that Bolshies too
Were there who booked his transport through.

But what was wrong with Moscow
Where once he ruled in pride
To let her former boss go
Without some holes inside?
Is this the way for Kommissars
To settle up their private jars?

They might have proved some thesis
Of Communistic law
By chipping tiny pieces
From TROTSKY with a saw;
They might have cooked him on a grid
To show they hated what he did.

It was not like the Russians
To cast him off instead
Of settling all discussions
By riddling him with lead;
Why did they send this awful blain
To Wjerny on the puff-puff train?

EVOE.



Sportsman (unfortunately a reputed humourist). "MAY I INTRODUCE MY FRIEND MR. WINKLES?"
Lady. "DON'T BE SILLY, JACK! WHAT'S HIS REAL NAME?"

A DYAK INVASION.

H.M.S. Nemo was one of HIS MAJESTY'S survey ships off the coast of Sarawak, and, working in conjunction with the building of a new lighthouse, she found it necessary to clear the jungle off the top of a nearby island in order to give mariners an unimpeded view of the light. (Or if this isn't strictly true it will have to pass.)

Now, though the British tar can clear most things, from tables to streets, he does not shine at clearing virgin jungle. So that when the Captain of the *Nemo* one day met on shore a gentleman called the Military Officer, who also wanted to clear the same island for some trigonometrical purpose of his own and was trying to beg a ship to get there, he fell on his neck and said, "Just the chap! I will take you and your jungle-clearers in my own ship, and you shall clear the island for both of us. Be on board by three P.M. to-morrow."

The Captain however omitted to tell his First Lieutenant anything more about the matter beyond that he had at last arranged with a soldier for the clearing of that blanky island, so that when, at two-thirty P.M., the First Lieutenant observed three canoe-loads of piratical-looking natives paddling alongside *H.M.S. Nemo* he was overcome with horror. For a moment he debated whether to call up the crew to repel boarders or merely to shout that he was not buying vegetables to-day; and that moment was his undoing. The next he was surrounded upon his spotlessly clean quarter-deck by about thirty unclean jabbering savages, clad merely in a doubtful afterthought and carrying razor-edged *parangs*, blue enamel cooking-pots, betel-nut, bedding and eight-foot blow-pipes. At their head was a white man, the Military Officer, wondering why he wasn't being welcomed.

It was a really fine argument, the Military Officer explaining that he had come with his jungle-clearing coolies at the Captain's invitation, while Number One reiterated that he had been told nothing about an invasion of bare-ended brown pirates. Both were very annoyed and gave their whole attention to their dispute. The result was that, when the misunderstanding had been straightened out and they had reached questions of accommodation, the Dyaks, who, like children, were both inquisitive and restless, had every single one disappeared from view. As if *H.M.S. Nemo* had been an interesting bit of jungle, they had vanished. Various remarks such as "Here, sheer off, you grinning ape!" from an officer's cabin, and "Get to 'ell out of 'ere, you black 'eathens!" from the lower deck, showed that they had not gone overboard.

It took half-an-hour to round them up, by which time Number One almost needed a straight-jacket, for to the Dyaks the gleaming deck and the clean paintwork were just floor and walls. They were, however, loud in their praises of *H.M.S. Nemo*; being only used to dug-out canoes, they appeared to consider her no mean ship.

Several officers were by then taking a part in the conversation with much blasphemy—for the cleanliness of one of HIS MAJESTY'S ships ranks far higher than godliness—and a self-constituted cordon was keeping the Dyak party more or less stationary, though revolving rapidly on its axis with its cooking-pots and paraphernalia. The upper boat-deck was at last allotted as their accommodation during *H.M.S. Nemo's* journey to the island, and they settled on it like a cloud of locusts.

By nightfall, when the ship was well under way, this deck looked like the "Native Village" corner of a White City Exhibition, the funnels being ringed round with tents, all available woodwork bristling with nails to carry ropes and cooking utensils, and the smoke of

a large fire two-foot square (thoughtfully kindled on the lid of a biscuit-tin one foot square) rising cheerfully into the air. Number One was lying down in his cabin with ice at his head and feet. The Military Officer having dinner in the wardroom was feeling unpopular.

At eleven P.M. the Dyaks suddenly realised that they were homesick. They began to feel miserable. They began to yearn for the jungle. They started to put their feelings into a sad little native chant.

A native chant is lugubrious enough at all times; a sad little native chant, which is without stops or commas of any kind, is unspeakably so. It makes one think of far-away home and the might-have-been. It makes one feel that death is a lovely thing (either for you or the singer). By the end of half-an-hour most of the ship's complement were in tears, and an officer whose cabin was just underneath the sorrow-party and who therefore got the full benefit of the accompaniment—a monotonous thumping on the deck—was crying softly to himself and fingering his revolver. Public opinion at last forced the Military Officer up to a short chat with his family, who with tears running down their cheeks promised to be good though they couldn't be happy, and try to go to sleep.

Next day proved trying to all. Owing to the scar on the deck made by the cooking fire, the Dyaks were given permission to use the men's galley during stated hours. The ship's cooks were immediately embedded in a seething mass of tattooed savages who, expressing delight in everything they saw, began to cook smelly and intricate messes over some ten square yards of space. Stated hours meaning nothing to the native mind, the sailors dined off bully-beef and biscuit and all the cooks applied to be stokers, sanitary men, A.B.'s or officers—in fact anything but cooks.

Shortly after there was an incipient mutiny among the stokers owing to the Dyaks' mistaking the deck-ventilators for convenient dustbins. No one, not even a stoker, likes to receive intermittent rubbish about his ears, consisting chiefly of those very few parts of a chicken which a Dyak will not eat—usually only the beak and claws.

The Military Officer's unpopularity even though a guest, soon became an enormous thing brooding over the entire ward-room. Any active expression of it was, however, put out of court by the realisation that the guest was the only person who could speak the Dyaks' language and so remonstrate with them. Indeed the language question was the one thing that kept the peace, for many a furious officer, starting to blackguard a Dyak for making betel-nut patterns on the deck, was at once brought to a standstill when the uncomprehending child of nature, assuming the tirade to be something to do with his work of felling trees on the morrow, hurriedly produced his *parang* and started honing it up, explaining that he was quite ready. If anyone persisted in continuing the chat after this the Dyak would illustrate the beautiful strokes with which he proposed to cut down the largest trees and pare the thickest brushwood. This generally terminated the interview.



Golfer (during search). "I WONDER COULD IT HAVE GONE FURTHER THAN YOU THOUGHT?"
Caddie. "EASY."

It was with the deepest relief that the Military Officer and his party were put ashore next day, for a bare hour beforehand the canteen had been rushed by a jabbering crowd who, brought up on bazaar haggling, were highly irritated by fixed prices. But on the island the Dyaks at least redeemed themselves and their jungle-clearing was admitted to be too masterly for words. Even Number One was loud in their praises, and by way of showing this contributed heavily to the collection taken up by the ward-room to charter a steamer for the Dyaks' return voyage. A. A.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE DANCE OF DEATH" (APOLLO).

IN *The Dance of Death*, Colonel ROBERT LORAINE'S new production at the Apollo, STRINDBERG again shows himself to us as an adept in the manufacture of little private hells with Woman as devil-in-chief. There are practically but three characters—*Edgar*, captain-commandant of an island fortress "a few hours from Stockholm," *Alice*, his wife, formerly an actress, and *Curt*, her cousin, who has come to fill the post of quarantine officer.

Curt, a decent kindly man who has suffered and emerged from his ordeal with a philosophy of tolerance and hope and perhaps more than a touch of priggishness, is aghast at the spectacle of the unveiled hatred that divides his cousin and her husband, expecting with grim irony the twenty-fifth anniversary of their wedding-day. The two have been long isolated. The commandant is an overbearing disappointed man, concealing his disappointment with a mask of vanity, despising his social equals, meanly courting popularity with his subordinates. He is manifestly desperately ill, and on the night of *Curt's* arrival has an alarming seizure.

From this the drama moves through dark places of insane hatred, cruelty, treachery and lust to as unconvincing a "happy ending" as was ever contrived by the least conscientious author with avid eye fixed upon box-office—*Alice* craftily (no, crudely) poisoning the mind of her cousin against her husband to whom he is drawn by sympathy, triumphantly expecting his immediate death, insanely impatient when, summoning his iron will, he rallies and defers the inevitable end; *Alice*, with her own dormant passions awakened (or perhaps simulated by the actress in her, mainly with the desire to wound the object of her insane malice), breaking down the careful self-control of *Curt* and seducing him with an appalling directness; the stricken invalid, having looked death closely in the face, inspired to fresh efforts of tyranny; and finally, by no process that was really intelligible to us, the two manacled enemies, exhausted perhaps by their terrible conflict, settling down to a grudging truce and the discussion with a wry irony of how to celebrate their silver wedding, with poor *Curt*, broken and disgraced, slipping away from the house of evil. There was a certain overlaid dignity and fineness in the character of *Edgar* which might have moved him, knowing all, to forgive all, but it seemed quite inconceivable that anything short of trepanning or exorcism could have healed the lesion of the brain in *Alice*—if that was her trouble—or cast out the devil which had entered into her warped soul.

Unconvincing then essentially, because it is not frankly possible to believe in such inhuman manifestations of cruelty and hatred, and because the evil and the horror are too obviously the product of a morbid mind; but desperately interesting also. It is easy to see the attraction for Colonel LORAINE of the character of part of *Edgar*, with its swift changes and complex psychology. Very adroitly he suggested the strain of decency and kindliness which just made it possible for the character to retain our sympathy. Miss MIRIAM LEWES made her *Alice*, who was little better than a were-wolf, as near human as was possible, and in particular suggested with great skill the evil re-flowering of her womanhood in the base intrigue with *Curt*. Mr. EDMUND GWENN was admirable in the first quiet passages of *Curt's* friendly interest and growing dismay. He seemed—and one is not surprised—to find the later developments a little too much for him. Odd also that such a highly-trained actor should so persistently drop his voice and become inaudible.

A brief entrance by Mr. HERBERT JOHNSON as an old beldam gave an added effect of horror at a salient moment of the action; but the eldritch hag turned out to be only an inmate of the poor-house, so that this was dramatically a mere (and rather disconcerting) piece of spoof. No defects of detail or even of plan however rob this sombre piece of its power and absorbing interest. T.



"ANYTHING STARTLING IN THE NEWS THIS MORNING?"
"YES, POPSY, SQUAWK AND WUFFY ARE LEFT IN AN ALMOST INEXTRICABLE DILEMMA."

"REGATTA" (PRINCE OF WALES).

Mr. SUTTON VANE sets his new ultra-romantic adventure, *Regatta*, upon the deck of a luxurious steam dahabieh proceeding up the Nile—a picturesque if somewhat awkward arena for the supposedly secret conversations and displays of passion which take place thereon. There are patches of what in our jargon is known as "good theatre"; but there are also some rather painfully large areas of the fabric that are thread-bare and ineffectively decorated with humorous *motifs*—and light humour is not one of our author's conspicuous gifts.

It is a none too bright group of people that honourable dull *Sir Ronald Blair* is entertaining—comic spinster, comic subaltern, comic subaltern's *fiancée*, gloomy, young or young-ish man that had once failed to win the Diamonds through taking it too easily, a failure which had blighted his life, made him "go under," as he phrased it. Why, Heaven alone knows. There is also an exceedingly rude and, so we were instructed, wise old peer and ex-diplomatist. But there is a lively expectation of intrigue in the air. A glib fawning rascal of a "gyppy" is aboard; at intervals a song is heard from the bank suggesting that the boat is being persistently followed; and, when the name of a certain wealthy Egyptian, *Ian Farr*, is mentioned with that assured contempt which the travelling English of a certain type so readily feel for the however slightly darker tinted, *Lady Blair* shows evident signs of distress and old *Lord Carthorne* works his expressive eyebrows as who should say, "I know all about this bad business; leave it to me." *Sir Ronald*, most innocent of baronets, is easily fobbed off with the ancient feminine excuse of the sudden headache.

And things begin to happen. The vessel grounds, the boiler half-heartedly explodes, lights wink in the scrub on the bank, and *Mr. Ian Farr's* celebrated

motor-boat, the *Scarlet Peacock*, is seen approaching. Enters a sleek, smiling, slightly sinister figure, proposing to abduct *Sir Ronald's* lady, in an orderly manner if possible, otherwise with the help of his ruffians on the *Scarlet Peacock* and the bank and on the dahabieh. The East understands organisation in affairs of the heart.

Lord Carthorne, being of the old full-blooded school, is desperately disappointed that *Sir Ronald* does not assault and batter the smiling alien. The Baronet, however, with sweet reasonableness argues that if his wife prefers the stranger he has no right to stand in the way of her happiness. His heart may break, but he will do the noble understanding thing and get back to his fretwork. Whereupon *Lord Carthorne* plays his hand, gives the Egyptian a taste of his fifth-form diplomacy and the opportunity to prove himself a better man and a more honourable gentleman than any other aboard the dahabieh.

Mr. LESLIE PERRINS handled his *Ian Farr* skilfully. It was in the author's plan that he should only gradually disclose the fact that he was not the villain but the hero, and this office he performed with a nice discretion. And when it was necessary to persuade his lady and her bodyguard of the reality of his love he did not allow himself to be embarrassed by the queer outspoken things he was compelled to say. Mr. C. M. HALLARD's *Lord Carthorne* was one of those well-studied eccentric portraits which he always does so capably, handicapped here a little because even in the most serious crises of the action it was necessary for him to be amusing.

I liked Mr. GEORGE RELPH's quiet easy *Sir Ronald*, and the imperturbable effrontery of Mr. HENRY DE BRAY's *Abdulla*. Miss NORA SWINBURNE (*Lady Blair*) had a difficult part as there was little for her to do but appear generally distressed and little to enable her to explain either how she had managed so to inflame her lover or to be herself so absorbed by him. I thought she missed her one opportunity when the two were alone together of suggesting the note of wistful romanticism which might have led us to suppose her capable of this unlikely adventure. T.



THE LOVER'S FOND EMBRACE.

Ian Farr . . . . . MR. LESLIE PERRINS.
Lady Blair . . . . . MISS NORA SWINBURNE.



Lord Carthorne (*Mr. C. M. HALLARD*), *casually smelling glass.* "POISONED YOURSELF, EH? YOU 'RE A WHITER MAN THAN I THOUGHT."

By an oversight the part of the young matricide in *The Adding Machine* was attributed, in Mr. Punch's notice, to Mr. LAURENCE OLIVIER instead of to Mr. CHARLES MAUNSELL.

THE DALMATIAN PERIL.

THE discussion conducted in the Press on the origin of the name "spotted dog," as applied to a popular pudding, has reached a point at which the need of a revised nomenclature becomes imperative on the highest grounds.

It is now conclusively shown by a writer in *The Westminster Gazette* that "the name arose during the period when nearly every carriage had a black-spotted Dalmatian dog running underneath it, and the white pudding spotted with black currants could hardly escape being associated at that time with the 'plum-pudding dog,' as it was known on land," though "spotted dog" is essentially a sailor's dish and is still prepared in accordance with the recipe used in the days of NELSON.

But the publication of these facts is little short of disastrous, from the slur which they cast on a proud and gallant race. For the Dalmatians of to-day to be associated with "spotted dog"—*Canis maculosus*—is an insult fraught with momentous possibilities, and GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO would be more than human if he refrained from explosive protest. The Dalmatian dog, like the leopard, may be unable to change his spots. But why should he? We do not ask it of the sun.

If the Board of Admiralty were well advised they would prohibit the use of this unhappy name in the Navy and provide a less invidious substitute. Failing their intervention we look to the League of Nations, in its character of protector of the smaller states, to deal promptly and effectively with this grave menace to the peace of Europe. At all costs the spotted dogs of war must be securely muzzled.

Bad News for Prohibitionists.

"Temperance fell below zero in Eastern Scotland."
North-Country Paper.

WASSAIL SONGS.

II.—HYPOCRAS (A.D. 1407).

Vernage and vernagelle,
Pyment and perry,
Malmsey and muscadel
Make a man merry.

Alicant waketh him,
Ale shuts his eyes,
Hypocras maketh him
Jocund and wise.

Would ye make hypocras? Then do
Like Sir HIPPOCRATES of yore:
Take a long sleeve and pour therethrough
Old wine and red, and hold it o'er
A bowl where it may trickle on
Hot sunflower-seeds and cinnamon.

'Tis thus, and thus alone, men make
True hypocras, whose fume may ease
Pride's bitterness and anger's ache
And love's most desperate disease;
But he must have no caitiff wit
Who fain would mix and temper it.

That hypocras may bear this bloom
Rich as Damascus roses bear,
That hypocras may have this fume
Sharp-sweet as the Arabian air,
Tall carven carracks brave the wind
That blows towards Araby and Ind.

The King in robe of miniver,
The Abbot shód with purple hide,
The Knight with gilded rowel-spur,
The Judge in furréd mantle wide,
For such as these is hypocras,
Must ever be and ever was.

For hypocras, I 'd have you know,
Has given many a great lord joy;
Sir AJAX quaffed it long ago
Before the moated wall of Troy,
And Sir ÆNEAS drank thereof
At Carthage to the Queen his love.

Vernage and vernagelle,
Pyment and perry,
Malmsey and muscadel
Make a man merry.

Alicant waketh him,
Ale shuts his eyes,
Hypocras maketh him
Jocund and wise. D. M. S.

THE TYRANNY OF LATIN.

WE read a great deal about the independence of modern women, and Victorian obscurantists are vocal in complaints of its dangers. Yet the protest of Sir GERALD DU MAURIER in *The Daily Mail* brings home to us in tragic fashion the tyranny under which women still labour and the inadequacy of their emancipation. It appears that a niece of his, a girl of sixteen, wanted to extend her holiday for a fortnight, but was told that the request would not be granted as she was required to pursue the study of Latin.

"Now I ask you," continues the indignant uncle, "of what use is Latin to a girl? Would it make her a better wife or mother? . . . Did Latin help Jane Austen, Florence Nightingale or Ellen Terry? Of what use was Latin to Nelson, Barrie, Hardy or Shaw? I learned Latin at Harrow, but it has done nothing for me, and I don't know anyone who has benefited by it."

Let us without passion or prejudice calmly and dispassionately consider the facts of the case. Holidays at schools roughly amount to the beggarly total of some fifteen weeks in the year, and as for the young lady's request to extend this period for a bare fortnight one can only marvel at its moderation. Compare the case of a university undergraduate of my acquaintance who, having gone out to Switzerland to refresh with winter sports his jaded frame, exhausted by the terpsichorean activities of the Michaelmas term in the depressing climate of Oxford, decided very properly to extend his vacation for a week without notifying the authorities. He did so, and beyond a perfunctory reprimand from the Master of his college nothing happened. He was not informed that he must learn Greek, which he had entirely forgotten. Why then this accommodating attitude on the part of the authorities? No explanation can be given except that he was a man and therefore received preferential treatment denied to the other sex.

As for the utility of Latin, the catalogue given by Sir GERALD DU MAURIER of men and women of genius who were non-Latinists, though sufficiently overwhelming, is not complete. He has omitted to include HENRY FORD, CHARLIE CHAPLIN, STEVE DONOGHUE and Sir HARRY LAUDER. About Miss TALLULAH BANKHEAD I am not certain, but I trust that she is to be numbered, amongst those who have not been beguiled by the foolish myths of the grandeur that was Rome. That great man the CLAIMANT, like SHAKESPEARE, was weak in his Latin. Mr. WELLS's low opinion of classical literature has proved almost the last nail in the coffin of the old curriculum. I make this reserve because the *coup de grâce* has been dealt by Sir GERALD DU MAURIER himself. *He learned Latin at Harrow, but it has done nothing for him.* The new headmaster, Dr. NORWOOD, has introduced Rugby football. He has now a far finer field for the display of his reforming activities. Let him abolish Latin and substitute Esperanto for the obsolete and ungrateful tongue which has failed to repay the early devotion of one of Harrow's most illustrious sons.

FABLE.

ONCE upon a Time there were Two Friends who chanced, after twenty years' Separation, to meet at a Railway Station. And during these twenty years the One had grown Rich and the Other had grown Poor. Now the Rich Man, having heard of the Poverty of the Poor Man, felt constrained and ashamed of his Wealth, whereas the Poor Man, having heard of the Wealth of the Rich Man, felt constrained and ashamed of his Poverty.

When they found that they were Both travelling to the same Destination, the Rich Man, who had already bought a First Class Ticket, thinking that the Other would travel Third Class, returned to the Booking Office and bought a Third Class Ticket; and at the same time the Poor Man, who had already bought a Third Class Ticket, thinking that the Other would travel First Class, returned to the Booking Office and bought a First Class Ticket.

This made it very Awkward when they came to get into the Train. "No wonder," thought the Rich Man, "he is Poor if he is so Extravagant as to travel First Class when he can't afford it." And the Poor Man thought, "No wonder he is Rich if he is so Mean as to travel Third Class when he can afford to travel First."

So the Rich Man was confirmed in his Opinion that it is because of their Extravagance that the Poor are Poor, and the Poor Man was confirmed in *his* Opinion that it is because of their Meanness that the Rich are Rich.

GWEK AND POK.

["Two suspicious witch-doctors named GWEK and POK are being hunted in the Sudan."]

I FEAR that Messrs. POK and GWEK
Will shortly get it in the neck,
And that an overwhelming shock
Is due to Messrs. GWEK and POK.

Then let us mourn the bitter wreck
In store for Messrs. POK and GWEK,
When we administer the knock
To Mr. GWEK and Mr. POK.

DUM-DUM.

Our Shameless Contemporaries.

"The slim and youthful can wear anything, from a clan tartan cloth to a pastel chiffon, and look charming. The older woman, and more mature, if she wants to look young and charming, cannot wear anything."
Morning Paper.

From an article on "Summer Outfits":—

"Your husband should match your coat, and if you have more than one coat you change the hatband accordingly."—*New Zealand Paper.*

Or, alternatively, the husband.



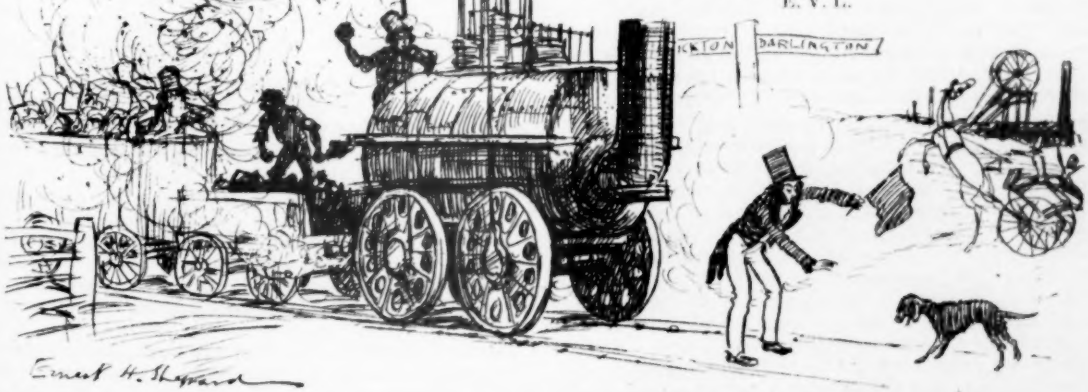
COUNTY SONGS.

XXVI.—DURHAM.

CATHEDRALS usually stand
In England on the lowest land.
At Winchester and Wells 'tis so;
Could Canterbury lie more low?
But go to Durham—there you 'll see
A fane supreme in majesty,
High on a rock ascending sheer
Above the dark and winding Wear.

How seldom rest the eyes upon,
In London town, a Bedlington,
That terrier of silvery hue
Which dealers oddly think is blue!
But go to Durham—there you 'll meet
With Bedlingtons in every street,
Eager, nay bristling, for the fray
That makes a miner's holiday.

E. V. L.



Ernest H. Shepard



Barbara (seated). "I HAD 'GOOD' FOR MY SUMS TO-DAY."
Joyce (not to be outdone). "THAT'S NOTHING. I HAD 'BETTER' FOR MINE."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THE old issue between agriculture and industrialism—which best subserves the happiness of its votaries?—is the more than adequate mainstay of Miss SHEILA KAYE-SMITH'S *Iron and Smoke* (CASSELL), a novel whose high-water mark of individual catastrophe is reached comparatively early. This may seem a bold thing to say of a story which sees its second generation through the Great War, but the fact remains. Miss KAYE-SMITH has spared her Victorian heroine none of the damning accessories of her period; but for all her balloon sleeves and "fussy" trimmings, for all her natural and inevitable complement of a mind to match, *Jenny Bastow*, daughter of a "jumped-up" Yorkshire ironmaster, is both a winning and a pathetic figure. Her husband, *Humphrey Mallard*, an impecunious Sussex squire, is a man of two preoccupations—an active passion for the land and a dormant but not extinct tenderness for the wife of a neighbour. He proposes to lavish *Jenny's* dowry on his acres. Her father wishes it to remain in iron. Distracted by their rivalry, *Jenny* hears of her husband's *liaison* with *Isabel* and inclines to iron; but *Humphrey* dies with tragic suddenness and she promises to hold the land for their unborn child. The remainder of the book works out, with a notable drop of temperature but with equal if not greater insight, the keeping of *Jenny's* promise and the growth of her friendship for the serenely-cynical *Isabel*. *Isabel's* daughter and *Jenny's* son and his wife, all vivid types of the new ruthlessness, are drawn with a rather formidable detachment and accuracy. *Jenny's* brother, an ineffective pacifist, is less successfully conveyed. He voices however his creator's misgivings for the land in some of the most memorable passages of a touching and eloquent book.

Messrs. HODDER AND STOUGHTON distribute (hooray!)
Tales of Swordfish and Tuna by Mr. ZANE GREY,
Who has with big fishes the takingest way.

And here he invites us with him to embark
(He knows all the oceans as I know Hyde Park)
And see him catch tuna from daylight to dark.

(A small size in tuna, yet nimble and antic,
We're told that Pacific affords; but Atlantic
Can dwarf 'em—*its* tuna are simply gigantic.)

And when we are tired of the tuna we're taken
To fight with a swordfish, who seems quite unshaken
When he, having battled all day, saves his bacon.

Then, mopping his brow, Mr. GREY never fails
To keep up his form as a teller of tales
With orca and grampus and black "killer" whales.

Yes, he writes of his sport from the love that he bears it,
Till the reader (encouraged by photographs) shares it
And wins the blue Tuna Club button, and wears it.

Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON calls his book about *Stevenson* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) an "intimate biography." Had R. L. S. been paying a similar tribute to G. K. C.—and, oh, that that were possible!—he would probably have called it

a "familiar study"; and I think his description would have been the more accurate. In other words, to go to Mr. CHESTERTON for details of "TUSITALA'S" life is to be disappointed. He takes those for granted, as well he may at this time of day, and devotes his energies to discovering why, the life being as it was, the books are what they are. The result is interesting to the student of STEVENSON, and even more so to the student of CHESTERTON. For in this little book our gallant author is firmly astride his favourite hobby-horse, which is the dreadful state of art and letters at the end of the nineteenth century. He sees the England of that time as a slough of Zolaism, dimly illuminated by the marsh-lights of WHISTLER and WILDE. STEVENSON, we are to understand, emerging from the austere tabernacles of the Shorter Catechism, was at first attracted by those deceptive beacons and nearly fell into the morass, but escaped in time and took refuge by the cosy fireside of childhood, there to amuse himself with the juvenile drama of SKELT, those "penny plain and twopence coloured" figures of which he so charmingly wrote. Henceforward his literature was to be a Skeltic renaissance. It is a pretty theory and stated, as need hardly be said, with ingenuity and gusto. Perhaps it would be as easy to overturn as a toy theatre; but what of that? One does not overturn a toy theatre with which a child is amusing himself. One squats on the hearth-rug and enjoys the play.

For the public she probably contemplates I should have thought that Miss BARBARA GOOLDEN'S familiarity with dancing-schools, theatrical dressing-rooms and the gas cookery of the New Poor would prove sufficiently alluring without the sterner interests incorporated in *The Sleeping Sword* (CHAPMAN AND HALL). These, though disquietingly symbolized on the book's jacket, are not allowed to loom large until its close, when the combatant males of two coteries turn out to withstand the General Strike. Preliminary symptoms of this climax appear at an earlier stage, but never with sufficient force to deflect what I feel is the story's chief concern—the favourable adjustment of relations between a naturalized family of Austrian Jews and a small all-British set of young professional people. *Clive Coverdale*, of Lincolns Inn, whose attitude towards life reflects the correctness of his tailoring, loses his heart to *Juanita Reiss*, ingenuous daughter of an impoverished banker. *Clive* can stomach old *Reiss*, who, though a trifle, as FITZGERALD would say, "poddy," is not a bad sort; but he cannot away with *Juanita's* brother and sister, an opportunist couple who live mainly by their charms. Luckily for *Juanita*, and still more luckily for the Grandisonian *Clive*, the former has a warm advocate in *Elizabeth Marlowe*, the novelist wife of *Clive's* actor-friend, *Timothy*. The *Marlowes* have not made a success of matrimony themselves, an overdraft and a shameless but lovable mongrel constituting the more permanent features of their felicity. But *Clive* can afford to wed to some purpose, and *Elizabeth* at any rate is out to see he does so. The upshot of her endeavours I commend to those with a heart for such matters, at the same time congratulating her creator on having secured so convincing a good angel for her pleasant but somewhat shadowy heroine.



Author (*meeting friend in Turkish bath*). "HELLO, I SEE YOU 'RE READING ONE OF MY SHOCKERS."

Friend. "YES, AND IF IT 'S ANY SATISFACTION TO YOU THE CONFOUNDED THING 'S MADE MY BLOOD RUN COLD."

Having read *Helen of Troy* and *Galahad*, I knew that Mr. JOHN ERSKINE must some day come to the Garden of Eden, and I wondered how two characters could be made to fill a book. He has seen this difficulty and for his *Adam and Eve*

(NASH AND GRAYSON) has gone to the old Rabbinical legend which gives him *Lilith* as a rival to *Eve* and completes the triangle. There is no snake in Mr. ERSKINE'S Eden, and *Adam*, as anyone may see, was responsible for his own misfortunes. He forsook *Lilith* for *Eve*—*Lilith*, who was beautiful and kindly and tolerant and infinitely wise, for a thin-lipped and querulous *Eve*, who stood for clothes and cooking and conventionality and everything which could make *Adam* thoroughly uncomfortable. Not that *Adam* had been completely happy with *Lilith*, nor was he at any time the lord of creation he was once supposed to be. For Mr. ERSKINE subscribes to the modern theory that men are neither the sport of the gods nor masters of their destiny; they are the unconscious puppets and catspaws of their own womenfolk. This may be a libel on the sex, but it is much too late now for anything to be done about it. And Mr. ERSKINE makes it terribly plausible. His Adams and his Eves are everywhere. Readers may not recognise themselves, but they will certainly recognise their friends. Nevertheless for all the humour and insight that have gone to the making of *Adam* and *Eve* it is the beautiful figure of *Lilith* that remains in the memory. What a fool *Adam* must have been!

Miss NAOMI ROYDE-SMITH writes something so different each time she gives us a new story that so far I have found it extremely difficult to put her into any particular literary pigeon-hole. *John Fanning's Legacy* (CONSTABLE) is yet another fresh departure, being a mystery with a really surprising murder at its core, and no detective. It is told by means of some notes, a series of letters and a confession, and it is nearly as difficult for the reader to get a clear view of the facts before the end as it must have been for the people concerned in their solution. The letters between *Mary Gillian France*, lately secretary to and now heiress of *John Fanning* the novelist, and *Nicholas Quantock*, his friend, are very well done. Miss ROYDE-SMITH gives the credit for *Quantock's* share to "a writer, the price of whose collaboration has been my promise to withhold his name," and this unknown has played his part quite as well as she has played that of *Miss France*. Where, to my mind, she has failed, and unfortunately it comes at the beginning, where it may discourage her readers, is in "Mr. Pattinson's Story, transcribed from Shorthand by his Daughter." We are not expected to form too high an opinion of *Mr. Pattinson*, but if, having dictated such an account as this, he allowed another partner in his firm to read it he must have been practically insane. For the rest, this is a really clever interesting book, written with a sense of character which emerges in spite of the difficult form in which the story is cast. That form enables Miss ROYDE-SMITH to spring her surprise upon her readers very smartly; but the confession which follows, and serves to tidy up a lot of loose ends, comes necessarily rather as an anticlimax.



THE EQUESTRIAN TROUPE AT OUR LOCAL CIRCUS HAD AN ENJOYABLE DAY WITH THE QUORNLEY LAST WEEK.

To the cleverness of *Benighted* (HEINEMANN) I am more than ready to pay tribute. In construction and characterisation no flaw can be found in it. But while admiring Mr. J. B. PRIESTLEY'S skill (and I am its confirmed admirer) I detested some of the people on whom he has exercised it in this drama. Three motorists, a man, his wife and a friend, having been overtaken at night by floods and landslides in loneliest Wales, sought shelter in an inhospitable house. Presently they were joined by two more refugees, a vulgar good-hearted knight and a young woman of splendid courage who would have been poverty-stricken if she had relied on virtue for her only reward. It is a well-selected quintette, and Mr. PRIESTLEY, in his play between husband and wife, is delightfully subtle. But the inhabitants and the atmosphere of the house itself horrified me. Two of them were, to take a generous view, eccentric; a third was stark and dangerously mad, and the servant was a huge dumb man who, having drink taken, became utterly repulsive. Tragedy swift and dramatic followed, and it will haunt my memory for many a day. In his future novels I do hope that Mr. PRIESTLEY will leave madness to those who in the quest for sensation have reached their own wits' end.

At first sight I imagined that *The Piper of Kerimor* (BLACKWOOD), by Mr. KENNETH MACNICHOL, would have a Scottish flavour, but I was in error. The scene of these twelve stories is laid in a village of Basse Bretagne, where the priest, *Father Mathieu*, tended a flock of peasants and fishermen, whose superstitions and sins prevented him from having an idle moment. A fine man, of power and understanding, this *Father Mathieu*, and for the skill with which Mr. MACNICHOL has woven him into the life of Kerimor I have nothing but praise. The priest and *Lommic the Fool* (who was also a piper and a poet) are the heroes of a collection that is remarkable both for its observation and its beauty of language. I have read many tales that have pathos for their motive, but few more perfect in tone than "Brother Death." Though Mr. MACNICHOL held me captive with his more adventurous stories, such as "Fog-Bound," I do not recommend his book to readers in search of feverish excitements; but to anyone looking for quiet entertainment, faultlessly staged, it will be a pure delight.

"Mr. A. Dryland, who inspected flood damage at Kingston, is the Middlesex County Surveyor."—*Daily Paper.*

And never has his name been more popular.

CHARIVARIA.

A REVIVAL of beards is advocated in *The Daily Express*. We look to Lord BEAVERBROOK for a lead.

* *

When the Athenæum Club re-opens shortly, it will be found to have been very much modernised. The members however have not been tampered with.

* *

The performances of the M.C.C. team in South Africa are the more praiseworthy in consideration of the fact that some of the members had had no previous experience of playing in sunshine.

* *

Somebody has complained that there is a slackness of dress on some of the best-known golf courses. But surely he can't expect plus-fours to be skin-tight.

* *

An actress says that her wedding will be a very quiet one. We anticipate that the ceremony will take place in a blaze of secrecy.

* *

When Sir GERALD DU MAURIER asks what use Latin was to NELSON and other famous people he seems to forget what a great help it was to JULIUS CÆSAR.

* *

According to an official of the National Federation of Fish Fryers, their members are experiencing hard times. He did well to communicate with the newspapers in which their business is so much wrapped up.

* *

In this connection we fear that the potato-chipping industry must be correspondingly depressed.

* *

President COSGRAVE has told an interviewer that one of Ireland's greatest problems is that of keeping the Irish at home. In this matter Ireland is assured of the cordial support of other countries.

* *

A newspaper correspondent asks how it is that, whereas the illuminated names of London stations are shouted loudly by the porters, in dim suburban stations there is silence. We attribute this to diffidence.

* *

The ape in the Zoo with an arm-stretch of ten feet is an object of envious curiosity to anglers.

* *

TROTSKY'S answer to STALIN, says Mr. J. L. GARVIN, is "*Miching Mallecho.*" Or, of course, words to that effect.

* *

Excavations at Pompeii have brought to light evidence that the inhabitants were keenly interested in the municipal elections. Their apathy about Vesuvius seems the more unaccountable.

* *

In view of the association of the name of the Prefect of Palermo with the suppression of the Mafia there is some talk in Sicily of a *Memento Mori*.



"I WANT AN EMPTY SOAP-BOX."
"RABBITS?"
"NO, POLITICS."

"Lady ——," we read, "sticks to the side-saddle." Too many horsewomen are non-adhesive.

* *

Mr. HOOVER'S warning that a world rubber shortage is imminent is especially grave in view of the continued failure of American scientists to perfect a synthetic neck.

* *

According to a report of Post Office accounts, bad debts on the telephone service, amounting to over twenty-three thousand pounds, were written off. Nothing is ever done about writing off a few wrong numbers.

* *

An official has explained that the Post Office will not pay compensation on any postal packet registered abroad unless the whole letter or parcel is missing. It is suggested that notices be issued asking thieves to steal the whole packet and not merely the wrapper.

* *

Skeletons can be found all over Ipswich, said Mr. A. J. RIDLEY in the Chancery Division. It looks as if the feminine fad for "reducing" is being carried too far.

* *

With reference to the landslides in Wales during the recent storms it is only fair to point out that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE was abroad at the time.

* *

A horticulturist announces that a new kind of lemon is to be seen in London. Can this be the one that his colleagues of the T.U.C. handed to Mr. A. J. COOK over the Industrial Peace Conference?

* *

"Money is only valuable for the pleasure it gives," says an essayist. Look at Mr. A. E. HAILWOOD, how he simply loves to go about giving away by-election deposits like handbills.

* *

It has been stated that there are two-hundred-and-twenty peace treaties between the nations of the world. But it is not expected that we shall have everlasting peace until the everlasting peace conferences are concluded.

* *

It is claimed that a field-gun with an almost inaudible report has been made. Even in military circles there seems to be a genuine desire for peace and quiet.

* *

A French poet has been going every night into a cage of lions and reciting his odes to them. We feel bound to protest against this inhuman treatment of creatures in captivity.

* *

Bridge-building, *The Times* suggests, is now the Bishops' task. Lambeth Bridge seems to be indicated.

* *

The Central Meteorological Bureau of Paris has verified the fact that the Eiffel Tower increases and decreases in height according to the temperature. Ordinary Parisians have long been accustomed to decide what to wear by a glance at the tower.

* *

Iron chains were used in a West-end orchestra the other evening. Yet we wouldn't mind betting that the saxophonist broke loose and played after all.

THE INTERRUPTER.

"DID you *realise*," he said, "that THOMAS AQUINAS was buried at Toulouse?"

This was a man who was supposed to be my friend.

I was just getting to the part where the dead Cabinet Minister is found in the street with a pink pearl tightly clenched in his left palm, while his right hand is pointing stiffly to the top-floor of an expensive suite of flats in Mayfair. There could be very little doubt that the countess with the hard metallic voice and the red shingled hair was in some way implicated.

"No," I said, "I didn't realise it at all."

"A hundred-and-fifty-thousand people," he went on, "attended the funeral of ST. THOMAS AQUINAS at Toulouse."

"The loud-speaker," I said, "is now inside the polished walnut cabinet."

I then went back to Mayfair.

Only two effectual ways have ever been found for dealing with a man, otherwise sane, who has chanced in an idle hour upon an English dictionary or a stray volume of an encyclopædia. His moral sense is immediately undermined and he becomes a sort of babbling half-wit.

One must tear the encyclopædia roughly from him at once and sit on it, or alternatively one must leave the room, locking the door behind one. Be weak as I was, and you will never know what the three silent and secret men from Java had to do with the plot at all.

There was only a momentary lull.

"Well, I'm blowed!" he said, as a man might who had suffered some heavy financial loss. "Well, I'm blowed! I never knew *that* before."

"Never knew *what* before?"

"That there was an animal anywhere in the world called an aye-aye."

"I hate politics," I said.

"It's an aberrant member of the lemur tribe," he continued without the slightest tinge of remorse. "It inhabits the woods of Madagascar and was first noted in 1871 by SONNERAT."

"I daresay," I said. "Don't take on about it so."

"It has large naked ears," he persisted, "and a long, bushy, flexible tail."

"If you don't stop at once," I told him, "I shall telephone for the police."

The countess had already turned out to be the sister of the butler, or rather she would have if the butler had not turned out to be a woman in disguise, and the countess in reality a man. The whole thing seemed to depend on whether the three men from Java would turn out to be monkeys (or possibly aye-ayes) instead of concealed emissaries from Scotland Yard. It was a suspicious circumstance, I felt, that whenever the young journalist met them they were walking backwards, and that they only communicated with each other by means of shrill whistles like the noise made by some tropical bird. They had no tails, but, meeting, as they usually did, on Wimbledon Common at midnight, they made everything very eerie indeed.

Quiet reigned in the room once more, but not for long.

"I'll bet you any money you like," he said suddenly in a portentous voice, "that you can't tell me what the word *azygy* means."

"It doesn't," I guessed.

"Oh, yes, it does."

"A sort of antelope."

"Not on your life."

"A fungoid growth on a rare species of the cactus plant."

"Miles out."

"An astronomical instrument."

"No."

"Look here," I said, shutting up *The Stabbed Statesman* for a moment but keeping my finger on the place—"do you realise that I don't want to know what azygy means? Do you realise that if I was left alone on a desert island with an azygy I wouldn't even look at it or talk to it; that I wouldn't be seen dead in a ditch with an azygy; that if the fate of the British Empire depended on my knowing what an azygy was I wouldn't move a finger to help it? I don't care if Azygy is the middle name of Senator BORAH'S aunt. If I can go down to the grave never knowing what an azygy is I shall feel that my life has not been lived in vain. If I could put you in a dark room at midnight, in a mysterious house entirely filled with ferocious azygies, having green eyes and flexible ears and long claws and seeking your worthless blood, I would do it here and now. A hand has been found, let me tell you, sawn off at the wrist, inside the escritoire of the under-secretary at Roehampton—a woman's hand, with a turquoise ring on the fourth finger. And it is just now, at a moment like this, that you want me to tell you what an azygy is. Can't you knit or play patience, or do something useful in the world?"

That quelled him for a time. Thank Heaven, I have never found out to this day what azygies are used for, nor when they are in flower. It turned out that the stabbed statesman's niece, masquerading as a countess, was really his wife by a former marriage, though, as he had been drugged at the time of the ceremony, which had taken place in Idaho, he was never aware of the fact. The three pseudo-Javanese were the triplets of this unfortunate union. I had scarcely got to the place where the connection between this mystery and the affair of the original robbery was about to be established, thus making it possible for the young girl-detective and the under-secretary to become happily engaged, when the whole carefully-built edifice of deductions was shattered again at a blow.

"I wonder," he said, "if I have really had adenoids the whole of my life without knowing it."

"I hope so," I said. "Why?"

"Apparently," he said, "they provoke asthma and give rise to catarrh."

I looked across at him in dumb bewilderment and rage.

"Why, I believe you've got them too!" he exclaimed. "'Adenoids,' it says here, 'frequently induce a dull and vacant expression of countenance, and seriously hinder——'"

I went over, took the encyclopædia from his hands and threw it out into the garden. I believe it killed the tortoise; but I don't care.

When I turned round he was holding *The Stabbed Statesman* in his hand.

"Is this thing any good?" he inquired, as if nothing had been happening at all.

EVOE.

THE PROFITEERS.

[The cloth-manufacturer is said to have suffered considerably from the short skirt fashion.]

O Madam and O sympathetic Miss,
Do not reproach yourselves on hearing this.
What though the bold curtailment of your dress
Means that some merchants are producing less?
Must what you wear invariably be
Designed to help a struggling industry?
And as to that, aren't you enriching those
(And advertising too) who deal in hose?
But if you still are troubled, ladies, think
Of such as earn their keep with pen and ink.
To how much writing have your garments led—
As they grew shorter more was to be said
In disapproval, praise and easy jest;
Never so helpfully were women dressed.
Reflect with pride that many a poor free-lance
Has found in yours "the skirts of happy chance."

W. K. H.

Commercial Candour.

"100 Travellers' Carpet Samples for Bedsides. Worth 12/11. Sale price, 17/11. Sold absolutely regardless of cost."

Advt. in Provincial Paper.



THE BREAKING OF THE MAFIA.

BRIGAND HERO. "IF YOU DESTROY OUR SECRET SOCIETIES YOU KILL ROMANCE."
SIG. MUSSOLINI. "FASCISMO IS ALL THE ROMANCE THAT ITALY NEEDS."



Wife (wearing frock that she has bought at the Sales). "WHAT DO YOU THINK OF IT? LESS THAN HALF WHAT IT WAS ORIGINALLY."
Husband. "VERY PRETTY; BUT WAS IT NECESSARY TO CUT IT DOWN AS MUCH AS ALL THAT?"

ONE GLOVE.

WHEN Uncle Jeremy expressed a desire last Christmas to give me a handsome present, Frances instantly suggested a pair of motoring-gloves. This she did because I am for ever losing my gloves. Or rather I am for ever losing one glove, which is far more annoying.

Uncle Jeremy, who doesn't get about as nimbly as he used, sent me off to buy the gloves for myself.

"Get the very best, my boy," he said. "Spare no expense, and I'll repay you when we next meet. Now don't forget—the very best!"

I didn't forget. Uncle Jeremy unfortunately did. For at our first meeting he said, when I referred tactfully to the matter, that he'd give me the money that very evening. On our second meeting—I had brought the gloves indoors and wore them ostentatiously in his study—he said his memory was terrible and that he'd pay me back before I went without fail. On the third occasion the old chap's memory had so far declined that he was under the impression that he had repaid me at our first meeting, which seemed to me to close the subject.

After this set-back I took great care of the gloves. I only wore them on special occasions and after due consultation with Frances. They had acquired in my eyes a greater value than before, for had not Uncle Jeremy given them to me regardless of the cost—to him?

Then three days ago I drove down to a place just outside London to spend the evening with some friends. I took with me Frances, the car and both gloves. About a quarter-of-a-mile from our destination we had a puncture. I got out of the car, took off the gloves and took off the wheel. Then I put on the spare wheel and put on one glove, at which point I discovered the other had disappeared. If you have been following me closely you will understand that I mean the other glove—Glove B—not the other wheel.

This of course was a tragedy. A greater tragedy than if it *had* been the other spare wheel. For you can drive a car comfortably on four wheels, but in winter you can't drive a car comfortably with one glove.

We searched high and low. I took the high road and Frances took the ditch, but without success. Then we searched the car, but all that came to light was a dropped handkerchief of Frances, and those I can find practically anywhere. So we marked the spot down for renewed search on our return and drove on.

My missing Glove B provided me with a good conversational topic for the evening. Figuratively I swept the tapis with that glove. To show them all what the lost one was like I even brought Glove A into the drawing-room after the coffee, till a short-sighted lady began calling it Fifi.

We left our friends early to put in a further hunt and drove off amid expressions of hope for a rapid recovery.

While we were pursuing our vain investigations with the head-lamps an aged man tottered up and asked if by any chance we were looking for a glove, because, when passing by half-an-hour before, he had seen a man pick one up.

"Like this?" I asked, showing him Glove A.

The ancient said it wor the very spit 'n

image on un, and added that the finder had spent some while looking for the second glove as well. He then went on his way with senile chuckles at what appeared to him to be a masterpiece of humour—two men unknown to one another and each in possession of one of the same pair of gloves. From his point of view I suppose it must have been rather in advance of any local *plaisanterie*.

"We'll never get it now," I said regretfully. "And it was a present from dear old Uncle Jeremy too—a token of affection not measured by him in terms of filthy lucre. I only wish it had been."

To Frances, who is inclined to be quixotic, there came at this moment a typically feminine inspiration.

"I think you ought to leave this one here too. The same poor man may find it. One, at any rate, of you will then have a pair."

"Why not I?"

"You're going miles away where there's no hope of getting the other. And one glove is no good to you."

Frances was quite right. One glove was no good to me. I know of few things more useless than half-a-pair of gloves. Even half-a-pair of braces, if adjusted like a Sam Browne, can still be depended upon to brace; but what could I do with my Glove A?

With a noble gesture of renunciation I placed Glove A in the road. Then I picked it up again and placed it on the footpath. Lying in the centre of the highway it looked far too like a rabbit that had been run over.

We drove home. My hands were cold, but the rest of me was warmed by that peculiar glow of self-righteousness which can only come to him who has given away something of no earthly value to himself—the kind of glow which prevails all over a village jumble-sale. I spent the night wondering who would find my sacrifice.

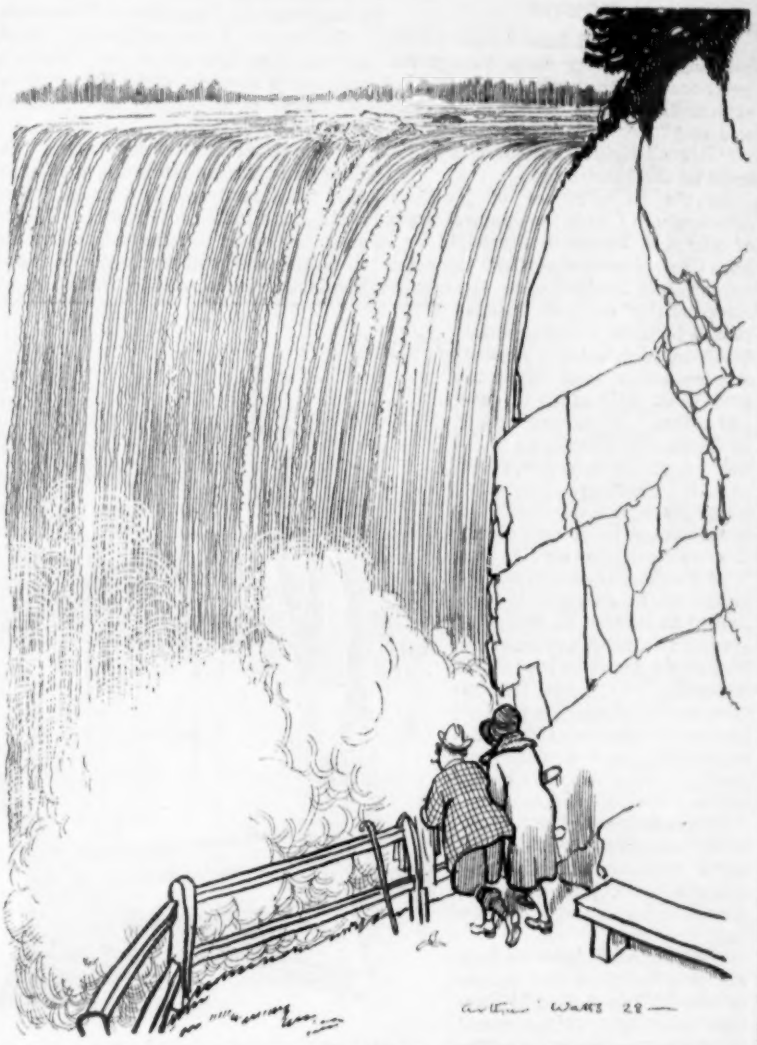
Next day I received a communication from my host. Briefly, he said that his gardener, returning from the local bar-parlour last night, had found a glove by the roadside. Faintly remembering some chance word of mine about a lost glove—I suppose he thought that remark funny—he felt sure it must be the one and was returning it therewith.

I was greatly annoyed. Fate, it appeared, had rejected my sacrifice. It is hard to do good. That officious gardener, by picking up my free-will offering and giving it the chance of being sent back, had done some poor wretch out of a fine pair of gloves. Then I looked more closely at it and perceived that it was Glove B—the original one lost.

So I am practically where I was; and there I am likely to remain. I see no way now of getting both gloves into the possession of the same man, for by this time Glove A has no doubt been gathered by a third party (we have all heard about these third-party risks) from the spot where I laid it on the footpath.

However, I comfort myself by remembering that summer is not so very far away, when I hope I shan't need gloves; and after that comes Christmas again. But this time I shall insist on Uncle Jeremy paying in advance.

A. A.



"DO YOU REMEMBER THAT AWFUL TIME, HENRY, WHEN ALL THE PIPES BURST?"

"Woman wanted to learn mole-catching; one who can wear trousers in grass."
Scots Paper.

We suppose the little gentleman in black velvet is scared of petticoats.

STATISTICS AND FIGURES.

STATISTICS gathered here and there
Have proved, authorities declare,
That, broadly speaking, people don't
Eat quite so much as they were wont.

Statistics cannot be denied,
Yet I remain dissatisfied;
Some figures that I can't ignore
Point to their owners eating more!

W. K. H.

From a tailor's circular:—

". . . the coat itself is ample justification for all . . . I have said about it, and all I ask you to do is to simply (*sic*) call in and see it before finally purchasing elsewhere."

The garment may be all he claims, but we seem to notice a slight tendency to split at the infinitive.

KOIFUR.

"My dear," said Aunt Alicia, a trifle nervously, "a very large savage has just come into the garden and is making extraordinary signs at me. *Do* come and see!"

"It's all right," I assured her; "it must be the hairdresser."

In the little corner of Northern Africa where I have my home the way of shingled blessedness used to be a hard one. Some women had their hair cut by their husbands; in some cases exceptionally devoted friends took it in turns to mangle the backs of each other's heads; and some were even known to grow their hair again in desperation. This was until M'Kootem Kooliballi, an amiable negro, learned the noble art of hairdressing and installed himself in a suitable mud-hut with the one significant word, KOIFUR, writ large outside it.

M'Kootem, save for his perpetual and friendly grin, always looked as though he had just sprung whooping from the heart of a virgin forest in his native Senegal. Two large flowers were stuck through the wool of his hair, his torso was innocent of clothing, and a clean but startling pair of magenta pants adorned his lower limbs.

He greeted me with a radiant smile, dexterously enshrouded me in the linen sheet he had brought with him and proceeded to brush and comb my hair.

"Madame will have her hair cut in a point or in a square or round?" demanded M'Kootem beamingly. (One would think the creature takes in *The Hairdressers' Supplement*.)

"In a point, M'Kootem," said I.

"*Bien*, Madame! The wife of the Kaid also, she has her hair cut in a point. She has very beautiful hair—nearly as beautiful as Madame's—and I have washed it for her with *tfol*, perfumed with orange-blossoms. As Madame knows, *tfol* makes the hair as smooth as silk and the perfume of orange-blossom enslaves the hearts of husbands."

"I don't doubt it, but a camomile shampoo will do all right for me," I said callously.

"As Madame wills," said M'Kootem meekly, and continued with renewed enthusiasm, "I have just been cutting some very fine hair, red as a cock's breast—the hair of the Cadi's new wife."

"What! the Cadi has a new wife?" I gasped, forgetting that I always tried to suppress the loquacity of M'Kootem.

In the glass I caught sight of a black face grinning from ear to ear. There's nothing M'Kootem so adores as to be the bearer of an utterly new piece of news—*a potin inédit*.

"The Cadi has a new wife," he chanted in Arabic, snipping rhythmically, "beautiful as the morning, were it not for a mole on her chin. I have given her spells to remove it, so by the third moon it will no longer be there. She is round like a little white pigeon, and I alone, M'Kootem, have seen her. She *would* have her hair cut, like the white women, especially when she saw the hair of the Kaid's wife. The Cadi can refuse her nothing; has he not rejected his former wife before witnesses? Across his chin is a long scratch, which we think probably comes——"

"That will do," said I with belated severity; "I don't wish to hear any more gossip."

"M'Kootem never gossips. What does it mean—gossip? There—Madame's hair is very nice." And he flung himself into a rapturous attitude of admiration. "If only I could put just a little henna on it——"

"Well, you can't."

"Madame would have the most beautiful hair in the station if she would only just henna it a little," persisted the tempter. "I have just henna'd the hair of the Commandant's wife. The Commandant was not very pleased, but Madame Commandant she said to me——"

"No doubt she told you you were a wonder, M'Kootem," said I.

"Yes," said M'Kootem simply. "And yet what good to henna the hair of one so old and ill-favoured? But I have washed all the younger ladies' heads with henna, and in consequence great is the favour with their husbands——"

"That will do, M'Kootem. You have trimmed the sides quite enough."

"All the women but the wife of the doctor," went on the irrepressible one. "The doctor's wife has a very little grey hair, and over it she wears a scalp adorned with the hair of her enemy, which is black in colour——"

"M'Kootem!" cried I, torn asunder between surprised interest in the news and horror at M'Kootem's interpretation of it. "You don't understand. It's what is called a *toupée*——"

"Have you nearly finished?"

The stately white head of Aunt Alicia appeared round the door. "I've been thinking that, as I shan't be back in civilization for some weeks, I'd better get this savage of yours to trim my shingle. Such a relief, dear, for once to have one's hair done by someone who won't keep trying to sell you some patent hair-wash and who *won't chatter!*"



Lady (on being pulled up by Policeman on point duty). "BUT I ASSURE YOU, OFFICER, I GAVE THE SIGNAL."

Policeman (with fine gallantry). "THEN, MISS, YOU SHOULD EITHER GET WHITE GLOVES OR A LARGER HAND."

"Do Not Shoot the Pianist"—An Alternative.

"Club will Buy Iron Frame Piano; one to go through window."
Advt. in North-Country Paper.

"FIGURE-JUGGLER'S ARITHMETIC.

Anyone should be able in a few seconds to say that 36,697 multiplied by 429 is 15,828,813."
Scots Paper.

Anyone could say so, of course, but it wouldn't be true.

From a statement on the Prayer-book controversy by Bishop BARNES:—

"I am afraid that the publication of the marines conversation will prejudice the issue."
Evening Paper.

Quite a natural misgiving. We always thought it a pity that some of the leading controversialists talked so much to the marines.



Burglar (emerging from behind curtain). "NO PANIC, PLEASE; WOMEN AND CHILDREN FIRST."

A BROKEN ROMANCE.

THERE was a time when you could pick up a magazine and be fairly certain that, if you started to read a story in it and went on without turning over two pages at once, you would ultimately arrive, by a more or less connected sequence of events, at some sort of conclusion and go to bed quite satisfied that Veronica was or was not the Bishop's daughter.

But nowadays you get all kinds of strange things woven into the pattern of your story, fragments of other stories, extraneous matter such as Competitions, Advertisements, Corners for the Kiddies and How to Make Pen-wipers with your Old Tea-leaves.

This is the sort of thing I mean:—

WHY SHE FALTERED.

BY

AUGUSTUS BLURGE.

They were sitting in the conservatory. In the next room a band blared out the latest fox-trot, but Eric Bletherley and Yvonne Devereux might have been continents away. He gazed at her with the rapt admiration of a mortal for a Greek goddess come to earth. He felt the urge to claim her for his own as he drank in the lustre of the twin pools of light which were her eyes.

"Yvonne," he murmured. A lump rose in his throat and a mist rose before his eyes.

PETTIFER'S PILLS FOR BILIOUSNESS AND INDIGESTION.

"Yvonne, the time has come when I must ask you a question. I want to know if—I want you to tell me—(1) Who invented the steam-engine? (2) What are crustaceans, and why? (3) Why did ISAAC NEWTON stand in cold water till ready for boiling. Remove rind from Camembert, mix a little salt, chop up small, throw in a handful of caraway seeds and cook in slow oven, or *vice versâ*. Serve up hot in old boots and rough tweed jacket. Yet he looked the gentleman he was. His chiselled features, tanned by the sun and rain, shone with the radiance of perfect health. My man! My man! thought Triona, and her heart beat a thought faster. He was going. Suppose—suppose he never returned?"

"Sweetest," he said, tilting her chin and kissing her, "remember, if anything should happen to me, remember to balance on the toes every morning in front of an open window. Now take a deep breath, count one, two, three, four, five, slowly, lunge twice right and twice left while the other leg is raised to the level of the shoulders. Brace the chest up for the plumber may be some time in arriving. Meanwhile shut off the main and tie a piece of rag tightly round the tap, taking care to see that the gas is extinguished beneath the geyser. A stitch in time saves a volley of round oaths and, snatching a false beard and a revolver or two, Vesper Martin had rushed out into the fog. And now the great detective breakfasted, plunged in deep meditation, with a pipe of rich shag in one hand and a slab of bread-and-marmalade in the other. Occasionally he smoked the marmalade and chewed his pipe, but not a smile stole over his features.

"The body," said Sir Wilfred, "is in the Chrome-Yellow Room."

The sleuth bounded upstairs in one leap, and with a hawk-like glance found the room mentioned.

"He is dead."

"Yes."

"Dead men," said Vesper, "make very pretty room decorations if chosen carefully, especially over the window or

beside the bed. A pink one of course would harmonise with almost any surroundings, but use strong nails for they are inclined to break if dropped on the floor. A dear old aunt of mine had one on her mantelpiece for twelve years. I remember admiring it.

"Sh!" she whispered. "My father's coming—hide under the aspidistra." Too late! The glass portal opened and Sir Oliver Mordaunt stood framed in the doorway. In his hand he grasped the sjambok with which he used to tame rogue elephants in the jungle.

Eric Bletherley fumbled for the right phrase. At last "Yvonne," he murmured, "the fact is, *je t'aime*."

LEARN FRENCH IN YOUR OWN HOME.

Yvonne burst into a fit of sobbing. "But I have a husband already."

Sir Oliver laughed brutally as the thongs rose and fell, so the boys all screamed with delight when Teddy Bear put a bottle of red ink in the Headmaster's top-hat. My! there *was* a hullabaloo, and you may guess, dear chicks, there was no jam for tea that night. Next time you shall have another adventure of the boys at Mrs. Hippo's, provided of course that the number of cubic inches in the second barrel exceeded those in each of the others by twelve, and the brewer was a Mormon, what should A do?

I leave it to you.

ANSWER TO A CORRESPONDENT.

SWEET WILLIAM.

Certainly, William, I will help you if I can. You say you have a very small garden and, owing to lack of other garage accommodation, have been obliged to use the tool-shed for housing the second-hand four-seater.

This confuses you, you say, because when you are overhauling the car you are obliged to pull it out of the tool-shed and scatter the pieces around the garden, and when you are gardening you have to put the spare roots and tools and things on the seats of the car.

You could not have come to a better person than me for advice, my lad. The things that I don't know about moticulture and rock-garaging on a small scale are simply not worth knowing. All you need is system. System and philosophy.

First of all make a list of materials and properties in your possession after this manner, and pin it up on the tool-shed door:—

Ammeter.	Trowel.
Anemone.	Ignition points.
Artichoke.	Water-level.
Oil indicator.	Bast pipe.
Strangler knobs.	Seed packets.
Crazy paving.	Magneto.

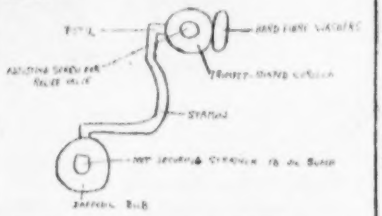
Magnolia, and so on.

Check off this list before starting work, and by this means you will always ensure that you have about you exactly what you need.

Old petrol-cans can be used for leaf-manure, and the loose head of a rake inserted in the gear-box will facilitate a free ventilation of the loam. Stir up the petrol in the tank with a raspberry-cane if it shows signs of being congealed, and you are ready to begin.

Remember that February is one of the most important months, alike in the gardening and in the motoring world. Care taken with the running parts in the herbaceous border at this early period will repay itself a thousandfold later on. Seeds that are run in too early contract gangrene in the cylinder and rot before flowering, while those planted too late develop engine trouble and pink, often coming out with spots all over their leaves.

A simple diagram will show how this occurs:—



Nothing but method, William, will overcome this difficulty.

It is well to allot to every day of the week a suitable task of its own. Let me suggest to you the following rough time-table:—

Monday.—Bulbs showing sufficient signs of growth should now be exposed to the light. This may be done either by breaking the front glass of the head-lights with a meat-axe, or by turning on the switch, which will be found in a convenient position on the facia-board. If the bulbs fail to ignite, the water in the aquarium probably needs changing. As absorption occurs add a little more tepid water during the process. Never put cocoanut-fibre in the dynamo as it spoils the delicate shoots.

Tuesday.—Plugs should be attended to. Do not water plugs in pots too freely until they are in vigorous growth, otherwise it will cause the oil to become sour and the valves will turn yellow and the jets wither before opening.

Do not water carburettors at this time of the year more than once a week, and when giving moisture stand the plant for ten minutes in a pail of luke-warm buttermilk. Magnetos require similar treatment. If the petals turn black, this may be caused by gas fumes, back-firing or the general depression in the business and financial world.

Wednesday.—Adjust tappets to climbing plants and roll abdominal wall.

Thursday.—Nail up radiator.

Friday.—Friday is a very important day in the life of the small garage and garden proprietor. It is now that the gasket should be placed on the studs and a dressing of slaked lime be given freely to the cylinder-head. On Friday also go through the following routine, in preparation for the bright sunny days of spring:—

Turn on the petrol.

Pull strangler knob right out.

Close throttle.

Break up the surface mould on the carburettor.

Switch on.

Fork lightly round hubs.

Take hold of door-handles and slam violently.

Press ranunculus firmly and bed out the gear lever.

Sprinkle a few young toots.

Saturday.—Cover dynamo with about half-an-inch of light soil and sow radishes.

Sunday.—But why bother you about Sunday, William? If you follow these few hints of mine closely you will be glad to have one day of devotion and rest.

EVOE.

THE UNDERSTANDING EAR.

[According to an American authority, jazz and the saxophone are helping the nations of the world to understand one another.]

IT is indeed a comfort as
I listen to the latest jazz
To know that I may learn some day
To understand the U.S.A.

But still, amid the bitter pains
Occasioned by these blatant strains
(What time enlightenment is blown
Upon me through a saxophone),

I wonder, when I'm able to
Appreciate her point of view,
Shall I endorse the old contention
That pardon follows comprehension?

Inadvertent Philanthropy.

From a butcher's advertisement:—

"Owing to unforeseen circumstances we have reduced the price of our meat and improved the quality."—*New Zealand Paper.*

"As Cook, good; flat; active; £60; well recommended."—*Morning Paper.*

We find it hard to visualise this good flat active cook, and should like to see a portrait before engaging her.



THE ANTEDILUVIANS.

Policeman (on riverside beat). "IT'S NO GOOD YOU WAITIN' 'ERE FOR A BUS, MISS. THERE AIN'T BEEN ONE ALONG THIS WAY SINCE THE FLOOD."

THE TRIALS OF TOPSY.

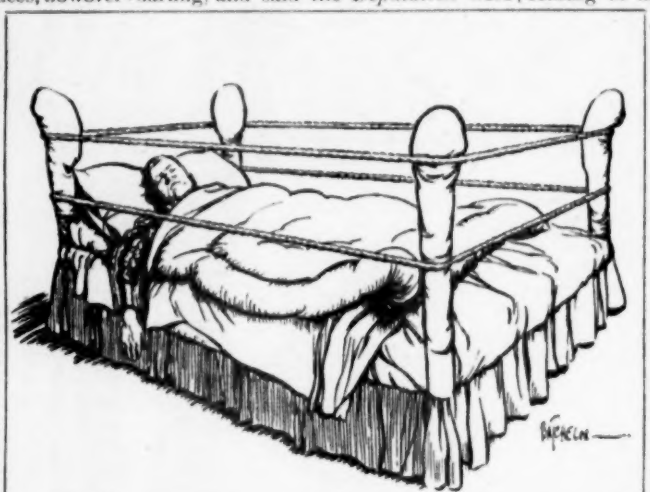
XXV.—SCANDAL AT BURBLETON.

WELL Trix darling I've been *too* peccable but my dear *what* a throb, well of course I don't know *where* to begin because my dear the *truth* is that *ever* since the Election began I've been the least bit of a stumbling-block to Mr. Haddock it seems because my dear you've *no* idea what *sedimentary* minds the electors have, my dear *quite* creamy people go *perfectly* Foot-and-Mouth the *moment* they touch politics and my dear you'll hardly believe it but it seems absolute *things* have been *definitely* said about Mr. Haddock and me my dear *simply* because *when* he was convalescenting he used *too* occasionally to *dictate* a letter or two to the Amalgamated Aunts or the Society for Keeping People *Too* Virginal or something from his sickbed to *me*, well of course he dictated *reams* more to Taffeta on every sort of subject from the *same* situation but nobody seems to *fret* much about what Taffeta does my dear *too* inequitable, however there you are and of course the *point* is that the other candidate the *most* insoluble man called Antony Buffle has absolutely pocketed *not* only the Mothers' Vote but the *Pure* Vote as well and my dear *those* two together have the last word in *this* country, *believe* me, especially my dear if absolute *things* are *quite* definitely *said* darling as they have been because my dear these *politicians*, my dear they all go round shouting No PERSONALITIES at *this* Election when of course there's *nothing* they enjoy like a *sulphuric* little scandal, well my dear when I tell you that it seems the Chair-

man gave Mr. Haddock the *nudest* hint that it would be *just* as well if his *principal* private secretary retired to London or looked a little less magnetic, so my dear I *offered* to wear cotton stockings or a *veil* or anything but of course Mr. Haddock was *too* adamant because he said if *I* didn't mind *he* merely thrived on it and he says that for every Pure Vote I alienate I shall probably inspire ten of the Apathetic Vote to go to the poll for the *first* time which is *too* plausible because there's no doubt I'm the *hugest* draw with the great heart of the people and as for the proletariat it *adulates* me darling.

Well my dear I've been *too* precautious and utterly *prim* in the grill-room where my dear we all eat together in *one* vortex of *suggestive* glances, however all went well till *yesterday* when my dear the *most* prawny deputation came to see Mr. Haddock from this Society for Keeping People *Too* Virginal, my dear *six* of them all with *antennæ* and my dear they looked at me like so many *scorpions* and of course they were *too* unsatisfied with Mr. Haddock's attitude on vinophobia and everything because they're all misovinists and of course Mr. Haddock is *frankly* vinophilous, so they said they were *too* reluctant but they were afraid they'd have to give the Virginal Vote to Mr. *Buffle*, well of course my dear Mr. Buffle is staying at the *same* hotel and as a *matter* of fact I happened to hear from a *mutual* chambermaid that *Mr.* Buffle isn't *quite* such a vinophobe in private life as he is during an *election*, and is also *quite* a philogynist, so my dear in one of my moments of girlish abandon it suddenly occurred to me, Well if I can compromise *poor* Mr. Haddock well why shouldn't I compromise the spurious Mr. *Buffle* and strike a *blow* for Mr. Haddock, well my dear I *happened* to hear that this *anæmic* deputation was visiting the Buffle at 6 so my dear at about half-past 5 I put on an *extensive* black hat and the *most* mystical veil which I had for the Christmas carol-party and I *tripped* up to Mr. Buffle's rooms on the next floor darling hoping for the worst.

Well my dear *too* fortuitous the man was in and mixing a cocktail, quite an endurable fellow darling with the *most* Celtic eyes what I call rather a *smoking-room* man, well not married of course because I should think he's *too* fond of the ladies, anyhow my dear I *rather* thought that he was *rather* attracted because my dear he adumbrated a gin and mixed *almost* at once, well we toyed with our refreshments and I let on that I was the *most* gushing constituent who was *too* anxious for him to do something in Parliament for the dear *birds*, my dear municipal haunts for *nightingales* and titteries in the Parks and everything, because my dear I *simply* couldn't think of a *thing* to say, so of course he was a bit mystified but utterly *clasped* my hand and said he'd do merely *everything* for the birds if I said so, well my dear just as I was becoming *quite* wordless and I *rather* feared that he was *rather* tending to be *rather* affectionate, *in* rushed a Secretary, a *male* ewe darling, and said the *Deputation* were looming, and my dear the Buffle went all agitato and said he was *too* occupied but couldn't we meet again while my dear the Secretary *madly* concealed the gin and things, however I wasn't to be eliminated *quite* so easily so I said I had *masses* more to tell him about the poor birds and couldn't I wait till *after* the Deputation, and my dear *while* he was saying he was *too* devastated but etcetera etcetera I merely tantivied through the *nearest* door which happened to be Mr. Buffle's *bed-room* and at the same moment through the *other* door *in* came the *Deputation* from the Society for Keeping the Empire *Absolutely* Virginal!



ONE OF OUR MOST PROMISING HEAVY-WEIGHTS, A MARTYR TO INSOMNIA, EFFECTIVELY CURES HIMSELF BY THE AID OF A FAMILIAR SUGGESTION.

Well my dear I listened *unscrupulously* and my dear *when* I heard him *address* the deputation merely *all* remorse *oozed* rapidly out of me because my dear he was *too* pure and misovinous for *words*, my dear I can't *tell* you, and of course they utterly *lapped* it up and my dear *when* I heard the *Chief* Spinster say that the *whole* Virginal Vote would go simply *solid* to Mr. Buffle I *merely* lost control and I yelled *Tony*, *Tony* there's a *mouse* in your *pyjamas*, with *which* words darling I *tottered* into the sitting-room and *fainted* in Mr. Buffle's *reluctant* arms before the *whole* deputation, shouting at the same time darling *Where* is the *Gin*, well of course human life comes before everything *doesn't* it and the Secretary instantly unveiled the restoratives to the *intense* collapse of the *Deputation* not to mention Mr. Buffle because my dear only a *moment* before he'd been telling them that the *Modern* Girl and the cocktail habit were *Imperial* menaces, however my dear I kept on coming to and *requiring* succour and *fainting* piteously again till my dear a *little* pointedly the Deputation *evaporated*.

Well then my dear I recovered *too* suddenly and of course the situation was *rather* vulnerable because of course the man was *quite* florid with rage and at the same time *rather* tending to be *rather* passionate only fortunately the *Secretary*, well he said I'd lost him a thousand votes and I said many people thought I was worth more than that, so he said *Too* right and wouldn't I *discard* the veil because *after* the Election we ought to have supper or something and meanwhile we ought to be friends and everything and my dear *things* were beginning to be *faintly* difficult because of course you'll understand I had *slight* conscience-trouble, however *fate* intercepted because my dear the *divine* telephone rang and the Secretary said it was the *President* of the *Virginal* outfit so of course he *had* to go and my dear *while* he was in the middle of the *most* protracted explanations I merely *glided* into the passage and *gravitated* to my room.

Of course my dear *too* jeopardous the whole thing and if Mr. Haddock was to hear about it I don't know *what*, however I do feel that I've struck the flimsiest blow for moderate vinophily and honesty in politics and everything, and the one canker is that I *rather* feel that if I'd met Mr. Buffle in *lay*-circumstances so to speak I *rather* think that he might have been *rather* congenial, however such is this *scourge* of a life *isn't* it darling your *defamated* little Topsy.

A. P. H.

MANNERS AND MODES AT ST. MORITZ.

THE CHOICE OF "SPORTS" HEADGEAR, THOUGH VARIED, IS DIFFICULT. THERE ARE—



THE "MEPHISTOPHELEAN," WHICH SUITS SOME PEOPLE—



THE "BERET," WHICH SUITS HARDLY ANYBODY—



AND THE "TEUTONIC" VARIETIES, WHICH SUIT NOBODY.



ON THE WHOLE IT IS BEST TO MAKE A COMPLETE JOB OF IT OR GIVE IT UP ALTOGETHER.

ONE DUMB FRIEND AFTER ANOTHER.

THERE is something peculiar about my aura which often gives humans the first impression that I am a simpleton, and dogs that I am a superman. Strangely enough, I have suffered less through being mistaken for a mug than for a god; indeed, confidence-trick men and others who have sized me up as easy prey from Wiltshire have afforded me a lot of quiet fun, and it is by the worshipping bow-wows that I have been badly victimised. I have learnt by bitter experience the hollowness of "Love me love my dog"; no sooner does the animal reciprocate than fierce jealousy creeps in. That, primarily, was why my earliest romance became ungummed, and there is no knowing what I have missed simply because her Peke went crazy about me; and that was why an old friend began to avoid me, for his new watch-dog, an expensive Alsatian, licked my hand at my first overture instead of keeping to the breeder's guarantee and biting me hard.

Then there was a big chow who suddenly admired me very much as I came out of the station. He insisted on carrying my parcel of important papers in his mouth, and then kept an elusive ten yards ahead, so that I had to follow him at an exhausting pace to his home three parishes away. . . . But why do I keep harping on trivialities? But for a hound I should still be living at Deanchester and held in high esteem.

The animal that brought me low was a sheep-dog, and it was his custom to lie outside the beer-house of ill-repute to which he belonged, his duty being, for all I know, to keep patrons penned inside until closing-time. The dog's distinctive appearance and regular habit made him something of a landmark; local motorists, befogged, could say with tolerable certainty on descrying his fluffy outline, "We are passing 'The Jolly Draymen.'"

On the occasion of my first coming into contact with him he was sprawling across the pavement like a rucked-up rug left out to air. Under the shapeless mass of wool there was nothing to see of the animal proper except that his two eyes, in ambush, looked up critically through the undergrowth to see whether I ought to be shepherded into the private bar, or merely into the tap-room. "Hullo," I said affably, "whose little dog are you?" meaning of course that I hoped he would let me step over him and pass on, whereat he rose and joyfully thrust his company on me throughout a ten-mile ramble.

This clearly put me in a false light, but I might have lived it down if the pot-house dog had not haunted me from that day onwards. In vain did I avoid him; he would turn up and claim me ostentatiously in broad daylight, and compromise me with his company in most conspicuous places. When I had



". . . AND THEN KEPT AN ELUSIVE TEN YARDS AHEAD."

to be very much in evidence whilst judging the fancy-costumes at the bazaar and fête, this notorious creature from "The Jolly Draymen" clung to me like a possessive shadow.

Thus my reputation, the careful growth of many years of blameless life, was uprooted by a dog in about a month. Friends lost their cordiality, acquaintances cut me; I did not receive an invitation to the Canon's garden-party. Squirming under an unjust stigma as I was, yet in my heart I did not blame them. It was excusable to see in this affectionate familiarity of the beer-house dog very strong circumstantial evidence that I had a *Mr. Hyde* complex which was leading me away, on the sly, to long bibulous evenings of darts, if not shove-halfpenny. What other construction was possible when, in a cathedral town, a pot-house dog would wait and whine for me outside a parochial meeting?



"THE APPEARANCE OF THIS CUR IS SUCH THAT *HIS* FRIENDSHIP TOO IS GOING TO BE VERY AWKWARD."

The result was that I crept away from Deanchester to make good elsewhere; and you may imagine that I was none too pleased, on coming down this morning, to find a strange whelp darkening my threshold. It looked eagerly at me as if to say, "Can you find a job for a willing dawg, Sir?" and then, misreading my face, rushed through to the kitchen as if I had definitely given him an appointment on the indoor staff.

The appearance of this cur is such that *his* friendship too is going to be very awkward. It would be wrong to say that he has no breed; he has too many. He is analogous to that disturbing form of composition, the musical switch, a dash of all the classics; for just as the "Miserere" resolves itself into a spasm from the "Anvil Chorus," only to change to "Knocked 'Em in the Old Kent Road," and so on, in a way that tantalises the ear, so this cur's Airedale jaw leads the bewildered eye to an Aberdeen face and thence to bull-terrier's ears. His body is a sort of palimpsest with (probably) a sealyham element slightly prevailing over (possibly) that of a dachshund. He has a greyhound kind of tail and frosted eyelashes like a cow. Altogether he is just the kind of dog that in England in the twentieth century you cannot walk abroad with and retain the respect of your fellow-citizens. If he stays it means that he must be rigidly confined, except at such times as I can let him have a run with a week-end guest.

* * * * *

I have had an inspiration. I can see a way out of the difficulty. I am writing a monograph on the survival of the pedigree dogs of the Incas for the county newspaper, and I am entering the cur in our local dog-show as a Llama-hound from the Peruvian Cordilleras. This should save my face in the district. There is, of course, the danger to the public that the "fancy" may take Llama-hounds up, and that it may be my whelp's destiny to be a sort of first folio of numerous popular editions, in which



ANOTHER CRUSHING ARGUMENT FOR CRITICS OF THE GOVERNMENT.

Huntsman (scornfully). "FANCY GIVIN' *THEM* VOTES! WHY, THEY DON'T EVEN KNOW WHETHER 'OUNDS ARE RUNNIN' OR NOT —AND DON'T CARE NEITHER."

event you too may one day find yourself providing a licence for a Llama-pup. If so, I can only say here and now that I am very sorry; but it seems to me preferable that you should run this risk than that I should have to face the alternative of being hounded out of my house and home for the second time.

Our Helpful Press.

From a medical column:—

"E. B.—It is very difficult to prevent your little girl breaking off a very bad habit."
Weekly Paper.

But who wants to?

"The dance held at the —— Town Hall last night was intended as the initial social function for Girls' Week, which was launched yesterday. Business girls attended in large numbers, and those who did not wash to dance played cards."—*Australian Paper.*

We can hear *Pooh-Bah's* comment:—

"It will not do;
I'm sorry for you,
You very imperfect ablutioner."

From a review of Sir HENRY NEWBOLT'S *New Paths on Helicon*:—

"Although these new paths on Helicon do not extend to the more rarefied regions of the Mount beloved of the Muses they are interesting to explore."—*Australian Paper.*

We have seen the travail of this Mountain, and the ridiculous mouses that sometimes issue from it.

RHYMES OF AUGUST INSTITUTIONS.

IV.—THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

THE jobber's ways are dark and strange
Upon the London Stock Exchange,
And closely hidden from the ken
Of all but hardened City men;
So, when requested to describe
The modes and manners of the tribe,
One must endeavour to respect
Their feelings as a secret sect
And, pausing with averted head,
Leave many curious things unsaid.

Five times a week, along with brokers,
They ride to Town in first-class smokers
To practise, with a rich result,
The obscure mysteries of their cult.
They follow with tenacious eyes
The market's fall, the market's rise;
Then suddenly, one knows not why,
They're just about to sell (or buy)
When they remember with a shock
That it is nearly one o'clock.
This interrupts their arduous fun,
For they are due to lunch at one.

These loyal men who take their stance
Upon the quicksands of finance
Freely exude from every pore
The essence of *esprit de corps.*
If anyone dares cast a slur
Upon their corporate character,
With indignation most intense
They rally to their own defence;
The moment such a slight is hinted
They seize the rag in which it 's printed
And, gathered in a solemn ring,
Proceed to burn the beastly thing.
With angry cries and vengeful ire
They dance around the crackling fire,
While in the midst some old arch-broker
Stirs the red embers with a poker;
And only thus can they assuage
The promptings of their noble rage.

* * * * *

Mysterious things are done and strange
Upon the London Stock Exchange;
And of those dim secluded lairs
Where lurk great bulls and growly bears
The tales they tell are grim and wild,
Unfitted for your ears, my child.

C. L. M.

"He drove up luxuriously in a vast and shining limousine. Tembridge, neat, smart and infinitely composed in his dark blue chauffeur's uniform, sat with professional poise on the wheel."—*Evening Paper feuilleton.*

We never let our chauffeur go in for these monkey-tricks.

From a review of a new edition of the *Morte d'Arthur*:—

"Malony's knights seem to have nothing whatever to do except to exchange buffetings."
Daily Paper.

When Sir THOMAS turned Irish what else was to be expected of them?

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". . . AND THEN KEPT AN ELUSIVE TEN YARDS AHEAD."

to be very much in evidence whilst judging the fancy-costumes at the bazaar and fête, this notorious creature from "The Jolly Draymen" clung to me like a possessive shadow.

Thus my reputation, the careful growth of many years of blameless life, was uprooted by a dog in about a month. Friends lost their cordiality, acquaintances cut me; I did not receive an invitation to the Canon's garden-party. Squirming under an unjust stigma as I was, yet in my heart I did not blame them. It was excusable to see in this affectionate familiarity of the beer-house dog very strong circumstantial evidence that I had a *Mr. Hyde* complex which was leading me away, on the sly, to long bibulous evenings of darts, if not shove-halfpenny. What other construction was possible when, in a cathedral town, a pot-house dog would wait and whine for me outside a parochial meeting?



"THE APPEARANCE OF THIS CUR IS SUCH THAT *HIS* FRIENDSHIP TOO IS GOING TO BE VERY AWKWARD."

The result was that I crept away from Deanchester to make good elsewhere; and you may imagine that I was none too pleased, on coming down this morning, to find a strange whelp darkening my threshold. It looked eagerly at me as if to say, "Can you find a job for a willing dawg, Sir?" and then, misreading my face, rushed through to the kitchen as if I had definitely given him an appointment on the indoor staff.

The appearance of this cur is such that *his* friendship too is going to be very awkward. It would be wrong to say that he has no breed; he has too many. He is analogous to that disturbing form of composition, the musical switch, a dash of all the classics; for just as the "Miserere" resolves itself into a spasm from the "Anvil Chorus," only to change to "Knocked 'Em in the Old Kent Road," and so on, in a way that tantalises the ear, so this cur's Airedale jaw leads the bewildered eye to an Aberdeen face and thence to bull-terrier's ears. His body is a sort of palimpsest with (probably) a sealyham element slightly prevailing over (possibly) that of a dachshund. He has a greyhound kind of tail and frosted eyelashes like a cow. Altogether he is just the kind of dog that in England in the twentieth century you cannot walk abroad with and retain the respect of your fellow-citizens. If he stays it means that he must be rigidly confined, except at such times as I can let him have a run with a week-end guest.

* * * * *

I have had an inspiration. I can see a way out of the difficulty. I am writing a monograph on the survival of the pedigree dogs of the Incas for the county newspaper, and I am entering the cur in our local dog-show as a Llama-hound from the Peruvian Cordilleras. This should save my face in the district. There is, of course, the danger to the public that the "fancy" may take Llama-hounds up, and that it may be my whelp's destiny to be a sort of first folio of numerous popular editions, in which



ANOTHER CRUSHING ARGUMENT FOR CRITICS OF THE GOVERNMENT.

Huntsman (scornfully). "FANCY GIVIN' *THEM* VOTES! WHY, THEY DON'T EVEN KNOW WHETHER 'OUNDS ARE RUNNIN' OR NOT —AND DON'T CARE NEITHER."

event you too may one day find yourself providing a licence for a Llama-pup. If so, I can only say here and now that I am very sorry; but it seems to me preferable that you should run this risk than that I should have to face the alternative of being hounded out of my house and home for the second time.

Our Helpful Press.

From a medical column:—

"E. B.—It is very difficult to prevent your little girl breaking off a very bad habit."
Weekly Paper.

But who wants to?

"The dance held at the —— Town Hall last night was intended as the initial social function for Girls' Week, which was launched yesterday. Business girls attended in large numbers, and those who did not wash to dance played cards."—*Australian Paper.*

We can hear *Pooh-Bah's* comment:—

"It will not do;
I'm sorry for you,
You very imperfect ablutioner."

From a review of Sir HENRY NEWBOLT'S *New Paths on Helicon*:—

"Although these new paths on Helicon do not extend to the more rarefied regions of the Mount beloved of the Muses they are interesting to explore."—*Australian Paper.*

We have seen the travail of this Mountain, and the ridiculous mouses that sometimes issue from it.

RHYMES OF AUGUST INSTITUTIONS.

IV.—THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

THE jobber's ways are dark and strange
Upon the London Stock Exchange,
And closely hidden from the ken
Of all but hardened City men;
So, when requested to describe
The modes and manners of the tribe,
One must endeavour to respect
Their feelings as a secret sect
And, pausing with averted head,
Leave many curious things unsaid.

Five times a week, along with brokers,
They ride to Town in first-class smokers
To practise, with a rich result,
The obscure mysteries of their cult.
They follow with tenacious eyes
The market's fall, the market's rise;
Then suddenly, one knows not why,
They're just about to sell (or buy)
When they remember with a shock
That it is nearly one o'clock.
This interrupts their arduous fun,
For they are due to lunch at one.

These loyal men who take their stance
Upon the quicksands of finance
Freely exude from every pore
The essence of *esprit de corps.*
If anyone dares cast a slur
Upon their corporate character,
With indignation most intense
They rally to their own defence;
The moment such a slight is hinted
They seize the rag in which it 's printed
And, gathered in a solemn ring,
Proceed to burn the beastly thing.
With angry cries and vengeful ire
They dance around the crackling fire,
While in the midst some old arch-broker
Stirs the red embers with a poker;
And only thus can they assuage
The promptings of their noble rage.

* * * * *

Mysterious things are done and strange
Upon the London Stock Exchange;
And of those dim secluded lairs
Where lurk great bulls and growly bears
The tales they tell are grim and wild,
Unfitted for your ears, my child.

C. L. M.

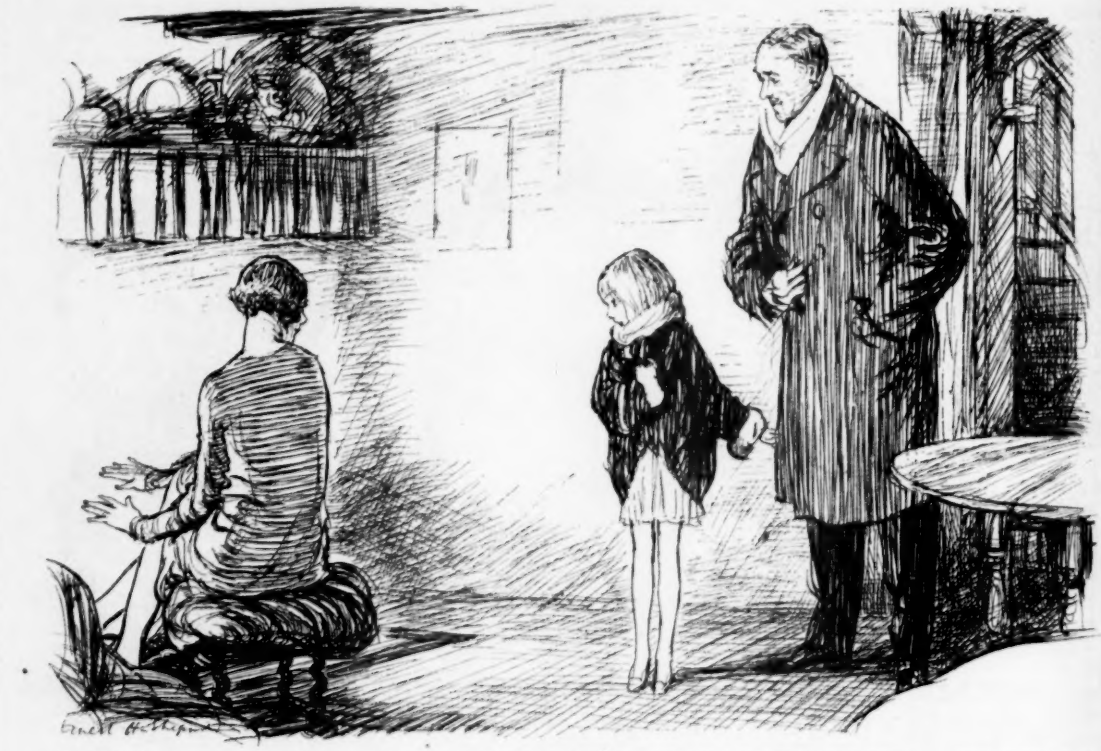
"He drove up luxuriously in a vast and shining limousine. Tembridge, neat, smart and infinitely composed in his dark blue chauffeur's uniform, sat with professional poise on the wheel."—*Evening Paper feuilleton.*

We never let our chauffeur go in for these monkey-tricks.

From a review of a new edition of the *Morte d'Arthur*:—

"Malony's knights seem to have nothing whatever to do except to exchange buffetings."
Daily Paper.

When Sir THOMAS turned Irish what else was to be expected of them?



Small Child. "I WISH I COULD TAKE YOU TO THE DANCE, MUMMY, BUT YOU SEE IT'S NOT DONE. A FEW FATHERS GO TO MAKE UP THE MEN, BUT MUMMIES NEVER!"

PEDESTRIAN-COURSING.

Being an extract from the correspondence columns of "The Spectator," February, 1948.

To the Editor of "The Spectator."

SIR,—It seems to me that the whole question of pedestrian-coursing has become obscured by a very deplorable sentimentality. Surely the fine qualities fostered by this sport—qualities, Sir, of endurance, nerve and initiative, which have made the British Empire what it is to-day—are of more value to the nation than the lives of a few score pedestrians; and after all, as GLADSTONE so wisely remarked in 1875, "we have no evidence that they do not themselves enjoy the sport."

I am, etc., BOANERGES BULLOCK.
Pall Mall. (Lt.-Col.)

To the Editor of "The Spectator."

SIR,—And Beauty? Has she no longer any voice in the councils of the nation? Is Pity to be thrown to the economists? The pedestrian, Sir, is one of the most charming little animals indigenous to this country, and we discuss its extermination as calmly as we would that of a politician.

Not long ago I happened to be motoring through the Lake District and came upon a family of these timid creatures feeding under an oak-tree. At my approach they stopped eating and, impelled by the mysterious instinct of their race, scurried across the road in front of me. To the disgust of my coursing friends in the back *I slowed down*; and I shall never forget as long as I live the look of startled and pathetic gratitude they flung me as they reached the other hedge.

I am, etc., ALOYSIUS GUMM.
Golders Green.

To the Editor of "The Spectator."

SIR,—Your correspondent R. R. has, I think, hit the nail on the head when he refers to the importance of this sport to the motor industry; but he has not hit it hard enough.

He mentions the enormous number of workmen employed by the various British motor factories; but he might have added that this sport has done more than anything else to improve the standard of cars and to form a great reserve of vehicles on which the Government can call at need. In the event of another Four Years' War—which Heaven forbid—we should be able to call up at least a million first-class cars from private garages only. Is this nothing?

I am, etc., SI PACEM QUÆRIS.
Westminster.

To the Editor of "The Spectator."

SIR,—It may interest your readers to know that as early as 1927 (more than twenty years ago!) a movement was already on foot to check this cruel sport. In quite a slight case of running-down a London magistrate is reported as saying:

> "*The pedestrian has as much right to the road as anyone else;* and if I had my way any motorist responsible for more than four fatal accidents in one month *should have his licence endorsed.*"

The italics are mine.

I am, etc., JUSTICE.
Outer Temple.

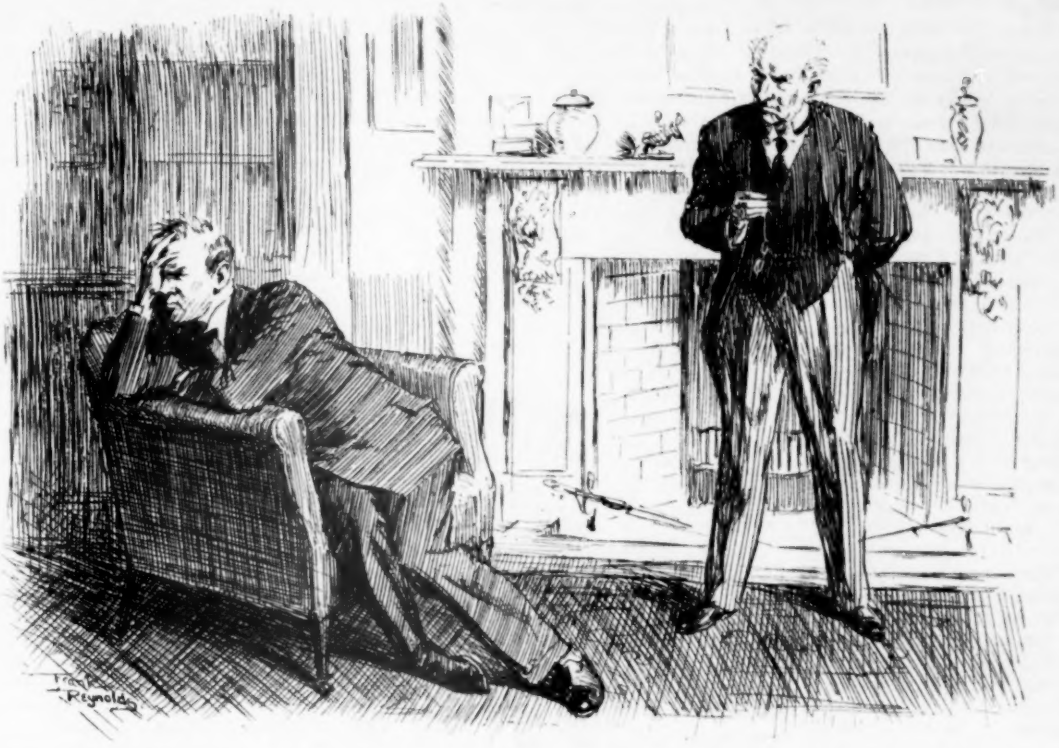
To the Editor of "The Spectator."

SIR,—Pedestrian-coursing is one of the few open-air amusements which do not show signs of decay, and no unbiassed critic would deny that it has its roots deep in the sporting instincts of the British people. But that there are abuses is unfortunately only too evident, and it is time that the rulings of the P.C.C. were thoroughly overhauled. If



JETTISON.

THE MATE. "WHALE ALONGSIDE, SIR."
THE CAPTAIN. "GOOD! FALL OUT, THE JONAHS!"



Young Husband. "I CAN'T STAND THIS SUSPENSE ANY LONGER. IT WILL KILL ME."
Doctor. "CALM YOURSELF, MY DEAR SIR. I'VE BROUGHT THOUSANDS OF BABIES INTO THE WORLD AND NEVER LOST A FATHER YET."

the pedestrian could reason I think his line of thought would be something like this:—

(1) There should be certain limits to any run, after which I should be considered to have got away; for instance, no pedestrian started in Piccadilly Circus ought to be pursued further than Parliament Square.

(2) The island refuges should be inviolable, and "shunting-off" by mounting the kerb ruled out.

(3) No driver should be permitted to cut in on another man's pedestrian from a side-turning, and any heading-off by casual motor-cyclists should be discouraged.

(4) All traffic-blocks should count as natural hazards, of which the pedestrian is allowed to take advantage by getting lost or using police protection.

I am, etc.,
THE LITTLE FLAT FOOT.

Pimlico.

[We agree in the main; but at the same time one must remember that nothing kills a game so quickly as a surfeit of conventions; look at what happened to Bridge.—ED., *The Spectator.*]

MORE LINES OF LEAST RESISTANCE.

[Miss ROSIE DOLLY, one of the two DOLLY Sisters, who has recently recovered from a severe illness, is reported to have broken the bank twice on the same day at Monte Carlo.]

IN these dark days I don't aspire
To tune the high heroic lyre;
Genius, I know, was never mine—
I lack the "energy divine"
To sing of Thane or TAMERLANE,
Like SHAKESPEARE or like MARLOWE;
Though life is far from jolly
I bravely hoist my brolly
And sing of ROSIE DOLLY—
I simply must—because she bust
The bank at Monte Carlo.

Let educationists confer
And prove how dangerously we err
By not allowing to emerge
Our infants' self-expressive urge—
How public schools still follow rules
That smack of *Mr. Barlow*;
They leave me cold and mute,
I do not give one hoot
For them, but I salute
Miss DOLLY'S stroke of luck which broke
The bank at Monte Carlo.

Let sportsmen, joying in the present,
Shoot, while they may, the hand-reared pheasant;
Let anglers, longing for the Spring
Their vernal exodus to bring,
Purchase new creels and rods and reels
From HARDY or from FARLOW;
Although my style is prosy
I weave this humble posy
For convalescent ROSIE,
Who broke the bank and scooped the franc
In sunny Monte Carlo.

"What strong man wants smooth calm waters on a clear and even road?"
Local Paper.

They hate 'em in the Thames Valley.

"Jan. 6th, at ——Private Hospital, Ballarat, Victoria, Australia, to Mr. and Mrs. ——, a gift of a daughter (by beam wireless)."
Advt. in Provincial Paper.

Is this a substitute for the stork?

"Freaks were the foremost athletes of the world, and the models for their beautiful statues must have been athletes."
New York Paper.

Here perhaps we get a glimpse of the origin of the EPSTEIN theory.

THE INVISIBLE PLAYMATE.

(A Tale of Heraldry and the Chase.)

STUDENTS of heraldry or of English history will be aware that the crest of the noble family of De Grassington, Earls of Houndiscote, is a white hound, and, although the animal in question is not a bit like a modern fox-hound, it is, you 'll say, a suitable enough cognizance for a house which, like that of St. Claire, ever "loved a good hound well."

I don't know if you follow the chase, but whether you do or do not you can hardly fail to have heard of the Grassington fox-hounds, and of Grassington, which is one of the great houses of England. In the more spacious days this family pack was, of course, maintained entirely out of the family coffers, and even to-day, though there is a subscription, a full half of the expense is borne by the estate, while, as everyone knows, the Mastership goes with the title.

Motherless for many years, the present nobleman succeeded his sire in the family tradition and honours a couple of years ago and while he was still at Oxford. He is a good-looking young man, grave, cultured and imaginative; he has opinions of his own and withal a sense of duty and personal importance well enough suited to the state of life unto which he has been called. He had been an only and rather lonely little boy, making friends with difficulty, and both at Eton and Oxford he had lived much within himself. It is hoped for him that he may now marry the right sort of maiden and that she will help him to expand. Meanwhile he came down to Grassington with a serious desire to do his best within his kingdom and to excel, as his forebears had excelled, both as a landlord and as a Master of Foxhounds. To these youthful ambitions he joined a third—a secret one this—namely, that he might become the best amateur huntsman in England.

I have now introduced you to John Standish Edward, eleventh Earl of Houndiscote, hereinafter to be called John.

The white hound of his house, to be known, anon, in his soul's innermost in, as Lufra, was one of John's very earliest recollections. Lufra was in the stained-glass window in the great hall; also was she stamped in gold on the backs of the dining-room chairs, and in stone she presided over the grey entry to Grassington's self. Moreover, surely it was still Lufra and no other that lay couchant in the chancel at the feet of one "Thomas, second Earl" and at those of "Eleanor, his wife." But no other than John knew that Lufra was her name. And Lufra, a mobile and really truly Lufra, figurant though she was on the stage of *very* little boyhood's fancy, Lufra was John's secret dog, invisible to everybody but himself as John knew and of whom he never spoke.

John had been conscious of Lufra all his life, but had only decided so to christen her after he had met the Lufra in *The Lady of the Lake*, a poetry-book that Miss Martin read to him. Lufra was of course not quite a usual fox-hound name, but then Lufra didn't look quite a usual fox-hound, and anyhow John couldn't imagine her called Fairplay or Folly.



"NO STINKING FISH HERE!"

[A favourable account of British trade in 1927 was given last week by Mr. A. M. SAMUEL, Financial Secretary of the Treasury, and author, among other works, of *The Herring: Its Effect Upon British Trade.*]

Throughout his childhood John and Lufra were inseparable. Unbeknownst to anyone the white hound, who could do wonderful things, such as walk on the ceiling like a blue-bottle, shared John's bite and sup and lay beside his bed. It was Lufra too, when John began to ride out on a Shetland, that stayed ever by Sheltie's stirrup while the terriers rabbited, and when you met the hounds at exercise and the servants took their hats off to you and Tom said, "Good-morning, *me lard*," and Jane and Jill stood afar off, yelping atoms of outrage and indignation, it was again Lufra, looking frightfully funny and Noah's Arky, who would walk about among the pack all friendly and without anyone but John knowing that she was there.

Funny thing, though, that John had never heard Lufra throw her tongue; that was what Tom called being *mute*. Muteness was a fault, John knew, but he loved Lufra too much really to mind. Perhaps some day, when she had something frightfully important to say, she'd let John hear her voice, and meanwhile she was his dear Lufra.

When John went to a private school Lufra stayed at Grassington, and, when he came home for the holidays and found a fat and fascinating Sealyham puppy awaiting him, Lufra became less and less of a companion and more and more of a shadow—in fact, ere John went to Eton, Lufra had ceased to occupy even an occasional niche in his daily doings. Sometimes however, when John knelt down in the dining-room at family prayers, his nose flattened against the device on the back of his chair, he would remember about when he was a very little boy, and smile in secret friendliness, and think about Lufra and of all that he and she had been to one another ever so long ago now.

* * * *

It must surely be the most dreadful ordeal for a young Master of Hounds who is ambitious to be his own huntsman when, cub hunting over, the day dawns on which he must first carry the horn in the season proper. It was characteristic of John that he had chosen to make his *début* not with the more facile bitch-pack but with the big, difficult dog-hounds. It had been an unlucky morning, no scent, and *here* no foxes and *there* too many, but the afternoon was to make up for it. John got a fox away about two o'clock. You will not want to hear about the point he made, but it was one of eight miles, and the Master's handling of hounds under poor conditions was said by his critics to be not unworthy of his ancestors. But at Starve Acre Toll Bars John was in difficulties. Now I want your understanding and sympathy for our young friend John. Imagine him, three-and-twenty last week and to-day his first day with the horn; a badly-beaten fox, handsomely beaten too and, after a run to be remembered, only just



Lecturer (*to sole remaining listener*). "I MUST THANK YOU, SIR, FOR SO PATIENTLY HEARING ME TO THE END OF MY RATHER LENGTHY SPEECH."

The Other. "NOT AT ALL, SIR. I HAVE TO PROPOSE THE VOTE OF THANKS."

in front of him; a group of his field, keenly critical, in the background; the family tradition to be maintained, his hounds at fault and daylight nearly gone.

To accept defeat now would be sheer calamity.

"*Oh*, to catch him!" prays John to himself, but one after another the big hounds are ceasing to try. They lift their tan heads and hang about puzzled and irresolute. And suddenly John stands in his stirrups and stares, a prickle down his spine, over Olympian's cocked and reeking ears and into the windy dusk. He sees, *surely* he sees—familiar, Noah's Arky, beloved as of old—a ghost-white form that, fifty yards away, flings and feathers heraldically up the hedgerow. Comes (or is it only some queer cantrip of wind among the ancient blackthorns that John hears?) the whimper of a hunting-hound (never, John knows, one of the twenty couple at fault) that rises to a single sudden note, mellow, musical and——

"*Ha-rk!*" John yells in the cracking falsetto of an intense excitement, "*hark to Lufra, my lads!*"

He catches Olympian by the head, the hounds fly to him . . . and now death is in their voices.

* * * * *

After the obsequies, when John was on his horse again and heads were turning for home: "Which of 'em had it, Master?" inquired a hound-loving member of the Hunt; "first thing we heard was your cheer, devil a hound at all, not till after, and——"

"No?" said John, lighting a cigar. "Ah, you want an ear for music like mine before you can catch foxes—before you can be *inspired* to catch foxes. Good-night, good-night. *K'yup*, my lads, come along."

As John rode off among his hounds he glanced down at his stirrup. Despite his very justifiable jubilation he looked, I think, just the least little bit disappointed when he saw that it was only old lemon-pied Lablache who had elected to march home where, in Sheltie's day, had been another's place. P. R. C.

"There seems to be much more latitude about wedding garments nowadays than there used to be."—*Daily Paper*.

But much less longitude.

"Two thousand Greek Royalties who had attended a service in Athens in memory of King Constantine attempted to hold a demonstration but were dispersed by the police."

Daily Paper.

Royalties appear to be cheap to-day in Athens, and familiarity has evidently bred contempt.

TO CELIA, TWENTY MILES AWAY.

BY BIG BEN JONSON.

[*The Times*, in an account of recent experiments with the new loud-speaker perfected by Messrs. BELL of New York, describes how a lady's singing of "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes" at a distance of twenty miles away was reproduced with perfect sonority on the bluffs of Hoboken.]

SING to me only through the "mike"
Nor fear the heterodyne,
Or leave a kiss but in the "box"
And I'll not ask for wine.
Grape-juice I cordially dislike
And willingly resign,
But might I hear Jove's *magna vox*
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a tiny song
Less to extol thy grace
Than hoping that its notes might swell
On their aerial race;
And though thy voice is far from strong,
Backward it came through space,
As though Big Ben had, thanks to BELL,
Taken my Celia's place.

"But the boot is by no means on one leg only."—*Provincial Paper*.

Very unusual; most boots are, even when it 's the other leg.



TIMID NOVICE ARRIVES AT WINTER SPORTS HOTEL.

AMBITIOUS JAMES.

WHEN James Babington took up motoring a year ago he rapidly developed into one of the world's most careful drivers. To see him speeding down a stretch of the straight at sixteen miles an hour was a moving sight—that is to say, a slow-moving one.

With both hands firmly gripping the wheel and with an expression of the utmost determination on his face, James conveyed in a marked degree the impression that he was controlling a half-broken mustang or young buffalo, which might at any moment break loose, jump the hedge and career wildly across country. This mad creature, you gathered, was only kept in subjection by a cool pair of hands and a will of iron.

Nothing made James swerve from his cautious methods. Irreverent young speed-merchants on motor-bicycles, who inquired sarcastically what he had done with the body and where the mourners were, merely wasted their breath.

So did lorry-drivers, who whistled "The Dead March in Saul" at him, and dear old ladies, who hailed him under the impression that he was plying for hire. James would *not* be bustled.

"Well, what about it?" you say. "Can't a man be careful if he wants to?"

Certainly, by all means. I am not telling you this so that you can *laugh* at James; I am telling you because it is part of a serious study of a great human passion.

Let us now come to a remark James made to me a week or two ago.

"Did you see in the local rag," he asked, "that Frankie Jarvis was fined for exceeding the speed-limit the other day?"

"I did," I said; "and I'm not surprised. Frankie's idea of the main roads is that they are mostly his personal property."

James sighed. "I'm afraid one does get rather into that way, you know. I expect they'll be having me next."

I was on the point of saying "Ha! ha!" and poking him in the ribs when I caught sight of his face. For the moment it almost unnerved me. *The man was serious.* Good heavens! I thought, is it possible he really thinks . . .? Why, dash it! a cherub is as likely to be caught cheating at cards as James driving fast. But it was clearly no matter for jesting.

"The best of us make mistakes," I murmured hypocritically. "*Humanum est errare*—or should it be, *Errare est humanum?*"

"I've already been nearly caught once," he continued in the regretful manner of one who has sown many wild oats; "one can't expect to escape always."

"No," I said, "I suppose not."

Of course I was amused, but I certainly did not then grasp the real significance of his remarks. Not till the following Saturday, when I went for a drive with him, did I discover that James, like JULIUS CÆSAR, MACBETH and NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, was a man with an overweening ambition.

We had been sailing sedately along for some time, toot-tooting most of the way, when we must have entered a police-trap. You know the procedure. An officer in plain clothes times you as you pass him, and another one, two hundred yards or so farther on, times you as you pass *him*. Then, if necessary, they signal to a uniformed man still farther on, who stops you.

The first intimation we had of this trap was when we reached the uniformed man and found he had stopped a young fellow driving a sports model. James pulled up at once.

"I do wish you'd talk sense," the young man was saying; "you know I was only crawling."

"Yes, I noticed it," returned the policeman drily, opening his notebook. "We shall be afraid to let the wheels go round at all soon," continued the young fellow in aggrieved tones.

"*Rather*," agreed the constable. "Name and address, please."

But the other was in aggressive mood. "Stopped any perambulators lately, or little girls on scooters?" he inquired sarcastically. He was one of those young men who wear a skull-cap when motoring so as to offer less resistance to the wind.

"Come off it," said the constable good-humouredly.

"And, anyhow, how d'ye know I 'm the one you had to stop? There were two or three cars in the trap at the same time. Why, it might have been"—he glanced wickedly at James, sitting majestically at his wheel—"it might have been him."

The constable grinned. "If you was wearin' a hat, young man, I should say you was talkin' through it."

But at this point James butted in, and I doubt whether anything he has ever said in his life created quite such an impression. "There may be something in what the young man says," he remarked; "he and I were both in the trap together."

The constable let his notebook tumble to the ground and stared unbelievingly; the young man sat up and apparently pinched himself.

"I have no wish," continued James in his best manner, "to evade the law or profit by a mistake. I am quite prepared to accept the timing of your colleagues and shall plead guilty to the charge. In these circumstances perhaps the young man might be allowed to proceed."

The constable picked up his book and looked at James as though he had escaped from somewhere. The young man, an opportunist of the first water, said, "There you are!" and started his engine in a businesslike way. I don't think we should have seen him for dust in another half-minute, but just then one of the plain-clothes men came up.

His laughter when he heard the story was a little hurtful to one's finer feelings, though I must say it didn't seem to affect James much. Seeing the game was up, he calmly inquired whether they wanted him any more, thanked them politely when they told him they didn't, and, with a hoot, moved gravely off. It was stupendous.

You might have thought that in the circumstances he would have found my company a little embarrassing. But not a bit of it; these sternly ambitious men rise to all occasions.

"I should have liked," he said, "to save the young man a fine; I don't suppose he had any money to throw away."

I coughed. "Very generous of you, James," I said, "very generous indeed."

Not for a moment was I hoodwinked. I knew now that he *wanted*, without running any personal risk, to be fined for exceeding the speed-limit; that for him there was a glory attaching to this achievement for which his soul craved; that he was prepared to do anything, short of actually exceeding the speed-limit, to attain this ambition.

Poor James! A noble quality, ambition, in its right place, but dreadful when it leads a man to subterfuge. This week, though, he has achieved something—that is to say, his name *does* appear in the local sheet.

He has been fined for obstructing a tramcar which was trying to pass him.



"PAULA, WHAT *HAVE* YOU DONE TO YOUR HAIR?"
"MY DEAR, SURELY YOU 'VE HEARD? HEADS ARE QUITE A DIFFERENT SHAPE NOW."

From a description of the third Test Match:—

"The batsmen with their backs to the ball played with great caution."—*Scots Paper.*

The adoption of this strange posture makes the South Africans' fine scoring all the more creditable.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE SECOND MAN" (PLAYHOUSE).

OUR quartette is made up as follows:—

A.—*Clark Storey*, a second-rate and impecunious author with an incurable habit of fluent cynicism which ought to have made him a first-class writer of dialogue if he could have got it into his books. His heart (if any) is loosely attached by the light bonds of camaraderie and the solid attractions of her wealth to B, and he is engaged to marry her. Meanwhile his body inclines to the youth of D, who is poor and therefore impossible;

B.—*Mrs. Kendall Frayne*, a rich widow of the world who is in love, not too ecstatically, with *Storey*. The depth of her respect for him may be gauged by the fact that she keeps him in pocket-money;

C.—*Austin Lowe*, a distinguished scientist with a sincere but inarticulate passion for

D.—*Monica Grey*, a flapper who adores *Storey* with body and soul and is prepared to surrender the former to him on the off-chance of a permanent arrangement for the latter. *Austin* gets on her nerves.

How to complete the pattern is the problem, and *Monica* is going to be the trouble. If she is ever to marry *Austin* cheerfully, her love for *Storey* must first be disillusioned. Could this be achieved by mere dialogue, Mr. BEHRMAN of U.S.A. would be our man, for he is very good at it. But mere dialogue isn't enough to make a drama. So the author, at a loss for action that would be consistent with motives humanly probable, falls back on melodramatic effects: a compromising cheque, made out by *Mrs. Frayne* in favour of *Storey* and left lying about either through inadvertence or a casual indifference that amounts to a disregard of the decencies; a noisy announcement on the part of *Monica* that *Storey* is the father of her unborn child (she hasn't any); and an unlikely attempt by *Austin*, on the strength of this allegation, to kill his friend *Storey* with an automatic.

In spite of these rather cheap devices, the swiftness and keenness of the dialogue and the excellence of the acting carried the play through triumphantly.

In the part of *Storey* Mr. NOEL COWARD performed a great feat of memory; but for the rest its congeniality and his own effortless skill made it seem easy. It was a maxim with *Storey* to "cultivate a profound superficiality," and he practised it with an irrepressible garrulity, sustained, with no appreciable check, during the long ordeal which he underwent while *Austin's* weapon was being pointed at him. Only once did he lapse into silence, and that was after *Monica's* false charge, which might have given anyone pause. If there was a flaw in Mr. COWARD'S brilliant performance it was that he sometimes spoke too readily and too fast for spontaneous thought.



THE SECOND WOMAN.

Mrs. Kendall Frayne . MISS ZENA DARE.
Monica Grey . . . . MISS URSULA JEANS.

Miss ZENA DARE was not asked to do great things, but she succeeded in quietly conveying the idea of a companionable woman who had a heart capable of being hurt but also enough resources to console her for any damage done to it.

The halting sincerity of Mr. RAYMOND MASSEY'S *Austin* made an admirable foil to the smooth flippancy of *Storey*. This, and his disarming sense of humour, made us, in the early stages, smile with, rather than at, the difficulties of his case—a passionate pedant obsessed by an irresponsive flapper. Later, being required to make himself really ridiculous, he loyally did so.

Monica, played by Miss URSULA JEANS, was also sincere, if on a lower plane. It fell to her unhappy lot to contribute the heaviest share towards a happy ending, and desperate measures were needed for so improbable an issue. She faced them bravely, and I hope that she will get more joy out of the academic atmosphere of her married life than I can honestly foresee for her.



AN AMATEUR GUNMAN.

Clark Storey . . . . . MR. NOEL COWARD.
Austin Lowe . . . . . MR. RAYMOND MASSEY.

The title, it appeared, had nothing to do with the odd man of the everlasting triangle. Its significance was revealed in a passage, quoted from Lord LEIGHTON, in the programme: "Together with, and as it were behind, so much pleasurable emotion there is always that other strange second man in me, calm, critical, observant, unmoved, blasé, odious." *Storey*, in the course of the play, applied this remark to himself, and I suppose a man ought to be the best judge of his own duality. But to me it seemed that he talked too much and too easily for a "calm, observant, unmoved" self-critic, and that he was too slight and shallow to have room in him for more than one ego.

It is not a great play, but then the play is not here "the thing." I try to forget its action and think only of its humour and characterisation, and

chiefly of its humour. And I could ask no better entertainment than to listen to the engaging dialogue of the first hour of it, seated at my easiest in the most comfortable theatre in London. O. S.

"TWO WHITE ARMS" (AMBASSADORS).

The honeyed melody of CLUTSAM'S "I Know of Two Bright Eyes," *con molto espressione*, played the curtain up, breaking into a lively syncopated version to warn us that the sentiment in Dr. HAROLD DEARDEN'S comedy was not to be taken too seriously.

Cary Liston, a youngish and personable retired sailor, has married an exceedingly attractive and devoted young woman. *Alison's* two white arms are eternally busy massaging his supposedly fevered brow, staying him with cushions, administering tonics and removing his port, firmly seizing his embarrassed cheeks preparatory to the implanting of tender but possibly too frequent kisses. It is all heavenly, of course, but sometimes he looks back with regret to his short unfettered leaves, almost concludes indeed that ten days is about his best distance. He is ruefully meditating on the terrifying permanence of marriage when a stray paragraph in an evening sheet informs him of the sad case of a man who lost his memory and was found by his desolate grass widow working on a farm three months after his disappearance. *Dr. Kissack Berghersh*, his mother-in-law's medical attendant, astute exploiter of psycho-analysis, Yogi-ism and other modern charlatanries, has also related the sad case of Lord Blank, whose family name was Dash, and who had so wofully lost his memory that he completely failed to recognise Lady Blank, who met him in Brighton on the steps of the Métropole of all places, in which hostelry he and a strange lady were duly registered as "Mr. and Mrs. Dash."

A smile slowly spreads over the comely features of the *Commander*, and we next see him as salesman in a garage which specialises in the patching-up of cars in an advanced stage of senile decay. It is just a week later, but he already finds himself on terms with the proprietor's daughter, having detached her from her *Alf*, the truculently sardonic Scottish mechanic, who is a wizard with invalid cars but too candid a soul to be altogether successful in love.

An engaging situation, distinctly enlivened by the highly-diverting manner in which Mr. OWEN NARES (*Commander Liston*), showing an unexpected turn



CONSULTING THE FAMILY HYPNOTIST.

Dr. Kissack Berghersh . MR. CHARLES CARSON.
Alison Liston . . . MISS MOLLY KERR.

for the broader comedy, cajoles the protesting invalid, glowing in her new coat of primrose paint, out of the garage yard. Mr. HARRY TATE indeed must look to his laurels. The car has been purchased by an old flame, one of his wife's best friends, *Lydia Charrington*, whom he affects not to recognise, and before nightfall he is back in his cushioned cage. *Lydia* however, having meanwhile instructed the less experienced *Alison* in the psychology of tethered commanders, changes her tactics, and all bids fair to run smoothly and happily ever after.

Mr. OWEN NARES adroitly uses his opportunity of a part in a new key and demonstrates his refreshing adaptability. The part is indeed perhaps easy enough to tempt him into a certain casualness. Mr. NIGEL BRUCE'S *Alf* is an altogether delightful business quietly and most skilfully carried through. Mr. FRANK HARVEY, resilient and highly unethical garage-proprietor, is a sound job of work in a florid mood. Dr. DEARDEN dares to joke or perhaps indulges an ancient professional grudge in his portrait of *Dr. Berghersh*, competently exaggerated by Mr. CHARLES CARSON.

Miss SYDNEY FAIRBROTHER gives us an easy version of the eternal convention of the intrusive mother-in-law, an amusing grotesque. Miss MARDA VANNE, as always, quiet and technically adequate, prevents a naturally unattractive part from being tiresome; Miss MOLLY KERR does not fail with the rather colourless *Alison*, and Miss OLWEN ROOSE is effective with her *Trixie* of the garage, the restless romantic for whom the sterling, solid, inevitable *Alf* will make the best possible controller. Altogether a happy friendly little confection. T.



THE EQUESTRIENNE (BASSE ÉCOLE).

Mrs. Drury . . . . . MISS SYDNEY FAIRBROTHER.
Cary Liston . . . . . MR. OWEN NARES.

"LORD BABS" (VAUDEVILLE).

It was hard luck certainly on little *Lord Drayford*, when he stopped to pick up an old lady who had been trodden on by a Morris-Cowley, to be found by the local police with the poor victim in his arms and accused of the crime on this morning of all mornings when he had just been secretly married and was on the point of making sixty-five thousand pounds on the Stock Exchange and must be at the end of the telephone day and night.

How shall he outwit the law? he asks young *Dr. Neville*. Simulate the pathological condition known in medical parlance as *regressio*

mentis, says the unscrupulous physician. Pretend to be an infant (*Clara*, the pretty parlour-maid—the new *Lady Drayford*—can conveniently act as nurse). Clearly a heaven-sent opportunity for a protracted turn for Mr. BILLY MERSON—gurgling, babbling and dribbling; tottering about the stage in a pink night-gown; sucking bottles of milk diluted with Scotch; tweaking the nose of the unpleasant local magistrate; firing off popguns into specialists' ears; peering over screens and knowingly winking at his accomplices. Moreover *regressio mentis*, for stage purposes, allows of the patient's passing from the one-year to the four-year-old stage with appropriately assumed psychology and adapted business.

Theoretically perhaps this excellent farcical theme ought to wear thin in three Acts, the only other idea, rather perfunctorily thrown in, being the secret wooing, under the masterful *Countess of Sawbridge's* nose, of young *Lady Joan* by the resourceful medico. But our author, Mr. KEBLE HOWARD, has many ingenious turns of phrase, has a good eye for a joke, contrives many clever embroideries of the central theme, and just when we thought that we knew all and had only to wait unstimulated for the inevitable end, gives a new twist to the plot, revives the interest and keeps us laughing till the curtain falls. Indeed one of his best strokes—the meeting of the authentic and the impersonated *Sir James Gumley, M.D.*—was delivered at the very end.

Mr. MERSON, acknowledging the friendly assurances of his audience that they had thoroughly enjoyed him, with the customary choked and tongue-tied emotion (whether genuine or simulated it is never quite easy to judge) stressed his pride at being privileged to appear among the aristocratic legitimates—a piece of tactful humbug which very properly we allowed him to get away with. We all know that a darling of the halls, trained in that exacting school of individualism, has, given appropriate material, no difficulty in holding his own in the team-work of the theatre. The temptation for such a comedian is to hold more than his own—a temptation which he nobly avoided.

Mr. LAWRENCE ANDERSON (*Dr. Neville*), perhaps rather unexpectedly, was an able second in the fun-making, with a sly unboisterous humour which was very effective. Miss HERMIONE BADDELEY, as the pseudo-parlourmaid, *Clara*, besides being very charming, showed an excellent sense of the situation without overstressing it. Miss FRANCES ROSS-CAMPBELL offered us an admirably-designed dour, canting, whisky-consuming nurse. Mr. CHARLES GARRY's pompous busybody of a magistrate was a pleasantly old-fashioned affair. Did he get the idea of his make-up, I wonder, from an imaginary ungenial grandfather of Mr. GEORGE BELCHER? Miss STEPHANIE STEPHENS had little to do as *Lady Joan* and did it well and knows how to laugh with an air of genuineness; and Miss ALICE O'DAY was dealt that difficult hand, the unfunny part from which the more mechanical phases of the plot depend, and played it adequately. I think perhaps one should have dined not too ascetically to extract the full flavour from this grotesque entertainment.

T.

ST. CECILIA AT SCOTLAND YARD.

No recent event in the musical world of London has excited more interest than the appearance of the new band of the Metropolitan Police Force at the Central Hall, Westminster.

The mollifying and humanising effect of music on the community has long been acknowledged, and it is only natural that the art should be intensively cultivated by that force on which we are so largely dependent for the maintenance of law and order. Nor is there matter for surprise in the fact that those officers who are prominent in the control of traffic should take a leading part in the new orchestra.

Thus Riding-Officer STOREY, known as "the man on the white horse," so honourably distinguished for his control of the crowds at the Wembley Stadium on the occasion of the first Cup final played there, performed upon the trombone, and the band also included Police-constable SPRAGGS. It was this gallant officer, according to *The Westminster Gazette*, who, when gyratory traffic was first introduced to Westminster, held up Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL when the Chancellor of the Exchequer attempted to evade the order of the traffic authority.

We sometimes hear bitter complaints about the difficulty experienced in organizing orchestras of a uniformly high standard of excellence. Scotland Yard, on the other hand, has been troubled by an *embarras de richesse*. "The number of police officers who are capable musicians is unusually large, and the difficulty in recruiting the new band was that of selection." The choice of a conductor was only arrived at after long and careful scrutiny. This will be easily understood when we reflect that every constable is an expert in the use of the baton, though they have a variety of beats.

With regard to the orchestra there has been no attempt to deviate from orthodox lines, except in the introduction of one new instrument, called the contra-klaxophone, the *timbre* of which is sumptuous and sonorous, while its range extends upwards as far as the *hoot de poitrine*. The band is strong in the department of percussion and the copper of the kettledrums is of the finest quality.

It remains to be added that the repertory of the M.P.F. band is extensive and fully representative of the aims and achievements of this admirable force. No surprise need be caused by the embargo laid on the opera of *Robert le Diable* or the exclusion of the grotesque *Marche Funèbre des Grenouilles*, composed by a gifted but disreputable artist at present residing in Pentonville.

BEAUTY SPOTS.

[One of the subjects selected for the next annual competition for Industrial Designs, arranged by the Royal Society of Arts, is a design for an artistic petrol-filling station with a small shop or garage and living-rooms.]

No longer I study enraptured
Fair Nature's delectable scenes,
Which never an artist has captured
In purples and ultramarines;
Though everywhere looking for beauties
I tour through this emerald land,
Old charms fail to please—what is new 'tis
That strikes me as specially grand.

For what are the Waters of Rydal?
And what are the Falls of Lodore?
To ask me to praise them is idle
Because they attract me no more;
I pass, with a rapt exultation
Ben Lomond could never beget,
From one picturesque filling-station
To others more ravishing yet.

'Tis thus I shall write without question
Upon the acceptable day
When our artists adopt the suggestion
Put forth by the R. S. of A.,
And whenever my petrol is failing
Shall muse with a song in my heart
On the prospect of shortly regaling
My sight with a Palace of Art.

Spiritualists Take a Rest.

"The snow-bound inhabitants of small villages . . . which have been without means of communication with the other world for some days."—*Canadian Paper.*

From an article on gastronomy:—

"We have only a very limited public for luxury, and if the meal cost too much it would be consumed purely by a few garments."
South African Paper.

A reference, no doubt, to the coats of the stomach.

"In the course of a few days the public of —— will be able to obtain milk of the highest grade, and at a cheaper price than through the usual channels, by the means of a penny-in-the-slop machine."—*Provincial Paper.*

A penny in and a slop out.



The Rev. C. A. ALINGTON, D.D.

His opera-lyrics—the genuine touch—
Leave most of the laity beaten;
He writes funny books, and his energy's such
That he's also Headmaster of Eton.

MR. PUNCH'S PERSONALITIES.—LXI.



The Girl. "WHAT 'S THE NEAREST WE 'VE DONE TO SIXTY?"
The Man. "SEVENTY-ONE."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

MR. STEPHEN MCKENNA has found a congenial theme in *The Unburied Dead* (BUTTERWORTH), by which opprobrious title he indicates such poor remnants of the feudal system as have failed to accommodate themselves honourably to modern conditions. His decayed nobles are too ill-equipped and too conceited to compete in the open market with their parvenu rivals; but they prey on the society they despise, trade on their own waning prestige to secure a share of what is going, and sacrifice the future of their children to the maintenance of their own ambiguous present. All these infamies, but the last in particular, are exemplified in the story of the *Ashdowns*, impoverished landowners, whose shifts are related by a rich American tragically embroiled in them. *Arthur Weston* is the school-fellow of *Canford*, the *Ashdowns'* heir, the suitor of *Canford's* sister, *Anita*, and the disinterested friend of *Canford's* wife, *Doris*, a social star who fleeces the rich to line the pockets of the poor. *Doris's* penalty for presuming to marry *Canford* is to find the poor, hitherto represented by her father and herself, augmented by the whole *Ashdown* clan, who sneer at her methods and batten on their results. Mr. MCKENNA, practised as he is, has never painted a more subtle portrait of a woman than this of *Doris*, or a more affecting one; the girl's own admitted earthiness and the extent to which she plays for her own hand only emphasizing the baseness of the *Ashdowns* in allowing her to become their catspaw. Beside her conscious and inevitable deterioration the barter and sale of *Anita* become a melodrama of secondary importance; but both are adroitly welded into a novel whose accomplished simplicity of ends and means sets it very high indeed above the sprawling trilogy that preceded it.

Among recently-published military records Major H. L. AUBREY-FLETCHER'S volume, *A History of the Foot Guards to 1856* (CONSTABLE), takes the eminent position that the subject demands. This book is to be commended not only because the writer has unearthed such piquant details as the fact that the Guards were commanded in 1760 by General JULIUS CÆSAR, or that MOORE'S troops in the Coruña campaign were accompanied by their wives and families, or that the decisive action in one of WELLINGTON'S Peninsular victories was taken by a tonsured priest, a Portuguese barber and a British staff-officer working in conjunction, or even because he is able to make use of an illuminating touch of caustic humour, as when he speaks of unwilling allies "hurrying slowly up to take part in the attack," but mainly because, having set himself a definite objective, he achieves it with a minimum of fuss and a maximum of effectiveness. He purposes to dispel the quaint but apparently widespread illusion that the Guards—at any rate before the Great War—did no fighting, and in the handling of his attack he tapes out for himself lines of approach so unconventional as to be justified only by his complete success. He writes a series of finished sketches dealing with practically all the seriously-fought campaigns this country has been concerned in from the days of the Stuart Restoration to the conclusion of the Crimean War, mentioning, more or less casually as he makes it appear in regard to every battle, what share the Guards took in it. There is a singular lack of exaggeration about his way of proceeding, and not a trace of troublesome reiteration, yet the impression undoubtedly remains that without the Guards the issue of the fight must marvellously often have been a disaster instead of a check, a check instead of a victory. And all this he does in writing a book which for its value as a narrative must take rank as a classic in its kind.

The novel which has entirely lost sight of its source, the simple tale of intriguing events, seems to me, like the precocious Wordsworthian child, blindly at strife with its own blessedness. I am therefore enchanted to find Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT, whom none can accuse of incapacity for more sophisticated forms, providing so jolly and entertaining an example of the primitive use as *The Strange Vanguard* (CASSELL). His story has the profound humanity of a Teutonic fairy-tale, where the king is merely a crowned peasant and wealth is represented by bags and bags of bullion. Its hero, *Lord Furber*, who made his *début*, if I remember rightly, in Mr. BENNETT'S last book of short stories, is just an honest piece of the Five Towns, invested with the regalia of a millionaire; and everyone else is equally authentic and equally given to mummery. There is a Pickwickian reality, a world of familiar detail and mock-heroic possibilities, about the Hôtel Splendide at Naples, which *Mr. Sutherland* and *Harriet Perkins*, a decorous financier and an ultra-respectable vamp, quit under strange circumstances for *Lord Furber's* yacht and the open Mediterranean. Why that doughty peer deliberately kidnaps *Sutherland*, how to his own confusion he unintentionally captures *Harriet*, what he makes of them and what they make of each other and him, the story divulges. It provides a match for the domineering *Harriet* in *Mrs. Bumption*, indispensable wife of *Lord Furber's* butler, and shows how *Mrs. Bumption's* headstrong conduct in the port of Ostia nearly leads to international complications. Finally, it ensures a happy ending for all concerned, except perhaps for poor *Sutherland*, who is rather *Eugene Aram*-ishly relegated. *Lord Furber* "beats all" by acquiring an object in life, the pursuit of which might, I feel, make another delightful book.

While the theme of Mr. STERLING MACKINLAY'S book is, according to the publisher's announcement, an "enthralling story," the title, *Origin and Development of Light Opera* (HUTCHINSON), is somewhat formidable; but the author, whose survey extends from China to revue, is anything but a ponderous writer. He frankly avows himself not a critic but an enthusiast, and his work reveals at every turn the defects of his engaging qualities. He has read widely but without digesting his materials or sifting the relevant from the otiose, and devotes unnecessary space to the plots of well-known operas, including those of composers like WAGNER, CHERUBINI, MOZART, BERLIOZ and GOETZ, as well as OFFENBACH, LEHAR, NESSLER and AUDRAN. It is true that a Quarterly Reviewer once described GILBERT as the English ARISTOPHANES, but that hardly justifies a treatment of the Greek comedian as a librettist to the exclusion of his exquisite lyric gift. "Light Opera" is a fairly comprehensive term, but with Mr. MACKINLAY it becomes all-embracing, and he pays the familiar penalty of him *qui trop embrasse*. As an instance of his digressive enthusiasm I may note his copious extracts from the old Gaiety burlesques, with specimens of the puns which pleased us fifty years ago but do not bear exhumation in the cold light of print. And in this context it is impossible to overlook the frequent misspellings which disfigure the text. I applaud Mr. MACKINLAY'S devotion to the old Waltz Kings, but I object to the Viennese School being called that of "valse opera." And much as I love SULLIVAN'S music I cannot find in it, as Mr. MACKINLAY does, the "grandeur of Handel." The illustrations are both



Customs Officer (to highly suspect). "WHAT'S IN HERE?"
Suspect. "AH, NOTTING MOOCH—JOOST MY RAZORS."
Customs Officer. "YOU DON'T LOOK AS IF YOU USED RAZORS MUCH."
Suspect. "AH, YES, IT IS SO, BUT I FORGET TO SHAVE THIS MORNIN'."

numerous and interesting. Finally, Mr. MACKINLAY is an excellent and amusing *raconteur*, but by his own admission he has no pretensions to be regarded as a scholarly or serious contributor to musical history.

The modern English novel, one has heard, is capable of handling any topic you please in an infinite variety of ways. The women, I fancy, are the more ingenious cooks, and Miss DOROTHY M. RICHARDSON stands out as one of the most singular. *Oberland* (DUCKWORTH) is the name she gives to the latest chronicle of *Miriam's* reactions—I believe that is the correct word—to all the commonplace happenings of a fortnight spent in Switzerland at one of the winter sports centres. Miss RICHARDSON, gravely indefatigable, rather with the air of an eminent physician sounding his patient with a stethoscope, notes everything that can have any bearing on *Miriam's* disease. We are told what she thinks of the porters when she has to change trains for Berne; we have the long railway journey, with an interlude of a bearded Frenchman who invades her carriage; then the descent at the Swiss *douane*, glimpses of fellow-travellers, the halt at Berne; finally the arrival and the long sleigh-drive up to the hotel. This, of course, is only the porch of the building; the rest of the book is fully occupied with a complete analysis of *Miriam's* emotions as she meets one after another of her fellow inmates, as she wakes in the morning or goes to bed at night, as she luges for the first time or sits listening to *Vereker* playing CHOPIN on the hotel piano. Miss RICHARDSON seems to be for ever feeling after something exquisitely subtle, something that can never be captured and put down in black-and-white. But in her attempts she produces some delicate passages of description, some shrewd touches of observation. She can write; but one has the feeling that this incessant preoccupation with *Miriam's* thoughts is rather cramping her style.



Small Girl (to tub-thumper's second-in-command). "WOULD YOU MIND ASKING THE GENTLEMAN TO PRESS THIS BOOK OF DRIED LEAVES FOR ME?"

Mr. BARRY PAIN has the distinction of being one of my two (or three) favourite men of motley; therefore when he publishes a book it is an event for me, and in *The Later Years* (CHAPMAN) I have once more good cause for gratitude. Not that the newcomer is of the *genre* of *Eliza* or *The One Before*, for it is a novel—a love-story at that; but the sparkle is there, because it is the natural thing, in the given circumstances, to speak in diamonds, at least that's how the author makes it appear. The plot is not new, and only good writing could have got away with it; but then Mr. PAIN is a very good writer indeed. *Patricia* and *Katherine* are two sisters, both very young, who, though there is no particular reason so to do, take a flat in Bohemian London and earn their own living. Their manners are free, their morals excellent. *Patricia* is the heroine; *Cartaret Rome*, epicure and widower of fifty-five, man of means, letters and the world (gentlemanly lover too of pretty ladies), is the hero. *Patricia* is too young, in *Rome's* eyes, for any but a platonic dalliance, yet the two are close friends, and, after poor little *Patricia* has fallen in love with *Eric Chisholm*, by whom she is deserted when about to have a child, *Rome* marries her. The baby fails to keep its appointment, and the end, as far as the tale takes us, is fortunate. The future, I suppose, can look after itself. Meanwhile I have liked Mr. PAIN all the time; his characters talk like live people, often, moreover, like very witty live people; but I've liked him least when he lets his story slide ("as we dropped the half-dressed hide") to be bitter about irrelevant matters.

Major WALLACE BLAKE, whose death was so recently reported, knew prisons from A to Z, over twenty years of his life having been spent in charge of those who for the time being were not allowed to control their own activities. In so long a period he was bound to meet many curious characters, and the tales he has to tell of them in *Quod* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) are both humorous and enlightening. But these reminiscences have naturally their serious side, and on some points in connection with prisons and prisoners Major BLAKE held very definite views. For instance: "It is my considered opinion that two years at a Borstal institution is of no good whatever." As for the changes that he advocated I must refer you to the book itself, merely adding that to what may be called a lay mind they seem to abound in good sense. And I am wholly with him in deploring that executions should be carried out inside prisons full of convicts, where every soul knows what is happening and "their own confinement in cells ten feet by six tends most poignantly to increase sensibility." To condemn a system is far easier than to suggest a better, but it still seems to me that these words from a man of wide experience are worthy of close consideration.

The satirist's smile, from the days of JUVENAL onwards, has ever been a somewhat wry affair; and that is no doubt why Mr. DOUGLAS JERROLD'S *The Truth about Quex* (BENN) makes, for all its brilliance, rather depressing reading. I am, I confess, loath to believe that venality and cynicism in high places flourish quite so blatantly as Mr. JERROLD would have us think, even in degenerate days such as those in which he evidently considers we have the misfortune to live. But the portrait of *Quex* himself—a scoundrel, and a commonplace scoundrel at that, who triumphantly demonstrates in his own person the truth of the curious fact, to which Mr. JERROLD refers, that the mere capacity for amassing wealth is often "entirely divorced from intellect, even from intelligence"—is a striking piece of character-study of a slightly vitriolic order; and so also is that of *Hilda Altamont*, in whom "ignorance intensified by higher education" is combined with a stubborn resolve to have her own way that almost suggests an earlier JERROLD'S creation, *Mrs. Caudle*.

CHARIVARIA.

TABLE-JELLIES can now be made with special moulds to represent famous men. We are ordering a blancmange of Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON.

It is pointed out that under the D.O.R.A. restrictions an apple may not be sold after 9.30 P.M. Not even if it is urgently needed to keep the doctor away.

A former mathematics master is reported to have invented and patented a totalisator machine that everybody connected with racing has been dreaming of for years. The one we ourselves have dreamt of puts our money automatically on the winner.

There is no truth in the rumour that two more daily papers are to be amalgamated under the joint name of *The Daily Mail and Express*.

The Croquet Association calls attention to its amended resolution enabling a time-limit to be fixed for matches. Our fear is that attempts to speed-up the game may be productive of rough play.

"Travel broadens you," says an advertisement. And if you travel during the rush hours it flattens you.

One objection to Mr. HOOVER as a Presidential candidate is that he has lived too much in Europe to be "a good American." It is feared that he won't qualify for going to Paris when he dies.

The Chicago police have discovered headquarters where murder is conducted as a trade, with a regular scale of prices. There has long been a fear that the art of murder might become tainted with professionalism.

Hungary's victory in the World's Ping-pong Championship at Stockholm is a signal proof of the inspiriting effect of support given to the Magyar cause by Lord ROTHERMERE.

In Central Europe it is admitted that this success was further facilitated by the deliberate abstention of Thanet.

Parasols made of fadeless silk are to be fashionable this summer. It sounds rather an optimistic precaution.

Attention is again drawn to the continued drift of the rural population to the towns, and we gather from a section of the Press that the Government's great scheme of buttering farm-labourers' feet has been shelved.

The number of local telephone calls originated in London during last year is stated to have been 553,534,371. We conclude that this is the right number.

Our theory is that the suburbs are not really snobbish, as is alleged in a daily paper, but only obsessed by the fear of being thought suburban.

The need for an amphibious motor-car, to which attention is drawn in *What's Wanted*, seems the more urgent in view of the probability that pedestrians will soon be developing webbed feet.

Sir ALFRED MOND has denied that his visit to Palestine is connected with the Dead Sea potash scheme, which he is reported to have belittled. He is understood to consider the Dead Sea too much like the rising tide of Liberalism.

A London judge recently made absolute one-hundred-and-forty-two decrees *nisi* in one day. Hollywood is said to be seriously alarmed by the steady growth of the British film-industry.

The Soviet educational authorities have condemned dolls as being bourgeois. Some of the dolls we have seen lately, however, were distinctly Bolshevistic.

A West of England woman has twice married the same man. This just shows the danger of not keeping a diary.

A Russian charged at the Thames Police Court admitted that he struck his wife with a hot poker. He shouldn't have heated it.

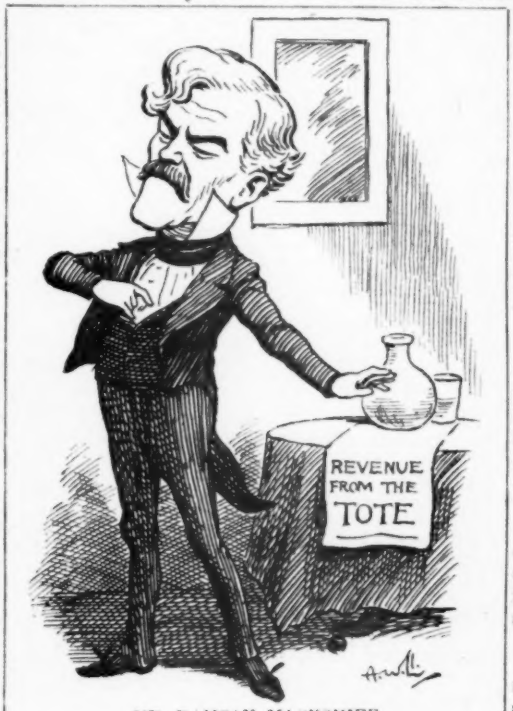
The statement that trial marriages are being adopted in the United States has led to the belief that there are other kinds out there.

It has been decided in court that the driver of a steam-roller need not hold a motor-driver's licence. This is a great convenience, but on the other hand it debars him from chasing pedestrians.

"A General Election now would only be an unnecessary expense," declares a Cabinet Minister. Still it might save Mr. A. E. HAILWOOD a few deposits.

An entomologist reports that he saw a tortoiseshell butterfly flying across Oxford Street last week. But why not? It is surely safer than walking across.

A writer says that some tax-collectors are more ruthless than others. These picked officials are generally drafted to the Aberdeen front.



MR. RAMSAY MACKSNIFF.

"The present Chancellor of the Exchequer says he does not care: morals are not his business. . . . I cannot imagine a Labour Chancellor taking up such a position."—*From a report, in the Labour Party's official organ, of Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD's remarks at Rochester on betting, and in particular the Totalisator.*

Later in the day Mr. and Mrs. —— left for London en route for Paris, where the honeymoon will be spent, the bride travelling in a black face."—*Provincial Paper.*

The bridegroom, we infer, is not one of the gentlemen who prefer blondes.

"John Burns in his well-known poem named 'John Barleycorn' paints a picture of the life of barley, its conversion into malt, and lastly beer."—*Provincial Paper.*

This Burns is in no way connected with the Rabbie Burns who began his political career in Trafalgar Square and finished it in Whitehall as President of the Local Government Board.

AMBERLY JONES

OF THE MINISTRY OF DEFENCE.

IT was all the fault of the Office of Works and their incurable habit of letting the other Departments in on what they imagine to be a good thing. Usually, it is furniture; merely a matter of making two bookcases bloom where one bloomed before. This time it was pictures.

Now we are plain folk at the Ministry of Defence. For mural decoration we content ourselves with the faded photographs of a distinguished predecessor or two whose centenaries occur about this time, and perhaps a simple text prohibiting the stoking of fires after four on week-days and/or twelve on Saturdays, and leave it at that.

Some of us therefore were not a little thrilled on arriving one morning to find our rooms already tenanted by certain eighteenth-century worthies of martial aspect and considerable acreage, bounded by highly-decorated frames on which the popular fruit-and-vegetable *motif* was much in evidence.

It was generally admitted that Amberly Jones had drawn the pearl of the collection—six feet of Hanoverian Hussar in purple pantaloons, a fully-matured masterpiece of the hand-on-hip-cum-battle-in-background school of portraiture.

It would be useless to pretend that Amberly Jones was pleased. He was not. You see, he himself is the sort of subject that justifies the survival of fading photography as an art form. His complexion suggests that the economising of fuel has been a passion with him from his earliest youth. Altogether he failed hopelessly to tone with his Hanoverian Hussar.

The portrait hung behind his desk. When he stood up he came to somewhere about the level of the warrior's knee. When he sat the Hussar appeared to be trampling with an arrogant heel on the shining apex of Amberly's meek bald head. The General Staff considered that the pose happily symbolised the ideal attitude to be aimed at by the military in their relations with the civil side of a Service department, but it was vaguely displeasing to Amberly Jones.

Unfortunately there was no other spot in the room in which the picture could be hung. Move it one inch to the right and you imperilled the existence of the peg where Amberly put his office-coats, of which, being a senior official, he held a reserve of two. Immediately to the left was that unique collection of electric switches which, although one alone sufficed to turn the lights on and all the others were provided with little labels forbidding their use in any circumstances whatsoever, Amberly Jones regarded as of capital importance in the lighting system of the office. The other walls consisted mainly of windows, doors and the bookcase in which Amberly filed his luncheon sandwiches and his goloshes.

It was some little time before any change was noticed in him. He was not a man with whom one corresponded at any length. But occasionally, when you had produced a minute of such astounding brilliance as to deserve the widest possible publicity and had already addressed it to everybody else you could think of, you would add as a sort of arabesque, "Mr. T. Amberly Jones—to note" or "Mr. Amberly Jones—to see," or simply "Through Mr. Jones," and Amberly would play up docilely by inditing "Noted," "Seen" or "T. A. J." as the case might be. Or perhaps you might write, "Mr. T. A. Jones—concur?" and Amberly always said "Yes."

Then by imperceptible stages he ceased to play up. It was noticed that when something more wildly outside his province than usual was sent to him he was apt to reply, "Not concerned" or "Why?" if he had been asked to note it. And sometimes, instead of registering his concurrence as and when required, he would minute squarely, "I do not," and sign it with all his three names written in full and a flourish.

Thereafter he took to writing minutes himself, passing rapidly from the modest "I-would-venture-to-suggest" gambit with which his earliest efforts began, through the terse, "It-would-appear" opening of his middle period, to the haughty "I-feel-very-strongly" formula which was characteristic of him in later life.

Then there was the episode of Amberly's tea. He had it made from a special brand that he kept with his sugar in the bottom drawer of his desk, to the great contempt of his messenger, one of whose perquisites it was to retail such stores at a modest profit himself. Thus it came about that the beverage as prepared by the latter was seldom quite a success. If a morsel of soda chanced to remain over in the boiler from a previous cleaning, inevitably it found its way into Amberly's teapot. If boiling water ran short the tepid second brew fell to him as a matter of right. His biscuits were always damp. For fifteen years he had submitted to this régime. Not that he ever actually drank the nasty stuff. He would empty it furtively into his wash-basin so as not to hurt his messenger's feelings. Then one day—it was towards the end of his second period—he revolted and the Department learned with wonder from an authentic eye-witness that Amberly Jones had refused his tea.

He now smokes cigars, while his messenger talks of retiring from the Service, for he complains that standing to attention for long periods on end gives him the rheumatics at his time of life. As for the Military side, whenever they have occasion to discuss with Amberly some question of national interest, such as the recent proposal to subsidise grouse-shooting as a factor of military importance in training the officer for war, the party is commanded by a Major-General and they all wear spurs. And when he has dealt with them with something more than his usual severity he will straddle complacently before the Hussar afterwards and, blowing a whiff of smoke at his belt-plate, remark, as one who addresses a subordinate, "Not so bad, I think, old boy?" Whereupon, it is said, from somewhere in the region of the chandelier you may catch, like a very faint, very deferential echo, the Low German equivalent for "I concur."

THE JAZZ-BAND CONDUCTOR.

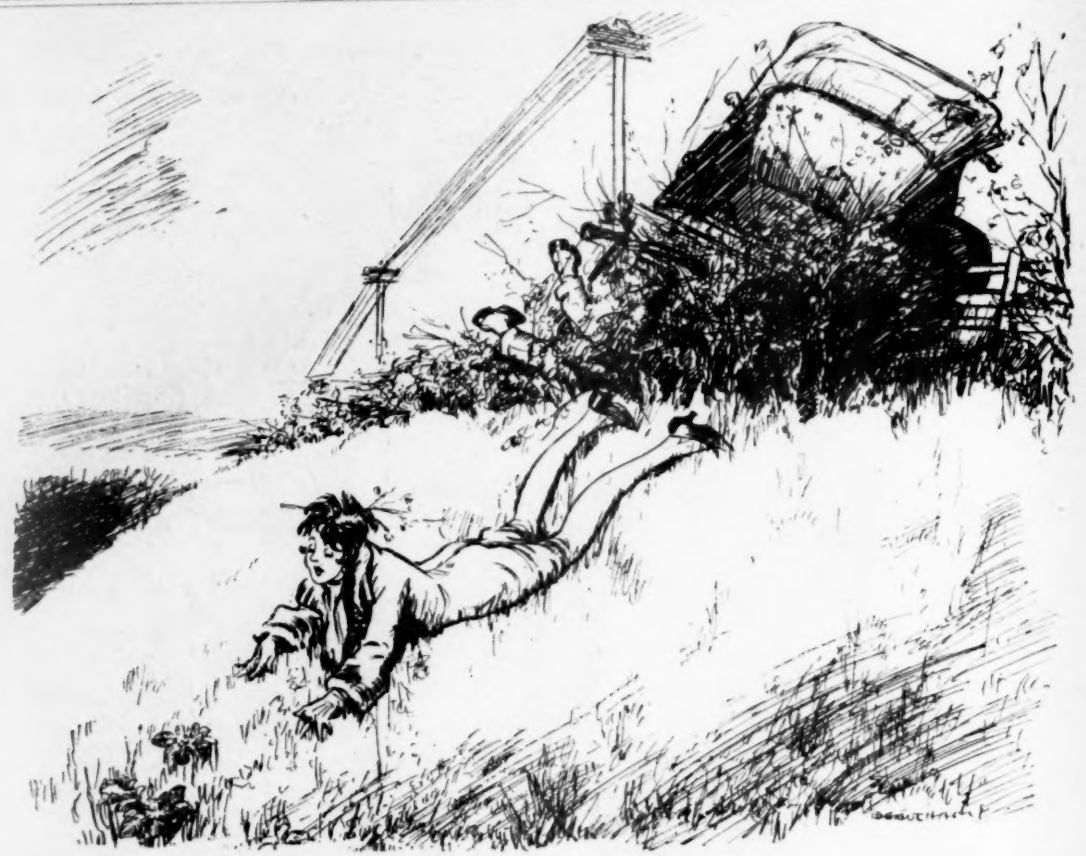
I THOUGHT at first, I must admit,
He was about to have a fit;
He writhed and twisted, coiled and struck,
Bent, straightened, bounded like a buck,
Swelled till he nearly split in half,
Shot out his neck like some giraffe,
Quivered and waved his arms about,
Grimaced and wrinkled up his snout,
Plucked unseen somethings from the air,
Hurled them away he knew not where,
Pointed and beckoned, swayed and whirled,
Grinned till his very eyebrows curled,
Frowned horribly, sneered, tossed his head,
Made as to shout but gaped instead,
Twiddled his fingers, shook his legs,
Seemed shocked by smells from rotten eggs,
Brandished his elbows, jerked his ears,
Punctured the drums with phantom spears;
I should be puzzled (so would you)
To mention what he did not do.

As for the band, to my surprise
They never even raised their eyes;
Calmly unheeding all the fuss,
Wanting no guide nor stimulus,
They scraped and pounded, blared and dinned—
Percussion, brass, strings, wood and wind—
Ignored their leader and, I swear,
Would play as well were he not there.



THE PREMIER'S VALENTINE.

CUPID. "I'M NOT DOING THIS FOR MY OWN BENEFIT. I'M DOING IT FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE RACE."



"OH, REGGIE, LOOK! THE FIRST PRIMROSE!"

INSULARS ABROAD AGAIN.

THE COLD CURE.

WHEN the experienced traveller goes to the Riviera he goes prepared for bitter rains and icy blasts. But Percival is innocent and didn't, with the result that he caught the world's highest-powered cold.

For the whole of next morning, which was sunny, he walked up and down the Promenade des Anglais sneezing pathetically and stolidly, and once aggressively at a gentleman who tried, with some display of sympathy, I thought, to sell him a shawl. He shivered in a pointed manner if anyone dared to pass between him and the sun. He complained to me and Frances that he hadn't even brought with him a single priceless bottle of quinine—only he called it "quideed," which made it sound far more valuable.

At last I said, "Well, go and buy some here."

Percival sneezed petulantly and said, "I dode dow the Fredch for it."

I replied, "Well, that doesn't matter; the French chemist will."

Percival retorted bronchially that I was neither helpful nor funny, and broke a fresh pocket-handkerchief at his mast-head.

In between Percival's now indignant sneezes Frances managed to interpolate: "Why not ask the chemist for a local remedy? He's sure to have something for a cold."

Percival would, I think, have sniffed at her suggestion, except that he was doing little else in the ordinary course of events; but it only needed my advice to him not to risk it to send him off with a determined step in search of the nearest *pharmacien*.

Having carefully selected a "*Pharmacie Anglaise. English spoken*," Percival led the way in. Frances and I were in general reserve, our offer of closer support having been waved aside by Percival in a series of lordly sneezes.

He advanced to the counter and faced the French chemist over a chin-high barrier of bottles. The chemist politely faced him back.

"*Bonjour, M'sieu. Vous désirez?*"

"*Bongjour*——" began Percival, and suddenly launched a capital sneeze of high gross tonnage. The intervening wall of bottles went down like ninepins, thus breaking down at one swoop, one might say, the barrier between nation and nation. An *entente* thus established, Percival trumpeted across the space now cleared:—

"*Je dêsire quelque chose pour guêrir ung rhube.*"

"*Comment, M'sieu?*" asked the startled shopkeeper, now coming out cautiously from under the parapet.

"*Ung rhube,*" repeated Percival firmly.

The chemist, still puzzled, just had time to duck again as another terrific sternutatory depression moved rapidly up from Percival's north-east.

"*Comme ça,*" added Percival with some presence of mind.

"*Ah, je comprends—un rhume.* You 'ave coldinze'ed, is it not?"

"*Vous avez parlê!* Gibbe sobethig for it," replied Percival, relapsing gratefully into his own language, though I must say that I was beginning to think that his cold had, if anything, improved his French accent.

With a smile the Frenchman dived

into a drawer and produced a little box labelled "Crève-rhume," or, as we should have put it if we said that sort of thing, "Cold-burster."

"Zis is good," he said eagerly, "All the Niçois use it. It is instantly victorious. It is three franc."

"How do you take it?" asked Percival suspiciously. "Id water?" he added with a dawning repugnance; for I don't think Percival, the true Englishman abroad, has drunk a mouthful of water since he left Dover.

"*Ah non!*" The chemist too was visibly shocked. "You sneef it."

"Sneef!"

"*Mais oui.* Sneeff! Place *une prise* on ze back of ze hand, then s-ss-nn-ee-ff! So!" The Frenchman's imitation of a cold-stricken invalid sniffing up a *prise* of "Crève-rhume" was almost as good as Percival's sneeze, only with a reverse action.

"But I 'ave 'ere an Eenglish *remède* at ten franc," he added as Percival looked doubtful.

Percival, again the true Englishman abroad, instantly ceased to look doubtful and bought the cheaper.

Later on we all sat side-by-side in chairs on the Promenade and took it in turns to read the instructions on how to take "Cold-burster." Apparently Percival had to take a *prise* four times a day, but there was nothing to say what was the standard size of a French *prise*.

At last he grew daring and poured a little of the white powder out on the back of his hand.

"Is that too much?" he asked.

"It looks to me about a *prise* and a half," said Frances.

"It isn't too much now," I added, for at that moment it was removed *in toto* by a gust of wind and deposited on the sleeve of a passing gentleman, who without even a word of acknowledgment took it away with him in the direction of Cannes.

"It 's too draughty here," decided Percival, and we retired to the verandah of an aristocratic Café, where Percival put another *prise* of "Cold-burster" on to the back of his hand.

"Now!" I said.

"Now!" said Frances.

"Now!" said Percival and sneezed just as he had got within range. The *prise* vanished ubiquitously.

"Did I take it?" asked Percival anxiously, opening his eyes.

"On the contrary," I murmured.

A head-waiter like a duke came up just as Percival was preparing another, and looked sternly at him. It was an awkward moment. We all suddenly felt guilty of terrible things. Percival, who had just tipped the dose out on his hand, hummed a gay little air and tipped it back again. Frances saved the situation by nonchalantly powdering her nose.

The head-waiter at last turned his back superciliously on us and Percival sneezed like the midday gun just behind him, so that he jumped in the air several centimetres. After which we were left in peace.

Percival lost three more *prises* by misadventure or premature dispersal before, amid cries of encouragement and triumph, he finally managed to take one.

There was no doubt about its success. To make up for leakage it had been an over-size *prise*—more of a *surprise*, if you know what I mean. And it simply detonated somewhere in Percival's cranium with alarming effect.

Frances says the stuff must have been cambuflaged gunpowder. Percival, when he came to, accused Frances of substituting a pinch of her face-powder when he wasn't looking.

For myself, I at least see why the stuff was called "Cold-burster." It burst a glass on the table in front of me and it burst the top button of Percival's waistcoat, and it completely burst Percival's cold. It burst it, I should say at a rough guess, into three equal parts, because to-day Frances and I have one portion each. Percival still retains the third, and has now bought a dictionary to find the French for that sovereign remedy, "quideed." A. A.



Business Man. "HULLO! HULLO! IS THAT MR. SILAS K. SCOGGS OF NEW YORK?"
Tired Voice at other end. "WRONG COUNTRY."

Another Headache for the Historian.

"Miss Betty Nuthall is playing remarkably well. Her new overhead service is very formidable."—*Sunday Paper.*

"Miss Nuthall has not yet touched her best form, and she is not yet using her newly acquired overhand service."

Same paper, same day.

"ZIGZAG DRIVING COSTS £17."
Headline in Sunday Paper.

For the man who has to pay, it can't be quite so funny as it looks.

MORE JACKDAW IN GEORGIA.

BOOKS AND PEOPLE.

(*After Mr.* ARNOLD BENNETT.)

As being perhaps the most prominent mentor of youthful writers in a period littered with youthful writings, it cuts me to the heart to discourage any practitioner of the most underpaid of all the arts, the art of poetry. But the exigencies of downright truthful criticism compel me to protest that I do not want the slim books of anæmic verse that arrive for me, it would seem, by every fatal post. So far as the admittedly difficult temperament of an artist has allowed me I have endeavoured to avoid those branches of literature that do not pay; and when, as infrequently happens, I hand a palm of approval to a poet I am conscious of appearing somewhat like a millionaire offering a cigar to a poor relation.

But there it is. My kindness to poets, even to good poets, is always and inevitably tinged with pity. And when they irritate me the fault, I am convinced, is not mine. The other day the young rhyming friend of a friend who had said "Good afternoon" to me at a Chelsea tea-party presumed, in doubtful consequence, to send me a book of feeble verse (I saw that at a glance) with an impertinently fulsome inscription on the fly-leaf. It is not always a compliment to be praised, as some men and most women have discovered. In an accompanying note he hinted his ambition that I should help his sales by reviewing the book. Apparently a laudatory and quotable review was wanted. He won't get it. I shall not mention him or his book. It is not a good book, and if he thinks it is he is a fool. If I help the sales at all it will be by disposing of it with a batch of unread others (equally unsolicited) for the price of a cigar. And I shall smoke the cigar without compunction whilst I am writing a good book in simple prose.

Whenever I am harassed by the attentions of living poets I solace myself with nursery rhymes by dead anonymities. I toss *Ecologues In Purple* or *Unicorns In Umbria* aside and turn to *Cock Robin* and *Simple Simon*. Thus immunized against the infection of spurious inspiration I may perhaps glance at the pretentious pages. But seldom without thanking the old jinglers for being better than our Georgian best.

Our mothers sang these rhymes to us in our dozing infancy. They persist in our memories because we can recollect nothing better. DOSTOIEFFSKY knew this. They are literature in essence, chrysalides of innumerable epics, novels, plays. I might say that all larger creative literature is amplified nursery rhyme. TOLSTOY once said something like this to one of my oldest friends, but I have forgotten how he said TOLSTOY said it. What (since it is as well to be up-to-date) is *The Constant Nymph* but a modern, sophisticated, elaborate variation of *Little Miss Muffet*? My readers will need no details of comparison; it is among the obvious giant paraphrases in post-war fiction.

And look at *Old Mother Hubbard*! Regard the instinctive sense of form in each clinching and vital couplet that follows the glorious opening quatrain! My novelist's mind at once rejoices in the simplicity, the convincing economy of the plot. No beating about the bush, as with so many novels and poems of the moment. The reader's attention is held from the start. He is made to reflect on the power of those primitive instincts which send us hunting and warring and scheming for food, clothing and shelter, for ourselves, for animals even. The rhyme conveys suspense and induces compassion, delight, ribaldry, exaltation, with a pictorial richness and a flexibility of language unequalled even by the SITWELLS.

> "She went to the baker to buy him some bread,
> But when she came back the poor doggie was dead."

The tragedy in its seeming bitter completeness is brought home to our minds and hearts in the first couplet after that tremendous opening. But then, when the emotional demand is most poignantly insistent, note how this supreme anonymous craftsman in verse-narrative lifts the reader into his own heaven of pure comedy:—

> "She went to the butcher's to get him some tripe,
> And when she came back he was smoking a pipe.
>
> She went to the tailor's to buy him a coat,
> And when she came back he was riding the goat."

But I shall be asked, "These nursery rhymes are all very well; they *are* beautiful and stimulating; but aren't you curious to know what good poetry, if any, is being written to-day?" And with the brutal directness that results from half-a-century's preoccupation with authorship I shall answer, rudely and shortly, "No, I'm not, not the least bit curious. I don't care who writes anything, anyway or anyhow. It's a struggle for bread, for the dog's bone, for a cigar, for a stall at a theatre, for wine, central heating, pretty women, comfort, for a lion's supremacy in coteries and clubs, for yachts, for rights to hunt beavers and rights to fish brooks. The man who forgoes these things for poetry is a fool."

That is how the professional author in me will reply, but all the same I hope I shall be able to recognise a good sonnet, and if a man insists on being a fool and writing unremunerative poetry I hope he will be a happy fool. Only let him keep his little books to himself until I ask for them, or his publisher does his duty and forces them on my notice. That is rather how I feel. I have



Boss (severely). "SMITH, IS THAT *your* CIGARETTE-END?"
Smith (brightly). "YOURS, SIR—YOU SAW IT FIRST."



MANNERS AND MODES AT ST. MORITZ.

AN AMERICAN "BUD" FINISHING HER EDUCATION.

(To be seen at the bar of any hotel between five and seven any evening.)

had my rough-and-tumble. I am in the swim, thank God, but in the calm waters, floating on my back, a little amused with the struggles at the weirs. As a critic of books and persons I am, perhaps wrongly, satisfied with my omissions and complacent with my inclusions. I have always held that it is quite possible to write books oneself and yet fail entirely to see why other people write them. I always know why *I* write books, and if others have as good reasons for writing they have my respect, even my sympathy. But I don't promise to read what they write. A man like TURGENIEFF compels me to read him, and when my young contemporaries write as well as TURGENIEFF I shall have to read them. Meanwhile there is much to be said for the brevity and variety of dictionaries.

* * * * *

I had never heard of Miss Celestina Stehmann until a week ago. God knows that women novelists are as numerous as sequins on my great-aunt's mantles, but I am not of those who would keep women powdering their noses and ministering to the whims and needs of young golfers. I am always ready to welcome any sound piece of work, and even on occasion to throw my hat into the air and exult. Miss Stehmann's *Turgid Question* (HEINECAPE, 7*s.* 6*d.*) doesn't call for any hasty skying of headgear, but it does deserve a measure of authoritative and discreet approval. I am glad to give it.

In my opinion *Turgid Question* is a sound piece of work. It is a good novel. Good, that is, as a pre-war suburban house was good. It is well-built and entirely undistinguished. Occasionally there is a hint of originality, as when Miss Stehmann likens her earnest young Oxford undergraduettes to white mice in a revolving cage. There is piquancy and strength too in her characterisation of the young men who contribute to the theme of the book, which, surprisingly enough, is LOVE. I cannot say more. Perhaps I have said too much, for I have not read the book. I have read *bits* of it, and if anyone urges that a shower-bath is less wet than a plunge he is welcome to his opinion. I know better. It is a question of time. *Turgid Question* is not a book to swim in; I found a splutter and a splash sufficient. At the same time it is a good book, and if Miss Stehmann's next novel reveals as much promise as this reveals performance her third book should be a creditable production. Can I say more?

W. K. S.

MICHAEL SENDS A VALENTINE.

WILL you be my Valentine, fairy, fairy?
Will you be my Valentine and come
and visit me?
I've got a shilling, shiny-new,
And I could buy some flowers for
you,
A little box of sweeties too,
And sugar-cakes for tea.

I've got a tiny motor-car, fairy, fairy;
It runs across the nursery; there's
room for you inside;
And I've a little aeroplane
That buzzes up and down again,
And a beautiful electric train,
If you would like a ride.

Won't you be my Valentine, fairy, fairy?
I'll give you all my marbles and my
red-and-white balloon;
I'm so afraid you may decline;
I've never had a Valentine;
But oh, I hope you will be mine—
And could you answer *soon*?

R. F.

THE ATTACK UPON DORA.

(*Renewed by* ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.)

With Farmer STANLEY *at the farm abode*
**WILLIAM *and Dora.* WILLIAM *liked the girl,*
And Farmer STANLEY, *when he looked at them,*
Thought often, I will make them man and wife,
And they can live inside the moated grange.
But all day long the noise of battle rolled,
And "Dora! Down with Dora!" rang the woods.

"Courage!" I said, and pointed to the Strand.
"It may be we were not the dupes of fate;"
But all too soon we came unto a land
Where it seemed several minutes after eight;
The glittering windows mocked us with their state.
Then someone said, "We might as well go home
As search for evermore for chocolate.
Let us sit down and sing 'Our Island Home,'
Or some wild song like that; we will no longer roam."

CHORIC SONG.

I.

There are sweet fondants here that softlier slip
Than moly of Olympus down the throat;
Dear as remembered kisses to the lip,
But excommunicate, and how remote!
Baccy that gentlier on the palate lies
Than any other brands which advertise—
Baccy that wounds no tongue and prompts enraptured cries.
All reasonably cheap,
But still untouched the goods must keep;
No hand may pluck the gaspers from their heap;
And still before the shop we stand like murmuring sheep.

II.

Great is the memory of the former time
When purchasing a fag was not a crime,
Nor lollipops; but all has suffered change;
The country is not what it was of old;
The lion dies, the lion has the mange,
And every crank conspires to kill our joy.
Out on the island princes, over-bold,
That will not let us do the little things
That we were wont to do, but still annoy
And vex us with their vain imaginings!
Is there confusion in the little isle?
We are not well, we have a pain;
Must we be always bullied in this style?
May we not have our liberties again?
We do not know what Dora saith,
We only know she is insane
And, being insane, continueth;
Our eyes grow dim with gazing through the bars
At these accurséd sweets and adjectived cigars!

So we named it the Isle of Dora, for nothing therein was sold,
For the damsel's sake who ruled it, when once the curfew tolled;
But the rosy bloom of peaches and the blush of the nectarine
(But I had no money to buy them and gave them not to my kin)
And the white and the scarlet currant and the bilberry and the plum
Ran riot about us, and fishes were there, for they might become
(Far-fetched from the heaving billows and the foam of the rock-bound bay)
Unfit for human consumption if kept till the following day.
But none in the Isle of Dora (that was near to the Isle of Finn)
Might cleave with his tooth the comfit to know what there was within;
And the lotos-leaf of Virginia was woven and clustered in bowers,
But no one might have any lotos because it was after hours.

EVOE.

* Cf. *Lord Tennyson's Poetical Works*, Globe Edition, p. 77.

THE ACID TEST.

IN six-inch lengths it floats half-submerged in a bowl of clear cool liquid, some pieces pink in hue, some verging on green—the rathe (or early) rhubarb. I glance at it and say, speaking out, "Bring me cheese!"

The early appearance of rhubarb in this country presages, I fear, an uncomfortable spring. It means that the apple supply is running low, and the day is still remote when the gooseberry, harbinger of our own fruit-crop, will emerge.

Only a nation hardy enough to bathe in the Serpentine all during the winter could have developed a stewed-fruit habit so inveterate that, rather than permit any restful interlude in the year, it has resorted to a vegetable of the character of rhubarb.

The rhubarb now confronting our citizens at meal after meal and marring many an otherwise admirable repast is not the home-grown variety. This is evident from its flavour, for there is nothing quite like the taste of genuine English rhubarb, nothing at all. This present rhubarb comes from overseas. Cargoes of it are dumped upon our shores by the foreigner without let or hindrance. There is no need for secrecy or concealment. It is not necessary for the traveller from abroad to smuggle it in concealed in his hat or lashed to his braces. A suit-case filled to the brim with rhubarb means nothing to our Customs officials.

Yet this importation is a menace to the race. It is undermining that home-life of which we as a nation are proud. It appears even at the club, rendering of no avail that refuge from the rigours of the home. Students of affairs cannot but have noticed of late that an acrimonious element has crept into the utterances of our politicians, that a quality of acidity has been revealed in the contentions of our theologians, that there has occurred a tendency among our judges to be censorious, and that a certain touchiness has been exhibited by one of our most amiable actor-managers.

It must be the rhubarb.

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

From an article on "The Greek Spirit":—

"The fourteenth century, in which so scholarly a man as Plutarch had no chance of learning the language till middle life, saw the Italians bring professors from Constantinople to Florence and other places."
Daily Paper.

Luckily for PLUTARCH he had taken the precaution of learning it as his mother-tongue some thirteen centuries before.

The Smartest Page.

"The pages at the Hotel —— yesterday took part in a competition in smartness. Points were awarded for elocution, cleanliness, and general smartness."—*London Paper.*

We understand that the next competition will be open to Editors and will be for "the page with the fewest misprints."



Ardent Shopper. "I'M LOOKING FOR ANOTHER BARGAIN BASEMENT. HAVE YOU ONE UPSTAIRS?"

THE TRIALS OF TOPSY.

XXVI.—END OF ACT ONE.

WELL Trix my *heart's* balm so at last it's happened and of course you *would* have appendix-trouble and miss it, my dear it's *too* lowering I *did* so yearn for you, and of course you've heard nothing but my wire well I'll try and tell you everything only of course I'm a *mere* vortex and I never could write my *lucidest* in bed, however I'd better get on with it before Haddock wakes up, my dear I've decided I *can't* call him Albert or *even* Penrose so I'm *hovering* rather between Haddock and *Fin* however there hasn't been much time for details yet, my dear I *simply* can't realise it only happened *yesterday*, however I'd better begin at the beginning, my dear I've *just* upset my coffee over my *delirious* new nightie, *too* sobering so that's what comes of writing to *you* darling.

Where was I well I *think* I told you about the Election tending towards a certain *acidulosity* towards the end what with the Pure Vote and the Mothers' Vote being rather *massed* against Haddock on account of his rather discussable little Secretary because my dear quite *things* I believe were positively *said*, only it seems after my visit to Mr. Buffle in the black *veil* the *same* sort of things began to be *rather* muttered about *him*, the only difference was that *he* was *too* resentful about it but Haddock cared not one molecular *hoot*, and neither did I because of the great heart of the people being utterly attached to me, my dear I've made *rows* of *sensational* speeches and *wherever* I went I had a perfect body-guard of *adhesive* weavers and congenial loom-girls and my dear the handsomest fellows with *cotton-hooks* who whenever some stoat of a man so much as interrupted me they merely

carved him into *small* sections, my dear I do think the proletariat are rather winning if only you can manage to creep into their hearts don't you find that darling?

Well on *Sunday* morning my dear feeling the least bit blotting-paper after all this throbbery and *jading* labour Haddock took me over to *New* Brighton in a *bijou* ferry-steamer for ventilation and refreshment, my dear you go *right* down the Mersey rather scenic the whole thing darling because it was an *electrical* day though of course *too* Polar, my dear the *azurest* sky with those *divine* little kiss-clouds, and my dear you know how I respond to Nature when I'm in the mood, well I wore my fur coat and a rather inflammatory little hat in highbrow green with a *silver* fish in honour of Haddock and the *chastest* little feathers which my dear sort of *trespass* on to the cheek and madden the male, well Haddock says so, and of course the cold was *too* brutal so at New Brighton we merely *cantered* along the sands to get warm, *hand* in *hand* darling because I nearly always fall down when I canter in high heels, *rather* a fragrant picture don't you think because my dear we were *utterly* alone with the sun and the sand and the Mersey and everything, *too* lyrical, and I remember having that *esotteric* feeling *you* know my dear when *something* tells you that *something* is *simply* going to happen *quite* soon, my dear *too* right because just then I did fall down and that's how things *matured* because I was convinced I 'd shattered my ankle and of course a bitter East Wind does give a girl rather a *radiance*, anyhow Haddock said I looked *too* adorable like a *frozen rose* or something, so we sat on the sand and he went suddenly soupy for the *first* time, my dear he said the *most* lovely things about me, and it seems he 's really rather *ached* for me from the *very* 'first at that prawn-party only he 's always thought I was too *Cadogan* for him, so of course I said I was an *utter* quagmire and bound to ruin his life and he said he was *too* spurious in every possible way so I said in that case we were *too* suitable and of course I 'd marry him, only I said What about Mrs. Green, and he said well she was more like the Christian religion to him while of course I 'm a pagan but unperishing *passion* which was rather flower-like and satisfactory I thought, so my dear we nestled restfully beside the septic Mersey and merely *gazed* at the factories and cranes and everything, and my dear you know I 'm not sentimental but I don't think I shall ever see a *dredger* or a *distant* crane without thinking of Haddock's first *virginal* salutes at my darling New Brighton.

Well *then* my dear I had one of my *inspired* flashes because of course we 'd settled nothing about *when*, only *suddenly* I said *why* shouldn't we be married at *Burbleton* on *polling-day* because *what* vinegar it would be to the Pure Vote and all those *drainy* Societies, and of course *ecstatic* publicity because *no* candidate has ever been blighted in matrimony on polling-day *before* and they say a married man gets away with the Mothers' Vote *too* always, well my dear it was just the sort of *demented* idea that utterly magnetises Haddock, my dear like me he 's his own self-starter which my dear is *one* reason why we 're *rather* gloves, so he registered an affirmative *quite* instantly, bless him, of course we had to get the *most* special and expensive licence and what with the Election the trousseau was somewhat a scramble, especially in Burbleton where my dear I got *everything*, simply *every* shop in the borough provided *something*, *including* my dear the *most* Burbleton undies which I *rather* doubt if I shall wear *very* continuously *outside* the constituency, my dear *too* uninspired, however the Undy Vote was ours to a man likewise the Milliner Vote, well my dear the *note* of the dress and everything was *blue* because of our election colours, my dear *ivory* charmeuse with the *most* maidenly turquoise girdle and forget-me-nots on the train, ditto the chaplet, my dear *too* alluring, with the hugest bouquet of *painted* lilies, the bridesmaids in butterfly-blue velvet and enchanting blue *muffs* with *secret* pockets for *all* the Prayer-Books whether deposited or what-not which was Haddock's present to them, my dear there were *twenty*, one from every Ward, so of course the *whole* constitt. came, Dad gave me away, my dear *too* alacritous, and a man called Rowland was best-man who I had a rather fallacious evening with once you remember, he smiled wistfully and I *rather* thought he was *rather* kicking himself because my dear they say I did look *really* disarming, well I don't know about other brides but I utterly adored the *whole* proceeding, my dear the church was *thronged*, all my loom-girls in the *most* characteristic shawls and afterwards my devotional bodyguard tied absolute *ropes* to the car and simply *processed* us round the voting-places, me beaming darling like *absolute* Royalty, with the *result* my dear that more people voted than *ever* before and of course the *entire* Mother and Pure Votes merely pendulised over to Haddock because crowns may fall and everything, but the g.b.p. does like a *wedding*.

Well of course you saw my dear we had a *flawless* majority, but my dear now for the *cankers*, well first of all Mr. Buffle *recognised* me at the counting, my dear my *blushes*, only he was *too* Gallahad and says he 'll *never* divulge, and *secondly* and *ghastly* it seems one of Haddock's agents or something who quite venerates me has been doing *corrupt* practices, my dear *beer* and everything, all for *my* sake of course and there's going to be an *expostulation* or something and they say my *poor* Haddock is sure to be *unseated*, *can* you conceive it, only in that case they



"'ENRY, BRING SOME SANDPAPER OR SOMETHING AND ROUGHEN THIS MARBLE MANTELPIECE. IT 'S SO SMOOTH I CAN'T STRIKE ME MATCHES ON IT."



The Lady (to voluble casualty). "ONE WOULD THINK YOU HAD NEVER BEEN RUN OVER BEFORE."

say that your little Topsy is sure to be elected *instead* to keep the seat warm because they *do* idolatrise me and it's the done thing nowadays, however all that's *too* unponderable at the moment because *what* matters is that *here* I am my dear feeling *quite* ethereal and bubbulous with bliss, my dear like the *most* frothy meringue it's *too* narcotic, when are *you* going to be blighted darling, I'm too deflated to hear about Harry, however there's lots of good fish and the *moment* you're antiseptic again you must come and stay with us because I do want you to like my Haddock only not too much, because I do think he's *rather* adequate in his erroneous little way and he does adore me, well no more now we're off to-day, of course it's an utter secret *where* in fact we don't know ourselves *quite*, anyhow *too* far away.

So farewell my fallen lily, I do wish your trials were over too, take care of the old tummy and one day soon p'raps you'll get the *most* matronical letter from your little Topsy *M.P.*

THE END. A. P. H.

TO A TEMPTER.

(On or about February 11th.)

Now ere the primrose comes about
And March renews the lapwing's crest,
Now ere the rings of rising trout
Compel to Kennet, Colne or Test,
In your grey land of little sun,
Where hill-tops stand without a stain,
You tell me that the salmon run,
You bid me to Deeside again.

Duty—my staid official chair—
You name with all contempts that are;
You mention to me Euston Square,
You talk about a dining-car,
And presently a sleeping-berth,
A swinging haunt of lullaby;
My tea . . . *My tea?* It isn't Perth?
Yet how the platforms "*Pairth*" reply!

Then breakfast 's in an hour or so;
Dim roofs (that 's Forfar); dawn comes white;
Stonehaven's flat grey sea, then oh,
Oh Aberdeen, oh appetite!

Hot scones, hot coffee, the caress
Of cream's gold thickness on the spoon;
And so to Durrus—we should, yes,
Be on the water well by noon.

Oh, amber-paved, by hill and pine,
That water pours in old renown;
Prince, don't I *know* what might be mine—
Those opening casts, that "first time down,"
And, culminating ecstasy,
That savage *rug* in middle stream?
Nay, almost thou persuadest me
At least to dream, at least to dream.

P. R. C.

Extract from the letter of a probationer nurse:—

"I find that nursing is not what I thought so have condescended to give it up."

No false pride about her.

"At the present moment they were living over one of the most dangerous volcanoes which had ever threatened this country. The sands were running out."—*Daily Paper.*

Still, that's better than molten lava.

SIMPLE PEOPLE.

THE MONK.

ONCE there was a monk who lived in a monastery with an Abbot and cloisters and a refectory and all those things, and his name was Brother John. And he hadn't wanted to be a monk, he would rather have been a man-at-arms, but his mother had asked him not to because she said men-at-arms do get so quarrelsome, and they drink too much mead and sack and things like that, and when they go to the wars they often get killed or have their legs shot off or something, but if you are a monk you are quite comfortable and safe, the only thing is you can't marry anybody, but as long as you have got me I suppose you won't want to, and by the time I am dead you will be too old for it and it won't matter.

Well Brother John did love his mother and he didn't care much about girls and thought he could do very well without marrying one of them, so he became a monk and his mother was very pleased, and she said I shouldn't wonder if you became an Abbot some day.

Well Brother John wasn't really likely to become an Abbot because he couldn't read very well and he couldn't write at all, and Abbots had to be rather learned in those days. But all the other monks liked him because he made a lot of jokes and laughed a great deal, and he laughed at other people's jokes as well as his own, and he was good-natured about doing work that some of the others were too lazy to do.

Well one day some of the monks were cutting down a tree in the wood near the monastery and it was a very hot day in the summer, so after a little most of them went to sleep, because the sub-Prior who was supposed to be looking after them wasn't feeling very well and he had gone back to the monastery to lie down in his cell until he felt better. But Brother John went on working because he liked cutting down trees, it made him feel so strong, and besides he thought it wasn't quite fair to leave off and go to sleep directly the sub-Prior's back was turned. And he sang a song very loud and kept the time to it with his axe, and he said it isn't so bad being a monk after all, but I wish there was more cutting down trees and less having to keep awake in church.

And then all of a sudden he heard somebody laughing at him, and he gave a start because the other monks were asleep a little way off and he thought he was quite alone. And it was the reeve's daughter, who was taking a little walk in the wood, and she said well you seem to be very strong, I think it is a pity you are not a man-at-arms instead of a monk.

Well directly Brother John looked at the reeve's daughter he fell in love with her, because she was very pretty indeed, and he knew he ought not even to look at her, because monks weren't allowed to look at pretty girls in case they might fall in love with them and wish they weren't monks. But he couldn't help that, she looked so sweet laughing at him, so he laid down his axe and he said well I wanted to be a man-at-arms but mother said she thought I had better be a monk, and now I am rather sorry for it.



"AND THEN ALL OF A SUDDEN HE HEARD SOMEBODY LAUGHING AT HIM."

And the reeve's daughter said why? and he said well I should think you could guess.

Well that wasn't a bad beginning, and Brother John looked so handsome and so strong that the reeve's daughter nearly fell in love with him too, but she knew it wouldn't do to fall in love with a monk if she could possibly help it, so she ran away instead, and that made Brother John love her all the more, and after that he was always trying to see her, and sometimes he did but she always ran away and wouldn't talk to him.

Well of course it couldn't go on like that, and one day Brother Cyril who was one of the lazy ones saw Brother John trying to talk to the reeve's daughter, and he thought it would be a good thing to tell the Abbot about it, because he was always getting into trouble himself, he was so lazy and greedy, and he wanted to make the Abbot pleased with him for a change, and besides he was rather in love with the reeve's daughter himself though she would never look at him.

So the Abbot sent for Brother John and he said to him what is this I hear about you talking to a girl, don't you know better than that?

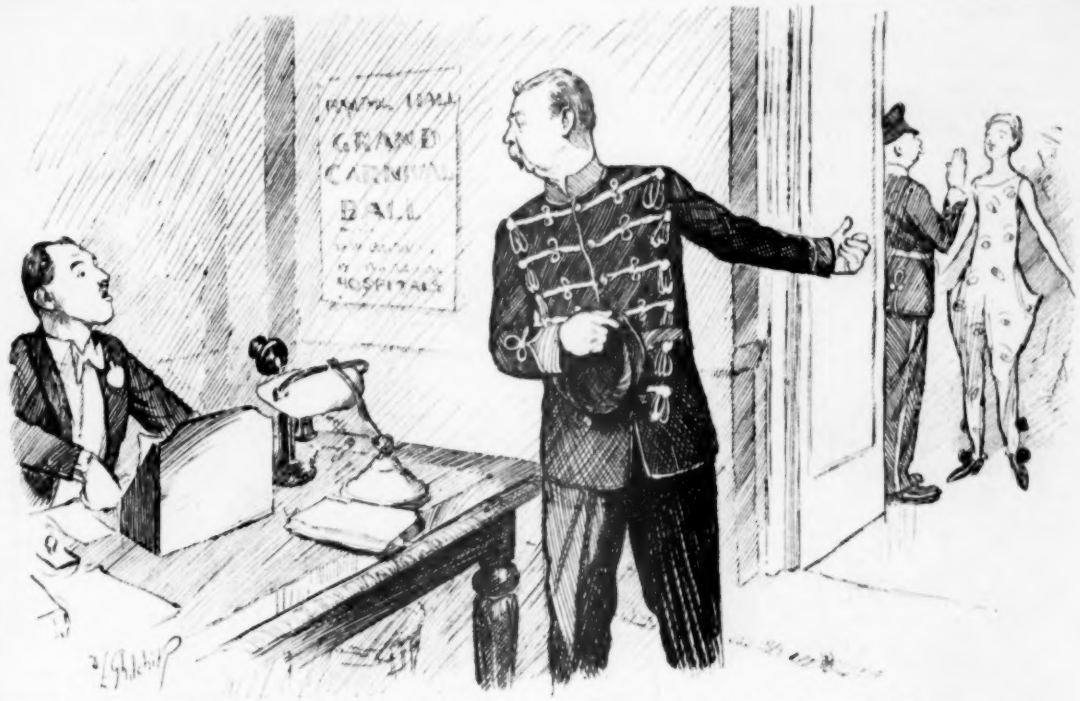
And Brother John said no I don't, and I wish I wasn't a monk.

And the Abbot said well you are a monk, and so am I, and we have got to behave like monks, I was in love with a lady myself when I was young, but I knew it wouldn't do so I got over it and now I don't mind, because I have got lots of other things to think about.

And Brother John said well I can't think of anything but the reeve's daughter, and I think about her even when I'm in church.

And the Abbot said well I shall have to give you a penance for that and you mustn't do it, but I shan't give you a penance for falling in love because I don't suppose you could help that at your age, still you must try to get over it, and you must keep away from the reeve's daughter.

Well all the monks loved the Abbot because he was so kind to them, and he was never hard on them if he thought they were trying. And Brother John was grateful to him for being so nice about it, and he promised him that he wouldn't look at the reeve's daughter when he met her and he would do his best to get over it. And he did try hard but he was very miserable, and the only thing he could do was to work very hard indeed so as to get as tired as he could, but that made him go to sleep in church more often than before and he often got into trouble about that. And it was all very difficult because he seemed to meet the reeve's daughter more than ever, and once or twice she laughed at him, but he wouldn't take any notice of her.



Secretary of Ball Committee. "THE RULE IS QUITE PLAIN. MEN DRESSED AS WOMEN ARE NOT ADMISSIBLE."
Attendant. "BUT THIS BLOKE'S RATHER A PROBLEM, SIR. 'E SEEMS TO 'AVE COME DRESSED AS A WOMAN DRESSED AS A MAN."

Well the country was at war then, and one day a lot of soldiers came and tried to take the monastery. And all the monks had to defend it, and some of them didn't like doing that at all but some did, and Brother John was the best of all of them, and he grew quite cheerful again because he enjoyed the fighting and hadn't so much time to think of the reeve's daughter.

And then one day they heard that the soldiers had taken all the houses in the village and had made the reeve and his wife and his daughter prisoners. And Brother John was frightfully upset at that and he asked the Abbot if he might go and rescue them. And the Abbot said no, but that night Brother John got out of the monastery and swam across the moat. And the soldiers in the reeve's house were asleep, so he gagged them so that they couldn't call out and tied them up, and he rescued the reeve and his wife and his daughter.

Well he couldn't take them to the monastery so they thought the best thing to do was to take to the merry greenwood. And there were plenty of outlaws there who were very pleased to see them, and Brother John was better than any of them at catching rich merchants and taking their purses, and he was kinder than anybody to the poor, because he didn't want any money for himself but only enough to eat and drink. And they made the reeve's daughter Queen of the Greenwood, but her father and mother looked after her and they wouldn't let Brother John be with her more than they could help because of his being a monk, and besides he had promised the Abbot, and he didn't want to break his promise, but the reeve's daughter did speak to him sometimes and he couldn't help answering her.

Well that went on for some time, and Brother John was getting rather miserable again, though he liked being in the merry greenwood better than being at the monastery. And then one day they heard that the King had sent a lot of soldiers to where the monastery was, and they had had a battle with the other soldiers and won it, so the reeve said they must all go back now, and Brother John must come too.

Well Brother John went, though he was rather frightened of what they would do to him, but he couldn't bear to go on living in the merry greenwood without the reeve's daughter.

And when he got to the monastery the King was there himself, and it was all very lively with lots of soldiers and courtiers about. And the reeve told the King and the Abbot that if it hadn't been for Brother John he and his wife and his daughter might quite easily have been murdered.

And the King was very pleased with Brother John, and he said I think it is rather a waste for a young man like that to be a monk, I should like him to be one of my men-at-arms, and I will write to the Pope about it, we are very good friends now, and ask him to let him off being a monk.

And the Abbot said well I don't think he will ever make a good monk, but if the Pope lets him off I should think he would make a very good husband.

Well the Pope did let him off, because he wanted to do something to oblige the King and this wasn't much, and soon after peace came and he married the reeve's daughter. And when the old reeve died the Abbot made him reeve instead because he knew he could trust him, and he said he didn't want to lose him altogether. A. M.

Another Glimpse of the Obvious.

"Wanted, wheelwright; general all-round work."—*Advt. in Provincial Paper.*

"We would draw your attention to our excellent delivery service, which covers most of the town and district with Fish, etc., five times per day."—*Tradesman's circular.*

There must be a lot of skidding among the local motors.



REMARKS THAT DON'T RING TRUE.

Small Boy (with new wireless set, to Sister). "I'LL LEAVE YOU TO MONKEY WITH THIS. I WANT TO GET ON WITH MY PREP."

AN EVER-OPEN STOCK EXCHANGE.

WHEN the campaign, now being so nobly fought by the BEAVERBROOK Press, to force open the Stock Exchange on Saturdays has been brought to a successful conclusion it is imperative that this should be regarded only as the first instalment of a vast business reform. A perpetually-open Stock Exchange must be the aim of all who have at heart the financial future of the Empire.

What happens under the present wretched system, when the Stock Exchange is closed every night and throughout Saturday and Sunday? Millions of pounds of potential business are lost for ever. To give a concrete example. A pearl-diver in the Macassar Straits rises to the surface with a colossal gem secreted behind his left upper molars. He swims ashore and naturally wishes to cable to his broker to buy him a hundred shares (five shillings paid) in The Pearl Dredging Syndicate, Ltd. But it is Friday, five P.M. (Greenwich time), and he realises that the London Stock Exchange is closed and that he cannot deal till Monday, by which time his discovery will be public property. So most probably he places his order with some local "bucket-shop," the business is lost to Throgmorton Street and another seventeen London clerks go on the dole.

Similar striking examples of missed business through the Stock Exchange being closed at night and for the week-end could be multiplied by the thousand. Think of the very early morning orders from fish-porters leaving Billingsgate and from waiters, millionaires and policemen leaving night-clubs.

Then, again, an all-night sitting at the other "House" might be a shade less futile than at present if tape prices were available for debate. And might not many a weary mother soothe her fretful babe in the darkest hour before the dawn if she could ring up for the latest price of Tintos or Canpacs?

If the London Stock Exchange never closed—and the case for continuous activity is overwhelming—the variation in time throughout the world would cease to count. Gradually all the business of such somnolent Bourses as those of Paris, Brussels and Amsterdam would be diverted to London. Wall Street, with its five-and-a-half paltry sessions per week, would cease to be a financial factor. Quite likely that once famous building would be leased to TEX RICKARD or ceded to Nicaragua. Slowly but very surely the whole speculative business of the universe would be focussed in London.

Brokers and jobbers and their staffs would necessarily work in shifts, but arrangements could easily be made with the great banks and other local establishments for the use of their offices as restaurants and dormitories. Keen heads of firms would "go up to the City" for two or three months at a time. A Surbiton stockbroker's wife would be heard telling her little ones, "Daddy will be home next year."

Certain familiar headings would disappear from the Press. "Opening and Closing Prices" would be no more; once open they would never close. Mr. COCHRAN would institute non-stop contango cabarets for young dealers at the Albert Hall. Dean INGE might contribute "Bulletins for Perpetual Bears" to the financial papers. Charabanc-trips to see the "Night-Life of Threadneedle Street" would be a feature of programmes for Colonial visitors. And quite possibly the Bishops would undertake the necessary revision of *The Stock Exchange Year Book.*



TO A GREAT SOLDIER AND FRIEND OF SOLDIERS.

THEIR flower, the blood-red flower of sleep,
Strew for a token on his grave
That in the land they died to save
Still with the Dead our faith we keep.

Strew poppies, strew above his bed
Their sign for whom his loyal heart
Kept, to the end, a place apart—
The Legion that he loved and led.

O. S.

THE YELLOW PERIL.

I HAD not been feeling well for about a week and decided to spend a day in bed. I announced my decision and retired early. The next morning I awoke to find myself completely yellow.

I could scarcely believe my eyes. I am not a man who changes colour easily; I never grow purple when I am angry nor green when I am envious, so that to turn yellow for apparently no reason at all was to me a novel and rather terrifying experience.

As I gazed at myself in the mirror there came to my mind the words of a popular song I had heard:—

"I took one look at you,
That's all I had to do,
And then my heart
stood still . . ."

In fact my heart was still fairly motionless when my wife arrived with my joyous little breakfast.

"Good heavens!" she said as soon as she saw my face; "jaundice."

"Is it serious?" I asked anxiously.

"Children get it," she replied unfeelingly.

I felt humiliated. Even as a child I always liked to get a decent grown-up disease if I was to have one at all.

"Better not have anything to eat until the doctor comes," she went on inexorably, and my joyous little breakfast, a meal that I shall still relish even when I am on my death-bed, was whisked heartlessly away. I had to console myself as best I could with a hot-water bottle and a weak cup of tea.

However I soon began to see the brighter side of things. After all I looked a great deal worse than I felt, and this fact gave me the satisfaction of knowing that my visiting friends would at least get a run for their money. There are few experiences more bitter than that of finding an invalid friend sitting up in bed and looking perfectly normal.

I felt this particularly when a fond aunt with a commiseration complex called a few days later to find me eating toast by the fire, the yellow effect totally obscured by the pale gleam of the electric light. I quite felt that I was robbing the poor lady of the grapes she had brought, and she could not conceal her disappointment.

"I do look yellow by daylight," I explained apologetically.

At twelve o'clock the doctor arrived and we were soon playing our old game of "Questions," the object being for me to guess correctly the answer he was expecting.

"Does that feel tender?" he asked, prodding me on the right.

I had never experienced that particular prod before and, as all prods necessarily involve a certain amount of pain, it was difficult for me to answer straight away.

"As compared with that?" he suggested, prodding on the left.

"Yes, very tender," I decided suddenly.

He appeared satisfied and, having concluded the examination, pronounced judgment as follows:—

"Catarrhal jaundice—have to stop in bed and go on a strict diet."

I shuddered, yet he was only prescribing the daily *régime* of a Lady of Fashion.

"Diluted milk, weak tea, weak soup, fruit jellies, thinly-buttered toast, grapes—that's all. The mixture to be taken every morning and the powders three times a day—after meals."

I considered that the last two words were unnecessary, but nevertheless we shook hands pleasantly enough. I bore him no grudge.

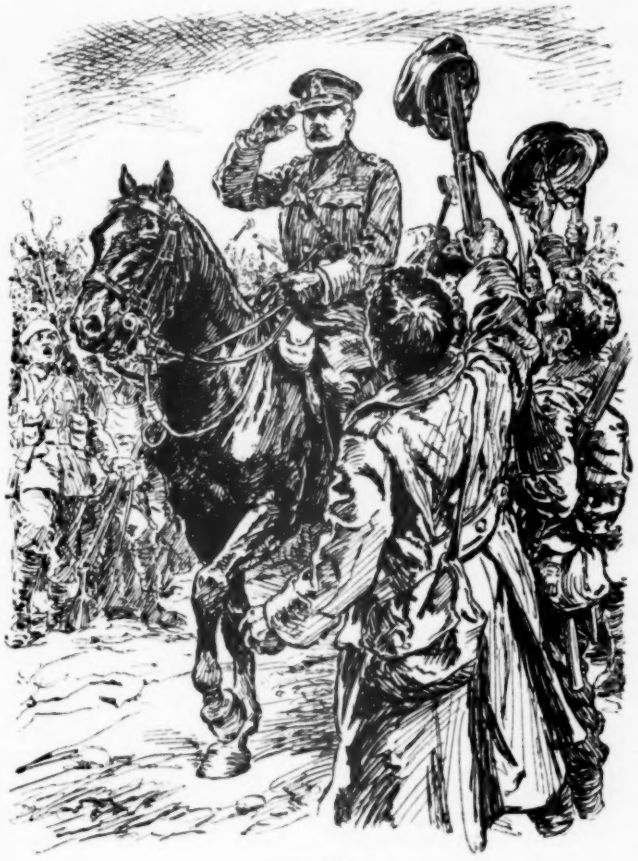
A day or two later I began to revise my opinion as to the mildness and comparative tolerability of my disease. It was then that my friends started calling and I discovered that that person must be accounted an oddity who cannot extract something of a facetious nature from the appearance of a jaundiced invalid.

One suggested that I had been following too closely the progress of events in China, while another expressed the opinion that I should be proud to have achieved in a night a complexion that the truly *chic* Parisienne had been seeking for years by means of sun-baths, actual or artificial. A third assured me that I had given her an inspiration for her new interior decorations, and would I mind if she sent round her foreman to match me up? It was indeed amazing to me how effectively they all conspired to dissimulate their anxiety in order to bring a little light gaiety into my room of sickness.

But all this is of the past. My skin has now assumed a glorious golden-brown, the very sight of which seems to transplant me to some sunny South Sea isle. I begin to dread the day, not far removed, when it will have resumed its drab everyday appearance and I shall have to write "Finis" to an adventure so rich in exotic colouring.

"In the opening rounds Cook worried his man with short-art jabs to the face."
Daily Paper.

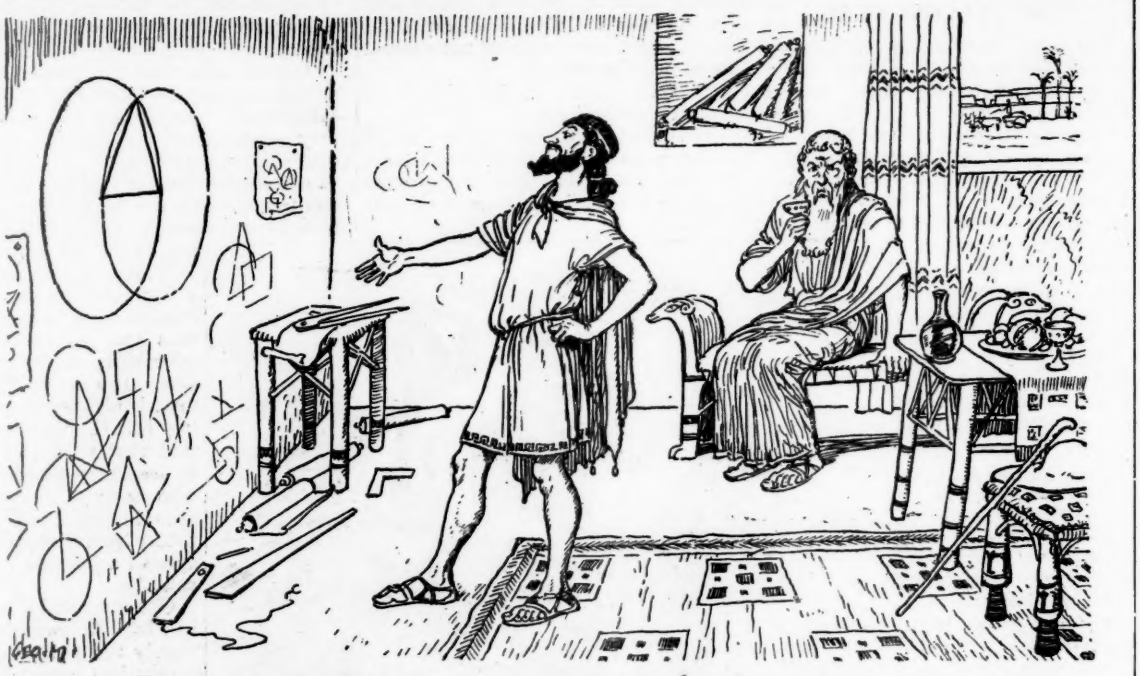
We never use these short-art jabs. Our motto is *Ars longa.*



OUR MAN.

WITH MR. PUNCH'S GRATEFUL COMPLIMENTS TO FIELD-MARSHAL SIR DOUGLAS HAIG.

Reproduced from "Punch" of November 27, 1918.



DRAMATIST (ABOUT 300 B.C.) WHILE ON A VISIT TO HIS OLD FRIEND, EUCLID, GETS AN INSPIRATION FOR A NEW COMEDY.

ANSWER TO A CORRESPONDENT.

You want to know, "WORRIED," whether I can give you any tips about decorating and furnishing your new little house, "Motorview," which, I gather, is just at the corner of two speedways, N.W. 17.

(I agree with you, of course, that it would have been more cheerful if the *front* windows had looked out over the golf-links and the *back* windows over the Lithuanian cemetery, instead of *vice-versâ*.)

Well, I am not sure that I can. It all depends on what kind of life you intend to lead in your pretty new home, and whether you want to be in the swim, you know. Do they swim much in N.W. 17?

You might like to have some modern art furniture, "WORRIED" (period 1929 or thereabouts). I suppose I am right, by the way, in thinking that you are a female worried, *bouleversée* and *inquiète*, *n'est-ce pas?* and not a mere male worried with no taste in furniture at all—*hein?* Personally I like modern decoration and furniture very much. I like these light bright woods, embossed with fruit and flowers and the gay colour schemes, with Futurist pictures and frescoes and tapestries and little round mats on the floor. If I had any money I would buy some, and put on my best clothes and stand about amongst them all day long. But I don't feel so confident that they would do for you.

Are you much of a crochet-worker or patience-fiend, "WORRIED"? Do you carry things about in your hands a great deal—books or newspapers, or bowls of flowers, or knick-knacks, or photograph-frames? If you do that I don't advise modern house decoration for you, because in modern house decoration there is nowhere to put anything down on except the floor. You might carry your crochet-work about with you the whole morning and find nowhere to put it down at all, and be driven at last in sheer desperation to lock it up in the blue enamel cocktail *armoire* where it would merely be in the way.

You may be the kind of person who likes to rest an elbow on the mantelpiece when you want to think. Well, if you do that in a modern home, "WORRIED," you will be more worried than ever, because you will fall into the fire and burn your art-silk knees. They don't have mantelpieces in truly modern homes, or anything that sticks out of the side of the room at all.

Or you may want to sit down. In a modern home one doesn't sit down much, or at least not hard. Even the simplest modern chairs are unsuited for lounging in, and some of the more fanciful kinds favoured by artists and poets may be said to make it almost impossible.

A boudoir-chair like this will be made of Illyrian walnut or Corsican birch, or Swedish mahogany, Czecho-Slovakian teak or something of that kind, and it will harmonise with the pictures on the walls, which represent people walking about among oblong blocks of scenery



SURREALIST CHAIR, 1928 model.

of different colours, leaning in different directions; or houses that look as your own house will look, "WORRIED," if one of the motor-cars runs off the speedway and bends it sideways a little, which is fairly sure to happen from time to time.

Unless you are a person of very advanced mind, I counsel you against that kind of chair; and I would equally dissuade you from the modernist table. Not because it isn't beautiful, for I

think it is, but because I don't know whether you are the kind of hostess that understands how to arrange a dinner-party round a table in the new gay art mode. Your husband may have dull stodgy friends whose notion of dining is in the Tudor or Jacobean or even in the Early Pot-House style.

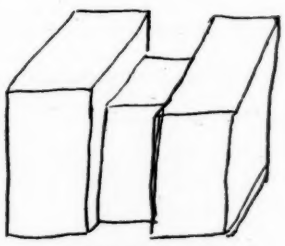


FUTURIST DINING-TABLE.
designed by lady amaranth brown.

Yes, "WORRIED." But if you are determined to follow the fashions at all costs, then let me urge you at least to be strong and courageous, and not to mix things. (Nothing, I mean, except gin cocktails.) Let the furniture build itself up beautifully out of the wall decoration, and the wall decoration build itself up sympathetically out of the floor. And let both of them build themselves up harmoniously round your own personality and that of your friends.

If you had asked my advice earlier I should have counselled you to stand with your furniture and your friends and your wall decorations by the side of the speedway, and let the house run at you and clasp you in its arms.

Be very careful of interior detail. Don't have large white china door-knobs put on to a delicate mauve inlaid wardrobe that would look so much better with silver tassels or tiny studs, or without any way to open it at all. If your bed is one inch from the floor level, have your dressing-table one inch from the floor level too, so that you can writhe up to it, instead of walking in the old foolish way. Don't put Victorian antimacassars over a charming up-to-date sofa like this—



FUTURIST SOFA.

And don't hang the steel engraving of the PRINCE CONSORT opening the Great Exhibition of 1851 opposite the new-style tapestry panel representing an inebriated capercailzie sitting on a clutch of hexagonal eggs, and remember that neither Nottingham lace curtains nor warming-pans will be suitable to your new little house.

Have bright colours everywhere, especially in your bedroom. But don't let your husband, if his face happens to be a rich plum, walk into your yellow drawing-room. Keep him in the garage. Your drawing-room is a place for sympathetic friends.

Let your own dress too be part of the *ensemble*. Don't wear jet beads when you are giving a cocktail-party in the Manhattan room, and if the dog doesn't tone with your pyjamas have it sympathetically dyed.

And above all, when you are getting your notepaper made, let it be of a light leaf-mould or medium beech-mast tint, with the address in jade or carmine as under:—

"worried"
motorview
speedway corner
n.w. seventeen

If I can be of any further assistance I will call. EVOE.



"I'M TOLD THAT *MAY* BE A PORTRAIT OF SHERIDAN BY GAINSBOROUGH."
"OR, OF COURSE, OF SOMEBODY ELSE BY SOME OTHER ARTIST."

At an Association Cup Match.

"Newcastle had also got S—— back, but a dozen S——s would not have won this game in my opinion."—*Sunday Paper.*

Not unless the referee was unable to count.

"Hundreds of banjos were destroyed by a fire in the banjo-making department of the —— Co."—*Daily Paper.*

Hopes are now expressed that something similar will be done about the saxophone problem.



Hunting Farmer (recently appointed to Wire-Removal Committee). "MORNING, MR. GILES. I JUST RODE OVER TO SEE YE 'BOUT A BIT 'O WIRE."

Mr. Giles (a newcomer). "SORRY I B'AIN'T GOT MORE 'N 'ALF ENOUGH FOR MYSELF, BUT I'LL BE ORDERIN' SOME MORE, AND I'LL SEE YE GET A BIT."

THE RETURN OF PEGASUS.

[Last week, Phantom, a horse, accompanied by its owner and two cowboys, safely flew from Paris to Croydon.]

LET others in heroic verse of Colonel LINDBERGH sing,
Or sadly muse upon the views of Baron KEYSERLING;
Although my pipe in *timbre* and type be harsh and even scrannel
At least I have a nobler theme—the horse that flew the Channel.

The steed that bore MAZEPPA across the vast Ukraine
Is famed in song as swift and strong, with proudly flowing mane;
We know whom he was bidden on that famous ride to carry—
The horse's name is hidden from Tom and Dick and Harry.

CALIGULA conferred by his imperial act and deed
The rank of a proconsul upon his favourite steed;
But no one has suggested here—I state it with regret—
That Phantom should be made a peer, a knight or baronet.

It must be owned that Phantom was reluctant to embark
And trust his precious person to this new aerial Ark;
That further, on arrival at his perilous journey's end,
The "saloon" was partly broken up before he would descend.

It is furthermore reported by those who saw the start
That Phantom reared and snorted when they put him in the cart;
That he bucked and squealed and neighed and even went and had a bite
At his owner, though a lady and the partner of his flight.

But these are non-essentials; they don't at all detract
From Phantom's high credentials or the splendour of his act;
Horses of old were swift and bold, but can't with him compare:
He was the first that ever burst into the sea of air.

We 've lost the race of Centaurs and the spring of Hippocrene,
But we 've got mechanic Stentors, tin gods of the machine;
And bio-chemistry, blest maid! will doubtless lend a hand
By rearing hogs and horses of a superhuman brand.

Yet ere you finally achieve the aims of your research,
O men of science! do not leave the donkey in the lurch,
Whose mellow tone 's like the trombone's, whose Boanergic bray
Is most in keeping with the needs and temper of to-day.

When horses fly and scale the sky, when pigs have souls and wings,
And when we choose wild asses as our editors and kings,
The human race, effete and base, will cheerfully resign
Its undeserved dominion to th' Eternal Asinine.

When man, *mere* man, is only found in cages at the Zoo,
And only animals adorn the pages of *Who's Who*,
The world, though old and hoary, may yet in time regain
The grandeur and the glory of the old Saturnian reign.

THE SURPRISE.

"Blanche," she told me wistfully, "has got just the loveliest new frock that ever was."

"I congratulate you," I said warmly; "I felt sure you really wanted one."

"You misunderstood me," she answered with a hint of sad amusement in her voice; "I said Blanche had it, not that I had."

"Quite so," I agreed, "that is why I congratulated you, because I knew you really wanted one, and now you 'll simply have to have it, won't you?"

"I suppose I shall," she agreed resignedly; "but I can't imagine how you knew."

"Intuition," I answered, "masculine intuition—it 's very strong in some of us, and the same instinct tells me that you must also positively have a new wrap to go with it."

"Good gracious!" she gasped, fairly staggered, "and no one can possibly have told you that, because I haven't even told anyone myself yet."

"Not even Tom?" I suggested.

"Not even Tom," she answered firmly. "You see, I mean it for a great surprise for him."

"The frock or the wrap?" I asked.

"Neither," she answered. "I mean the tickets I 'm going to buy for the dance and supper at the Gorgeous week after next. It 'll be a terribly smart affair, with simply everybody there; I know he 'll enjoy it and, as I 'm paying for the tickets myself, it won't cost him a penny."

"I 'm sure he 'll enjoy that part of it, anyhow," I agreed.

"The tickets," she went on, "are frightfully expensive. You can't imagine how I 've had to scrape and save in order to be able to pay for them myself."

"Awfully good of you," I said warmly, "especially with a new frock and wrap in the offing, so to speak."

"Oh, well," she said with a resigned smile, "so long as Tom enjoys his evening—and then it 's for such a good cause, encouraging something or else suppressing it, I forget which, so I don't mind a bit how I 've had to deny myself to get the money together. Just for that I didn't give half as many Christmas presents as usual. I only sent Aunt Jane a Christmas-card, for instance, but I know she won't mind because somehow she 's got hold of a sort of idea that I 'm extravagant, and she always has wanted me to save. And then it was so lucky, she sent ever such a nice scarf for Tom, just the very thing I wanted for Uncle James, and saved me having to buy him one."

"I met Tom in the Stores the other morning," I remarked. "He was buying a new scarf for himself."

"Yes," she agreed, "I told him it was much better he should buy one for himself because then he could be sure of getting what he wanted. As for taxis, I can tell you quite honestly I haven't been in one for a month."

"Even though," I said admiringly, "buses are so crowded and the one you want never comes—never."

"They don't, do they?" she agreed eagerly, "so I just hire a car from the garage now, and it saves such a lot of time, and then of course I haven't got to pay for that, because it goes down in the account. And then there are cigarettes—I haven't bought a cigarette since I don't know when, and, if you did the same, you 'd be surprised at the amount you 'd save."

"I daresay I should," I admitted, "but I didn't know that you 'd given up smoking."

"Well," she remarked, "I haven't quite. You see, if I feel I really need a cigarette I know where Tom keeps his: in fact I know both places, the one he knows I know and the one he thinks I don't."

"And have you finally managed by all these economies to get together the money you wanted?"

"Yes," she answered; "only a most frightfully unlucky thing happened. I had it all with me in Treasury notes in

THE CRACKED CRACKSMAN: A CROOK DRAMA.



ONE OF OUR LEADING BURGLARS, OWING TO LOSS OF MEMORY BROUGHT ON BY OVERWORK, BURGLES THE SAME HOUSE TWO NIGHTS RUNNING. BUT LUCKILY FOR HIM—



THE HOUSEHOLDER HAPPENS TO BE AN EMINENT MENTAL SPECIALIST, SO WE LEAVE OUR HERO IN SAFE HANDS AND THE CURTAIN GOES DOWN ON A HAPPY NOTE.

my bag, and as I was walking along what do you think happened?"

"You don't mean you lost it or had it stolen, I hope?" I cried anxiously.

"No-o, not exactly; only I just happened to see in a shop a pair of jade earrings, the very things I had been wanting for ages. I only went in to see if they suited me as well as I thought they would; and they did, and so when I came out I had the earrings but I hadn't the Treasury notes any more."

"Then you couldn't buy the tickets after all?"

"Oh, yes, that was all right," she explained. "I borrowed the money from Tom without telling him what it was for, because that would have spoilt the surprise. I'm going to show him the tickets to-night," she added happily. "I expect he'll be awfully pleased, because I know he wanted to go, only he thought it would be a bit expensive."

"He won't mind that now," I said.

"No," she agreed; "and I think he will say himself I shall have to have a new frock. It would hardly do to go to an affair like that in any old rag, would it?"

"It would be impossible," I agreed.

"But I shall tell him," she declared sternly, "that I won't have a new wrap, at least not unless it would spoil the frock having to go in the one I've got, which dates from before the Flood."

"You can be sure," I said, "that Tom will realise that at once."

"I'm so glad you think so," she said as we parted, "because I'm on my way to Jenny now to order them both."

E. R. P.

Cricket in South Africa.

"D. Theophilus is a 116-years-old schoolboy, who is regarded as one of the most promising wicket-keepers in the country."
Provincial Paper.

If he goes on as well as he's begun, young THEOPHILUS ought to be playing in the Tests in another hundred years or so.

"A competition between the Colchester Piscatorial Society and the Felixstowe Sea Angling Society was held off Felixstowe Ferry, but unfortunately not a single fish was landed. It is hoped to make the competition an annual one."—*Local Paper.*

The fish, we understand, have entered no objection.

AT THE PLAY.

"QUEST" (WINTER GARDEN).

Quest, which made its début a little uncertainly and then proved itself a favourite, has been transferred to the rather improbable stage of the Winter Garden. Once upon a time one knew broadly what sort of fare was likely to be provided at a given theatre. Modern theatre-gambling, euphemistically called finance, has changed all that. The gambler throws his dice on any table he can find. So that at the Winter Garden, where we have been wont to expect song and dance and the lighter love, we have now a comedy of adventure and mitigated sentiment. Let not persistent Winter Gardeners however be put off by so seemingly highbrow a title as *Quest*. Mr. RALPH STOCK has something which they will like—especially with their old favourite, Miss HEATHER THATCHER, cast for heroine—and something also which may entertain the others.



BECALMED AT SEA—STORM IN THE SALOON.

Alice Bolton . . . . . MISS HEATHER THATCHER.
Kinks Connolly . . . . . MR. FRED GROVES.
Lord Langley . . . . . MR. HUGH WAKEFIELD.

Quest indeed is an unlikely but spirited adventure, the sauce of sentiment and the condiment of humour having been added with a discreet hand. And there are no disconcerting ideas to distress the tired brain.

About the time when *Lord Langley* was learning so much on the subject of himself and his class and type from his bitterly disgruntled cousin, *George Maynard*, who had been digging countless holes for fence-uprights on an Australian ranch till fed up with the same, *Kinks Connolly*, heavy-weight, was dealing his antagonist a blow which put him finally to sleep. *Langley*, handing all his ready cash to *George*, determines to fare forth and find out what he is worth in himself, and *Kinks*, apprehensive of five years from an undiscerning jury, is anxious to get out of the country. The two meet in the "Hole-in-the-Wall," where charming *Alice Bolton*, who has beauty and grit and more than the beginnings of a soul above beer and the drab repetitive conversation of the local thirsty, stands entrenched and masterful behind the bar.

Langley suggests stealing a yacht (his own) from the harbour, and both *Kinks*, who seems to think he has some rights in *Alice*, and the awakened peer, who very suddenly has decided that he means to dispute them, prevail upon her to make the third of as mad a crew as ever sailed from an English port.

Kinks is the primitive ape-man, from whose brain it is difficult to dislodge the rare ideas that by chance effect a lodgment therein. His dominant idea at the moment is that the doomed vessel, first storm-shattered, then becalmed and making water in the hold faster than they can talk about it, shall be steered west, or that the peer's neck shall be wrung—a curiously complicated and unhandy form of homicide. How *Lord Langley* finds a new idea for himself and his destined mate and the ape-man I must leave Mr. STOCK to tell you in his own engaging way.

Miss HEATHER THATCHER'S portrait of a barmaid shows her to have a more extended accomplishment than we have hitherto had reason to expect. It is an attractive piece of work, in which the due and difficult balance between tragedy and comedy and sentiment is nicely maintained. Mr. HUGH WAKEFIELD cleverly exploits his whimsically quiet manner in the part of the imperturbable peer, whose soft answers are more than a match for his cousin's brandished revolver and the boxer's ham-like fists. I wonder if he doesn't take it all just a little too easily. Mr. FRED GROVES admirably suggested the dark storms brewing behind *Kinks's* puzzled eyes. Mr. D. A. CLARKE-SMITH, clever enough actor to be under persistent temptation to overplay, was, I thought, just a little too offensive and unlikely as the wandering ne'er-do-well, *George*. *Soames*, the faithful butler, was well invented by the author and admirably executed by Mr.

HAROLD B. MEADE. Stage butling I take to be a relatively simple job, but I don't think this part could have been more discreetly played. Mr. GEORGE BARRETT gave us a delightful if not strictly edifying account of a W. W. JACOBS longshoreman, part maudlin, part fighting-drunk. Miss JOYCE KENNEDY was adequate as the heartless rising tennis-star.

Quest is, in short, distinctly a good thing of its kind which nobody need be ashamed of enjoying. Though Mr. STOCK is an expert, the navigation of the unnamed yacht might, I think, give some cause for mirth to the instructed. Mr. FRANKLIN DYALL'S hand is evident in the smooth production. T.

"SAUCE FOR THE GANDER" (LYRIC).

This low-comedy-farce imported from Broadway and insufficiently translated into English is a triumph for the producer, Mr. WILLIAM MOLLISON, who, by drilling his competent enough company to play it all at furious speed, adroitly helps to conceal the deficiency of wit and to cloak, at least in part, the more devastating vulgarities of the affair.

Three middle-aged well-fed businessmen of a distinctly polygamous bent of mind are neglecting their three wives, who are growing a little old and apprehensive—in itself an immensely funny business of course. They have reached in fact the "roaring forties," as one of the characters explains with zest.

The three men are going to a shoot. The three women hire—for parity's sake—three young Oxford undergraduates showing little trace of their gentle mothers' influence, and take them down to a riverside mansion by way of teaching their men a lesson. Enter suddenly the husbands, to discover their geese and the three goslings with sadly ruffled feathers. Terrible indignation of the infuriated ganders. But their own three immature cackling temporary partners inconveniently appear. Honours are easy and the curtain finally falls on a scene of maudlin reconciliations.

A light Gallic craft could no doubt have handled all this without offence, but our authors haven't the hands for the business. As for the players, the three husbands, Messrs. SPENCER TREVOR, HYLTON ALLEN and ROBERT ENGLISH, had little to do but look absurd. Miss IRIS HOEY, the most whole-hearted of the sauce-makers, who drew as her partner the alleged Spanish osteopath (played with real intelligence by Mr. ANTHONY IRELAND), romped about with astonishing gusto, and must surely have needed the attentions of a genuine



TWO GANDERS AND A DRAKE.

Roy Ladd . . . . MR. ROBERT ENGLISH.
George Martin . . MR. HYLTON ALLEN.
Howard Drake . . MR. SPENCER TREVOR.

osteopath in her dressing-room. Miss HELEN HAYE attempted, with as much success as circumstances permitted, to present a real personality with some sort of reserve in the making of her effects. Miss NANCY PRICE made a whole burnt-offering of herself on the altar of vulgarity, as bidden by the situation. Mr. HUGH DEMPSTER, as one of the *gigolos*, attempted a little subtlety by way of relief, as did Miss JEAN MAY, who, in the character of the only person of anything like decent feeling in this poultry-yard, gave us a charmingly natural hint of sweetness and light.

I thought I noticed that those of us who had laughed loudest and longest had an air, at the end, of having been taken off our guard and of being just a little ashamed of ourselves. And I don't wonder. T.



OSCULATORY OSTEOPATHY.

Jose Vellejo . . . . . MR. ANTHONY IRELAND.
Susan Martin . . . . . MISS IRIS HOEY.

NEW LIGHT ON OLD SWEETS.

THANKS to the courtesy of the Editor of *The Psycho-Dietist*, we are enabled to publish portions of an address recently delivered by Professor Bilgeworthy, which will appear in the next number of that journal:—

"It is asserted in some quarters that the revival of the fortunes of the Everton football team is due to an alleged decline in the production and consumption of sweetmeats in what was once the headquarters of the toffee trade. But careful inquiries tend to show that the Everton footballers were never trained exclusively on toffee. It was found that it interfered with the free play of the jaws, which, as photographs of cupties reveal, is a distinguishing mark of the modern athlete.

"We live in a democratic age and the name toffee is by some philologists derived from "toff," and consequently suffers from aristocratic associations. This connection, I may incidentally note, was clearly emphasized in the advertisement, many years ago, by a firm of clothiers of their 'creaseless Aristophanes trousers.'

"On the other hand other authorities, in view of the fact that the word was sometimes spelt *tuffy* or *toughy*, are inclined to the belief that it was so named from its toughness. The two derivations are obviously irreconcilable if only for the reason that a 'toff' is poles apart from a 'tough.' The earliest form, however, is 'Taffy,' which MURRAY unaccountably describes as Northern, an ascription which is acutely resented by all patriotic Cambrians.

"It will be remembered that a vigorous campaign was conducted, many years ago, against

'toffee caverns,' on the ground that they checked conversation and did not promote the cultivation of oratory or vocal music. Toffee-eating is absolutely incompatible with the discharge of their duties by players on wind-instruments. It is possible for those who perform on violins, 'cellos and double-basses, or instruments of percussion, but tends to cramp their style.

On the whole the waning vogue of this sweetmeat need not cause the judicious to grieve; it may even be acquiesced in with equanimity and even satisfaction. Dentists are almost unanimous in condemning its habitual consumption, and a writer in *The Westminster Gazette* in its palmy vespertinal days dilated eloquently on the disastrous effect that a toffee-drop has on a churchwarden when he finds it in the bag."

THE PELLETS OF APOLLO.

[Bottled sunlight in the shape of pellets is the latest production of science. A pellet or two taken daily, it is stated, will give one the feeling of well-being and energy experienced after summer sunshine.]

No longer I 'll sigh for Mentone
And skies that are faultlessly blue,
Nor turn with a frown
To my labours in town
And the task of defeating the 'flu.
Though these walls, like my pockets, be stony
And the outlook be leaden and chill,
My depression will vanish
And troubles I 'll banish
By aid of a pill.

Each day as my pellet I swallow
Fresh vigour will enter my veins;
I 'll grow healthily fat,
In addition to that
A new impulse will brighten my brains;
Through this bottled-up power of Apollo,
In a clime that is clammy and dense,
I 'll enjoy mid its dun light
Rich doses of sunlight
Without the expense.

To this timely invention of Science
Libation I gratefully pour,
That can pound at a gulp
Stubborn winter to pulp
And attract summer's boon to my door.
Though my hopes from our winter to hie hence
To a Place in the Sun may have fled,
This potent magician
Shall find a position
Within *me* instead. A. K.

"The outlook for 1928 does not justify undue optimism."—*Trade Paper.*

The same applies to most years.

FALLIBLE FABLES.

THERE was once a Confidence-Trickster who in the Pursuit of his Calling had Occasion to drop a Five-Pound Note in the Path of a Respectable Gentleman whom he suspected of Hailing from the Country. The Gentleman, being a Street-Cleaner by Profession and on Holiday, Flicked it Aside with his Umbrella, remarking that he was Fortunate to be Off Duty on that Day. But a Bishop who was Passing that Way and had seen All, Retrieved the Note and, on Attempting to Change it at a Bank, was Surprised to Find himself receiving the Full Value.

* * *

There was once a Young Lady who had a Passion for Chocolates. In Order to Gratify this Instinct she Applied for the Post of Assistant to a Firm of Chocolate Manufacturers, for she had Heard that no Restrictions were placed on Assistants in the Matter of Eating the Products of the Firm. But as in a Short Time she had Eaten her Way through the Year's Net Profits and seemed Likely to Commence on the Reserves for Depreciation the Directors were Reluctantly compelled to Dispense with her Services.

* * *

There was once an Economist who had Studied the Effect of Inserting small Slabs of Ice in the Slot of his Gas-Meter. As a Result of his Researches he not only obtained Cheaper Gas, but so contrived as to make it Appear that the Company Owed him Nineteen-and-Sixpence. But the Economist was not entirely Satisfied with his Margin of Profit, and when the Inspector came Round to Pay the Account he Complained of the Quality of the Gas.

* * *

There was once a Henpecked Earl whose Lot it was each Afternoon to Wheel his Twin Offspring in their Perambulator in Hyde Park. But one Day, leaving them for a Moment to listen to the Eloquence of a Communist Tub-Titillator, a Pawnbroker without Issue Seized them and bore them in Triumph to his Wife. But, Foiled in his Efforts to Unbuckle the Coronets from About their Infant Brows, he Intimated to the Earl that his Children were in Pawn, and received an Honorarium Adequate to Maintain them in that State.

* * *

There was once a Wealthy Financier who Purposed to Break the Bank at Monte Carlo, but, as Luck would Have it, Lost his All instead. But after the Receipt of a Generous Loan of Ten Francs from the Management his Fortune Turned, and he was at length able to Accomplish his Design. But he did not Forget his Charitable Friends, and Saw to It that the Amount of his Loan was Repaid Them in Full.

* * *

There was once a Scottish Shepherd who was Accustomed now and then to Sell his Collie to Strangers, well knowing that the Faithful Animal would in a Short Time Find his Way back to him. But it Chanced that one of his New Owners Made Much of the Dog, giving him a Comfortable Home and many Savoury Biscuits to Eat. And the Collie, before Setting Out upon his Return Journey, Bit him in the Leg.

* * *

There was once a Bachelor who could not Understand why his Married Friends continually Advised him to Remain in his Unmarried State. Now it fell out that in Leap Year a Proposal of Marriage was Made to him by a Fair Young Thing of Pleasing Manners and Genteel Appearance who was, moreover, Possessed of Considerable Boodle. Thereupon the Advice of his Friends Recurred to him and, Thinking there might be Something in it, he Accepted her in Order to Find Out what it Might Be.

AN INEVITABLE RISK.

[To prove that animals can be calmed by an appeal to their artistic sense, a Parisian poet is reciting his works in a cage of lions.]

SINCE first Inspiration impelled me to start
Translating my thoughts into rhyme
I 've never yet doubted my poems were Art
And bordered upon the sublime,
But in spite of their certain artistic appeal
I don't think I 'd like to engage
To rehearse all the beauty they have to reveal
In the heart of a carnivore's cage.

I am certain, of course, that the moment I spoke
Any lust for my gore he would lose,
But Art is a thing that is apt to provoke
Quite a number of varying views,
And the lion might possibly deem me a dunce
On a point of poetic technique
And proceed to express his opinion at once
In a thoroughly biting critique.

Nature Note from the Riviera.

"It is a strange sort of cold the Riviera cold; the longer you sit in it the deeper it bites into your marrow, and you wonder how on earth the oranges manage to stay on the trees."
Provincial Paper.

Possibly because they are not marrows.

ROAD SENSE.



IF YOUR HANDS ARE FULL—



AND YOU WANT—



TO SIGNAL A TURN—



SHOW A LEG.



"IS THAT CONFOUNDED DAGO GRINNING AT YOU?"
"ABSOLUTELY, DARLING. I JUST ADOAH HIS CULLAH! MY DEAH, *TOO* BEIGE!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

THE last of the *Tietjens* novels explains how *Mark Tietjens* came to make an honest woman of his Norman mistress, and its opening chapters find *Marie Léonie*, formerly *Charlotte*, nursing what is left of her husband in a woodland pavilion at Groby. Doctors maintain that *Mark* has had a stroke on hearing the terms of the Armistice and discovering that the Allies are not to march to Berlin. *Marie Léonie* avers that, stroke or no stroke, his silence is voluntary, part of a resolution to avoid all possible contacts with an unsatisfactory world. Whatever the cause, he lies speechless and inert, kept alive by the frequent administration of *soupe maigre* and racing bulletins; and there is no doubt that his taciturnity, real or assumed, is as favourable to his creator's method of telling a story as it would be disastrous to anyone else's. In fact I suspect Mr. FORD himself of a sort of *Tietjens'* compact never to divulge in straight narrative or ordinary dialogue what can possibly be insinuated by an X-ray reproduction of his characters' unspoken reveries. In this fashion are indicated the *ménages* of *Mark* and *Christopher Tietjens* and their respectively married and unmarried mistresses; also the attitudes and activities of *Christopher's* wife, *Sylvia*, her son, *Mark, junior*, a hundred-per-cent American she-woman, *Mrs. de Bray Pape*, and one or two supernumerary English yokels. Personally I find the results somewhat tenuous and remote, and the denizens of *Tietjens'* dying world more like *Penelope's* ghostly suitors sent squeaking down to Hades than living and breathing remnants of Tory Yorkshire. But both the portrayal and the facts portrayed have to a high degree the negative virtue of unconventionality, and those who enjoyed the book's three predecessors will undoubtedly appreciate *Last Post* (DUCKWORTH).

The volume of *The Letters of Queen Victoria, 1879—1885* (MURRAY), now published, completes the second series of these fascinating studies as conceived by Mr. G. E. BUCKLE, their most capable and self-effacing editor. The period here covered was notable mainly for excitements that to-day are all surprisingly out of date, for, alike in South Africa, Egypt, Afghanistan and Ireland, more recent developments have so changed the position that it is difficult even to trace an organic connection between the problems as they were then emerging and the solutions that have finally appeared. But if the subject-matter, though historically absorbing, is in a sense unreal and remote the characters that figure in these pages, especially the three who dominate every issue, give the book a quality of immediate attractiveness; for if the period had been selected specially to that end nothing more piquant could have been found than the contrast between such glorious opponents as DISRAELI and GLADSTONE as it is evidenced in the QUEEN'S letters and journal. Between the smooth and subtle charm of DISRAELI'S exquisitely-finished epistles, touched, one must almost believe, with genuine personal affection, and the rugged, sometimes stumbling loyalty of GLADSTONE'S weighted sentences, the QUEEN'S under-scored compositions, impetu-

ous but ever dignified, hastily framed but always carefully considered, reveal her as the most Victorian of Victorians and the most womanly of women. She is equally controlled, no doubt, in the greater issues of Government either by the friend she delights in or by the minister whom she never really forgives for daring to be himself, half giant, half school-boy; yet with both alike she contrives by personal suggestion, adroit employment of intermediaries, sheer hard work and the wisest instinct for a reasonable compromise, even, be it said, by a little plain coaxing and scolding, not only to stand for dignity abroad and harmony at home, but, further, within the flexible bounds of the Constitution to have a good deal of her own chosen way. It is this combination of human quality with the queenliest royalty that has endeared her to her people for ever.

As the author of *Blood and Sand* and *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse* the late Señor VICENTE BLASCO IBAÑEZ has our respectful homage, even if we cannot entirely approve of some of his more revolutionary works. In *The Mob* (THORNTON BUTTERWORTH) you may discern more than a suspicion of his political leanings. His chief character is *Isidro Maltrana*, an unfortunate fellow who has been taken out of the rag-picker class by a wealthy lady. After educating him, she dies without making a will, thereby leaving him to make his way in an unsympathetic world by doing translations at third or fourth hand for miserable wages, together with such other literary hack-work as he can find. This young man finds a suitable mate in *Feliciana*, daughter of one *Mosco*, a renowned poacher, and the pair have a short interlude of happiness after marrying on the strength of a remarkable book, *True Socialism*, which *Isidro* writes for a noble senator to sign. There are fine passages in *The Mob* here and there, notably the expedition with *Mosco* into the royal preserves at night, and the funeral of the bricklayer, made the occasion of a workers' demonstration. But the general effect of the book is as though ÉMILE ZOLA had come back to life and was attempting to do for Madrid what he had formerly done for Paris. It may be admitted that Señor IBAÑEZ knows his rag-pickers and gipsies as though he had dwelt among them; he has registered their various smells with the accuracy of a trained dog, and describes them at tremendous length. Indeed, to my mind he seems obsessed with olfactory memories to a degree that becomes painful to the ordinary reader. I suppose we may class *The Mob* as a "powerful" book, but it is certainly not one that is likely to add to its author's reputation.

It is a solemn thought that if we in England proceed much further with the Americanization of our lives we shall not only have to put up with the complacent products of this mode of existence but with the particular brand of prophet that is usually moved to protest against it. Many a man is impelled to avoid occasions of ill-health less through fear of the disease than through horror of the surgeon, and I feel that if the works of, say, Mr. H. L. MENCKEN were widely and promptly disseminated over here, we might realise what was in store for us under both heads and take warning betimes. The terminology and topical allusions of his *Prejudices—Sixth Series* (CAPE) make them rather uphill work for the English reader; but, though I occasionally lose contact myself, I find it possible on the whole to gather Mr. MENCKEN's drift. I understand that he reads ARISTOTLE when it is "too hot for any serious mental activity"—and despises philosophy; that he contemplates Baptist Funda-



THE WOMAN'S VIEW.

Husband. "SOMEWHAT OUTRÉ PERHAPS AFTER THE ONE I'VE BEEN WEARING."
Wife. "MY DEAR MAN, THAT'S JUST WHY YOU OUGHT TO HAVE IT—OTHERWISE WHO'S TO KNOW YOU'VE GOT A NEW HAT?"

mentalists moving at their priest-like task—and has no patience with religion; that his world pivots round pure MENCKEN, or rather (since it would be ungracious to ignore a confidence) round "an elderly and romantic man . . . with a liver far beyond pills or prayer." Undoubtedly American politics, journalism, cookery and quack medicine, the movies and the Volstead Act, cry out for some such scourge of God, and it is quite in the tradition for ATTILA to disclaim all connection with the deity who, if I may so profanely put it, lets him rip. Personally I like him best when I find him exhibiting a modest sensitiveness to the lure of BRAHMS and STRAUSS, or an enthusiasm that beggars that of Lord BROUGHAM for the English jury system.

It is not very easy to see why Mr. GILBERT FRANKAU calls *So Much Good* (HUTCHINSON) "a novel in a new manner." The book is undeniably in Mr. FRANKAU'S manner, which was new once; but his admirers need not fear that they will miss the way of writing with which they have now for a good many years been familiar, a way of writing which is rather flamboyant, rather sentimental and just a little mechanical, but quite effective for carrying a story vivaciously along. Nor is there anything particularly new in the architecture of the tale, which is the record of the progress of *Margery Nolan* from a tobacconist's shop in Sydney, through a series of amorous adventures on four continents, to a florist's in New York. That sounds as though *Margery* was an adventuress; but I am sure that Mr. FRANKAU would not like to hear her called one. He is clearly very fond of his heroine and, in spite of his title, is very far from thinking her one of "the worst of us." It is true that she leaves one husband and lives with her lover as his wife, which his death from war-wounds prevents her from actually becoming, and that her final position is ambiguous. But in Mr. FRANKAU'S philosophy *les égarements du cœur* are their own justification. That of course is a point of view like another; but it seems a little illogical that *Margery's* vagaries should be so warmly condoned and the unfaithfulness of *Arthur*, her second lawful husband, so severely condemned. In matters of sentiment, at any rate, Mr. FRANKAU is an ardent feminist.



EMINENT COMPOSER RENDERING HIS MASTERPIECE, "THE FISHERMAN."

Miss Torrobin's Experiment (CASSELL) was certainly a strange one. *Jim*, her nephew and ward, who has just left Eton and wants to go on the stage, proposes to impersonate his sister *Pat* at a Highland house-party to which the latter is invited, while, to avoid the more obvious difficulties, *Pat* herself is to go as his maid. *Miss Torrobin* agrees, partly to test *Jim's* dramatic abilities and partly because, being something of a feminist, she wants him to see for himself how woman suffers at the hands of selfish man. How the experiment works out Mr. H. A. VACHELL will tell you, if you have the patience to listen to him. I confess I found it difficult. He has chosen to treat his theme not as farce but as social comedy, and so avoids its coarse and hackneyed humours only to land himself in a far more serious mess. He asks us to accept as both plausible and proper an experiment which is only not revolting because it is incredible. Unexceptionably told, the progress of *Lord Baverstock's* infatuation for the disguised *Jim* induced in me a growing irritation and disgust. Would any decent youth have allowed it to continue for five minutes? I parted from *Jim* with the liveliest satisfaction; he was a nasty little beast. There is no reason why Mr. VACHELL should not portray nasty little beasts, so long as he does not regard them as fine young fellows. Because *Miss Torrobin* and he do so regard *Jim* I congratulate neither of them on their experiment.

The earlier chapters of Miss MARGARET YEO'S new novel give no shadow of cause for complaint, but when the scene changed from Italy to England I admit that, to my taste, her *Salt* (SHEED AND WARD) lost much of its savour. From early youth *Silvano*, of the house of BORGIA, was trained for special and important work, and during this period he was an attractive boy whose future aroused interest and speculation. Then, almost too intensively prepared, he was sent to England to thwart the Duke of NORTHUMBERLAND'S designs to place Lady JANE GREY on the throne. But in the process he seemed to me to lose much of his individuality and to become more of a mission than a man. The theme of conflicting religions is a difficult one to handle in fiction and Miss YEO has weighted herself too heavily; but, free of so great a handicap, her natural grace of style should make her future work a joy to the discerning.

Dreams Fade (DUCKWORTH) treats of an imaginative lad who was suffering from growing and other pains. *Michael Deering*, a day-boy, was a misfit in his family; himself romantic and of literary ambitions he had to live constantly with a father drier than dust, and occasionally to endure the contemptuous patronage of a beefy brother. Mr. GODFREY WINN'S story would have gained in subtlety if he had allowed the father and brother to have possessed some sympathetic qualities. But in the play between *Michael* and his puzzled mother he has performed a feat that is nearly related to genius. Here, at any rate, the dream is still fresh and vivid, a real picture of boyhood's hopes and fears. Many readers will grieve over *Michael's* agonies of introspection; others may think that he needed a sound kicking. You should get to know a boy capable of arousing such varied emotions.

CHARIVARIA.

A NEW four-act play by Mr. EDGAR WALLACE is said to have taken him three days to write. We are not told what retarded him.

* * *

As the B.B.C.'s parrot refuses to talk, listeners' parrots are to be tried. The birds of course will be cautioned to avoid controversial matters.

* * *

In the opinion of a scientist if we stopped wireless broadcasting the weather would improve. Incidentally that would also cure wireless.

* * *

A scientist declares that there is no truth in the saying that cats have nine lives. A recount is indicated.

* * *

As an example of a "howler," a South London schoolmaster supplies a daily paper with a boy's suggestion that a "serviette" is a form of Government introduced into Russia. More familiar is the "howler" that it is the name for a table-napkin.

* * *

According to a sports journal chess-players seldom die young. They would never finish a tournament if they did.

* * *

Because so little use was made last year of the facilities for playing "disko," the L.C.C. Parks Committee has decided not to provide them again. So much for our high hopes of a recovery of our British prestige in sport.

* * *

On a road in Kent one night recently a fox raced in front of a motor-car until it was overtaken and killed. In hunting circles it is felt that the motorist was no sportsman. He should have stuck to pedestrians.

* * *

Girls are said to be turning up their noses at domestic service. This would account for the prevalence of the *retroussé* type among tweenies.

* * *

Restaurant cars on the main line from King's Cross to Aberdeen are to be three inches wider. It has been found necessary to allow for the expansion of returning Aberdonians.

* * *

The Oxford and Cambridge Chess match is to be played on March 23rd, and the Vice-Chancellors of both Universities hope that Chess Night in Town will not be made the excuse for scenes of hooliganism.

* * *

In a duel with fists between an Italian nobleman and a Fascist editor, the former is said to have invoked Pollux, the patron of pugilists, and the latter Castor, associated with oil.

* * *

At a conference on agriculture at the London School of Economics, Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON gave an address on "The Fallacy of Mass Production." Still, England has no cause to regret having produced Mr. CHESTERTON.

* * *

At a new dancing and eating club, we note, the members are served by waiters in the guise of brigands. We are more accustomed to being served by brigands in the guise of waiters.

* * *

A London fruiterer recently opened an orange and found another orange inside it. An amateur conjurer writes that at any time he is prepared to find inside an orange another orange containing a little box containing a parcel containing the identical watch borrowed from the gentleman in the third row of stalls.

* * *

The great drawing-room of the Athenæum Club, recently reopened, has lost its well-known dome. The famous domes of some of its habitués, however, have been preserved.

* * *

On a Worcestershire farm grass has been found growing on the backs of sheep. In Opposition circles this is regarded as another effect of Mr. BALDWIN'S agricultural policy.

* * *

British Honduras, a contemporary reminds us, supplies a great deal of the material from which chewing-gum is made. Here we have a powerful weapon in the event of war with the U.S.A.

* * *

Many of the things imagined by JULES VERNE, the precursor of Mr. H. G. WELLS, which were once regarded as fantastic, have come true, but he never imagined anything like Mr. H. G. WELLS.

* * *

A Government official runs a poultry-farm in his spare time. We have always maintained that poultry-farming was a whole-time job.

* * *

Once again St. Valentine's Day has passed off without a single message of love being sent to D.O.R.A.

* * *

We sympathise with the reader of the late *Westminster Gazette* who sent a copy of *The Daily News and Westminster Gazette* to a London hospital to be X-rayed in the hope of finding a trace of his favourite organ.

* * *

The question has recently been discussed in the Press: "Does Hanging Deter the Criminal?" Well, nobody so punished has been known to repeat the offence.

* * *

No, "Playgoer," *Two White Arms* has nothing to do with a policeman on traffic-duty.

"Lady has 2 Bedlington Pugs, 6 months old (m. & f.); pedigree parents."—*Local Paper.*
Even pedigree parents may make a mis-alliance.



"SHAKESPEARE IN MODERN DRESS."

AIDS TO "SAFETY FIRST."

THE movement now afoot for spreading the doctrine of "Safety First" as one of the first principles of life is all very well, but has it the urge and momentum of exhilaration? From what I have seen of its propaganda it is over-serious, lacking in verve, abandon, élan. The opposition seems to hold all the trumps, to blow all the trumpets.

Therefore, as one who recognises caution in all things as the supreme virtue, I feel it my duty to endeavour to indicate the lines on which I think this campaign should be conducted.

We must capture the poets. If the living refuse their assistance, then we must enlist the dead. Certain well-known poems are amongst the worst enemies of the movement; they must be converted into allies. For instance, I suggest the following as a helpful modification of a verse which in its accepted form deliberately challenges the principle of "Safety First":—

Blow, blow the clarion! Fill the fife!
To all the reckless world proclaim:
"For accidents to limb and life
You mostly have yourselves to blame!"

Such works as *The Lays of Ancient Rome* have undoubtedly had an unfortunate effect on the young; a brief sample will show how they might be adapted to our purpose:—

With wonder and with envy
Still is the story told
Of how Horatius kept his bed
And checked a dangerous cold.

Then there is a haunting unsettling poem by LONGFELLOW, of which I have recast the most unsettling verse thus:—

"Wouldst thou," so the steersman answered,
"Shun the risks that I deplore?
Only venture out a-sailing
Where the short can wade ashore."

Casabianca, again, must be knocked into shape, after this manner perhaps:—

The boy had left the burning deck
Before the others fled;
"It may blow up at any time,
So why remain?" he said.

Anthologies must cease to include that disturbing peem, "To Lucasta on Going to the Wars," which is a deliberate incitement to run risks. In its place I should like to see some sensible verses addressed "To Lucasta, on Declining to Cross the Street to Her":—

Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind
If, though we want to meet,
I 'd rather, if you do not mind,
Decline to cross the street.

The wisdom of this course is such,
As you should not ignore:
I love you, dearest, very much,
But I love Safety more.

For that hardy and temerarious race, the Scots, there must be provided a wiser and less inflammatory song than "Scots Wha Hae." The tune, however, is a good one, and should be retained for advisory verses of this kind:—

Scots wha hae wi' WALLACE bled
Scots wham BRUCE has aften led,
By eleven be in bed,
Even earlier yet!

Tak advice and now begin,
Ere the caulder months come in,
Wearing flannel next the skin,
Scorning flannelette!

But the new movement ought to inspire the bard in addition to arousing the emendator, and I shall be proud indeed if any of the following suggestions for original Songs for Various Occasions are thought worthy of inclusion in text-books for the young:—

ON CHOOSING A CAREER.

What! Be a soldier, lad? You might
Be called upon some day to fight.

ON CLIMBING TREES.

Though tempting rosy fruit aloft you see,
Do not ascend the brittle apple-tree;
While others risk their foolish necks, look round
For any they have shaken to the ground.

ON MOUNTAINEERING.

When tempted to an Alpine trip
Always remember you might slip.

ON EXOTIC REFRESHMENTS.

The cautious, ere they quench their thirst
Abroad, or eat strange food,
Insist on others tasting first
To see if it is good.

AT THE SEASIDE.

Suppose you see amongst the waves
A little bather tossed,
Who screaming "Help!" as one behaves
Whose buoyancy is lost;

Then do not let an instinct rash
Obtain the upper hand,
But ere towards the surf you dash
In sage reflection stand.

Count ten, and think, "I'm safe and dry;
I probably should get
Lumbago, or a chill, if I
Went wallowing in the wet."

And, if the child is not in fun
But really sinking thrice,
Be glad you shunned the peril; one
Bereavement will suffice.

ON TRAVEL.

If in wild and savage countries you are asked by friends to roam,
Don't be shy about insisting that they let you stay at home.
In the tropics you 'd get heated; at the Poles the winds are snell—
Where 's the catch in being CORTEZ if it makes you feel unwell?

I will close by saying that if it should occur to anyone to offer me the honorary degree of Doctor of Precaution I shall require, before accepting, to be assured that no rash obligations are entailed.

W. K. H.

"DOROTHY —— IN 'THE TIGRESS.'"
Cinema Poster.

No doubt a near relation of the young lady of Riga.

BALLADS FOR BROADBROWS.

THE POWDER-MONKEYS.

WHENEVER we can
We powder the nose
(What worries a man
Like a luminous nose?);
In sickness or health,
In woe or in wealth,
But never by stealth,
We powder the nose.

The brush and the comb,
The care of the nose
Were kept for the home,
We used to suppose;
But now there 's no place
Where it 's a disgrace
To attend to the face
As soon as it glows.

He loses control,
We powder the nose;
He pours out his soul,
We powder the nose;
To boredom or bliss
Our answer is this;
A curse—or a kiss?—
We powder the nose.

Our lovers depart,
We powder the nose;
They shatter the heart,
We powder the nose;
The enemy 's nigh,
We melt and we cry,
But our powder is dry,
And we see to the nose.

What use is the dress,
The hat or the hose,
If there 's an excess
Of shine on the nose?
GODIVA could dare
To go about bare;
The girl didn't *care*—
She 'd powdered the nose.

We 'll stand in the dock
And powder the nose,
And if to the block
We finally goes
The procession will lag
While we open the bag,
Extract the last fag,
And powder the nose. A. P. H.

"The students of the University of Virginia have placed this tablet over the door of President Wilson's old room:

IN THIS ROOM LIVED
WOODROW WILSON
1879—1881
PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES,
1913—1921
JUSTUM AC TENACEM
PROPRO SITU VIRUM."
Weekly Paper.

And the "*solida mens*" of Q. HORATIUS FLACCUS, which had defied the "*vultus instantis tyranni*," was shaken at last.



HOPE FOR ONE.

FARMER WINSTON. "I MAY HAVE A CARROT TO SPARE, AND THEN AGAIN I MAY NOT."
TAX-PAYING ASS TO RATE-PAYING DITTO. "*YOUR* POTENTIAL CARROT, I'M AFRAID."



Mother. "THIS TELEGRAM HAS JUST ARRIVED, SIGNED 'BOB,' SAYING 'SORRY, CAN'T COME.' I PRESUME HE IS ALLUDING TO THE DANCE TO-NIGHT. WHO IS THIS RUDE YOUNG MAN WHO SENDS A MESSAGE LIKE THIS AT THE LAST MOMENT?"
Daughter. "HAVEN'T THE FOGGIEST, MY DEAR. DON'T KNOW ANYONE SLOPPY ENOUGH TO SAY 'SORRY.'"

INSULARS ABROAD AGAIN.

LE SQUARE.

Percival and I have at any rate done the graceful thing. The *entente cordiale* has been strengthened and the "Hands-Across-the-Channel" movement has received some much-needed encouragement.

It happened while we were travelling, with Frances, from Calais *en route* to Paris. Percival was deep in a detective novel which we had insisted on his taking—to keep him from mistakenly discussing French politics in French with English fellow-travellers—when our train stopped at Abbeville. On that particular portion of platform which came opposite our particular portion of train I saw a notice-board. I at once roused Percival from his book and pointed it out to him. It read:—

SQUARE
AT THE DISPOSITION OF
MM. LES VOYAGEURS.

Behind the board was a small white paling enclosing an exiguous patch of grass which had obviously passed an unhappy and thwarted childhood. At either end was placed a dejected bench. There was also what looked very like a gravel path. The whole thing was about the size of a suburban front-garden, and the idea of it obviously was that those electing to descend during the halt might have a pleasanter place for a short stroll than the station platform offered.

Seen from a warm compartment on a February afternoon, it looked particularly uninviting; but it was the underlying intention which attracted both me and Percival. We saw its significance and we thought of the zealous and conscientious station-master racking his brains to achieve some little civility for his temporary guests. We thought of his sudden flash of inspiration as he conceived the idea of something really English, *un Square pour la promenade.* We thought of his pride in an adjunct so much more æsthetic than a *Salle d'Attente*, so much more spiritual than a *Buffet.* And then with a lump in the throat we pictured the possibility of the poor man's growing disappointment and chagrin as train after train from England, the home of the Square, came in, paused unheeding and went its way.

Percival and I looked at each other and simultaneously rose from our seats. We at least would bring a ray of light into the poor man's life. We were MM. les Voyageurs. Le Square was at our disposition. We would use it for him.

Followed by protests from Frances we descended. Together, full of high resolve, a nonchalant word upon our lips, we entered Le Square.

I don't think anyone could ever have entered Le Square before in all its history, for the sensation we caused was terrific. A row of heads at once appeared on the side of the train like peas in a pod; porters clutched each

other and stared incredulously; a ticket-inspector paused in his progress and shouted joyfully for the station-master. I even saw a retired British colonel in a first-class smoker momentarily glance up from *The Times*.

Percival and I, affecting not to notice, strolled once round Le Square, stepped twice across it and then sat down on the northern bench and started a conversation about Leicester Square, Trafalgar Square and other squares we had known.

Soon the station-master came up at an incredulous double, followed by a posse of porters.

"*Bonjour, messieurs,*" he began, when he had found his breath.

"*Bonjour,*" we replied graciously and moved round to the southern bench, whence, I think, one procured a better vista.

"*Qu'est-ce que vous faites là, messieurs?*"

"*Nous nous amusons dans votre beau Square,*" I said gravely, and added: "*Quel beau panorama!*" with all the rapture of one who for the first time surveys the Côte d'Azur from the Grande Corniche.

A few of the French onlookers raised a cheer at this, and the station-master acknowledged it with simple courtesy by turning round and taking his hat off.

"*Vous vous trouvez bien là?*" he then inquired anxiously, as though about to ask us to sign the visitors' book.

We said we found both ourselves and each other very nicely, thank you, and ventured that it was surprising to us that Le Square was not more crowded, seeing that it was a so magnificent idea to have one there, by example.

The station-master was too delighted with this. He beamed all over yesterday's shave; then suddenly his eyes grew moist. We were now confirmed in our supposition that the conception and laying-out of Le Square had been a venture of his hot youth, an expression of Abbevillian pride in himself and his station which, alas! had been slowly withered by the neglect of successive train-loads of unimaginative English, till this day Percival and I had restored his faith in his earlier ideals.

"*Ah, messieurs!*" he began with feeling, and then in a flood of almost unintelligible French his emotion found vent. He entered by the gate to shake hands with us. He drove back with ignominy a sacrilegious porter who had dared to follow. He picked up a match which Percival, careless lad, had dropped on the grass. He asked us to come to the buffet and have one with him. At least that's what Percival thought he said. My own impression was that he wanted us to go to his office and see a sample of the special top-dressing he had used for the grass.

Percival said he was sorry, but he had a train to catch. The station-master appeared to waive this aside. It was nothing. What was one train between friends? He had hundreds at his station every day and could pick Percival a good one whenever he liked. In fact, I think he offered to stand Percival any train he cared to mention. If, however, Percival insisted on having this one, well, no doubt one could arrange it, and he jerked a word over his shoulder to the guard,

The guard, however, a native of a terminus like Paris, had evidently no use for civic pride as displayed by a station-master of Abbeville, a town of only a few minutes' halt. He blew his whistle.

I had been anticipating this and ran. Percival, to whom the station-master had now taken an enormous fancy, had to stop and shake hands and could not get away so quickly.

I just caught our carriage and clambered in. Percival did not. I told Frances that Percival was busy shaking hands at Abbeville and would probably come on later by a special train. Frances, who prides herself on her presence of mind, threw out his book on to the platform to while away the time for him, and we sat in thoughtful gloom till Amiens was reached.

At Amiens Percival reappeared, explaining rather diffidently that he had managed to get in at the very end of the train, but on his passage back to our compartment had had to pass through the restaurant-car and been delayed.

Between Amiens and Paris he spent the time wondering what had become of his book. Frances, in cowardly fashion, helped him look for it. A. A.



Publisher (*returning MS.*). "I'M AFRAID YOU'LL THINK WE'RE VERY DIFFICULT TO PLEASE."
Author. "OH, RATHER NOT. I'VE SEEN SOME OF YOUR BOOKS."

INDUSTRIAL UNREST.

(*By Our Football Correspondent.*)

A GENERAL meeting of the Footballers' Self-expression and Free Protest League was held yesterday in the dressing-rooms of the Alsatian Rovers F. C., when there was a full attendance.

Mr. Joe Tripster presided, the honour falling to him under an old rule of the League that provides that the Chair shall be occupied at all meetings by the member for whom the highest transfer fee has been paid during the current season. Our readers will remember that the Bashley Boomers recently paid fifteen thousand pounds for the services of Mr. Tripster, who, though perhaps not quite so fast as when he was first capped for England, and possibly a less prolific goal-scorer than during his twenty seasons with various Northern clubs, is still a great favourite with the public and therefore a valuable asset from the point of view of gate money.

Mr. Tripster, in opening the proceedings, reminded his audience that in a recent match he was actually invited to leave the field because he ventured, in the interests of the firm by whom he was employed at the time, to suggest to the referee (*loud groans*) that in not awarding a free-kick to his (the speaker's) side he was making a gross and stupid blunder ("*So he was!*") It was possible, but improbable, that on that occasion he had used rather carelessly-chosen language—("*Not our Joe!*")—anyhow that was alleged against him. He was even subjected to the indignity of being kept off the field of play, so-called—they knew what he meant—for some weeks. There was not one of them present but might be in such a position very shortly himself. What they had to ask themselves was whether the professional exponent or the referee knew more about the business of football (*Laughter*). On the occasion under notice every single supporter of his side—the home team—constituting at least seventy-five per cent of the spectators, expressed agreement with the speaker; and they ought to know, seeing that they had paid to come in, and in so doing backed their opinions as experts (*Applause*).

Mr. Sid Splits, who has long been regarded as the supreme master of the apparently-accidental kick into touch, declared that referees and even linesmen had recently had far too much to say on the subject of what they were pleased to call the deliberate waste of time. Players all over the country had, after long and toilsome practice, developed the art of interrupting the continuity of play at a time of crisis into a fine and exact science. Just as it took a really good performer to secure a free-kick for a foul by falling naturally, when not heavily tackled, on a dry pitch, so everybody knew the value of a player who could land the ball on the top of the stand when his side was hard put to it to play out time without losing its lead. The game belonged to those who played it. They provided the entertainment by kicking the ball and they should be allowed to kick it where they liked. And, further, it was time that linesmen who tried to hurry a player who was about to throw in from touch should be sternly cautioned.

Mr. L. Bowes, late of the Worriers and now disengaged, said he was entirely in sympathy with all that had been said by the Chairman. He feared that things were worse than some of them realised. He had recently been able to watch football from a position new to him—a seat in the stand—and he had actually seen young footballers attempting what he understood was called "a shoulder-charge." He had made it his business to tell them about it and hoped others present would do the same. He could only assume that ignorance was at the bottom of the trouble. Men of experience, if the youngsters persisted, would soon show them that they simply couldn't do that kind of thing and remain in the front rank of their profession. After all there were other ways of intercepting an opponent than this.

Mr. Slither, of the Pootle Pioneers, called the attention of the meeting to the fact that it had recently been discovered that two firms were employing men who had actually been born in the cities where their (the firms') places of business were situate. Sentiment was all very well, but if this mania for parochial patriotism were tolerated the bottom would be knocked out of the transfer system; and, companies being unable to buy first-rate sides, the industry would suffer a serious financial blow. It was grossly unfair to do anything to check the Southern migration of distinguished players from North of the Tweed.

The meeting concluded with a resolution unanimously calling on members to show on all occasions a more independent spirit and to bear in mind that free speech on the field of business was the rightful inheritance of all members of their craft.



Maid. "THE 'OUSE IS ON FIRE!"
Old Lady. "DO CONTROL YOURSELF, JANE. WE DON'T WANT ALL THE NEIGHBOURS TO KNOW OUR PRIVATE AFFAIRS."

FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

BY AMOS COTTLE.

The Life of Queen Elizabeth, by Mr. LYTTON STRACHEY, will, we regret to learn, not be published till the autumn. While full details as to the contents of the book and the estimate of the Queen's character and achievements arrived at by the author are not forthcoming, we understand that he does not support the theories (1) that she wrote the plays of SHAKESPEARE, (2) introduced tobacco and potatoes into this country, and (3) was secretly married to FRANCIS BACON. We also gather that a comparison of QUEEN ELIZABETH'S wardrobe with that of QUEEN VICTORIA is one of the special features of the book and that Mr. STRACHEY inclines to support the view, recently expressed by an American writer, that QUEEN ELIZABETH suffered all her life from adenoids, chronic appendicitis, arterio-sclerosis and housemaid's knee.

* * *

It is gratifying to upholders of the monarchical system to feel that, though the number of thrones has been reduced, interest in royalties is unimpaired. As Mr. Limpus, the famous



"IT'S NO USE YER FOLLOWING ME. I HAVEN'T GOT EVEN A PENNY STAMP ON ME."
"HO, 'AVEN'T YER? WELL, YER DESERVES A BLINKIN' GOOD 'IDIN' FOR LETTIN' ME COME SO FAR."

bookseller, observed to the present writer only a few days ago, "Queens are always best-sellers." We may therefore congratulate Mrs. Pepita Gordon, the famous explorer, on her happy choice of the Queen of SHEBA as the subject for her new historical romance, which will be issued in April by the House of Pinkerton and Silk. It will throw quite a new light on the character and policy of SOLOMON'S famous visitor and their repercussions on the development of the Abyssinian Empire, the evolution of modern millinery, the ancestry of apes, the use of ivory and the psychology of peacocks.

* * *

Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT'S handsome acknowledgment of the abiding value of classical Greek literature finds an agreeable commentary in the announcement of a volume from the pen of Lord ROSSCASTLE bearing the intriguing title of *Alcibiades and I*. In its enthralling pages the author reconstructs the social life of Athens in her palmy days, and shows *inter alia* that the famous soldier, dandy and statesman was the founder and creator of practically all the convivial institutions on which modern civilisation rests. The parallel lives of ALCIBIADES and BYRON are traced in the manner of PLUTARCH with a wealth of personal anecdote to which PLUTARCH never attained. The chapter headed "Socrates at a Night-Club" is a most arresting study of the strength and weakness of the H. G. WELLS of ancient Athens, followed by its even more thrilling sequel, "Lipstick and Hemlock," in which ASPASIA is seen vainly endeavouring to rescue SOCRATES from the consequences of his theological heresies.

"A NEW SPIRIT IN INDUSTRY.
MY FAIRY-PLAY PLAN FOR WORKERS.
By SIR ALFRED MOND."
Provincial Paper.

A sort of Peter Panacea.

"On Wednesday evening the —— Players gave an excellent series of tableaux, representing Daniel Defoe's 'Pilgrim's Progress.'"
Provincial Paper.

The inhabitants are now eagerly looking forward to their next performance, which is expected to consist of scenes from JOHN BUNYAN'S *Robinson Crusoe*.

Another Impending Apology.

At an I.S.O. investiture in West Africa:—

"His Excellency then pinned the indignia on Mr. ——'s breast."—*Local Paper.*

We understand that the new mural decorations in the Tate Gallery Restaurant reappeared undamaged when the flood subsided. *Tempera*, in fact, *non mutatur*.

In a burglary case:—

"John ——, retired postmaster, said that on December 13th he left his house at 4.45 p.m., and securely licked it."—*Local Paper.*

No wonder there are complaints about the postal service if postmasters are in the habit of mistaking their houses for postage-stamps.

"WIRELESS PARROT COMPETITION.
As the B.B.C.'s parrot will not talk, listeners' parrots are to be tried. There is to be a competition. The first 12 letters from listeners with parrots opened will decide the entrants."
Daily Paper.

With every desire to oblige the B.B.C. we don't care to flout the R.S.P.C.A. by opening our parrot for this competition.

FOR THE FOURTEENTH.

(A Matter of Yesterday.)

A CARD with a Cupid
Who 's bending a bow,
Some sentiment stupid
(Or *you* 'd call it so),
Some sentiment tender
In lace filigree,
In fine filigree—
'Twas this that he 'd send her
Anonymously.

She 'd open the missive,
She 'd murmur, "Oh, my!"
And give it a kiss if
Mamma were not by;
A valentine this is,
'Twas vogue of the vogues,
Most modish of vogues,
When maids were "young misses"
And men were "sly rogues."

'Twas named (but the reason 's
No knowledge of mine)
In times and old seasons
For SAINT VALENTINE;
We 've nothing that tallies,
You say, with the same—
The same silly same;
You add that SAINT VAL is
Gone out of the game.

But *has* he—completely?
This morning 's the date
When thrushes sing sweetly
And all the birds mate;
There 's never a spare one,
And I, oh! I 'd say,
With SOLOMON say,
"My Love and my Fair One,
Arise, come away!" P. R. C.

ANSWER TO A CORRESPONDENT.

"PERSISTENT" (*Putney*).

You ask me so many questions, "PERSISTENT," hang you, and all so rapidly that I scarcely know where to begin.

First of all you say that you and your husband were recently invited to the wedding of Lady Gargle's eldest daughter, Turquoise (Turk), attending not only the ceremony but also the reception afterwards. What was your surprise, nay, bewilderment, to find in the list of presents published next morning in the local newspaper that you had become a mere silver-plated mustard-pot, whereas in point of fact the Wilkinsons were a mustard-pot, while you were a set of brass *repoussé* finger-bowls.

Ought you to ask the editor to publish a *démenti*, as is sometimes done in the case of speeches by distinguished politicians when a "not" has been inadvertently left out, or in the case of an obituary notice where the subject is afterwards found to be alive?

No, "PERSISTENT," I don't think you ought to do this. Mistakes of the kind you mention are bound to occur. You have the receipt, I suppose, for the set of finger-bowls, which you can show to your friends, and consolation for all the bitter disappointments of life are to be found in poetry and philosophy. Time with its ever-rolling stream bears all its sons away, and we are but specks or atoms in a universe of revolving stars stretching miles and miles beyond our ken. A thousand years hence and all our petty dreams may be forgotten. And who knows if the whole gamut of social conventions by which we set so much store may not have given place to a wider conception of truth and felicity? The same answer applies to your second question about washing-soda.

Your request for a simple dinner menu for four or five people, including a business friend of your husband who may be of service to him in the ironmongery trade is of a kind which I am always ready to answer. I take a vicarious pleasure in suggesting the menus of simple little dinners, and since I merely have to copy them out of a book they put no strain on my imagination at all. Try this:—

Le Potage velouté de volaille.
Le Saumon
garni de pommes de terre et de crevettes
à la sauce Maître d'Hôtel.
Champagne brut X. . . 1915 (Magnum).
La Selle de Pré-Salé braisée
aux laitues farcies.
Haut-Brion 1878.
Les Poulardes rôties
aux truffes de Périgord.
Lafite 1874 (Magnum).
Le Foie Gras au Jambon feuilleté.
Margaux 1870 (Magnum).
Les Fromages.
Léoville 1875.
La Couronne de Riz à la crème
centre d'ananas confits.
Vin de Porto 1881.
Dessert.

You do know French, don't you, "PERSISTENT"? And Latin also? It is so very important to have magna on these occasions, because the wine is so much better, they tell me, in magna than in bottles of the ordinary size.

Remember that though the *Lafite* and the *Haut-Brion* are better wines than the *Margaux*, the nature of the menu makes it obvious to anyone with the slightest gastronomical experience that they should be served before it, though all three must infallibly precede the *Léoville*.

Or if you like you can substitute Californian Burgundy for all four. You will find it comes a little cheaper; and perhaps your husband's friend in the ironmongery is not a connoisseur, as a man like myself who writes for the newspapers is bound to be, of the great French wines.

Towards the conclusion of this repast the gramophone should be turned on in the drawing-room while the gentlemen are left to finish their Porto.

"Hunt the Slipper" or "Blind Man's Buff" will bring the evening to a quiet and pleasant close.

With regard to the value of Glintene for the hair, I am not competent to advise you. To begin with, if I said anything against the stuff I should be sued for libel. But since I see from the advertisements that its tonic properties form practically the sole subject of conversation in Mayfair drawing-rooms and mining villages and also on the Stock Exchange I should think it must be pretty good. Put it on your permanent wave by all means, and let the glossy lustre which it imparts make you the envy of your friends.

If you want to be absolutely safe, try it on the dog first. If he seems to become fairly glossy, you will have something to go by.

Pretty d'oyleys may be made, "PERSISTENT," by cutting pieces out of the carpet or curtains and edging them with inexpensive lace (I suppose you know how to edge). And floors can be effectively stained by spilling red ink or mushroom ketchup on them.

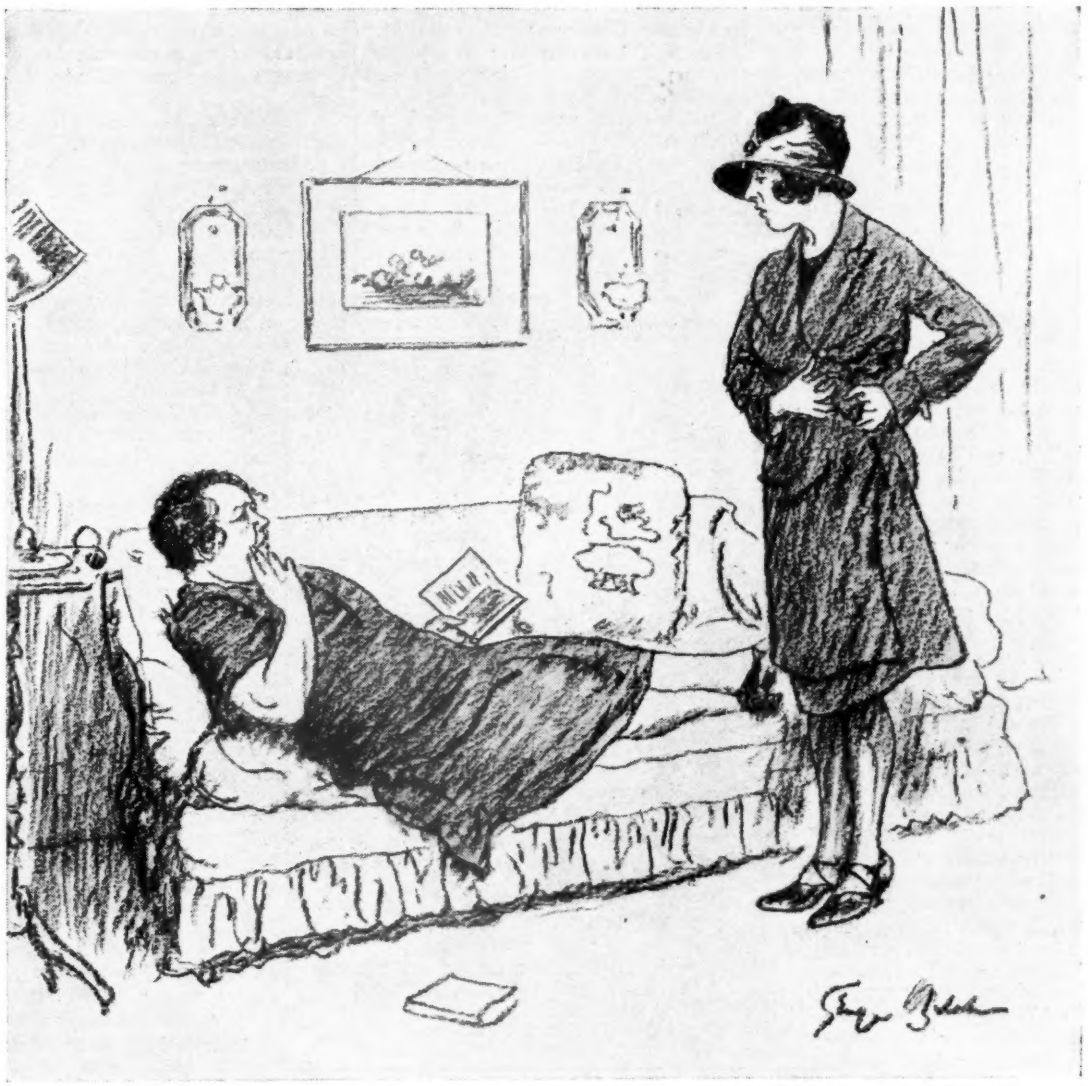
How to spend the long lonely hours of the day before dancing sets in I cannot advise you, nor whether lemon-juice will take the grease-spots out of light-coloured shoes, but I daresay it will if you let them simmer long enough.

It seems to me, "PERSISTENT," that you are presuming on our rather slender acquaintance. Are we really intimate enough to talk about your loneliness and your light-coloured shoes? Don't you know anybody to talk to in Putney? Why not see a psycho-analyst or take the dog out for a good long walk instead of bothering me?

None of your remarks gives me any confidence that you have any serious purpose in life. Cultivate self-realisation, "PERSISTENT," and the inner calm that comes of a contented mind. Read MARCUS AURELIUS. Be very sure that it is not our external surroundings that make us happy or unhappy, but the spirit in which we accept them. An egg-shell put into coffee improves the flavour wonderfully. But what is the flavour of coffee compared with nobility of soul?

P.S.—I do not know what chenille is, but I expect it should be boiled.

EVOE.



Maid. "SHAN'T BE ABLE TO OBLIGE YOU AFTER TO-MORRER, MA'AM. DOCTOR SAYS I MUST REST MY LEG."
Mistress. "THAT'S VERY INCONVENIENT, MARY."
Maid. "IT IS, MA'AM, AN' ME SO FOND OF DANCIN'."

UNSEASONABLE.

("Raspberries have been picked . . . etc.")

WHEN London skies are grey as lead
And everyone that leaves his bed
Observes that snow is overhead
  And frost is on the earth;
When the heroic bather grits
His teeth and knocks the ice to bits
And, diving in the hole, emits
  A cry of hollow mirth,

I do not read with any joy
Of golden sunshine down at Fowey;
If roses, purely to annoy
  Up-country folk who're cold,
Grow freely in the open air
At Falmouth, Looe or anywhere,
Let them; I do not greatly care
  As long as I'm not told.

When London lies beneath a pall
Of London fog and buses crawl;
When taxis cease to go at all
  And trains so slowly steal
Out to the suburbs, jerk by jerk,
That seeds of doubt begin to lurk
In Cockneys faring home from work
  About that evening meal;

It does not make my spirits light
To learn that in the I.O.W.
The days are warm, the skies are bright
  Beneath a genial sun;
And if the raspberries they pick
Out in their gardens make them sick
I am prepared to take my dick
  That I don't care, for one.

The men of London never boast
A fog that you can bite like toast,
Weather more singular than most
  And other points of note;
They could, but as a fact they're mute;
Then let the bumpkin follow suit
About his nasty flowers and fruit,
  Because it gets our goat. DUM-DUM.

ALFRED Q. KING AND THE CRULLERS.

(An Extract from the Middle-West Classics.)

Earl P. Warwick, Sales Manager, was sculling about his office with a five-line frown hitched onto his frontal. "Say," said he to one of the clurks, "the President 's disappeared. Gone plumb outa sight."

"Gee!" put back the clurk.

"By heck!" hit out Earl, kinda peeved, "jew drag down twenty-five per fer making horse-noises when I front you with an administration problem? Jew figger the Alfred Q. King Cereal Corporation aims at keeping boobs on the pay-roll to spirt out 'Gee!' when their captain wants to be put wise? See here, buddie, I 'm sales manager in this joint, and I reckon I can sell a bridle to a bronco and he never call me down with a noise like he was chewing pea-nuts. I can sell a realtor the plot he lives on; I can sell a coffin to a mortician; but, blame me, I can't sleuth a president what has faded inta the great open spaces. That 's clean outa my line, Sir—get me? Put that in ya dinner-pail along with the leg of the chicken ya mother trod on. Now come across with the helping-hand stuff or pass up ya time-check at the pay-winda and quit."

"Mebbe," said the clurk, encouraged by his captain's forth-right attitude—"mebbe his gurl stenog got tabs on the Pres. . ."

Sadie, the peach stenog, just had time to park her gum under the shift-key before Earl, full of pep, faced her with his "How?"

"Waal," shot Sadie, "the ole man claimed he was town-tired, what with a Board-meeting called for to-morrow and you folks in the Sales shooting off your mouth about Vision and Progress. Said he felt kinda crazed. So I gave him my mommer's add-ress and swept him right out. 'Quit right now, boss,' I says, 'and make the two-fifteen at the deepo and go right on to Mommer and say Sadie says she is to make a pan of crullers to ya tea. Then ya can crowd ya face fulla crullers and sit around, and then ya can come home and stone the Board to-morrow.'"

"See here," popped Earl—"I 'm sales manager of this joint. I can sell——"

"Can that spiel. I know it bettern I know the American Constitootion. There 's the location of Mommer's residence. The cars pull out at three-ten. Ya can just make it."

Earl hiked up to the door of Sadie's mommer, a real ole Illinoisian, believe me, yessir. She gave Earl the once-over as he flicked his derby. "Young fella, ya can drum ya bottle-openers and pickle-forks somewheres else."

"You got in wrong," strung Earl; "nix on selling to-day. Though when I get busy I got all them brash guys whipped. I can sell——"

"Beat it," shot Mommer.

"Easy, sister. I 'm sleuthing one ole guy yore lil Sadie planted ya fer tea and a pan of sinkers."

"That sawed-off goop is now loose in the primeval timber-yard. I put in my oven a pan of the finest crullers ever and I tole him to call Mommer when they was octoroon brown. Bimeby I come back and I wanta tell you them crullers was real niggers, all cindered up, and yore ole guy set there staring, gone clean loco."

"That ain't nothing, sister. Guess he was operating his think-box."

"I picked on him some. I tole him he weren't fit to peddle hot dogs outside a dime museum. I tole him he couldn't hold down a job of bellhop in a shine-parlour. I tole him I weren't keeping a sanatorium for bughouse roustabouts."

"Shucks! You could pick a hole thru Pike's Peak."

"Then the ole skeezicks grabbed a burnt cruller in his mitt and speared it with his eye, like he 'd been served a bum clam. So I picked on him a few more and then some. I tole him I was no easy mark for phoney grafters and him making my crullers all flooey and burning up my good Rise-to-Heaven Flour——"

"One of our lines, sister—the Alfred Q. King Cereal Corporation. Yore ole gink is the hand-painted o-riginal."

"That plug-headed simp! Pull a new one."

So Earl hit the trail into the forest section and after rubbering hither and yon bimeby connected up with the Cereal King, who was holding a burnt sinker on a bolder and milling it with a hickory stub. He grabbed a scoop of the dust and craned it up in his fin.

"Why, Earl, peek in at that."

"'S only a coupla grey hairs and a buncha cinders."

"Nope. That 's our noo breakfast food—Life o' Wheat."

'How?"

"Guess my chore 's done. Sales Manager for prompt action. Signed Alfred Q. King, President."

And that was the way, buddies, a great American nationally advertised product took the air. Mommer's burnt cruller pulled down a heapa kale. Mommer got a nice holding gratis; she just lays back and clips coupons. Oh, and Sadie married the guy that drove the express wagon. They gotta nice lil frame-house with a porch and a shoe-scraper down on Liberty Avenue. Yep, a regular movie-romance of commerce. Waal, I could just carry a jolt, seeing ya gotten one on ya hip. E. P. W.



Doctor. "DON'T YOU EVER TAKE ANY EXERCISE, GEORGE?"
George. "WELL, ZUR, ZOMETIMES OI STRETCHES."

Drastic Chinese Methods.

"The counter-proposals of the Ankuochun are: That Shansi military leaders responsible for the conflict with Fengtien should be published."—*China Paper.*

That ought to "learn" them.

More Industrial Unrest.

"NORFOLK.—We have to offer an exceptionally genuine VILLAGE STORE doing a practically cash trade of £50 p.w., which can be increased by enterprising trader; present vendor desires a change after 100 years."

"Wanted, Maid for general housework; four in family."—*Canadian Paper.*

Our preference would be for a cat, with or without four kittens.

"Then Bateman hit upon *The Bells*, that grim play adapted from the celebrated French writer Erckmann-Chatrian."—*Weekly Paper.*

The French prototype of our famous author, BESANT-RICE.



COUNTY SONGS.

XXVII.—RUTLAND.

POOR Rutland is so very small
There 's hardly any room at all;
So very small that no one can
Be aught but Li-li-pu-ti-an.
The little farms have little peasants,
The little woods have little pheasants,
The little barns have little rats,
The little hearths have little cats,
And as for Rutland mice, they chortle
Because, so tiny, they 're immortal.

E. V. L.

SIMPLE PEOPLE.

THE BEGGAR.

ONCE there was a beggar who liked going about in the country and asking people to give him money instead of doing some work, and one day he knocked at Mrs. Bump's house, and when she came to the door he said will you give me a crust of bread kind lady, because I haven't had anything to eat since yesterday morning and I am starving.

Well this wasn't true because he had stolen about six eggs and eaten them for breakfast, but that was the way he always began.

And Mrs. Bump said well I do happen to have a crust of bread which I was just going to throw away, but you can have it. And she gave him the crust of bread and shut the door on him.

Well the beggar was very angry at that and he shouted out rude names at Mrs. Bump through the keyhole, but she took no notice of him, so he stole one of her chickens and then he went into a little wood some way off and he cooked it and ate nearly all of it. And after that he had a nice sleep, and when he woke up he said well it is time I went and begged somewhere else now.

So he went into Mrs. Parable's garden where she was watering her geraniums, and he said will you give me a crust of bread kind lady, I am starving.

And Mrs. Parable said oh my poor man how dreadful, you shall come in and have a nice dinner, it is just ready, but perhaps you would like a wash first, I will tell the housemaid to give you a clean towel.

Well the beggar didn't care much about washing. And he had eaten such a lot of chicken that he didn't want any dinner. So he pretended to cry, and he said that is the first word of kindness I have had since I left my poor wife to try and get some money, because she is ill and I can't afford to buy any medicine for her. And I couldn't bear to eat a nice dinner until I took her home some money.

And Mrs. Parable said oh how dreadful. I will tell my chauffeur to get out the motor-car at once. I will go with you to your poor wife and we can stop at a chemist's and buy some medicine. You don't look very well yourself and you can have some too.

Well the beggar hadn't really got a wife at all because nobody would have had him, and he didn't know what to say, but Mrs. Parable called out to her gardener just look after this poor man while I go and put on my hat, and tell the cook to give him a glass of beer and some of the pork we are going to have for dinner, and say I want the motor-car at once.

Well the beggar couldn't very well run away, as he had meant to when Mrs. Parable went indoors to put on her hat, because the gardener might have run after him, and he didn't mind having the glass of beer but it nearly made him sick to look at the plate of pork, so he gave it all to the dog when the gardener went away to order the motor-car. And when he came back and saw the plate empty he said well I wish I had your appetite, would you like another plateful?



"'YOU SHALL COME IN AND HAVE A NICE DINNER.'"

And the beggar said oh no thank you but I should like another glass of beer.

And the gardener said I daresay you would but you can't have it, and just then Mrs. Parable came out and she told the chauffeur to drive to a chemist's, and when she got there she asked him to give the beggar a large dose of cod-liver oil, because she said he must have his strength built up and that was the best thing for it.

Well the beggar hated having the cod-liver oil, but the chauffeur said to Mrs. Parable if he doesn't drink it you will know he is trying to cheat you and you can call a policeman to take him to prison.

And Mrs. Parable said oh how dreadful it is to be so suspicious Herbert. I am ashamed of you, and I am sure the poor man will be glad of the cod-liver oil and he will feel much stronger after it.

So the beggar had to drink up the cod-liver oil, and then he said thank you very much kind lady I think I will go away now because I feel much stronger and I am sure I shall be able to do some work now.

And the chauffeur said well that won't do you any harm, but Mrs. Parable said for shame Herbert we must take this poor man home to his wife. What is the address?

Well by this time the beggar was getting very tired of Mrs. Parable, so he said well it 's Buckingham Palace, but I haven't paid last quarter's rent yet so we are just moving out, and if you come there now I 'm afraid there won 't be a chair for you to sit on.

The chauffeur laughed at that, but Mrs. Parable didn't know the beggar was making fun of her and she said I thought you weren't like an ordinary beggar when I first saw you, I suppose you are some relation to the King.

And the beggar said yes, my uncle was his chief potato-peeler but he got drunk and lost his job.

Well who should come up just then but Mrs. Bump, and when she saw them standing at the door of the chemist's shop she said oh there is the man who stole one of my chickens this morning, please keep him here till I fetch a policeman.

Well this was very awkward for the beggar and he had to do something about it, so he said to Mrs. Parable this is my poor wife. I didn't like to tell you before but she went mad a few weeks ago, and now she is always going about saying that I steal chickens.

Well Mrs. Bump was so surprised at this that she could only swallow without saying anything, but Mrs. Parable said oh how dreadful, would you like me to buy her some cod-liver oil?

And the beggar said yes please, and see that she drinks it, and then he ran away as fast as he could. And Mrs. Bump was able to speak by this time, and she shouted out oh catch him some-



Grumpy Stranger. "IT WON'T BE SICK, I HOPE?"
Resourceful Mother. "NOT IF YOU DON'T LOOK AT 'IM 'E WON'T."

body, he is a wicked man, call a policeman.

But it was dinner-time and there weren't many people about, and the chauffeur didn't want to run after the beggar and he could only stand there and laugh. And Mrs. Parable said I am surprised at you Herbert, why didn't you tell me that he was not a nice man, I was quite deceived in him.

And the chauffeur said well you 're such an innocent old duck that a cat could deceive you, but I shouldn't have let him go too far.

So then Mrs. Parable took Mrs. Bump home in her motor-car, and they made friends together. And this was a good thing for Mrs. Bump because Mrs. Parable was richer than she was and she used to give her clothes when she had finished with them. And afterwards the chauffeur married Mrs. Bump's daughter, and Mrs. Parable gave them a nice carpet and some table-cloths for a wedding-present.

A. M.

"The medical authorities are satisfied that the disease has been brought into the town from Bacup."—*Provincial Paper.*

Some people are easily satisfied.

SHAMUS DESPISES THE SHOW.

SOMETHING you 've got,
I perceive, in your hand.
A programme, what, what,
Of a party? How grand!
Wolfhounds, Alsatians,
Retrievers were there?
Salukis, Dalmatians—
I 'm blowed if *I* care?

Everyone went
Who is anyone at all—
The Keeshonds were sent
To the Islington ball;
The Cocker, the Clumber,
The Borzoi, the Dane,
And Cairns without number?
You give me a pain.

The Corgis were present?
The dachshund, the bull?
It *must* have been pleasant;
The place was quite full!
The depth of their brisket,
The strength of their bone!
No doubt there was biscuit?—
I had mine alone.

If I only had been!
They were typy, well-knit?
They were balanced and keen?
They were perfectly fit?
They were none of them grubby,
But shining as snow,
And not getting tubby,
Like someone we know?

Here, give me the book—
Though I 'm hardly the dog
That 's much tempted to look
At a show catalogue,
Yet I still have my features:
I 'll tear a few tufts
From these pages of creatures
That *did* go to CRUFT'S!

EVOE.

Douche.

"It was resolved to have a competition for designs for the baths. . . . In 1896, however, cold water began to be thrown on the scheme."
Provincial Paper.

"Sir William Seymour-Hicks (the Home Secretary), who returned during the week-end from his rest cure in Italy, was early at the Home Office to-day."—*Provincial Paper.*

We hope that as *The Man in Ministerial Uniform* the new HOME SECRETARY will be no less successful than he was as *The Man in Dress Clothes.*



"BUT HE'S NOT EVEN AMUSING. WHAT ON EARTH DOES YOUR SISTER WANT TO MARRY HIM FOR?"
"OH, WELL, I SUPPOSE HE'S THAT HELPLESS CLINGING MASCULINE TYPE THAT WOULD APPEAL TO A GIRL LIKE JOAN."

FEBRUARY IN THE BLACK COUNTRY.

(With acknowledgments to "The Times" Nature Correspondent.)

ALL PLACE NAMES GUARANTEED.

Reference Ordnance Survey One Inch. Sheet 72.

WITH the turn of the year and the lengthening of the days the incidence of nightfall in the Black Country is as varied and incalculable a business as closing-time or the jurisdiction of the different county, borough, urban and rural district councils. The "Blue Boar" at Baptist End (which does not open till 6.30) lies sunk in a lucent twilight when the "Saracen's Head" (which opens at 6.0) is yet starkly defined against the effulgent west. A clear grey shadow that scarcely seems to deepen has enwrapped Spon Lane before the slanting rays of the sun have fired the pit-heads of Cosely and turned the slag-heaps of Swan Village to rosy gold.

Though West Bromwich has long been immersed in a gloom profound as that of the Albion's supporters, from the murk of Nether End the watcher (if any) may see the towering bulk of Messrs. Smiffkins and Zorn's bacon factory at Quarry Bank transmuted from crushed strawberry to magenta, from magenta to a vague and ethereal mauve. The rusty piles of derelict machinery that deck the sides of Oldbury's ash-mounds are still lit by a russet glow a good hour after the earth-shadow has claimed Wednesbury for its own.

So may the rambler on Bilston's slopes look south over Tipton with its railways and tram-lines, where already the street lamps are beginning to gem the dusk like rich jewels in Ethiopian ears, to the Dudley council-houses bathed in tender light and intersected, like my prose, with many a purple passage, while to the north-east the leather works of Walsall stand sharp-cut beneath the fading crimson.

And now the smoke that by day pours from the Darlaston blast-furnaces is changed to lurid flame, and the picture-palaces of Lye shine forth with multi-coloured radiance. In the western sky the day yet lingers, soon to be eclipsed by the glare from Wolverhampton's myriad lamps; in the western sky and mirrored in the calm pools that fill the abandoned workings under Cinder Hill and the subsidences round Fiery Holes. A pallid gleam touches to a momentary glory the surface of the Birmingham canal, iridescent with the effluence of a hundred factories, and is gone. Another night enfolds the beauties of the Black Country in its sable mantle, and another weekly Nature article is finished.

CHANGES.

THE old-time blacksmith you might see
Beneath the spreading chestnut-tree;
But his successor mostly dwells
Mid petrol pumps and oily smells.
No leaves make music o'er his head;
There 's corrugated iron instead.
On Sunday he can not rejoice
To hear in church his daughter's voice,
For motors fill the broad highway
And Sunday is his busy day.
Though this seems hard it is not so,
For if to church the man *could* go
I fear that I could safely swear
He would not find his daughter there.

D. C.



COME TO THE FAIR!

SHOWMAN JOHN BULL (*telling the World*). "ROLL UP! ROLL UP! ALL HOME-MADE GOODS. EVERYTHING OF THE BEST FOR THE BEST OF ALL POSSIBLE WORLDS. BUY! BUY! BUY!"

[A British Industries Fair, which the Government has spent £25,000 in advertising among possible buyers all over the world, will be held at the White City, London, and Castle Bromwich, Birmingham, from February 20th to March 2nd.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Tuesday, February 7th.—The Duke of MONTROSE moved the Humble Address in the Lords, observing that, though we were a maritime nation, the task had not previously fallen to a master mariner. (Cheers and an interjection—something about "blowing the mandown"—by Lord HALDANE.) Mindful of the old saw, "Rainbow at night, sailor's delight," Lord MONTROSE painted the Speech in iridescent hues, leaving Lord CRANWORTH, a mere landlubber, to "welcome" that part of it which promised agricultural credits.

To Lord HALDANE the Speech obviously recalled the story of the empty barrel—nothing in it. He called it an exiguous document (in the Commons Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD, oblivious of the "exiguum gyrum" that CICERO allots to orators, called it "meagre"). Cryptic he called it too, and suggested that the obscurity was not due to its brevity but was deliberate. He proceeded, as assailants of King's Speeches traditionally do, to dilate upon what had been left out of it. Lord BEAUCHAMP followed suit.

Lord SALISBURY'S defence might have been happier. The Speech was denounced as exiguous; but why should they make pompous promises they could not perform? The obvious retort—that a Government compelled to choose between pompous promises it could not fulfil and no promises at all must be in a bad way—was not made because Lord FITZALAN was concerned with the omission from the Speech of any reference to the reform of the House of Lords, and Lord CARSON with the scurvy treatment meted out to the Irish loyalists. Lord BIRKENHEAD, at Lord OLIVIER'S request, read out the message received from Sir JOHN SIMON (also read in the Commons by Mr. BALDWIN) regarding a joint Conference between the Indian Commission and the local Legislature; and the Address was unanimously agreed to in good time for dinner.

The Commons took three new Members to its triple bosom, Colonel MALONE leading Northampton into the Labour host and Messrs. MAITLAND and CULVERWELL marshalling Faversham and Bristol into the Conservative fold; the Liberal bosom, like the poor doggie, getting none.

Mr. GRENFELL and Sir VANSITTART BOWATER lent the traditional lustre of City toppers to one end of the Front Bench. *Ille terrarum mihi præter omnes angulus ridet*, as the poet says, on opening day. At other times the apex of Sir AUSTEN gleams in solitary grandeur in a thicket of unprotected polls. Colonel LAMBERT WARD, superb in a scarlet uniform, moved the Address, and, except for springing a chestnut about the next Election being on the knees of the goddesses, played his non-controversial part



"THE HAUGHTY, GALLANT, GAY LOTHARIO."
(*After "A Cavalier," by* MEISSONIER.)
MR. W. P. TEMPLETON.

to perfection. For the proper performance of his task as Seconder—though he pointedly declared that in devotion to the fair sex he was second to no man—Mr. TEMPLETON, a sturdy Scots working-man Conservative, wore ordinary Court-dress. I should like to have seen him as a Scottish Archer, a sort of Caledonian Cupid.



THE TAILOR OF DOWNING STREET, FINDING HIMSELF SHORT OF SESSIONAL CLOTH, PREPARES TO CUT HIS PARLIAMENTARY COAT ACCORDINGLY.
(*After "A Tailor," by* MORONI).

Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD said that the Government which had never done more than talk about economy of cash had really discovered how to produce economy of work. Obsessed by the injection into the debate of the subject of goddesses' knees he passed quickly on to the question of the artificial silk trade, whose prosperity he guardedly approved of inasmuch as it was ministering to the knees of working-class goddesses as well as their more Olympian sisters.

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE asked the PRIME MINISTER a number of polite questions, to all of which Mr. BALDWIN, after neatly quoting the Right Hon. Member for CARNARVON as a precedent for doing otherwise, answered seriatim. He reminded the House that there would be in that Session only twenty-two days on which new legislation could be dealt with, and explained that it was the Government's intention to start nothing they could not completely dispose of come August. In November they would begin a new Session with a flock of new Bills. Members, realising that after a bare six weeks' Christmas holiday they could not expect to be at their legislative best, seemed satisfied with this. A certain formal rending of the Speech followed, but eight o'clock found the House ready and willing to call it a day.

Wednesday, February 8th.—Sincerity is the mainspring of eloquence, and Lords and Commons alike listened in deep and attentive silence while the praise of that great man and soldier, Lord HAIG, was spoken by the leaders of all political parties. In the Commons this eloquence centred in a motion calling for a monument to Lord HAIG to be erected at the public charge. To this motion Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD propounded an amendment, not, as he fully explained, in belittlement of Lord HAIG'S achievements but because the Opposition were of opinion that any memorial to Lord HAIG should take some form which would carry on after his death the work that as titular head of the British Legion Lord HAIG had so ardently espoused while alive. Major COHEN, Hon. Treasurer of the Legion, preferred the motion to the amendment, saying that the Legion wanted a monument to Lord HAIG, a shrine at which they of the Legion and their children and their children's children in years to come could pay homage. Mr. J. H. THOMAS and Mr. SAKLATVALA supported Mr. MACDONALD, and, despite the appeal of Mr. BALDWIN and a courageous attempt by Dr. SHIELS to correct the maladroit-

ness of his leader's method, the amendment was carried to a division and defeated.

The Lords turned from Lord HAIG to foreign affairs, Lord PARMOOR being concerned about Geneva and Iraq. A sort of reply in canon by Lord CECIL and Lord CUSHENDUN satisfied him to the point of withdrawing his motion without making it very clear what all the fuss was about.

Elsewhere Sir W. DAVISON was expressing concern that the London Power Company had been given a permit by the Electricity Commissioners to erect a vast super-electric generating station at Battersea, whose sixteen large chimneys would annually belch the smuts and cinders of eight hundred thousand tons of coal into London's already laden atmosphere.

"Aha!" replied Colonel ASHLEY brightly, "but think of the thousands of small chimneys that would be put out of action by electricity." He added, in reply to Mr. W. MILNE, "that all the best smoke-consuming appliances would be included in the chimneys."

On resuming the debate on the Address Sir AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN again declared that a war between this country and Admiral PLUNKETT was unthinkable. After that, back-bench Members entered with customary zest upon the traditional game of spotting what was not in the King's Speech. That document, one grieves to hear, makes no mention of the Optional Clause (which seems to be a sort of fire-escape to the Security Pact), unemployment, the need for more McKENNA duties, land drainage, the state of the iron and steel trade, the high cost of agricultural production, the recent floods, Empire organisation, the Factories Bill for Scotland, administrative economy, or (this from Mr. SNELL) any of the vast fundamental problems upon the consideration of which the future of the country depends.

Otherwise, one gathers, it was quite a jolly little King's Speech.

Thursday, February 9th.—The FINANCIAL SECRETARY TO THE TREASURY told Mr. HORE-BELISHA that "fortunately" the damage by flood to the Tate Gallery pictures "was not as great as might have been anticipated" because "only" a hundred out of one-hundred-and-ninety oil paintings had suffered material damage. "Would Mr. SAMUEL see that the Directors of the Gallery profited by their experience?" asked Mr. HORE-BELISHA. Mr. SAMUEL said he would convey the Hon. Member's suggestion to them. He refrained from adding that it is only Liberal politicians who do not benefit from the experience of being submerged.

The Empire Marketing Board is indefatigable. Now it is preparing to undertake a "Drink more milk" campaign. "Prices would not be raised," said Mr. GUINNESS, "because the dairies had more milk than they could sell." Lucky dairymen! Other dealers who have more goods on hand than they can sell have to put them in the bargain basement. No Empire Marketing Board rushes expensively to their rescue.

Mr. MACQUISTEN, sleepless watchdog of our liberties, pertinently suggested that the best way to increase the consumption of milk and at the same time avoid the risk of tuberculosis would be to lower the duty on spirits.



AUGUSTUS HALDANE EXPRESSES DISSATISFACTION WITH THE EXIGUOUSNESS OF THE MENU.

Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY had read about American experiments with a Neon gas beacon for airship direction. He hoped Sir SAMUEL HOARE was watching them. Sir SAMUEL, it appeared, had heard of Neon gas beacons. In fact the first ever installed had been in use at the Croydon Aerodrome since 1924. Neon, it seems, is only new in Hull.

Mr. ARTHUR HENDERSON, in moving the Labour Amendment to the Address, asseverated at length that the King's Speech "ignored the real facts of the economic situation" without actually explaining what the facts really are or how they are to be dealt with. He was answered by Mr. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN in a scarcely more constructive speech, which evoked shouts of "Tight-rope walker!" from Mr. SEXTON. A more valuable contribution came from Mr. GRIFFITHS, of Pontypool, who told the House that the South Wales steel trade was expiring, not so much because of the handicap of the gold standard, low wages and long hours abroad (though these things counted), or even of taxation, but from the burden of local rates, which put as much as a shilling a box on the production cost of tinplate.

Mr. WILSON declared that quack remedies would not cure unemployment, and the House, having quacked its fill, went home to bed.

In a Good Cause.

Mr. Punch begs leave to press upon his readers the claims of the New Kingsley Hall at Bow. It is to offer extended opportunities for the work that has been carried on since 1915 in premises which are now too small to satisfy the growing needs that it serves.

The scheme—an "Adventure in Fellowship"—aims at providing the attractions of a club where people, and especially the young, may meet together in this poor district of the East End for study, discussion, music, games, gymnastics and the enjoyment of all sorts of social amenities not to be found in the narrow limits of their own homes. A Summer Camp is one of its many developments, and a Summer School is held at the neighbouring Children's House, a branch of Kingsley Hall. A devotional spirit is fostered that embraces all creeds, but no religious teaching is forced upon anyone. "Year by year," runs the latest Report, "Kingsley Hall has been thronged every week-night. It has grown into a local centre to which people in the adjoining streets seem to turn spontaneously at any crisis."

For the cost of building the New Kingsley Hall, whose foundation stone was laid last July, some fourteen thousand pounds are required, of which over five thousand still remain to be raised. It is not easy to think of a better use to which money could be put; and Mr. Punch, with great confidence in the value of this good work and its claim upon the generosity of his readers, begs them to help it with the best of their goodwill.

Subscriptions should be sent to the Hon. Treasurer of the New Kingsley Hall, Mr. CHARLES P. LESTER, Westminster Bank, 147, Moorgate, E.C.2; or to Mrs. ROUGHTON, 37, Millington Road, Cambridge.



ENTERTAINMENTS AT WHICH WE HAVE NEVER ASSISTED.

THE SOCIETY OF CONJURERS AT DINNER. BRINGING IN THE OMELETTES.

THE PLAY-REPAIRERS.

THE establishment of the proposed West End Play-Repairers Company, employing highly-competent critics and dramatic experts, will be welcomed by playwrights all over the country, for thus they will be enabled, before production, to have their plays put into shape by fully qualified men at a moderate charge, varying with the amount of correction and revision necessary. Few will deny that this arrangement will be greatly superior to the present one, whereby professional criticism—free though it is to the dramatist—only appears after the fateful first night of production.

So expert is the personnel of the Company likely to be that the chances of the failure of a play that has passed through its hands will be exceedingly remote, and the resultant popularity of the scheme will make the unsuccessful first night an extremely rare occurrence.

Indeed one can look forward to the day when our leading Insurance Companies will undertake to insure for an extremely moderate premium any play that has passed through this preliminary process of preparation.

It only remains to say that the promoter of the Company is, as might be expected, an enterprising man of business, and the Company will be run on strictly business lines. The manner in which the Company will set about its work is fully illustrated by the correspondence that appears below.

Letter from the West End Play-Repairers Company, Ltd., to Arthur Applehead, Playwright.

DEAR SIR,—We have pleasure in enclosing herewith an estimate in connection with the necessary repairs to your Three-Act Play, *Fool's Mate*, and we await the favour of your instructions to put them in hand.

If upon closer inspection further faults should become evident a supplementary estimate will be forwarded immediately, and we trust this will be in order.

Assuring you of our best attention at all times,

Yours faithfully, The W. E. P.-R. Co., Ltd.

ESTIMATE.

		£	s.	d.
(1)	To completely dismantling Act I., thoroughly overhauling, putting same in good order and reassembling	2	15	0
(2)	To repairing three split infinitives @ 9*d.*		2	3
(3)	To inspecting all entrances and exits, re-timing where necessary		15	0
(4)	To removing two protagonists, supplying and fitting substitutes @ £1 1*s.* 0*d.*	2	2	0
(5)	To supplying and fitting eight Laugh Lines, fully guaranteed, @ 6*s.* 8*d.*	2	13	4
(6)	To checking over all love-passages, making the necessary adjustments	1	17	6
(7)	To adjusting stage directions and rearranging furniture, including introduction of one grand piano	1	9	6
(8)	To removing all bad language, slang expressions, etc., and substituting stronger and more up-to-date do. do.	1	11	6
	TOTAL	13	6	1

More Sloth on the Southern Railway.

"The new railway-station, to be known as Pells Wood, will be about half-day between Chislehurst and Orpington stations."—*Local Paper.*

At a Women's Institute meeting:—

"In the unavoidable absence of Miss —— (hon. secretary), Miss —— (hon. treasurer) kindly read the minutes, which were dully passed and signed by the president."—*Somerset Paper.*

Signing the minutes is usually such a rollicking business that it must have been the absence of the hon. sec. which accounted for this lamentable lack of enthusiasm.

Notice painted on a board in a rural cemetery:—

"REFUSE TO BE PUT HERE."

The inhabitants, we understand, have intimated their intention of obeying this injunction to the letter—as long as they can.



CHASING THE VICTUALS.

NOW THAT GREYHOUND-RACING HAS BEEN FOLLOWED BY TERRIER-RACING, THE SPIRIT OF COMPETITION THREATENS TO EXTEND TO THE FARMYARD.

POLO FOR THE POOR.

(Being an account of certain earnest antics performed in the South American off-season.)

I.—THE FIRST GOAL.

THE South American Republic of Margarina mainly consists of polo grounds entirely surrounded by estancias. The estancias are looked after by a species of centaur, very often of British nationality or descent, who divide their time between rodeos for profit and polo for fun. Every now and again they harden their hearts, part with their cattle for the purpose of providing British wives with Scotch beef, and give us town-dwellers an exhibition of polo as she should be played.

Time was in this enlightened republic when town-workers loped to their offices on hardy bronchos, disguised as the late RUDOLF VALENTINO in fringed trousers and bull-fighter hats. Now we go in bowlers and trams, and, as nobody has yet suggested polo on trams, we have had to content ourselves until recently with envying the polo of our country cousins without attempting to compete.

But one fine day a friend of Harcourt's bequeathed him a polo-pony. This munificent act coincided with the decision of Brooks, who also lives in our suburb of San Gregorio, to buy a nice quiet pony for his ten-year-old daughter. Brooks naturally found it advisable to train the pony a bit before trusting it with his offspring, and what with one thing and another he and Harcourt took to cantering about San Gregorio waving polo-sticks as if they had hit all the polo-balls in Margarina into the middle of next week and were daring another to show itself. In a very short time they were doing beautiful air-shots beneath the pony's tail and wondering whether LUIS LACEY and JACK NELSON weren't just a bit over-rated.

Thereafter the disease became pernicious. They found a liveryman called Leaf who said he had a selection of ponies for hire fit for an international match, and they discovered an eligible alfalfa field adjoining the golf-course. A keen though penurious membership was speedily recruited, and the San Gregorio Club for the Propagation of Polo for the Poor emerged into the light.

The owner of the alfalfa field said we could use it free of charge provided we cut and stacked for him the alfalfa growing on that portion of the field used as a polo-ground. At first we thought this very sporting of him, but we soon found out how far-seeing a philanthropist he was. Alfalfa is a beard-like vegetable; the more you cut it the better it grows. Our funds would only run to polo once a week and harvesting once a month. The first week was all right, though, if the ball went out of touch into the rough, time had to be taken off the chukker while all hands searched for it. The second week the crop was decidedly stiff. The third week the ball was difficult to find and even more difficult to hit; one needed a sort of niblick-polo-stick. The fourth week the ball could not be hit at all until the ponies had eaten a clear patch round it. This is supposed to have given Leaf the idea that polo-ponies might be made self-supporting—on the principle of dine-as-you-play—but it did not make for a fast game.

In addition to being poor in purse we were mostly unskilled in play. Our kit was as varied as Leaf's selection of what he called polo-ponies, and one or two of us were not very used to the peculiar view of a horse's neck and ears which is obtained from a point immediately behind them. However, we lined up for our opening game in a state of fierce determination. Leaf threw in the ball and all six forwards made a combined

attack on it. There was a *mêlée*, from which arose shouts of "Where 's the ball?" "You 're standing on it!" "Hit it, hit it!" "Let *me* get at it!" "Heel it, School!" and other technical expressions, mingled with the clashing of sticks and the groans of the wounded.

This might have gone on for a long time had it not aroused the impatience of O'Gorman, an outsize in Irishmen, who was playing back for the Waistcoats. Roaring "Get out of the way!" he charged down upon the *mêlée*, which scattered like sheep before him. Taking turf neatly, he played a niblick shot which lifted the ball from the hole into which it had been trampled. He galloped after it and, to the surprise and admiration of the onlookers, hit it again hard and truly and pursued his way in full cry for goal. "In full cry" hardly does justice to the charge which then took place. From O'Gorman arose a full-throated bellow, "Come on, my side!" Most of the remainder, roused from their momentary paralysis, followed, shouting "Gallop!" "Look out!" and so forth, varied by a penetrating war-cry from Price-Jones and a baffled shriek of "Wait for me!" from Macintosh, who had inadvertently dismounted because he expected his pony to turn to the right and it turned to the left.

Hard by, upon the peaceful golf-course, players paused in amaze. The captain of the club, who was playing a brassie shot, missed the ball altogether and has never cared for polo since, while a twenty-four handicap man, driving at the eleventh, turned completely round at the end of his stroke, thus achieving a follow-through which gave him the drive of his life.

The charge did not long remain bunched. The ponies showed the variety of their mettle and the field strung out, each man holding his stick in the manner which he conceived to be the best for undertaking a forehand or backhand stroke as the case might be. O'Gorman, leading by several lengths, missed the ball with a beautiful forehand drive; the next in line hit his pony on the shins; the third gave a stylish preliminary swing and parted with his stick; the fourth tried a backhand shot, the preparations for which took about twenty yards too long; the fifth had no time to spare for mere stick-work, while the sixth and seventh rode each other off the ball and half-a-mile off the field. These cavaliers dispersed in all directions with the ultimate intention of returning to their base, leaving the dismounted Macintosh the only man on the field. Realising the tactical advantage of his position, he and his pony executed a kind of waltz of victory during which Macintosh went so much faster than the pony that he finally soared on to its back. He then went on to score the club's first goal by a series of careful five-yard drives done at a walk.

This, though it may not seem a really brilliant beginning, was sufficient to make us persevere. Brooks's small daughter, in fact, was so struck by our perseverance that she gave up all hope of getting her pony to herself and began an agitation for a guitar.

(To be continued.)



Daughter (after severe lecture). "OH, MUM, YOU 'RE TOO EARLY-VICTORIAN. THIS IS 1928, NOT 1927."

DOT AND GO ONE.

Johnnie had only *three* legs
(Motors will *not* play fair);
Sealyhams have such wee legs,
Really they need their share.

Johnnie was quite lop-sided,
But the person that Johnnie owned
A glorious car provided
Where Johnnie could sit enthroned.

His man was a great physician,
Wanted in every part,
And proud was Johnnie's position
In the car—and his doctor's heart.

But the ex-leg got more groggy
Till Johnnie in kind arms found
The comfiest way for a doggie
To the happy hunting-ground.

And, as he was never snappy,
There isn't a doubt that he
In the dog-star is perfectly happy
(Or wherever good doggies be).

He scampers incredibly faster
Than terrestrial paws allow.
Lop-sided? Oh, no—it 's his master
That 's feeling lop-sided now.

AT THE PLAY.

"LISTENERS" (WYNDHAM'S).

CAPTAIN REGINALD BERKELEY has really contrived a very pretty puzzle for us against a background of "affairs." The scene, Geneva; the chief characters, intriguers and counter-intriguers about the offices of the League of Nations; with a sufficient dressing of reasonably likely ideas to flatter without fatiguing us, and the sound salt of humour and titivating pepper of lively well-contrived incidents. But the puzzle 's the thing, and one must be careful not to deprive future audiences of the pleasure of solving it by offering any indiscreet, too obvious lights. And this particular courtesy is the more clearly due to the author seeing that, unlike most stage puzzle-makers, he plays quite scrupulously fair, introduces no arbitrary red-herrings merely to confuse the scent, and cleverly unfolds his secrets little by little, sustaining our interest to the very fall of the curtain.

It was as well perhaps that the British delegate, *Lord Marlow*—a breezy middle-aged member of the Cabinet, not above seeking recreation at a masked ball with a lovely Polish princess, with a cheerful expectation of further adventure if Cupid should prove kind—had as his assistant the astute *Sir Richard Norton, K.C., M.P.*, or the little war—inevitably to become a big war—which the Red Men of Moscow were preparing against poor Poland, under the direction of the sinister "Colonel Reinecke," would have come to pass, and the phials of anthrax, bubonic and typhoid, which had been prepared in the laboratory in the mysterious house adjoining the British delegation's hotel, would have done their deadly work. For *Marlow* was the sort of plain blunt Englishman who would have been as wax in the hands of the unscrupulous *Dr. Weissmann*, who used his seat upon the League's Council to undo the League's work, and of his ally, *Mr. Ernest Chang*, the President of the Chinese League of Nations Union—to say nothing of the patriot, *Princess Wanda Meritinski*, with her dangerous beauty and her impulsive, frequently-changed gowns. Fortunate too that the breezy idealist American Press-magnate, *Mr. Washington Vaughan*, should be at hand to buy and lie his way so competently through all difficulties in the sacred cause of humanity.

And what was the dark secret in the life of so seemingly innocent a girl as *Miss Carter, Lord Marlow's* typist, to whom his completely brainless secretary, *Mr. Heseltine*, was so devoted? And was that abrupt *Inspector Herrick* quite all that he seemed, we wonder. And is it love or treason that causes the shadows to flit across the fair brow of the *Princess* guarding her secrets under the remorseless questionings of *Sir Richard*? All this you shall learn by nicely-calculated degrees in due course, and also how *Lord Marlow*, put out of action by one kind of bang, was homœopathically restored by another.

The acting of the principals was uniformly of a high character. Mr. LEON M. LION, hampered just a little by occasional lapses of memory in a desperately long part, and no doubt also by the added responsibilities of production, was an entirely delightful and plausible



CROSS ANSWERS TO CROSS-EXAMINATION.

Sir Richard Norton, K.C., M.P.
MR. LEON M. LION.
Princess Wanda Meritinski
MISS JANE WOOD.

Sir Richard, with those deftly-managed little touches of definite characterisation of which he is a past-master.

Mr. NICHOLAS HANNEN (*Inspector Herrick*) achieved a *tour de force* of impersonation not with the aid of elaborate disguises but by the mere artful manipulation of his facial muscles and his whole body. I amused myself by trying, and in vain, to catch him off his guard mitigating the tension of that peculiar bovine stare and heavy clumsy carriage necessitated by the stage convention of our "Yard's" competent officers thus grossly libelled.

The newspaper magnate of Mr. PERCY PARSONS—a part admirably written and packed with authentic, or at least entirely plausible and laughter-provoking transatlanticisms—could not have been better done, and the subtlety of Mr. FREDERICK CULLEY'S *Dr. Weissmann*, with those ever so slight twitchings of the mouth struggling for command of itself that, as our detectives know, most easily betray the crooked man, will be much appreciated by the playgoer with an appraising eye for accomplished technique. Miss MAISIE DARRELL (*Miss Carter*) played a difficult awkward part with great skill. Miss JANE WOOD (the *Princess*) cleverly kept us in suspense, according to the author's plan, as to whether she was true or base metal. Mr. GEORGE DE WARFAZ'S Belgian delegate was well studied. Mr. FREDERICK LLOYD (*Lord Marlow*), Mr. ARCHIBALD BATTY (his secretary), Mr. PAUL GILL (his butler), Mr. FRANCIS SERLE (*Dr. Chang*) played easier parts with excellent effect. And Mr. W. HUMPHREYS interpolated a most attractive two-minute study of a hotel concierge.

Perhaps the author's hand failed just a little in its cunning in the last scene. Compression might improve it. But it was a well-contrived ending to a competent piece of stage-craft, an ending too that was more plausible than seemed possible to us when we were entangled in the meshes of his ingenious web. T.

"THE YELLOW MASK" (CARLTON).

The adorable dancers of *Lady Luck* have, after a deservedly successful run, given place to a stupendous affair—spectacular musical comedy melodrama, an original mad medley which entirely justifies itself. You may trust Mr. EDGAR WALLACE, author-in-chief, to crowd his canvas, to give movement to his figures and to indulge his worthy passion for well-studied detail, while adding his especial flavour of gross but diverting incredibility.

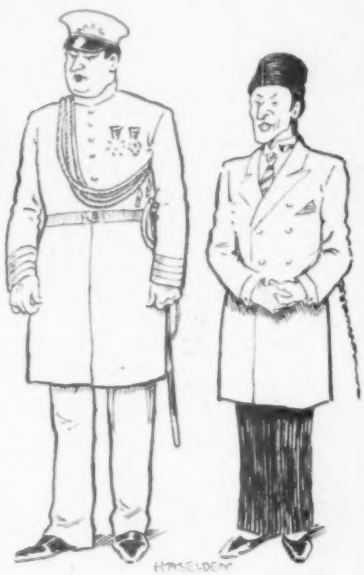
In Good QUEEN BESS'S spacious days, it would appear, *Sir Amyas Carn* had stolen a famous jewel from a Chinese potentate for his sovereign's treasure-chest. It has since been kept with the other royal treasure in the Tower. He who has possession of this jewel shall hold supreme power in China, says the legend, and one *Li-San*, Governor of the Province of Chi-Fu and descendant of the original possessor, has come on a diplomatic mission to England with an eye principally to recovery of this talisman of power. It so happens that *Captain John Carn* of the Berwick Guards, descendant of *Sir Amyas*, is officer of the watch on the day appointed by the agents of *Li-San* to rape the fateful jewel; and that *Li-San* has cast his esurient eyes on *Mary Bannister, John's* betrothed. Thus are we aptly prepared for the hectic story, which

may perhaps best be hinted at from the synopsis of the scenery.

"The Traitor's Gate"—*Sir Amyas* going to his death after a forgivable bleat about the ingratitude of princes; "The Parade of the Tower," with masses of highly irrelevant comely young maidens and stout guardsmen; the meeting of hero *John* and heroine *Mary* (Mr. WILFRED TEMPLE, *tenore amoroso*, and Miss PHYLLIS DARE); the coming of the sleek *Li-San* (Mr. MALCOLM KEEN) to carry her triumphantly off to lunch, and of the comic lovers, *Sam Slider*, the detective, and *Molly Vane*, schoolmistress (Mr. BOBBY HOWES and Miss WINNIE COLLINS), and the secret-service agent of the Empress of China, *Ah Song* (Mr. FRANK COCHRANE); also of the villainess, *Sylvia Main* (Miss SYBIL WISE), and the villain (Western mode) *Ralph Carn*, ex-guardee and rotter, the destined instruments of *Li-San's* nefarious scheme.

Thence to *Li-San's* luxurious London flat, with the Oriental, venturing to go too far with the austere *Mary*, getting a cut across the face for his pains and hissing "A time will come!" Then "The Tower of London—The Bloody Tower," with much praiseworthy mastery of the technicalities of the ritual of the changing of the guard. The soulful way in which the sentry declaimed the poetic passage, "Advance, KING GEORGE'S keys and all's well," showed him to be a man of a peculiarly sensitive nature. I should here record that, to keep pace with Mr. WALLACE and the movements of the guard, the scenery became agitated before our astonied eyes, the Bloody Tower wheeling jerkily off to disclose the Jewel House, before which gallant *Captain Carn* fights a duel with his unsatisfactory cousin, and after a spirited exchange despatches him with a shrewd thrust under the arm-pit—nasty wounds these blunted ceremonial swords make, no doubt! "At Sea—Baggage Hold on board R.M.S. *Rootan*, with Mr. BOBBY HOWES in a most diverting encounter with a trunk. "Winter Garden on board H.M.S. *Rootan*." Noise of motor-boat approaching. Special delivery of sealed packet to the triumphant *Li-San*. Noise of sea-plane approaching. Arrival by parachute through glass roof of winter garden, and unscratched, our resourceful *Captain Carn*.

Act. II. "Residence of *Sir Henry Bannister*, Yanghai, China"—*Sir Henry* is *Mary's* half-witted father; upholds British interests in his downright way; wedding-day of *John* and *Mary*; abduction of drugged bride—and father of same,



YELLOW PERIL.

Li-San . . . . MR. MALCOLM KEEN.
Ah-Song . . . . MR. FRANK COCHRANE.

the affair being taken with astonishing calmness by groom, best man and twelve gallant officers of Marines; subsequent abduction of groom, also drugged.



FINE FEATHERS.

Mary Bannister . . . . . MISS PHYLLIS DARE.

"Audience-chamber of the Dowager-Empress." *Ah-Song* obtains permission of the Daughter of Heaven to deal faithfully with *Li-San*. "Dungeon in *Li-San's* palace," all very gloomy and sinister, with *Mary* in her cami-what-nots spurning the amorous heathen and beating on the barred gates. "Yamen of *Li-San*," a superlatively gorgeous apartment—a little unrestful to live in—with *Mary* about to be whipped and *John* to be decapitated or sliced. *Slider*, the detective, having, by some device known only to the unscrupulous Mr. WALLACE, taken the place of the statue of *Li-San's* ancestor, and *Ah-Song* arriving with a posse of the Imperial Guard, *Li-San* accepts his fate with that phlegm which is the possession of his mysterious race.

A very spirited, engaging and entirely preposterous and distracting affair, with sufficiently tuneful music by Mr. VERNON DUKE; lyrics by Mr. DESMOND CARTER; additional numbers by Mr. HARRY ACRES; dances by MAX RIVERS; production by Mr. JULIAN WYLIE; charming barbaric Oriental costumes by Mr. AUBREY HAMMOND—and a quite excellent little speech by Mr. WALLACE, grinning a little at our simplicity, to crown a thoroughly enjoyable evening. T.

THE DISCIPLINARIAN.

DURING a recent visit to the country with Johnson, he and I, thirsting for theatrical entertainment, visited the local town of Rattlebury and took two stalls (1*s.* 3*d.* each) at the County Theatre for the first performance on any stage of *The Dice of Destiny*, a drama in four Acts.

"Ghastly show, I expect," said Johnson.

"On a first night in a provincial theatre anything may happen," I suggested.

"That's so," he agreed. "We'll hope something goes wrong and then we can barrack."

And in this somewhat carping spirit we duly occupied our seats at the side of Row A. The wretched little theatre—there was only one tier above the stalls and pit, no gallery or boxes—buzzed with anticipation. The orchestra pounded away at a dolorous sort of march and after about a quarter-of-an-hour of it the curtain rose on an empty garret. The wind howled (OFF) and one or two of the girls up above us in the circle giggled apprehen-

sively. Then came a gruff warning bark from a uniformed commissionaire who had posted himself in the side gangway of the stalls.

"Quiet, please," he snapped.

I turned and snatched a look at him, and realised that ragging the show was not going to be so easy after all. He was a gigantic fellow, a man of masterful mien, with a steely eye and ferocious moustaches which, when he saw me looking at him, he savagely twisted with one hand while with the other hand he impatiently directed my attention to the stage. I felt rather frightened of him and turned to Johnson for support. My friend was trying to be audibly funny at the expense of a girl who had entered the garret and was now weeping in a corner.

"I know what 's the matter with *her*," he said, "she 's swum the Channel and she can't get anyone to believe it. Shame! Shame!"

This facetious comment produced a few sniggers from our immediate neighbours and, flushed with his triumph, Johnson was preparing to exert himself to further foolishness when the commissionaire reached over from somewhere and tapped him gently on the arm.

"Quiet, please," he snapped.

"What 's that?" returned Johnson.

"'Quiet, please,' I said," hissed the commissionaire with such sinister intonation that Johnson turned pale and forbore to argue.

The spectacle of the bouncing Johnson thus rapidly reduced as it were to his lowest terms put me into such an hilarious frame of mind that when a truculent person in gaiters stamped on to the stage, thwacked himself with a crop and announced that it was "Har, har, Gerwendolen, a dirty night," my merriment would not be denied and rang out loud and clear in a high-pitched giggle.

"Any more o' *that*," said a familiar voice in my ear, "and you 'll be outside. *Quiet, please*," the voice continued, roaring up to the higher tier where a spate of coughing and chattering was breaking out. "*Quiet*, there."

Although in response to this injunction there was a distinct lull in the tumult, yet the uproar could not be said to be definitely quelled until the commissionaire, practically livid, had visited the circle at a gallop, cast out two men through the emergency exit, cuffed a small boy and in a few brief staccato sentences threatened the direst penalties for any subsequent offender. At these drastic measures an uneasy hush settled over the circle. Downstairs took its cue from upstairs, and *The Dice of Destiny* proceeded without interruption. The house was cowed.

"Johnson," I whispered.

He took no notice.

"Johnson," I reiterated.

He shook his head at me in a nervous warning manner and affected to be engrossed in the play. But I was not deceived. He was terrified of the commissionaire and the ignominy of summary expulsion, and it came upon me with something of a shock that the nauseating dialogue on the stage was now being received by the house with rapt and sycophantic attention. It was indeed cowed, and I fell to speculating upon the subjugation of the mob by the individual; I thought of the immense single-handed influence exerted by such men as PISISTRATUS, NAPOLEON, LENIN and MUSSOLINI.

And then something unexpected occurred—something almost in the nature of a reprieve.

There was some alleged funny business on the stage, at which the audience might have laughed had they dared to do so, when suddenly there came an explosive guffaw from just behind us. We looked round to discover the identity of this foolhardy individual and discovered to our amazement that it was the commissionaire. Back in his old vantage-point in the side gangway he was now beaming genially and slapping his palms together with an air of generous satisfaction and goodwill. It was such a startling transformation that for a second or two we were fairly bewildered. Then the tension gradually relaxed and the house permitted itself a cataract of laughter until the commissionaire, as the dramatic interest heightened, judged it fit to dam the floodgates of mirth and once more reduce us to a sober receptiveness with a stentorian "QUIET, please!"

That, if I remember right, was our last laugh. *The Dice of Destiny* dragged along its slow length, and during the Fourth Act the audience became sleepy rather than restive. There was plainly no need for continued vigilance on the part of the commissionaire, and indeed towards the end of the drama he deserted his post altogether, as who should say "it doesn't matter what they do *now*." The curtain fell about eleven forty-five, and the audience, too crushed and jaded for a hostile demonstration, indulged in a little faint-hearted applause. A worse play I had never seen, but in consequence of the iron discipline exercised in the front of the house it had secured a tolerant hearing.

Johnson agreed with me that it would be interesting to see the miscreant responsible for the play, but when, in response to spasmodic shouts of "Author," a tall man in evening dress walked on to the stage, I thought Johnson's eyes would pop out of his head. And then I too realised and gripped his arm convulsively.

The tall man glared balefully at the front row of the stalls, permitted himself a grim bow and walked off, leaving us agape. Doffed was the uniform, gone were the fierce moustaches, but the essential man remained. Others might be deceived, but not we. That masterful mien and steely eye bewrayed him, and the author's duplicity was revealed to us in a great white light of understanding.

I began to choke with excitement.

"Quiet, please," said Johnson in what might be termed the author's earlier manner.

TO LYDIA.

(On her birthday).

LYDIA, to whom I wish to pay
My homage on her natal day,
Of all my nieces, smart or modest,
Is quite the kindliest and the oddest.

Her name indeed is no misnomer;
She 's versed in HORACE and in HOMER,
And understands the Lydian Mode
Better than the Parisian code.

By night her mind she mostly stores,
But spends the daylight out-of-doors,
Whether the dawn be gray or ruddy,
With birds and beasts, in Nature study.

She takes no joy, no pride in killing;
She finds photography more thrilling,
And looks with mild Franciscan eyes
On all that runs or swims or flies.

All creatures seem to shed their fear
Of humankind when she is near;
Swans greet her with unruffled plume
And squirrels climb into her room.

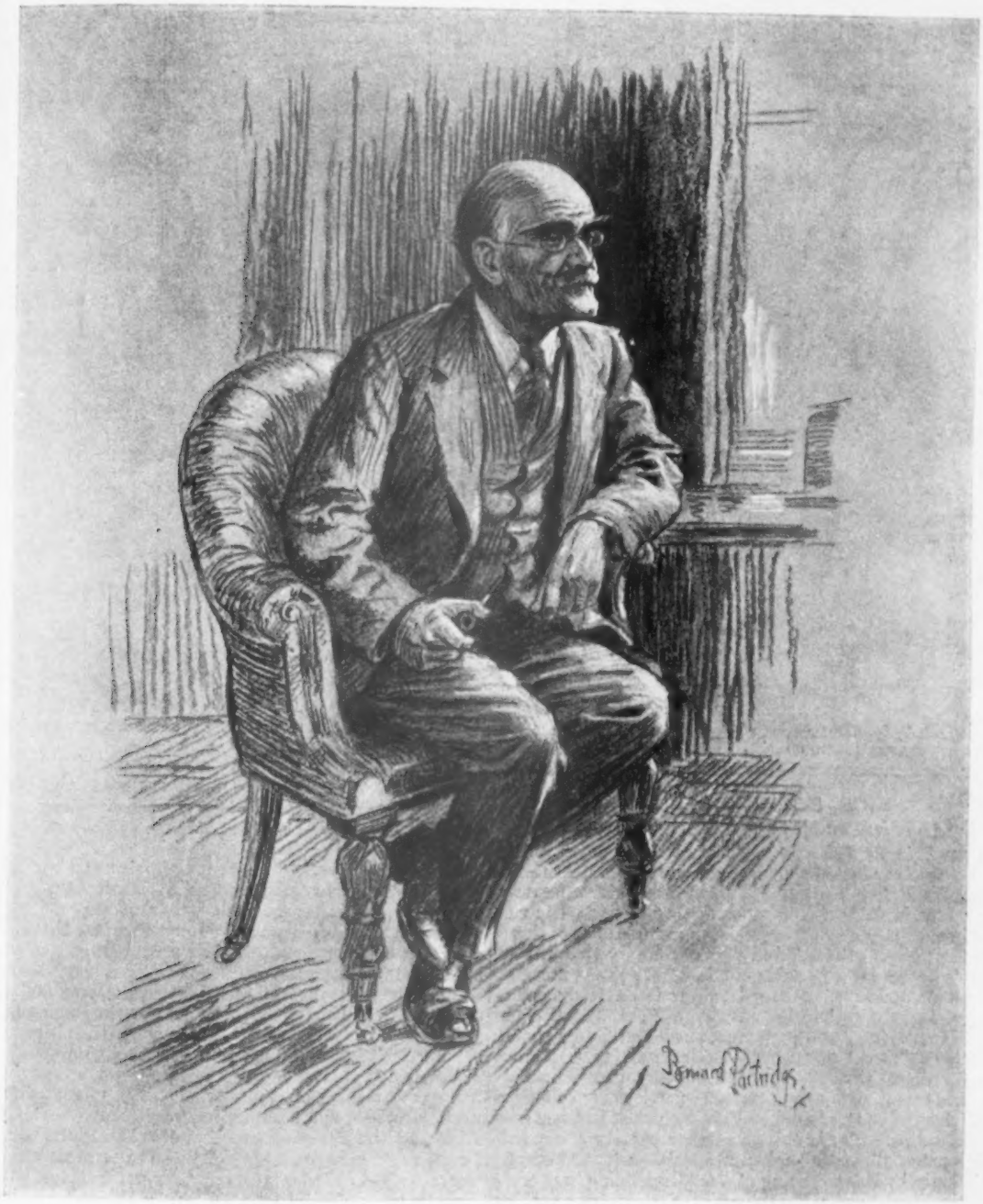
Hedgerow and wood and running brooks
Yield her their lore like open books;
To her the dove's melodious moan
Is sweeter than the saxophone.

Her sympathy extends to snakes;
She loves the hedgehog, and she takes
More interest in elasmobranchs
Than in the works of Mr. SHANKS.

Neither a pedant nor a freak,
Though in her tastes almost unique,
She tolerates, yet inly loathes,
The cult of cocktails and fine clothes.

Divinely fair, using no sticks,
No puffs, no titivating tricks,
Amid the painted throng she glows
With the fresh radiance of the rose.

So I shall miss her when she starts
Next month for distant Eastern parts
To study their *Thanatophidia*,
My fearless nature-loving Lydia.



MR. PUNCH'S PERSONALITIES.

LXII.—MR. RUDYARD KIPLING.

HE girdled Earth, this *Puck*, to bind
Empire and Home, and, as he sped,
The Seven Seas incarnadined,
Marking the route All Red.



Charlady (as artist arranges draperies). "I DO THINK YOU 'RE WASTED AS AN ARTIST, SIR. YOU 'D GET A GOOD JOB AS A WINDOW-DRESSER ANYWHERE."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

SINCE *Princess Priscilla* ran away I have never met a heroine who conducted a similar escapade more charmingly than *Miss Patsey Kirwen* of *French Leave* (HEINEMANN). For a marriageable young woman of the 'eighties to run anywhere argues a spirit undreamt-of in these days of cheap defiances; but for the scion of a county family to quit that family's bosom for a Parisian studio stands out as the very summit of audacity. *Patsey* however is an Irishwoman, being in fact the enchanting creation of E. Œ. SOMERVILLE and "MARTIN ROSS," and her temperament and circumstances make for a flare-up as naturally as tinder and flint. Things come to a head with *Patsey* when the last of her four step-sisters is sanctimoniously married (I particularly commend the drollery of the wedding) and *Patsey* herself is threatened with a suitor. She is also threatened shortly afterwards with a paternal hunting-crop; a series of untoward events, set in train by the poisoning of a fox, combining to procure her this distinction. Of course *The Master* means nothing by the gesture; he is the Victorian parent, no more responsible for his sacred temper than his side-whiskers. But *Patsey* has an hereditary share of the former and forty pounds a year. She borrows another fifty from her wooer, *Lord Corran*, and installs herself at *Pianelli's*. A less ingenuous but more gifted mutineer, son of one of the estate tenants, is also present, and studio *camaraderie* makes short work of the social distinctions of the Pale. But though *George Lester* is drawn with twice the subtlety of *Jimmy Corran* there is never any doubt whose hand holds the stronger suit. The Pale beats the *Quartier* every time, and no admirer of the raciest of its apologists will object.

"Travelling," says the Arab proverb, is "victory," implying, I suppose that, if you reach a place by the sweat of your brow, you grasp and hold it in a manner unknown to the easy-going. A discerning preference for the arduous approach is, I am sure, one of the vitalizing elements of Mr. HILAIRE BELLOC's travel books, others being his choice of objectives equally remarkable for character and tradition and the diversity in consistency with which the poet and philosopher in him handles them. A triple bond unites the greater part of his *Many Cities* (CONSTABLE)—Græco-Roman origin, barbaric or Islamic conquest, and revival on European, which for Mr. BELLOC means Græco-Roman, lines. In Sicily and Majorca, in French and Spanish North Africa, on the Peninsula itself and in the Rhine Marches, he traces "the interweaving of those three great epochs of our race"—Christian antiquity, pagan subjugation and "the re-entry of Europe"; but theory however convincing, and its application however ingenious, are seldom allowed to come between the reader and an almost gastronomical appreciation of the cities visited. Norman Vire is lauded for retaining its beauty without archaism or affectation, and Worms and Spires are extolled for the same reason. Algerian Cherchell is praised not only because it was once Cæsarea, but because its simple modern houses and little French *place*, wedded to natural graces of woodland and salt water, are charming to this day. I think historical

bias allows Mr. BELLOC to overestimate the personal attractions of such sad-coloured towns as Tournai; but colour, I notice, seldom interests him unless it is geologically symptomatic. His delight in form, both natural and architectural, is pleasantly re-echoed in some three-score pencil-drawings by Mr. EDMOND L. WARRE.

IN *Caste* (from HURST AND BLACKETT) two
Ingredients blend to form a brew
Which Mr. COSMO HAMILTON
May be congratulated on.

One of them 's the disturbing fact
That nowadays young people act
(Much as they hitherto have done)
As though the world had just begun.

The other is that with the clan
That 's cent per cent American
The only thing you cannot do
Is to get married to a Jew.

With these components it is clear
The mixture might resemble beer—
Unprofitable, stale and flat;
But certainly it isn't that.

Indeed so well he flavours it
With hints of art and wealth and wit
That I should seriously incline
To rank it as a sparkling wine.

Mr. E. C. BOULENGER, the Director of the Zoo Aquarium, begins his new book, *Animal Mysteries* (DUCKWORTH), by at once intriguing me with a fascinating chapter on the sea-serpent, a reptile in whom I should hate to lose faith. On this fair foundation the author goes on to build as really entertaining an animal book as I have come across for many a long day, dealing therein with white elephants and harpies, with dragons and black panthers, and with many another like prodigy, both sacred and profane, both fabulous and really truly. Freaks, too, and the folly of them (I refer to the artificial, the waltzing-mouse, the modern show bull-dog and the wretched fancy pigeons in particular), and throwbacks. Mr. BOULENGER discusses with much learning and good reason. And with an equal pleasure I have read his chapter on pugilists, even though he has overlooked (but I shall not, for biggest is not always best) two of the most desperate little gladiators of all, near home ones too, the shrew-mouse and the long-tailed tit, to wit. Here and there, however, Mr. BOULENGER shatters a reputation: the pilot fish, if you please, has no real fondness for the shark he so faithfully shadows; he is in fact the merest sponger, a hanger-on who hopes that crumbs may occur. But for shameless dependence on the dole the author commends us, suitably enough, to the insect world. This is a capital book, well illustrated too by Mr. L. R. BRIGHTWELL, and I have been amused and instructed by every one in it except by the ladies of Vera Cruz who maltreat the beautiful fireflies.



Trades Union Official. "HOW MANY MEN HAVE YOU GOT WORKING HERE?"
Foreman. "ABOUT 'ARF OF 'EM."

As playwright and as dramatic critic most of us know Mr. ST. JOHN ERVINE, but I may admit that I had not made acquaintance with him as novelist until *The Wayward Man* (COLLINS) came into my hands. This is the less shameful, since I perceive it is seven years since he published *The Foolish Lovers*; but so long an interval is to be deprecated if his latest novel is a fair specimen of his talent. Naturally it is an Ulster family with which Mr. ERVINE is concerned, and Belfast provides his hero with a starting-place. Young *Robert Dunwoody*, the favourite son of a hard-working widow, keeping a hardware shop prosperously enough between Portugal Street and Modesty Row, is the wayward man whom Mr. ERVINE elects to take through the great world after adventure, and everyone must admit that he provides him with plenty of variety.

Few dramatic critics, I imagine, could display so adequate a working knowledge of the sea and sailoring, of the ways of hobos in the United States, and the mysteries of "beating it" on the track, with occasional rest-cures in the local jail; of such diverse arts as boxing and running a wholesale business, to say nothing of certain other less reputable trades, of which here and there we are permitted a glimpse. For *Robert* has to be put through the mill thoroughly. He is a "misfit," one of those who refuse to be tied down to a humdrum life in spite of all his well-meaning relatives can do. *Mrs. Dunwoody*, the mother, does get him safely married, as she imagines; and if anyone could hold so slippery a person surely it would be the hard and eminently capable *Brenda Cairnduff*. But your wayward man can never really settle down, and the last chapter of a long and interesting Odyssey sees *Robert* setting forth once again in the Liverpool boat, bound for new adventure.

Miss VIOLA MEYNELL'S chief concern is and always has been with character, and the leisurely country-house life which goes on in most of the pages of *A Girl Adoring* (ARNOLD) gives her powers their best opportunity. Her beautiful prose has a certain cold clear quality, as though a sheet of glass were laid between her readers and the story. Slight as that story is, it becomes poignant as we begin to know the characters. The sisters and brother, *Claire*, *Gilda* and *Morely*, are the most clearly drawn; but *Laura*, *Morely's* wife; *Hague*, whom *Claire* loves, and *Louise*, the beautiful stupid who tries to take him from her, would be notable in most novels. The studies of *Claire*, a morbidly sensitive and unselfish girl, and of *Morely*, a selfish pleasant man who must never be at a disadvantage, are masterly. Miss MEYNELL is not afraid to touch in every detail, even to allow those contradictions which in a slighter portrait would seem to make the principal springs of action doubtful. *Claire*, for instance, who has so much tenderness for the feelings of others (if someone she loves tells a dull story which she has heard before and fails to holds his audience, she must, by her own pretended interest, prevent him from realising the fact), can be quite capable of a half-frightened but ruthless self-assertion when her patience has been exercised too long. I am not quite sure that the transition from the *Gilda* interest to the *Claire* and *Morely* chapters is not a little confusing. I confess to wondering for a moment at that point whether *A Girl Adoring* was not a book of short stories, somewhat oddly printed, rather than the novel which I had supposed it; but that and its tawdry wrapper are the only faults I could find with a book of which all who care for the prestige of the modern English novel may be more than a little proud.



Doctor (in dressing-room after fight, to dazed pugilist). "SAY NINETY-NINE."
Pugilist. "LUMME! HAVE YOU COUNTED THAT FAR?"

Do you want a tale of love and intrigue, and war and banditry, in the Celestial Kingdom—a tale of the real China by one who knows and understands the Chinese as few do? Then read *In a Yun-nan Courtyard* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), by LOUISE JORDAN MILN. Here is not the China of treaty ports and foreign concessions, of opium dens and "tong wars" and all the other paraphernalia of Chinese mystery fiction, but the remote China that goes about its business of buying and selling, marrying and giving in marriage, in the lovely hill-country of Northern Yun-nan, where the Yellow River gathers its sources together and the untamed jungle comes down to the left bank to meet the age-old Chinese civilization that throngs the right. There is an Englishman here in this story, but the real hero is *So Wing*, the poor river-boy who lives to become a great bandit and a great general—kindred *rôles* in China to-day as they have always been—but not long enough to sever with avenging knife the tragic tangle of circumstances into which he was born. Mrs. MILN has a score of excellent books, many of them novels, to her credit, and her constant readers will find as much charm and vigour in her latest story as they did in *When we were Strolling Players in the East*, long ago.

Though I prefer Mr. G. F. BRADBY when he is dealing with the younger generation, his sense of humour marches so happily with mine that I look forward to any book from his pen with pleasure. Nothing more modern can be imagined than the garden-village which forms the setting of *Mrs. D* (CONSTABLE), but it was owned by a baronet with ideas that can only be described as mediæval. To this collection of houses, complete with library and lecture-hall, he gave the name "The Liberty of Stanwell," and expected the villagers, who were the more amenable because they wanted him to give them a golf-course, to dress themselves abnurdly on special occasions and to play such games as "barley break" and "duns in the mire." With all the subjects who lived under the despotic rule of this eccentric and almost dangerously energetic baronet Mr. BRADBY makes pretty play: he must have enjoyed the writing of this laughable comedy as much as I have enjoyed the reading of it.

The gorgeous East, as Mr. R. S. THOMAS depicts it in his novel, *Black Ships* (BRENTANO), is by no means the realm of wonder and romance which his rather sorry hero, *George Fleming*, sets out to find in the opening chapters of the story. The tale is one of failure and disillusionment, and *Fleming's* disreputable history provides the material for a picture as powerful as it is sordid of the life of a *déclassé* European living by his wits out East, a life made up of seaport "dives" and frowsy hotels, of doubtful male and more than doubtful female acquaintances, of third-class compartments on Indian railways and the steerage quarters and stokeholds of third-rate passenger and cargo steamers, and chiefly notable, as Mr. THOMAS very cleverly indicates, for its appalling dulness. It is not a cheerful book, and it is remarkable for containing not a single really estimable character; but it is undoubtedly a very able study of the seamy side of Anglo-Asiatic (or, as Mr. THOMAS rather oddly terms it, "East Anglian") life.

CHARIVARIA.

AN American jazz-band conductor has just been made editor of a newspaper. It serves him right.

Reference is made in a daily paper to the old belief that a marriage will be lucky if a baby is taken to the wedding. A similar superstition exists with regard to christenings.

We are informed that the modern girl is becoming more fond of home-life. Indeed it is said that many a young girl is beginning to treat her father as one of the family.

A visitor to London says that, apart from the Parks and the Embankment, there are few facilities for sitting down. Has he tried the roller-skating rinks?

The subject of cracked Primitives has been under discussion by art experts in *The Times*, but cracked Modernists are generally regarded more as cases for the mental specialist.

A gossip-writer relates that, at the British Museum, he ran into a group of Trustees. Gossip-writers ought to look more carefully where they are going in museums.

A contemporary reminds us that a certain successful comedy was originally intended to be a serious play. On the other hand serious plays that were originally intended to be funny are seldom successful.

Two Turkish ladies are to make a tour of Europe with the object of studying Western dancing and bringing old Turkish dances up to date. It is realised that the Turkey-trot has had its day.

The prestige of married men seems to have slumped during the last few years. In a list of missing gems published in the Press the other day we did not notice the name of one husband.

Miss EDITH SITWELL has written to the Press complaining of dogs howling and barking near her house. This raises the interesting question whether dogs can read poetry.

The team of printers who defeated a team of army champions in a boxing tournament last week are said to have owed their victory to the fact that they committed few printers' errors.

A plumber has left eleven thousand pounds. Plumbers are always leaving something.

This movement in favour of admitting political controversy into the B.B.C. programme seems especially preposterous in view of the fact that its introduction into Parliamentary debates has long been a matter for regret.

While going home in the early hours of the morning a Manchester journalist was bitten by an Aberdeen terrier. There is some talk of the animal being made an Honorary Alsatian.



PROHIBITION.

Hostess. "MY HUSBAND HAS JUST RETURNED FROM THE STATES *ABSOLUTELY FULL OF NIAGARA.*"

A contemporary mentions a Member of Parliament whose ambition is to become a lighthouse-owner. How different from the many M.P.'s who hoped to become statesmen.

A Vienna man, caught in the act of trying to shoot a neighbour, pleaded that it was only a rehearsal and that the shot went wide. As all good actors say, he might have been all right on the night.

The discovery of the fact that a well-known stage soprano has two voices is the more remarkable in view of the number of stage sopranos who haven't even one.

"First-aid classes for pedestrians should be organised," declares a Harley Street doctor. But really workmanlike motorists take care that their victims are past first-aid.

What is intuition? It is the kind of thing which tells you which way a woman motorist is going to turn when she puts out her hand to indicate that she is going to stop.

It has been ruled in the Courts that beer is not a medicine. And very often it isn't even beer.

A man has complained to a magistrate that three days after they were married his wife threw a plate at him. It isn't often that a couple settle down to married life quite so quickly.

"London is a city without a front-door," remarks a writer. We shouldn't mind about that if it only had a roof.

An American business man has expressed surprise that the British public has not acquired the telephone habit. It is evidence of our national strength of character that telephone-addicts are comparatively rare among us.

Our Literalists Again.

"Selkirk opened briskly, and T—— literally stole the ball and scored between the posts."—*Scots Paper.*

This was surely a case for a penalty.

"GIBRALTAR SWIMS OFF.—Miss Gleitze and Miss Hudson left Gibraltar for England yesterday."
Daily Paper.

So the Rock, weary of waiting for the ladies, apparently decided to make a start on its own.

"A driverless Underground goods train made its official maiden journey across London, a distance of 612 miles, this afternoon."
Scots Paper.

This confirms our impression that London is now quite a large town.

"A Signet held up the traffic on the Parade yesterday morning. It was eventually captured and handed over to the Parks and Gardens Superintendent."—*Provincial Paper.*

Acting, we understand, under the authority of the Great Seal.

"Pride of place at the Business Efficiency Exhibition must be given to an invention which has been in use and tested between the War Office and Woolwich Arsenal for 12 months.

"It is a cryptograph machine, which wirte sin code, easily alterale, which no one has ever deciphered, si it is claimed, and which no one can decipher without the password."
Daily Paper.

"Cryptograph" seems to be just the right name for it.

CONTROVERSY ON THE WIRELESS.

[No reference is here made to any actual character, except Big Ben and the official who announces meteorological forecasts.]

THERE issues from the B.B.C.
A standing rule that those who chatter
Into its microphones shall be
Debarred from controversial matter
(Although it doesn't seem to tether
The gentleman who talks about the Weather).

A golden rule, and one that I'd
Extend to after-dinner speeches,
And also like to see applied
In places where a person preaches;
Because the helpless hearers lack
The opportunity to answer back.

If I were asked to put in use
This law designed to check a fellow
From letting mere opinions loose
Into the ether from 2 L O,
The only thing I wouldn't block
Is the announcement made by Ben (the clock).

Take the intrepid traveller who
Bombed from his plane a charging rhino;
He may believe his tale is true,
And so it is, for all that I know;
But memories err; one can't be quite
Certain he got his "recollections" right.

Or take, again, Parnassus Jones,
Who casts abroad his home-made verses
(Of course you're free to drop the phones
And miss the hot stuff he rehearses,
But that won't stop him mouthing there
Into the vast defenceless void of air);

Take, as I said, the case of Jones,
Who thinks (and means us all to know it,
Such deep conviction marks his tones)
That what he spouts proclaims him poet:
This private view of his own patter
Surely amounts to controversial matter? O. S.

A STAR PART.

THE husband of a leading-lady, even if she is only the leading-lady of an amateur dramatic society, has my pity. He is confined to barracks while the leading-lady is rehearsing (because the leading juvenile upstairs is too young to be left), his dinner is always cold, and he is always paying for taxis, for leading-ladies do not walk.

In his office his word may be law; in his club bores may slink away at his approach; but at home and in his suburb he is merely the husband of the leading-lady, of less account than the last husband but one of a film-star. This has been my position for the past month. I was delighted, therefore, when Molly, on her return from rehearsal, announced that the Thespians required my help. I did not know how my secret desire to tread the boards had been discovered, for I do not wear Astrakhan collars, I do not drink bottled stout, nor do I borrow money like a real actor. It was enough that they needed me. I would answer the call.

"Any little help," I offered modestly, "is yours to command. But nothing spectacular. I am not a DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, and climbing makes me giddy. But I will rescue Daphne——"

"Daphne isn't a member of the Thespians," she retorted.

"I will rescue anyone of medium weight——"

"We don't want——"

"Something a little more modest would suit me as well. A strong silent man."

"Did you say 'silent'?" she demanded.

"My first part was quite silent," I explained.

"You never told me."

"I was never asked. I was a wonderful success as the *Cat* in *Aladdin*."

"But," she objected, "there isn't a cat in *Aladdin*."

"There was—in ours, as well as a *Cinderella* and a *Mother Goose*. We were doing this for charity, so we didn't stint ourselves."

"That isn't acting," she remarked scornfully, "prowling round on all-fours."

"Pardon me. Not on all-fours. I played the hind-legs of the cat. A better pair of hind-legs never stepped. A very responsible position requiring good team-work. The fore-legs were not to be allowed to go on by themselves; that would leave a bad impression, as well as a couple of hind-legs that had missed their cue. But although I kept in the background, as it were, I had plenty to do. You see, I controlled the tail. You know how much a cat can express with a tail. It was such a pity we had candles for footlights. Being the hind-legs, I could not, of course, see my tail; I could only smell something burning——"

"We have no animals," she protested, "in our show."

"I'm sorry," I said. "Don't you think that's a mistake? Of course, if you don't want animals on the stage, you could have them 'off.' When I was a boy my imitation of a farmyard was much admired."

"There is no farmyard——"

"Think again," I counselled. "When the erring daughter totters home with her unwanted CLARKSON child it would give such a homely touch if I could make farmyard noises from the wings. Nothing would make that old homestead live like a few farmyard noises——"

"Do be quiet," commanded Molly. "Why you should want to make disgusting noises——"

"Of course I would prefer a speaking part. I remember——"

"Don't tell me you've had a speaking part."

"A most important part," I assured her. "I was called in at the last moment and had less than twenty-four hours to learn my lines—I mean line."

"And what were they—I mean, what was it? 'The carriage waits, my lord'?"

"How did you guess my secret? A most important part. The original character was a hall-porter in private life and he *would* forget his lines and shout, 'Taxi, Sir?' You see, the play was in the Regency period and taxis weren't in the picture——"

"I'm afraid," she said, interrupting me again, "that particular line doesn't come in our play."

"But it could easily be inserted," I protested. "When you have a man who has specialised in that sort of thing it is a criminal waste not to use his special talents."

"Oh, yes," she assented brightly, "the committee used that phrase. 'Special talents as a business man,' the Chairman said."

"But what has that to do with acting?"

"Don't blame me, dear," said Molly. "It was the committee's suggestion. They thought that with your special talents you were just the person to sell a few tickets."

"Mr. E. ——, father of the two brothers said to have fired the shots, stated that the dispute had been going on for two years. He thought that the mater might be settled by concessions on each side."—*Scots Paper.*

It seems to have been quite a family affair.



THE NEW MASTER.

THE KING HAS APPOINTED THE PRINCE OF WALES TO BE "MASTER OF THE MERCHANT NAVY AND FISHING FLEETS."



Lady (held up for scorching). "I SAY, THIS *IS* A RIDICULOUS WASTE OF TIME. I GAVE ALL THE FACTS TO A POLICEMAN TEN MINUTES AGO."

INSULARS ABROAD AGAIN.

THE BATTLE OF FLOWERS.

THE Café-Restaurant des Fleurs lies in the back streets of Nice, where, assuming you so far forget yourself as to leave the neighbourhood of the Promenade des Anglais, you will find quite a lot of French people. It comes as a bit of a shock, I must confess, to discover that there are real French people on the Riviera, but there it is. Percival and I did it the other day while taking one of his short cuts, which brought us out at lunch-time opposite the little Café-Restaurant des Fleurs, and not for worlds would I have missed that meal.

We made our normal entry, that is to say a waiter dashed up saying, "*Deux places?*" to me, got a good view of Percival and continued, "Zis way, misters!" There is *something* about Percival which—well, I honestly believe that, if he and a Frenchman collided in pitch-darkness, the Frenchman would say "Sorry" before Percival could get in a word.

When we had settled down we looked round the small room and at once noticed an extremely ancient and stately little lady who was grappling with a plate of fish in the forthright manner of an enthusiastic spillikins-player. She was an eccentric client, for she discussed food and politics and her personal health with whichever of the two waiters happened to pass, first attracting his attention by imperiously pulling his coat-tails and then detaining him at her table by laying her fish-fork on his sleeve. She also conversed casually with everyone else in the restaurant, and in general gave us the impression that she regarded the place as her court. We watched her with interest.

Having defeated her fish, Madame changed her eating spectacles for her reading ones and closely consulted the menu and the plate of a gentleman at the next table but one. Then she called across the room to a total stranger:—

"*Hé! Qu'est-ce que vous mangez là?*"

The total stranger, after the apologetic manner of a shy courtier singled out by Royalty, stammered that he was eating beef.

"Ah!" sighed Madame. "Beef! Would that I could choose it too. But my teeth do not march so well as they did, and I must have lamb. When one is over seventy, what would you?" Her shrewd gaze roamed round her small court and gathered up the glances of respectful interest.

At this point the trouble began. Just when she had us all, so to speak, at her feet, for she was without doubt a wonderful old person, the door swung open and another old lady entered.

The newcomer looked equally aged, though in a different way. The years had not shrivelled her, as they had shrivelled the other; they had but more comfortably upholstered an originally well-planned chassis. She sank into a seat, fanned herself and looked round in the affable manner of one who is accustomed to admiration.

Even Percival, enmeshed in spaghetti, was aware of the sudden tension as the two old things (let us call them A and B for convenience) gazed across at each other. My previous impression that we were courtiers of Madame A was replaced by a feeling that we were now ring-side spectators. And we were. For any disposition to a peaceful arrangement of spheres of influence was swept aside when Madame B patted a waiter's arm and told him about her heart; and conflict was inevitable when, after looking through the menu, she chose *beef*.

This, so to speak, opened Round One of the Bataille des Fleurs. Madame B sensed the hostility and must have realised she was already up on points, for she smiled all over her chins. Shortly, however, she committed a tactical error by mentioning proudly to her waiter and the company in general that she was seventy-one yesterday. Quick as a flash came the *riposte* from Madame A, who remarked to her waiter and the company in general that she was seventy-two last month. The round thus finished even.

Round Two opened with a palpable hit by Madame A, who had the true fighting spirit; for when her lamb came she affected to dislike it and changed to beef after all. Madame B at once responded by reading all through the wine-list *without* spectacles, and, having observed her opponent to be drinking wine and water, ordered herself a bottle of beer. This instantly won Percival to her side.

During the next round there was a rattling interchange of body blows. Madame A loudly condemned the beef she had eaten, but gave high praise to a Camembert cheese. Madame B thereupon praised the beef and complained in penetrating undertones to her neighbours about the smell of her rival's Camembert. Madame A immediately retaliated by informing her supporters that the Camembert was "*exquis*" and that *she* at least was still young enough to enjoy a good cheese when she met it. Madame B staggered for a moment, but recovered with a fine counter, when she told her waiter to bring Dutch cheese, as despite her age her sense of smell had not yet so deteriorated as to permit of her eating over-ripe Camembert.

This nasty upper-cut rather brought things to a peak of silent hostility. For ten minutes nothing could be heard but the subdued conversation of the spectators, who now were about equally divided into pro-A's and pro-B's. One of the waiters had definitely gone over to Madame B, but it was still anyone's game. Then Madame B, no doubt feeling over-confident, rashly ordered an orange, whereupon Madame A, developing a sense of humour, demanded Brazil nuts *without nut-crackers*.

It was a shrewd thrust and Madame B gasped. Pocketing her orange, she called for the bill and made a final effort to win us all over. She checked every item ostentatiously without her spectacles, then took out a small purse and gave her waiter a fifteen-per-cent. tip, exceedingly carefully calculated, still without spectacles.

But Madame A at the climax showed herself a real strategist. Demanding shrilly her own *addition*, with one blow she won back the defecting waiter and all her seceding courtiers. For she gave as a tip all her small change, with the invincible remark that she attributed her good eyesight at seventy-two to the fact that she had never bothered to count five-centime pieces in restaurants.

"*Trop de peine*," she added to Percival, and Percival the polite replied idiomatically—

"*Ah, comme vrai!*" A. A.



Light-hearted Dealer. "NO TRUMPS *AD LIB.*!"

"LA REGINA VITTORIA INDISPOSTA.

Londra, 6 febbraio.—Si annunzia ufficialmente che la Regina Vittoria non presenziera domattina, come di consueto, alla cerimonia della apertura del Parlamento, a causa di una indisposizione."—*Italian Paper.*

For the information of our contemporary we may mention that the absence of QUEEN ANNE was also noted.

Two More Impending Apologies.

"On arrival at Ottawa Mr. Cosgrave received messages of congratulation on his escape from President Coolidge and Mr. Kellogg."
Irish Paper.

"Dealing with 'London Street Traffic' in his presidential address at a meeting of the City of London Tradesmen's Club, Mr. CHARLES CROSSINGHAM said . . ."
Daily Paper.

No one should speak on the subject of London streets with more authority than one who is always CROSSINGHAM.

"BIRTHDAY GIFT.—The late Mr. John ——, of ——, left £120, twenty aged widows, for whom tea is provided on his birthday."
Provincial Paper.

A man who could so indulge in matrimony on the higher scale might, we think, have made more generous provision for his relicts.

MR. MAFFERTY TELLS A SEA-STORY.

"I'M wonderin'," said Mr. Mafferty, who left his native land at the age of one, but insists on talking like somebody in an Irish play—"I'm wonderin' what's become of me old friend Admiral Fallow, because it's twelve years to a day that he was insulted on the high seas by a common fireman in a quare unnatural kind of a way, an' he an Admiral itself an' not able to answer back.

"When I was fightin' for your country," continued Mr. Mafferty, "in the Shetland Islands an' them parts, I was Colonel of a small kind of an armoured yacht that did be huntin' for submarines when we weren't chasin' the sailors out of the places of refreshment. One night the Admiral comes aboard, an' he a retired officer of eighty, or maybe more, an' he says, 'Mafferty, let you be gettin' up steam, there's a submarine lurkin' in the neighbourin' waters,' an' he in a grand state of emotion. So I fired a gun the way the crew would be hearin' it in the nine places of refreshment ashore. And when I heard a gentleman undertakin' to cut out another gentleman's lights and liver on the quay I says to the Admiral, 'All aboard, Sir,' because I knew that would be Fireman Flood, an' he the last aboard always. So we steamed out into the black night, the Admiral an' meself on the bridge an' peerin' this way an' that for the dirty submarine. An' presently I heard a voice come up from the stokehold, through the ventilator, you understand, which was just behind us, an' it singin' 'Nearer, my God, to Thee.' So I said to meself, 'An' what for would Fireman Flood be conciliatin' the Admiral?' because the Admiral was one of them hymn-singin' sailors; but I'd never heard anythin' of that kind against the Fireman before. 'Do you hear that, Mafferty?' says the Admiral, as pleased as Punch. 'I do, Admiral,' says I, an' 'It's quare an' gratifyin',' says he.

"Well, it was a still quiet kind of a night and presently I heard the same voice talkin' to itself below, an' it as clear as it might be me own voice talkin' to you at the present moment, an' it says, 'Good-mornin', Admiral Beatty.—Good-mornin', Admiral Jellicoe.—How are you, Beatty?—I'm fine, thank you, Jellicoe, an' how's yourself?—I mustn't grumble, Beatty; but look here, Beatty, I've got a small kind of a job for you.—Pleasure, I'm sure, Jellicoe. What is it?—Well, I want you to go up to the Shetland Islands, Beatty, an' you'll find up there a stinkin', blinkin', gollopin' son of a cross-eyed parson called Admiral Fallow. An' *all* I want you to do, Beatty, is to cut out his perishin' lights an' liver.—Oh, how's that, Jellicoe?—Well, Beatty, he's the kind of an unpronounceable interferin' fishwife that drags poor sailors out of the pubs an' sends them to sea on a dark night, an' that's the way of it, Beatty. So what I want you to do, Beatty, is to go up to the Shetlands, Beatty, an' cut out his perishin' lights an' liver—see?—Oh, well, if *you* say so, Jellicoe, I'll do it at once.—Good-mornin', Admiral Beatty.—Good-*mornin'*, Admiral Jellicoe.'



Hardened Wrong-doer (entering police-station). "SHOP!"

"Well, the Admiral comes across to me an' he says, 'Did you hear that, Mafferty?' an' 'Never a word,' says I; and there's maybe five minutes' quiet. Then the furnace-door bangs an' the voice comes up again, quare an' cheerful in tone, an' it says, '*Good*-mornin', Admiral Jellicoe.—Good-*mornin'*, Admiral Beatty.—How's your family, Jellicoe?—Satisfactory, thank you, Beatty. Have a beer?—Well, I don't mind if I do, Jellicoe. What's yours?—Mine's a bitter, Beatty. But look here, Beatty, how about that little job?—What's that, Jellicoe?—Well, didn't I tell you to go up to the Shetland Islands and find an old bollard called Admiral Fallow?—I believe you did, Jellicoe. Must have slipped my memory.—Slipped your memory, did it, Beatty? That won't do.—Have another, Jellicoe?—Well, perhaps I will, but you can't get out of it that way, Beatty. You do as I tell you, there's a good lad. All you've got to do is to go up to the Shetland Islands and you'll find there a perishin' old freezer called Fallow, d'you see, Beatty? An' I want you to cut out his lights an' liver for me.—All right, Jellicoe, if you make a point of it, I will.—Well, good-mornin', Admiral Beatty.—*Good*-mornin', Admiral Jellicoe.' An' every time the Fireman comes to the lights an' liver you'd hear him open the furnace-door and let fly his shovel as if the Admiral himself was on it.

"Well, the old man comes across to me again, shaking like an aspen on the hills of Kilbog, and he says, 'Did you hear *that*, Mafferty?' 'I wouldn't tell you a lie,' says I; 'it could be that I might be catchin' a word or two here and there.' 'Well, what will I be doin'?' says he. 'I wouldn't be noticin' it at all,' says I; 'the gentleman below don't know that he's to be heard above, an' it's beneath the dignity of a fine officer like yourself to be overhearin' the private talk of a fireman, so it is, an' you commandin' the great fleets in your time. But it's meself that will be sayin' a word in season to the Chief Engineer, the way the gentleman will be keepin' his soliloquies to himself from this day to the world's end.'

"So I says a word to the Chief Engineer, an' he goes below an' he whispers to the Fireman, 'Will you keep your perishin' mouth shut?' An' the Fireman says, 'I never opened my mouth, Sir, except to sing a hymn; but I won't sing no more if you say so, Sir.'

"Well, then there was quiet for maybe ten minutes, an' the Admiral came back near the ventilator again as calm as you'd wish. But presently it was '*Good*-mornin', Admiral Jellicoe.—Good-*mornin'*, Admiral Beatty.—How are you, Jellicoe?—My cough's bad, Beatty.—



Chatterbox Wife (entertaining talkative friend in Author's study). "GO ON WITH YOUR WRITING, DEAR. MURIEL WILL EXCUSE YOU."

Oh, I'm sorry to hear that, Jellicoe. Hot, isn't it?—It's perishin' hot, Beatty. And talkin' of that, Beatty, how about that old freezer in the Shetland Islands?—Which one, Jellicoe?—The one that drags poor sailors out of the pubs an' sends them to sea on a dark night.—Oh, you mean Admiral Fallow, Jellicoe?—That's who I mean, Beatty.—Well, don't you worry, Jellicoe, I've done what you said.—What, you've cut out his perishin' lights an' liver, have you?—Yes, Jellicoe, I've cut his perishin' lights an' liver out.—Well, I'm glad about that, Beatty.—Yes, I thought you'd be pleased, Jellicoe.—So you went up to the Shetland Islands an' cut out his perishin' lights an' liver, did you?—Yes, Jellicoe, that's what I did. I went up to the Shetland Islands an' I found the old rumble-tummy, an' I said, "Good-mornin', Admiral Fallow." "Good-mornin', Admiral Beatty," he said. An' I said, "I've got a message for you from Admiral Jellicoe." "What's that, Admiral Beatty?" he said. "Well, he says he wants me to cut out your perishin' lights an' liver." "How's that, Beatty?" he said. "Well, the fact is, Admiral Fallow," I said, "Jellicoe says that *you're* the old freezer who drags poor sailors out of the pubs on a dark night an' sends them to sea. So now I'm goin' to cut out your perishin' lights and liver, you see."—An' what happened then, Beatty?—Well, then I cut out his perishin' lights an' liver, Jellicoe.—Oh, you cut out his perishin' lights and liver, did you? That's a good job, Beatty.—Yes, I knew that's what you wanted, Jellicoe. An' then I said, Good-mornin', Admiral Fallow." "Good-*mornin'*, Admiral Beatty," he said—Well, I'm pleased about that, Beatty. Have a beer?—No, I don't want a beer, thank you all the same, Jellicoe.—You're welcome, Beatty. An' now you've cut out that old freezer's lights and liver, I think you ought to have a beer.—Oh, well, Jellicoe, if you insist——'—'I'd rather you had a beer, Beatty, because I want to hear how you cut out——'

"Well, so it went on," said Mr. Mafferty, "like the Shannon river, for ever an' ever, an' all the time the old man was pacin' an' pacin' up an' down the bridge the way you'd think he was a caged lion, an' meself gazin' into the black night pretendin' I was a deaf man. An' at last he exploded in a grand passion, an' he says, 'If this doesn't stop, Mafferty,' he says, 'you'll lose your ship.' So I put my head into the great ventilator-shaft, an' I was just framin' a quare kind of a caressin' message on my lips to Fireman Flood, when the torpedo struck us."

"What happened then, Mr. Mafferty?" I said.

"We was all drowned. Every one of us," he said. A. P. H.

Another Glimpse of the Obvious.

From a Rugger report:—

"DULWICH 54. ETON COLLEGE 0.

Dulwich were unquestionably the better side."—*Sunday Paper.*

"Lost, Narrow White Lady's Neck Fur."
Local Paper.

This is better than being the "fat white woman whom nobody loves."

"All these fine excursions are realised in luxuous automobiles and accompanied by attentious interpreters."—*Tourist Agency Leaflet.*

We should not be surprised to learn that it was through a course of these fine excursions that our young friend *Topsy* acquired her remarkable vocabulary.

DISCRIMINATION.

[In reply to a question in the House of Commons, Mr. SAMUEL said of the pictures at the TATE Gallery damaged by the Thames floods that they "belonged almost without exception to the mid-Victorian period, and none of them could be regarded as of primary importance."]

WHEN Father Thames o'erstept his banks
To view the Nation's Art Collection,
He earned a formal vote of thanks
In virtue of his circumspection.

He laid no slimy finger on
The youngest painters or the smartest;
He left alone VAN GOGH and JOHN
And every other modern artist.

He spared the Jazz and Cubist Schools
And those who hide, in blobs and spatters,
Ignorance of perspective's rules;
He didn't touch a thing that matters!

The bargains in the basement swam,
But luckily he failed to hit on
The SITWELLS' portrait or (by LAMB)
The contemplative STRACHEY (LYTTON).

He left the others to await
Posterity's applause or strictures,
Content that he could devastate
Some eminent Victorian pictures.

ANSWER TO A CORRESPONDENT.

No, "DRAMA," I cannot see any reason why all the plays of SHAKESPEARE should not be performed in modern dress. Both *Hamlet* in plus-fours and *Macbeth* in khaki seem to have gone very well.

Some people may think that a natural want of curiosity on the part of the ordinary playgoer about the history and costumes of mediæval Denmark and *Duncan's* Court in Scotland helped the producers to modernise these tragedies where they might have failed with others. But it is the better view, I think, that, as one critic puts it, "the dress in which SHAKESPEARE'S plays are presented is not of essential significance."

The same critic says that he now wishes to see all SHAKESPEARE'S plays produced in this way. You and I, "DRAMA," must surely wish it also.

There will be minor difficulties, of course.

If, for instance, we take the passage in *Julius Cæsar* where *Mark Antony* observes—

> "You all do know this mantle; I remember
> The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
> 'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
> That day he overcame the Nervii,"

we shall have to make *Antony* hold up the correct tunic of an Italian field-marshal, with the decorations commemorating the Italian victories in the Great War of 1914–1918; and this makes the Nervii seem a little out of place.

The same kind of difficulty occurs in *Coriolanus*, where you will remember that the Roman aristocrat contemptuously and unwillingly shows his wounds to the mob in order to secure their votes. If *Coriolanus* happened to be wounded anywhere near the knee there will be a disrobing scene more suggestive of farcical comedy than the high and tragic Muse. But *Coriolanus* is not often played, and I daresay that these obstacles could be overcome.

We should keep *Othello* black, I think, and the improbability of finding a modern Moorish aristocrat in modern Venice is far from great. More awkward, I think, is the incident of the handkerchief:—

Othello. I have a salt and sullen rheum offends me;
Lend me thy handkerchief.
Desdemona. Here, my lord.
Oth. That which I gave you.
Des. I have it not about me.
Oth. Not?
Des. No, indeed, my lord.
Oth. That is a fault.

An *Othello* dressed as for the Lido may seem to be overplaying his part a little in demanding one particular handkerchief from his wife when he wants to blow his nose. Nor will it be clear why the lady does not make the obvious excuse that that one happens to be at the wash. The Shakespearean use of handkerchiefs must have been a little more primitive than our own.

I will not allude to the cross-gartering of *Malvolio* or to the doublet and hose of *Rosalind*, except to mention that *Rosalind* will be compelled to alter the words of the bard by saying in one place—

> "I have a pull-over and plus-fours in my disposition,"

a small change and a trifling.

But in the more fantastical plays a few troubles may occur.

The Tempest presents a dilemma.

What is the ordinary morning dress of a modern enchanter on a modern desert isle? I frankly do not know whether *Prospero* ought to wear a lounge-suit or one of those composite robes made of the skins of wild animals such as are affected by the *Robinson Crusoes* of pantomime. But I am inclined to think that it would be a poor enchanter who could not suddenly ravish a suit from Bond Street with his walking-stick (or wand), and I favour, on the whole, the notion that he should wear full evening dress as the gentlemen at MASKELYNE'S do. *Miranda* as a lady-assistant would also wear an evening gown of a considerable *chic*, like the people who are stabbed in baskets.

In *A Midsummer Night's Dream* I find myself in doubt as to the dress of a modern Greek weaver in a wood near Athens, though the *Duke* himself, and *Hippolyta, Queen of the Amazons*, could suitably appear in hunting-kit, or any other costume proper to "high life" (mod. Greek *ἰγλιφ*).

I should recommend pyjamas for *Titania*, as she does a certain amount of sleeping, and *Puck* might be dressed as an Athenian telegraph messenger boy or an Athenian boy scout.

There remain the English historical dramas. Great care will have to be exercised here.

Towards the end of the First Act of *Henry V.*, the *King* says:—

What treasure, Uncle?
Exeter. Tennis-balls, my liege.
King. We are glad the Dauphin is so pleasant with us;
His present and your pains we thank you for;
When we have matched our rackets to these balls,
We will, in France, by God's grace, play a set
Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard.

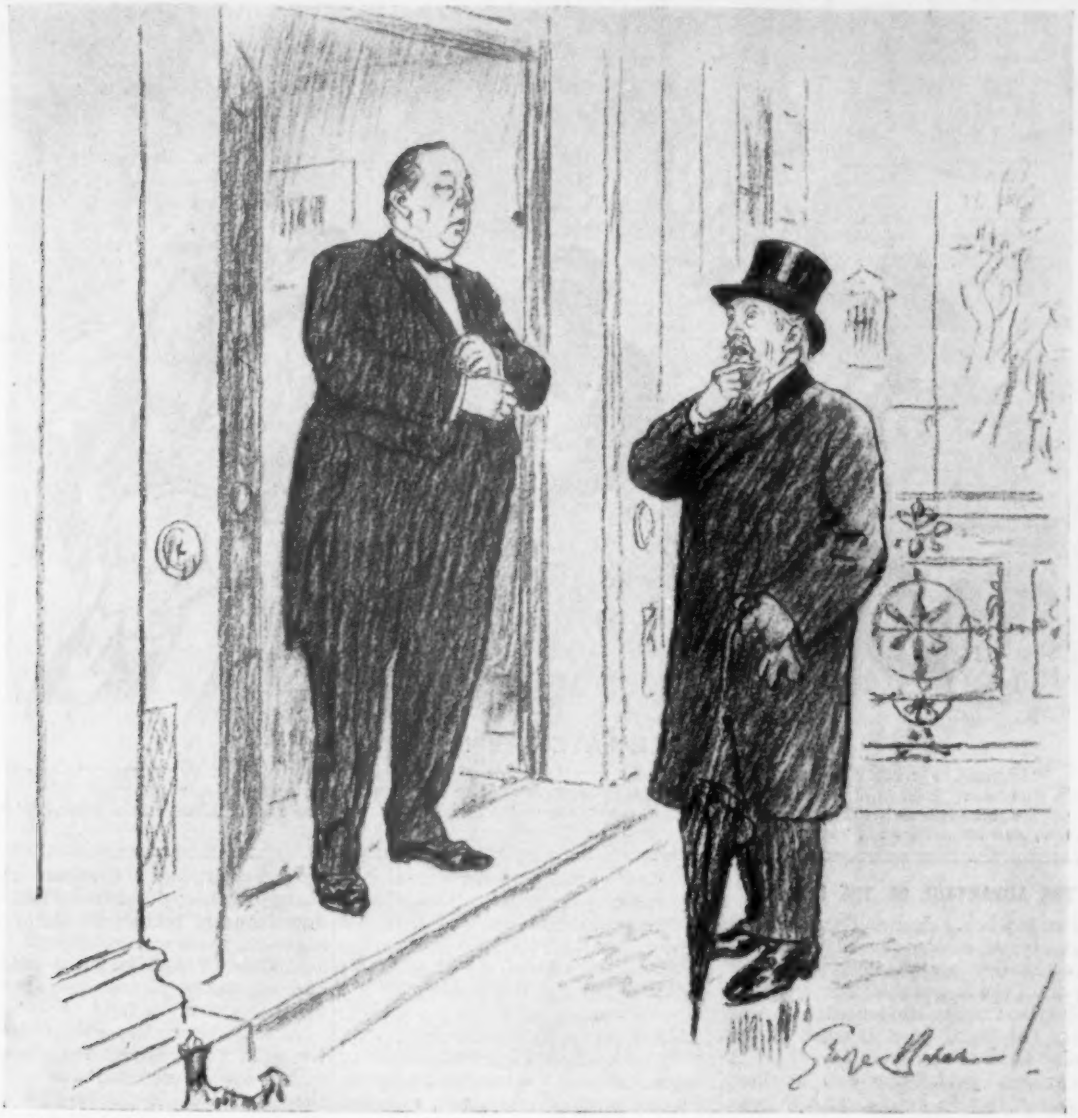
The speakers in this scene may be represented as discussing real tennis-balls or, by a slight stretch of the word "hazard" so as to embrace the net, the latest standard pattern for lawn-tennis. But will the *Dauphin's* suggestion that tennis is a game more suitable for the English than war help to promote the *entente cordiale* any more than the subsequent invasion of France by *Pistol* and *Bardolf* in khaki uniform?

Again, will prominent peers and peeresses now living consent to see travesties of themselves wearing clothes exactly similar to their own, continually thronging the stage, pronouncing long speeches, perishing by sword-thrusts or being led out by the king's orders to have their heads removed? Are we to have *Richard II.* or *Richard III.* played to a delighted audience of howling Communists?

And when it comes to *Henry VIII.* I fear lest there may be theological brawlings in the pit and protests in the dress pews.

But there is no doubt that with a little ingenuity all these *gaucheries* could be avoided, and SHAKESPEARE, whether in London or the provinces, become a living force again.

With regard to your further inquiries, there is no truth in the rumour that Mr. JOHN DRINKWATER'S *Mary Queen of Scots* is to be played in pearlies at the Old Vic, or that any London manager contemplates staging the whole of Restoration comedy in modern costume. It would pay very likely. But there, "DRAMA," you know what the LORD CHAMBERLAIN is. EVOE.



Absent-minded old Gentleman (paying a call). "IS MRS.—ER—DEAR ME, HER NAME HAS ESCAPED ME! MRS.—ER—ER——"
Cautious Butler. "'OOMSOEVER IT MAY BE, SIR, THE PARTY IS HOUT."

THE ANTI-TELEVISIONARY.

(Thoughts on a near prospect of a television of U.S.A.)

I HAVE turned not a hair, I have twitched not a muscle,
But sat buoyant at heart as a cork,
On perusing accounts of that H.Q. of hustle,
Noo York.

Frequent stories of fabulous fortunes made yearly,
And others that vanish like smoke,
I am sorry to say I have treated as merely
A joke.

With amusement I 've gauged the domestic deportment,
From my newspaper's casual "pars,"
Of Hollywood's highly diverting assortment
Of stars.

I have read with a smile, though it 's hardly seraphic,
Of the hosts over there who succumb
To the bootlegger's lively and lucrative traffic
In rum.

And, although it may be that the rumour I 've heard errs
Regarding the facts, I may say
I 've been mildly intrigued at their total of murders
Per day.

But to *see* all this sordid and far from romantic
Side-view of the life of the Yanks
From my modest arm-chair on this side the Atlantic—
No, thanks! A. K.



THE LATEST EPIDEMIC.

"MY DEAR, IT 'S TOO LEPROUS THE WAY EVERYONE IS TALKING OF THE MOVIES AND KNOWING ALL THE PRODUCERS AND STARS AND WHAT-NOT. I MEAN, I HAPPEN TO KNOW DEREK SPOOTH—HE 'S TOO MARVELLOUS, OF COURSE; BUT *I* DON'T——"

"I KNOW—TOO SICKENING. I WAS DOWN AT THE STUDIOS THE OTHER DAY TALKING TO LOOMY LUMP—HE 'S SIMPLY *IT*, YOU KNOW, AND *HE* SAID, ETC., ETC."

THE ADVANTAGE OF THE DOUBT.

THE sky being clear and our awakening early, we decided (he said) that this was the day for the long-postponed ascent of the lion of the district, Monte Pellegrino: not an eminence that would cause the blood of a member of the Alpine Club to run more freely, but a nice rugged peak some two or three thousand feet in height, with famous views of sea and vale.

The next thing was to arrange food, for there are no hotels on Monte Pellegrino; ours was in fact the nearest, and we were five miles distant from its base. The result of my extremely early conversation with Bonifacio was that before half-past seven a chicken was being roasted which, he assured me, would be cold enough for eating at noon and which would mean an addition of only twenty lire to the bill; not, he said, that that was its proper price—its proper price was far above that—but since the Signor and the Signora would not be in to lunch and were paying by the day it would not be fair to charge more; by which you will see that Bonifacio was, as well as being a good innkeeper, something of a gentleman in his profession and much of a rarity. For it is odd how the last thing that the normal hotel-proprietor will admit is that he is a penny the better off when his *pensionnaires* miss a meal.

At half-past nine, then, we were away, at my back a folded mackintosh and in that mackintosh the luncheon wrapped in paper: roast chicken, salt, rolls and butter and a little fruit.

I omit (he said) details of the journey as impertinent to the purpose of this narrative, which is to illustrate the deplorable weakness of woman—that maudlin streak of clay which can vitiate even the finest female system. We were in ordinary Italian mountainous country in late autumn and among the usual phenomena. The sun was hot in a sky of intense blue; the earth emitted the delicious warm scent of maturity and decay; the vines, though stripped, still kept some leaves, many of which bore traces of copperous green from old syringings; tiny birds (but not too small for an Italian sportsman) now and then flitted overhead; white oxen crowding against each other in the shafts swayed along the road; peasants on foot or on mules gravely acknowledged our greetings—for there was excitement in the air and we loved all our fellow-creatures, and especially picturesque sons and daughters of the soil.

After an hour-and-a-half we came to the point where the path up the mountain branches off from the road, and thenceforward met with no signs of life. It soon became so steep that I decided that the wiser course was to conceal the mackintosh a little way from the track with the food inside it, go on to the summit unburdened and then return to eat. And this we did, remaining at the very top only a pipe's duration—long enough for rest and for contemplation of the lazy indigo ocean in the distance and below us and around us the grey and green and brown of the rocks and forests.

Then, desperately hungry, we scuttled down the path to lunch. . . .

But there was no lunch to be found. The mackintosh was where I had fondly thought to secrete it, but from its folds Bonifacio's thoughtful parcel had been

removed. The thief, whoever he was, was in no need of clothes, either because he was well enough clad or because he belonged to the Leather Bottel school of thought and was willing, if plenished within, to let back and sides go bare.

But think of our predicament! We were famishing; our hotel was two or three hours away and there was no other. I had, however, a faint recollection of smoke rising somewhere among the trees away to the left, seen on our approach: either a woodcutter's camp or a cottage; and it might be worth while trying to find the place. Indeed there was nothing else to do, so off we went and, after twenty minutes' rough walking, came to an actual human abode.

Our footfalls seemed to cause some kind of scurry to occur within the shanty and then a woman came to the door with a questioning look.

We were very sorry, I said in such Italian as I have, but our lunch had been stolen and we were seriously in need of sustenance. This lady here—I pointed to Laura. Could anything be done? I took out my money-case.

The woman's expression changed to perplexity. She must speak to her husband, she said, and went inside.

Returning she told us that there was nothing in the house but a little hard bread, some goat-cheese and some rough wine. We were welcome to that, and she would lay it immediately on a table out here in the shade.

And then the odd thing happened, for while she was arranging things under a tree I walked round to the back, and got there just in time to see her husband conveying a dish with a cold chicken on it to an outhouse. He did not see me.

The incident led to thought; but after all. . . . Yet Italian peasants don't roast chickens, they put them in the pot with vegetables. All the same. . . .

When I returned I said to the woman, "Couldn't you let us have the chicken your husband has just put away?"

I laid my money-case on the table.

She looked confused. "It is for the evening," she stammered, "when the children return from school. They must have a little meat, poor dears."

"Of course," Laura put in—"of course they must."

"It would not be possible to spare us each a leg?" I urged. "This lady here. . . ."

She would ask her husband, she said, and retired.

Looking at Laura I discerned in her eloquent eyes their most compassionate philanthropic light.

"You couldn't . . ." she said, "we couldn't. . . . After all, we don't *know*——"



Genial Guest. "OUGHTN'T WE TO BE DANCING?"

Meek Individual. "WELL, I THINK I'LL STAY OUT HERE. YOU SEE, I'M THE UNINVITED HOST."

The woman came back with the roast chicken, and as she placed it on the table I said to her, "You have only this common bread, I suppose? No rolls?"

She met my eyes unflinchingly. "Nothing but the bread."

"And no butter?"

"What would poor *contadini* like us do with butter?"

It is a nuisance, I thought, that one roast chicken is so like another roast chicken. There should be means of identification; but Laura, I knew without looking at her, was thanking God for so mixing cooked birds up.

"Could I speak to your husband?" I asked.

"He has returned to his work."

* * * * *

We did not eat it all. I could easily have demolished two fowls of that size, but we actually—such is the amazing soft-heartedness and soft-headedness of woman—left quite a considerable portion. I never saw Laura so peck at her food, and since she did so I felt that I must be restrained too.

The episode has its comic side, I admit (he said), but it's a very serious matter to compound a felony and be a receiver of stolen goods. E. V. L.

SIMPLE PEOPLE.

THE RAILWAY PORTER.

ONCE there was a railway porter who was very honest, and he didn't really believe in porters having tips at all, but he took them so as to save trouble. And one day a very rich gentleman called Mr. Heavibond gave him a shilling for carrying quite a small suit-case from a train to a taxi-cab, he could easily have carried it himself if he had wanted to, but he believed in being kind to railway porters and people like that, because they were generally glad to get a little extra money and he was so rich that he wouldn't miss it.

Well the railway porter didn't know that Mr. Heavibond was very rich, because he had got out of a third-class carriage and he was dressed rather like a gardener wearing his second-best suit. So he said oh I couldn't take a shilling for that, it wouldn't be fair and you might want it yourself.

And Mr. Heavibond laughed at that and he said well perhaps I might, how much will you take?

And the railway porter said I don't want anything, I am paid my wages and that is enough for me.

And Mr. Heavibond said I should like to know your name, because I don't come across people like you every day.

And the railway porter said well it's Robert Bogle.

Well Mr. Heavibond was somebody very important in that railway, so next day he sent for Robert Bogle, and he said to him how would you like to be a station-master? And he said he would, so he was made station-master of a place called Carpet Green, and he got on very well there because he was so honest. And one day a lady called Mrs. Gasmeter who lived at Carpet Green was just going to be run over by a train when Robert Bogle saved her, and she was so grateful to him that she wanted to give him five pounds, but he wouldn't take it because he said it is only my duty to save people from being run over by trains and I don't want to be paid extra for it.

And Mrs. Gasmeter said well I must do something for you, if you won't take any money how would you like to marry me?

And Robert Bogle said I should like it better if you weren't quite so old and ugly.

Well Mrs. Gasmeter wasn't at all offended at him saying this because she had got used to being ugly and didn't really mind it as she was so rich, and she said well I daresay you would, and I would rather not marry somebody quite so common as you are, so it would come out about equal.

And Robert Bogle said what should I get out of it?

And Mrs. Gasmeter said well I am very rich and of course if you were my husband you wouldn't mind spending my money, husbands generally don't.

And Robert Bogle said yes there is that, but supposing I found I liked somebody better than you after we were married, I shouldn't feel at all comfortable.



"SO HE SAID OH I COULDN'T TAKE A SHILLING FOR THAT."

And Mrs. Gasmeter said oh you would have to put up with that, but I have got a very bad cough and I dare say I shall die quite soon, and I should leave you all my money, or nearly all of it because I have promised to leave other people some, but I shouldn't leave them much, and then you could marry somebody you liked better.

So they arranged that Robert Bogle should be engaged to Mrs. Gasmeter for a month, and if he liked her well enough at the end of it they would get married, and if he didn't he would say so. And what was nice about him was that he gave her some medicine for her cough which his grandmother had told him about, and it cured her cough and she was more grateful to him than ever.

Well the end of the month came and Robert Bogle said he thought he could put up with marrying Mrs. Gasmeter, because she was very nice though she was rather old and ugly, but by that time she had found out that he was rather too common for her. Still she didn't want to break her promise, so she said to him how would like to go to Oxford for a year? I would pay for you to go there and you would learn how to eat better and not spit quite so much and how to do algebra and things like that, and then I shouldn't be quite so much ashamed of you if the Vicar's wife came to tea.

So Robert Bogle went to Oxford, and while he was there he fell in love with Mr. Heavibond's daughter who was at Oxford too, and he was hardly at all common now so she fell in love with him as well, but he hadn't got any money except what Mrs. Gasmeter paid for him to be at Oxford, so they didn't quite know what to do about it.

Well it was just at the time when people were making a lot of money out of india-rubber. And all you had to do was to buy a lot of shares and sell them next week for about ten times as much. And you didn't have to pay for buying them until after you had sold them and not even then, but you just kept the difference. And Robert Bogle made quite a lot of money doing this, so now he could afford to get married, but first of all he thought it was only fair to tell Mrs. Gasmeter.

So he did that, and Mrs. Gasmeter said well I am really rather glad not to have to marry you, you are not nearly so common as you used to be but you are much too young for me. I should like to be married again now it has come into my head and I have got rid of my cough, but I dare say I shall find somebody nearer to my own age, so that will be all right and I will adopt you instead of marrying you.

Well that was very convenient, because they hadn't told Mr. Heavibond yet and he might not like his daughter to marry somebody who had been a railway porter, but if Robert Bogle was Mrs. Gasmeter's adopted son he might not mind so much.

And Mrs. Gasmeter was very nice about it, and she asked Lydia, that was



Hostess } *simultaneously.* { "GOOD-BYE; I HAVEN'T HAD A WORD WITH YOU THE WHOLE EVENING."
Guest } { "GOOD-BYE; MOST DELIGHTFUL EVENING I'VE EVER SPENT."

the name of Mr. Heavibond's daughter, to come and stay with her at Carpet Green, and then she wrote to Mr. Heavibond and told him that she should like her adopted son Robert Bogle to marry Lydia, and would he come to Carpet Green and talk about it.

So Mr. Heavibond came to Carpet Green, and when he heard how much money Robert Bogle had won over india-rubber he said well I think you must be very clever at business, and if you like I will make you my junior partner, and if you do well at it you shall marry my daughter but not unless.

Well Robert Bogle did do well at it, and Mr. Heavibond took a fancy to Mrs. Gasmeter, and when he found out how rich she was he asked her if she would like to marry him. And she said she would, so all four of them were married at the same time and they were very happy.

And Mr. Heavibond and Robert Bogle got on very well in their business, and they often used to laugh together about Robert Bogle not taking the shilling for carrying Mr. Heavibond's suit-case. And both of them were kind to railway porters, and they paid for a lot of their children to go to the pantomime every Boxing-Day. A. M.

B.M.M.G.

THE scheme for erecting "the most luxurious hotel in the British Isles" on the site of Dorchester House, at the modest cost of £1,500,000 is creditable, but so inadequate to the needs of the moment that we are not surprised to hear of a rival enterprise designed to meet the requirements of what is now London's most influential residential quarter—Bloomsbury.

It is accordingly proposed to acquire the site of the British Museum and convert that "monstrous mausoleum of obsolete antiquities"—we quote from the prospectus—"into a colossal caravanserai of Sardanapalian sumptuousness and Lucullan luxury."

Dorchester House in its present form has only forty bedrooms. As a hotel it will only have six hundred. The British Museum will have six thousand bedrooms, each provided with a swimming-bath, a squash-racquet court and a hair-dressing saloon. In deference to the wishes of the intellectual residents of Bloomsbury it has been decided not to abolish the Reading-Room, but to convert it into a central entertainment hall suitable for dances, prize-fights and concerts, with a track for greyhound racing.

The names of members of the B.M.M.G. (British Museum Must Go) syndicate are still occult from observation, but the list is believed to constitute a record in the annals of cosmopolitan opulence. Opposition is expected, but the result is a foregone conclusion. History, we know, on the best of modern authority, is bunk; archæology is asinine; the world no longer needs mummies or museums, but more and larger hotels; and no better choice of a field for the beneficent activities of the syndicate could be imagined than Bloomsbury, too long given over to boarding-houses and crushed by the incubus of antiquity.

International Community Singing.

"Mr. Kellogg, the Secretary of State, to-day advised the Foreign Affairs Committee of the House of Representatives that the American Government would 'be willing to sing a treaty with all the Powers of the world prohibiting the use of submarines entirely.'"—*Sunday Paper.*

"On Saturday the visitors combined well, and their play on every occasion, like one of Cæsar's wives, 'was beyond reproach.'"
New Zealand Paper.

As for his other wives we never mention them.



THE "BEDSPREAD" COSTUME.
A PARIS SPRING DESIGN.

THE "EIDER-DOWN-AND-PILLOW" COSTUME.
A BRITISH SPRING REPLY.

BALLADS FOR BROAD-BROWS.

(*Lines for a Worthy Person who has drifted by accident into a Chelsea revel.*)

It is a very curious fact
That those who write or paint or act,
Compose or etch
Or sculp or sketch,
Or practise things like pottery,
Have not got consciences like us,
Are frankly not monogamous;
Their moral tone
Is all their own,
Their love-affairs a lottery.
It 's hard to say why writing verse
Should terminate in drink or worse,
Why flutes and harps
And flats and sharps
Should lead to indiscretions,
But if you read the Poets' Lives
You 'll find the number of their wives
In fact exceeds
The normal needs
Of almost all professions.

As my poor father used to say
In 1863,
Once people start on all this Art
Good-bye, moralitee!

And what my father used to say
Is good enough for me.

Oh, may no little child of mine
Compose or model, draw, design
And sit at ease
On people's knees,
With other odious habits!
See what eccentric things they wear,
Observe their odd un-English hair—
The women bald,
The men (so-called)
As thickly furred as rabbits.
Not these the kind of people who
Were prominent at Waterloo,
Not this the stock
Which stood the shock
When KAISER picked his quarrel.
Let Dagoes paint and write and sing,
But Art is not an English thing;
Better be pure
And die obscure
Than famous but immoral!

As my poor father used to say
In 1863,
Once people start on all this Art
Farewell, moralitee!
And what my father used to say,
And what my father used to say
Is good enough for me.

And shall we let this canker stick
Inside the body politic?
Oh, let us take
Some steps to make
Our messy nation cleaner!
The whole is greater than the part;
We should at once prohibit Art,
Let Music be
A felony
And Verse a misdemeanour;
Let long-haired gentlemen who draw
Be segregated by the law,
And every bard
Do six months hard
Who lyrically twaddles,
But licences be issued to
A few selected curates, who
Shall fashion odes
In serious modes
On statutory models.

As my poor father used to say
In 1863,
Once people start on all this Art
Farewell, moralitee!
And what my father used to say,
And what my father used to say,
And what my father used to say
Is good enough for me.

A. P. H.



TO LORD OXFORD: STATESMAN, ORATOR, FRIEND.



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, February 13th.—About a million merry moidores are jingling in Wall Street's jeans, and all because the Cabinet let out the information about its proposed investigation of rubber price restrictions in such a way that Wall Street speculators could get busy while Mincing Lane slept. "There was a leak somewhere," explained Mr. BALDWIN, and seemed to think the only thing that mattered was that his Department was not responsible. Members intimated that if there had been no departmental stupidity there could have been no journalistic guile.

That jolly little poem, "There are tse-tses at the bottom of our garden," has reached Lord SANDON's heart. He asked Mr. AMERY if he was aware that the flies came from the Kenya game-preserves. Mr. AMERY, who would as soon fondle a Communist as encourage a tse-tse fly, hotly denied it.

Further debate on the Labour Amendment to the Address produced an outspoken speech from Mr. ELLIS, the Unionist Member for Wakefield. There was, he said, too much loose talk about Empire trade, which could not by itself begin to keep the nation's industries going; and too much loose talk and still looser speculation about coal-distillation. Trade did not follow the flag; it followed capital.

Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD castigated the "atrociously abominable" economics of those who favoured safeguarding. Figures on safeguarding, he said, were not worth a puff of tobacco. Passing lightly from imports of touring cars to the Road Fund, and from the Road Fund to unemployment, and from unemployment to miners' wages, and from miners' wages to the problem of distressed areas, he announced somewhat otiosely that the Opposition would never tolerate the oppression of the wage-earner.

Mr. BALDWIN hopefully explained that the million unemployed were not a standing army. There were a million of them at any one moment, but they weren't the same million. In any case it was only ten per cent of the total number of workers. Employment was shifting, which made adjustment more difficult. Industry was moving South. Workers were getting more for their labour to-day than in 1914. He saw "symptoms" of a higher efficiency in industry.

Tuesday, February 14th.—Mr. TOMLINSON, the new rose of Lancaster, but not as red as the other half of the Opposition would have liked, took his seat.

> "Stand up, stand up, now, TOMLINSON, and answer loud and high,
> The good ye will do for Lancaster ere ever the clouds roll by."

It was the Liberals' turn to move an Amendment, and this Mr. HARNEY did, but not until Mr. BALDWIN (in Question-time) had drawn the sharp rod of chastisement across the seat of misplaced ebullience, with the ASSISTANT POSTMASTER-GENERAL at the receiving end. Mr. AMMON had recalled Lord WOLMER's indiscreet speech about the Post Office being more economical and efficient under private enterprise. "When my hon. friend has attained years of discretion," said Mr. BALDWIN, thoughtfully fingering the instrument of correction, "he will speak with that caution that characterises every one of our utterances."

The moderation of the rebuke is easily intelligible if the PRIME MINISTER was aware that in the same paper that reported Lord WOLMER'S lapse the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER was said to have characterised the G.P.O.'s rule against the broadcasting of controversial utterances as "idiotic."

Old JOE CANNON, the Speaker, for many years, of the American House of Representatives, once observed of WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN that he "was like the Platte river, a mile wide and six inches deep." Mr. HARNEY unleashes a similar flood. He flows broadly but, unlike Iser, he does not roll rapidly. This afternoon he rolled for nearly an hour, a prey to the "frigid theories of a generalizing age."

Sir ROBERT THOMAS is a more convincing orator. His transports are Cymric, but to-night he thumbed but a single string of his political harp. He would have the Government put the unemployed on useful work, *e.g.* widening the roads.

While his colleagues were speaking Mr. LLOYD GEORGE sat in the attitude of one at prayer, and propped up before him in a bright yellow cover (symbolical perhaps of the sunrise) was the newly-published segment of the Liberal Bible, *Britain's Industrial Future*, price half-a-crown. Mr. MACMILLAN, the usually earnest leader of the "Conservatives of the Left," espied it and proceeded to make merry. Was it for this, he asked, that the new landed aristocracy had contributed so heavily to Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S famous fund? Was it for this that those coronets were so dearly purchased? "Unworthy trifler!" exclaimed Mr. TOM SHAW. "Silly jester!"



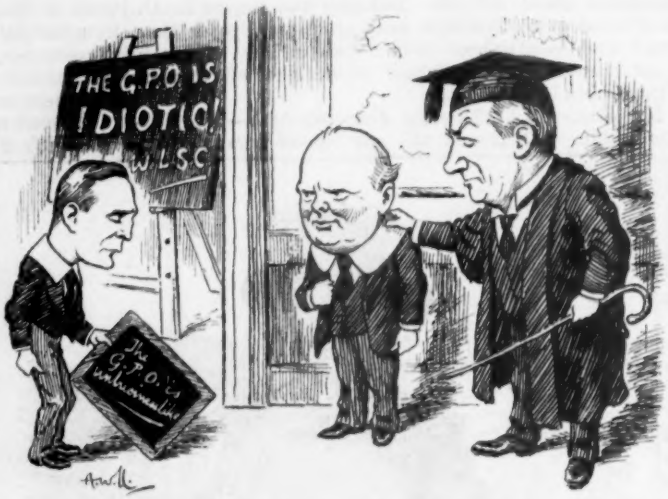
THE OLD ROUNDHEAD.

WITH MR. PUNCH'S WARM CONGRATULATIONS TO MR. ASQUITH ON HIS NEW HONOUR.

Reproduced from "Punch" of February 4, 1925.

echoed Mr. LLOYD GEORGE a few moments later.

There is nothing of the trifler about Mr. TOM SHAW. Sturdy Lancashire man that he is, he sets about the business of eloquence with the robust dexterity that rather reminds one of those porter fellows who wrestle with sides of beef around Smithfield Market. But Mr. SHAW is aware of poetry. Down underneath there beats not only a heart of gold but a soul that shimmers with jocund phantasy. With the airy grace of a love-struck hippopotamus he threw off a couplet from OMAR KHAYYAM. "Myself when young did eagerly frequent," etc., he murmured, meaning Mr. MACMILLAN or any other Conservative Member who might happen to have been the last speaker.



Mr. BALDWIN (to Master WOLMER). "I'M NOT CHASTISING YOU THIS TIME, WOLMER, FOR YOU ARE ONLY A JUNIOR; AND I AM CONFIDENT THAT WHEN YOU HAVE ATTAINED YEARS OF DISCRETION YOU WILL SHOW THAT CAUTION WHICH CHARACTERISES EVERY ONE—AHEM!—OF MY SENIOR PUPILS."

Then it was Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S turn. Books of verses might be all right under boughs, but he was not going to have the Liberal Yellow Book under a cloud. Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD had poured cheap sneers upon the output of three of the greatest economists in the country. Mr. LLOYD GEORGE flicked



THE ROSE OF LANCASTER.
"MY LOVE IS LIKE A RED—NOT *TOO* RED—ROSE."
MR. LLOYD GEORGE AND MR. TOMLINSON.

him aside with contemptuous forefinger. Let the Government follow the advice of Mr. GARVIN and adopt the Yellow Book's recommendations. There were—oh, bags of things to be done. Let them set up a sort of Industrial General Staff. Let them extend the rating areas. Let them—but who can follow Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, with or without Yellow Book, in his swift and wayward flight? Not the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, but he did his best. There was a General Staff for Industry, he declared. It was the Government. But with regard to the burden of rates—Mr. CHURCHILL paused to explain what an oppressive burden it was—what could be done? It was a question of money. If there was no money there was no remedy. He besought the House to build no flimsy edifices of hope. There might be a bob or two left over after the Services, etc., had had their whack, or again there might not. If there was, considerable engines, administrative and legislative, stood in an advanced state of preparation in the Government arsenal ready to move to the field of action at the word "Go."

"Puff! puff!" gurgled the House delightedly and toddled into the Lobbies.

Wednesday, February 15th.—Lord CECIL OF CHELWOOD withdrew a motion hoping that His Majesty's Government would press forward a policy of international disarmament and would sign what is known as the "optional clause" of the League of Nations Treaty which binds its signatories to submit "justiciable" disputes to the Permanent Court of International Justice.

This may mean that Lord CECIL has given up hoping. Or it may be that he was impressed by the explanations of why the Government hesitated to sign. Not that Lord CUSHENDUN'S explanation was really an explanation at all. It was an accusation that Lord CECIL was using the League of Nations Union to propagate his own policy, not the Government's. Lord SALISBURY said that the Government hesitated to sign the optional clause because "many parts of international law were almost chaotic." Lords BUCKMASTER, ASTOR, PHILLIMORE and BALFOUR OF BURLEIGH sided with Lord CECIL. The Ministers' view received no verbal support.

The present Government can be persuaded but not bought. Lady ASTOR pressed the Ministry of Labour to increase its grant of sixty thousand pounds to the Central Committee on Women's Unemployment, remembering that "there were going to be a good many women-voters at the next Election." Sir A. STEEL-MAITLAND intimated that no "unworthy motives" would influence the Government to be unduly generous to this among many excellent institutions for which money must be found.



A HIGHLAND LOW COMEDIAN.
MR. MACQUISTEN.

A Labour Resolution does not often get a welcome from the Conservative benches, but Mr. GRENFELL'S motion, that legislation to control road transport was urgently required, met with



Gentleman (early seventeenth century). "NO, JOHN, I CANNOT SEE ANYONE. I 'M HAVING A SMOKING-LESSON."

no opposition. Mr. MACQUISTEN did indeed unburden his thrifty soul in a plea against the roundabout system which, he said, frequently resulted in his having to give the taximan an extra sixpence; but Mr. MACQUISTEN is the House's licensed mirth-provoker.

Mr. GRENFELL's picture of our roads, little better and no more numerous than in 1911, but carrying twice as many light and six times as many heavy motor vehicles, was formidable. Colonel ASHLEY welcomed the motion because it showed how necessary was the early passage of his Road Transport Bill. "Its urgency would force it through," he added, meaning, presumably, through the Government's diffidence in getting on with it. There would be an inquiry into the whole question of road traffic, he intimated, but it would not postpone action on the Bill.

Mr. MELLER urged the House to deplore Socialist Boards of Guardians. Mr. SCURR moved an amendment to the effect that there couldn't be too many of them. The House refused to accept this view.

Thursday, February 16th.—Public business was abandoned on this day, both in the Lords and the Commons, in order that the leaders of Parties, his old friends and colleagues and opponents, might pay sincere and eloquent tribute to the memory of the late Lord OXFORD, himself the unrivalled master of "the lapidary art."

POLO FOR THE POOR.

(Being an account of certain earnest antics performed in the South American off-season.)

II.—THE CHALLENGE.

IT does not convey much to say that the San Gregorio Polo Club improved in its standard of play—it could have got no worse. But it was many a weary day before anything like team work was introduced. Nor was the club without drawbacks such as Hurlingham and Ranelagh have not to withstand. One of them was the open hostility of the adjoining golf club. The distraction of knowing that San Gregorio was pursuing its sport in the vicinity ruined Saturday golf, and the tenth and eleventh holes, which were contiguous to the polo field, became by far the most difficult on the course. The procedure ultimately adopted by the golfers was to suspend their game while polo was raging near them and shout insulting remarks at the players. We, however, were either too earnest about remaining upon our horses or too much engaged ourselves in shouting counsels, commands and curses to pay any attention to mere golfers, or even to hear them at all. They would pursue their flaccid amusement even when we had gone to the far side of the field and spend their nineteenth hole inventing rude comments upon our noble sport.

It cannot be denied that we began by being unorthodox. Our mounts were varied and variable, the latter according to Leaf's solvency as reflected in their feed. They were of different heights and differing speeds, from sluggish to very slow, except the privately-owned chargers of Brooks and Harcourt. Of these one was a razor-backed chestnut of such height that no known length of polo-stick was enough for him. This was Price-Jones's favourite. He rode very short, and had to rest his stomach on his knees in order to reach down to make a shot, laying his head against the side of the animal's neck nearest the ball. Another was a trained hackney which had a high-stepping trot faster than the gallop of most of the others. It was found best with him to trot swiftly to within a short distance of the ball and then put him into a canter; but this process was difficult, as he never took kindly to anything but his trot, and the effort involved in getting him out of it made it difficult to spare any attention for hitting the ball when reached.

It is a fact that on one occasion a member cantered rapidly up to the ball and then stopped dead. On being sharply remonstrated with by an opponent who was following close behind, he replied plaintively, "But how can I hit the ball if I don't pull up?" But it is *not* true that some of us at the beginning carried a selection of sticks



Dissatisfied Customer (at third-rate country hotel). "WAITER! ASK THE PROPRIETOR WHY THE COFFEE IS SO WEAK."
Waiter. "NO NEED TO ASK 'IM, SIR. I CAN TELL 'EE MYSELF. EITHER THERE 'S TOO MUCH WATER OR NOT ENOUGH COFFEE."

of different lengths and shapes of head in a golf-bag on the near side under the impression that there was a special club for each kind of shot.

By the time that Brooks's little girl (who, you may remember, had been given a guitar as a consolation for the loss of her pony, commandeered for our polo) was beginning to play BACH fugues, we had a few players who could be relied on to remain seated under provocation and who could hit the ball quite frequently if not too much hustled. One of these was a Latin-American recruit who had joined our awe-struck gathering, bringing three ponies, a helmet in a brass-bound hat-box, a red waistcoat of his own, and a six-cylinder with a special extending stretcher-seat to go home in. We relaxed our rule as to poverty in his case because he was a sportsman and his play was in the same humble class as our own.

Not long after he joined we heard that a famous and fashionable club not far distant were also starting polo for players who were poor both in ability and purse, and we applauded this extension of the democratic principle in polo. One memorable afternoon Brooks arrived at the ground with an air of great mystery and importance. Assembling the members, he produced a letter written on the paper of the rival club, and couched in the following terms:—

The Committee of the Paupers' Club have asked me to convey their compliments to the San Gregorio Polo Club, and to inform them that a public-spirited member of this club has presented a handsome Challenge Cup, carved out of the finest Quebracho and to be known as the Oliver Twist Bowl. The Cup is to be competed for only by clubs having for their object the propagation of Polo for the Poor.

As the Committee understand that the S.G.P.C. comes within this classification, they desire to say that they are prepared to consider a challenge for the Bowl, to be played on the Workhouse ground at this Club on any convenient date.

I am to add that it is believed that the local English paper proposes to adopt the practice of issuing free Insurance policies against accident with each of its issues as from the first prox., and that the S.G.P.C. might find it advisable to suggest a day for the match subsequent to that date.

(Signed)
RAYMOND DE Q. F. CHEYNE-CHOLMELY.
Hon. Secretary.

After some discussion Brooks was authorised to send the following reply by registered post:—

The San Gregorio Polo Club returns with thanks the compliments of the Committee of the Paupers' Club, and has the honour to enclose one polo-glove which the Hon. Secretary is requested to fling at his Committee in the name of the S.G.P.C. He would thus save the Hon. Secretary of the S.G.P.C. his train-fare to the Workhouse, a point which will no doubt be appreciated by the Committee.

The S.G.P.C. is quite willing to allow the Paupers time to get insured cheaply, and therefore suggests the 21st prox. as a suitable date for the match.

It is requested that the polo-glove may be returned when flung, as it is required for other purposes.

No sooner had the terms of this missive been decided than everyone threw himself into the business of practising more loudly than ever.

(To be continued.)

"By the merest coincidence the two events coincided."—*Evening Paper.*
How often this happens!

THE UNSPEAKABLE TOWN.

SHE decided at last.

"I want to go to a little place right down at the bottom of the neck," she said, "facing the morning sun. Hardly anyone ever goes there, but I've just heard from Angela that there's quite a good hotel. She was there two years ago."

"What's it called?" I said. She told me.

"Do it again." She did it again.

"I thought you said it was right down at the bottom of the neck," I complained.

"So it is."

"That one seemed to come entirely from the nose and lips."

"Well, you've got to go and tell THOS. COOK that we're going there."

"I can't," I said; "I can't possibly. Not that one. I can do a lot of things—Mentone, Cannes, St. Raphael, Hyères, Aigues-Mortes. Listen to me rolling a few r's; pause a moment while the reverberations are dying away. But you have to have had a nursery-governess from Tours to do the one you did. Isn't there anything simpler than that to identify it?"

"The Visigoths had it," she said, "and the Saracens."

"Nothing ever daunted *them*," I said. "Any more?"

"Somebody or other was born or died there. I forget which."

"Died," I said; "almost certainly. Anything else?"

"BAEDEKER says it's noted for its red wine."

"Even he needed strengthening, you see. Really I don't think I can."

"Please, for my sake try to be brave."

So I went to THOS. COOK.

A field-officer in mufti looked at me across the counter condescendingly.

"What is the matter?" he said, noticing my troubled appearance.

"I want to go to a little place right down at the bottom of the neck, facing the morning sun, through the lips and nose, and somebody or other was born or died there, and it isn't very well known, but it has a good hotel."

"What's it called?" he inquired.

"It isn't," I answered; "not by me. I used to be able to drill an infantry company, but every genius has his limitations. Give me a pencil and a bit of paper, please."

I wrote it down.

He consulted his books.

"There's no such place," he said at last.

"There is, though. The Visigoths and the Saracens went there. Year after year."

"It must have got lost since then."



"WHAT DO THEY DO WITH THE OLD ONES, DADDY?"

"Not in the least. It was sighted by an English lady in '26. That's how we came to hear about it."

"Could you put your finger on it if I get a map?"

"Of course I could," I said; "but what would be the use of that? If I put my finger on it it would be completely covered up and we should lose it again. It's a frightfully small place. But facing the morning sun," I added defiantly, "and noted for its red wine. BAEDEKER had a bottle of it. He says so in his *Reminiscences of Southern France*."

He went back to his time-tables again.

"I've got it," he said at last.

"For Heaven's sake hold on at all costs. I want two return tickets at once."

"We can't book you through to it. We can only book you as far as X *viâ* Toulouse."

"How long would it take to get to X *viâ* Toulouse?"

"About twenty-four hours," he said.

"I suppose there will be old scouts there who have reconnoitred the bottom of the neck?" I asked.

"I should think so."

"All right."

Naturally, at the door I met Carruthers.

"Hullo!" he said. "What are *you* doing? Going to France?"

"Yes," I said rather coldly.

"Whereabouts?"

"If it comes to that, whereabouts are you going yourself?"

"Cannes," he said.

I gave a pretty scornful laugh.

"*Are* you?" I said. "Well, I'm *not*."

"Where *are* you going to, then?"

"Look here, Carruthers," I said, "this is a bit too much. Here am I, exhausted with a full morning's work, and a mere Riviera lounge-lizard like you comes and asks me a question like that. If you must know, I am going right down to the bottom of the neck, with some famous red wine, facing the morning sun; but you can't book through to it; where the Saracens and Angela used to go to in *lits-salon*, and somebody was born or died there, and you do it with the lips and nose *vid* Toulouse."

"Not ——, by any chance?"

"Not how much?"

"——?"

"Wait a minute till that bus goes by. Now then!"

"——."

"One of the best imitations I've heard to-day," I confessed. "Some of the minor details need elaborating, but you've got the main idea perfectly. Tell me how you came to practise it."

"I stayed there once."

"At the hotel?"

"Yes."

"What year?"

"Last spring."

"By Jove, then," I said, "it's probably still there."

And I went home vastly reassured.

EVOE.

AT THE PLAY.

"S. O. S." (ST. JAMES'S).

WHATEVER Mr. WALTER ELLIS may be accused of in the matter of his new play it won't be modernism. He asks us to believe that because *Owen Heriot's* wife has long ago died under the suspicion of having stolen the Kerensky diamonds, and his friend, *Sir Julian Weir*, is an impending Chancellor of the Exchequer who must avoid the least breath of scandal, it is impossible for young *Heriot* and *Weir's* daughter by his first wife to marry; also that the which make us gasp and stretch our eyes—the coincidence that *Lady Weir*, the thwarted wanton ("wanton" is her husband's later description of her), goes upstairs and promptly dies, having meanwhile had the presence of mind to write a letter exculpating the late *Mrs. Heriot*; the coincidence that the very bottle of sal-volatile bought for her by *Owen* should not only contain poison (by an oversight of the chemist, who broadcasted an S.O.S. about it), but be given by *Judy Weir* to young *Heriot* when he showed signs of fainting (happily he did what any decent-minded young man would do with sal-volatile—left the bottle unopened); the coincidence that the insufferably righteous innkeeper should have tracked down *Heriot's* large grey limousine and informed the police, who stopped it just at the moment when *Alan Heriot*, finally turned down by his adoring *Judy*, was buzzing off desperately to Croydon to take plane for the ends of the earth; and the final coincidence that *Sir Julian* should in the very nick of time for the unravelling of Mr. ELLIS's over-elaborate complications have touched the spring in the secret drawer of the cabinet and discovered what he did discover.



"S.O.S." (SUSPECTED OF SIN).

Lady Weir . . . . . MISS GRACIE FIELDS.
Owen Heriot . . . . . SIR GERALD DU MAURIER.
Freddie Cobb . . . . . MR. HERBERT WARING.

The play of intricate plot does not call for seriously-studied characters. These would indeed hamper the playmaker, for they have a way of refusing to act as automata and so spoiling the symmetry of the pattern. As it is the puppets march, a little stiffly, as puppets use, to their appointed ends.

The innkeeper with so keen a nose for the ungodly behaviour of the rich is an amusing enough interpolation, handled with admirable discretion by Mr. HERBERT WARING. Miss GRACIE FIELDS seemed to me able to suggest with considerable skill the mysterious unsatisfactoriness of the motiveless *Lady Weir*. Mr. GRIFFITH HUMPHREYS gave us a competent and well-observed study of a police-inspector, enriched, not in the circumstances spoiled, by touches of deft exaggeration.

Mr. HERBERT MARSHALL, as *Sir Julian*, young people will allow themselves to be stymied by this venerable taboo.

He asks us also to believe that *Owen*, obviously a gentleman in the authentic tradition, will get even with the present *Lady Weir*, whom he knows to possess evidence which would clear his dead wife, and force her hand to set the seal of her approval on the marriage by assuming the airs of a lover, decoying her to a lonely inn and taking care that there shall be witnesses of her indiscretion, he meanwhile sending her disconsolate to her room and himself sleeping in the bar-parlour. And having thus wound himself and us in this unlikely tangle he proceeds disingenuously to unravel it with the aid of elaborate coincidences

ON MOULSFORD DOWN.

I SAW a skylark springing
  Into the morning light,
He mounted singing, singing
  Till he was out of sight;
Gone was the music-bringer,
  But not what did belong,
For, though I'd lost the singer,
  I still could hear the song.

When I must quit the rhyming
  And throw the pen away,
May I go out a-climbing
  On just so glad a day,
And it go on without me,
  All sun and cloud and wind,
And someone say about me,
  "He leaves a song behind." P. R. C.

charmingly embarrassed friend and parent, with a nice kind face which suggested at least a shilling off the income-tax, played an unpromising part with skill, and the climax of the discovery, as he thought, of *Heriot's* treachery with considerable emotional effect. Sir GERALD DU MAURIER as the obsessed hero—well, one can only say what one always says—moved with his accustomed mastery of smooth accomplished technique throughout the competently produced whole. Miss GRACE WILSON was amusing in the part of the half-witted maid (*soi-disant*) at the inn; Miss BETTY STOCKFIELD was a gracious *Judy*, and Mr. GEORGE CURZON, looking quite a plausible son of his putative father, Sir GERALD, was particularly good in his moments of stress. T.

"JUDITH OF ISRAEL" (STRAND).

There can of course be no possible objection to Mr. E. DE MARNAY BARUCH'S fundamental alteration of the story of *Judith* to suit his dramatic purpose. He probably takes no more liberties with the facts than the original chronicler. But it is not possible to pretend that he has used his re-arranged material effectively or that he has improved upon his predecessor.

HOLOPHERNES, NEBUCHADNEZZAR'S masterful captain, becomes *Arrophernes* (the scholars' revision of the name, no doubt), King of Assyria, doing his own high arbitrary pleasure in the making of war and the breaking of kings and gods, his lord NEBUCHADNEZZAR disappearing entirely from the picture. JUDITH, the comely widow, becomes a beautiful Jewish virgin betrothed to one of the least good-tempered citizens of Bethulia.

The first scene, by the city-gate and the door of the temple—an effective setting—is taken up with the exposition of the misery of the beleaguered Bethulians and the quarrel between the party of compromise and surrender, led by *Judith's* unamiable young man, and the party of heroic patience and trust in the God of Israel, led by the High Priest, *Joacim*. As Hebrews in a religious mood are, on the stage at least, given to overmuch wailing and the original chronicles to much repetition which does not meet the dramatic demand for swift action, the scene goes more than a little heavily. After an interpolation in the interests of gaiety, the outpost of the Assyrian camp—with soldiers dicing for the share of the spoil of the impending battle—we come to the pavilion of *Arrophernes*. Here in a short breathless hour the great King and Captain receives and disposes of four important embassies, decreeing death here, mercy there, stays the avenging arm of *Judith*, who attempts his life in open court, is ravished by her beauty, crowns her his queen, bids his officers and servants do her homage as a goddess sharing his divinity, summons his dancers to prance before her, woos her passionately, puts his own falchion in her hand for her to slay him if she will—proves himself indeed a great gentleman rather than a drunken dissolute soldier-man. In actual fact the austerely competent handling by Mr. LEWIS CASSON of the part of the ruthless megalomaniac gives us the only real emotion of the evening.

Judith, who has so swiftly fallen in love with this impetuous wooer, cannot strike the blow that will deliver her people. *Arrophernes* invites her to his tent, but will not force her, and after a struggle between her patriotism and religion on the one hand and on the other her so swiftly-found love she approaches the already sleeping King and shortly issues with the paleagonised head. If the author gave us time to apprehend the character of his King he gave us none at all to get any real hint of the character of *Judith* and the phases of her spiritual conflict. She remained a mere vague moaning wraith, without vital interest, and it is little wonder that Miss SYBIL THORNDIKE, with all her resources, was unable to make anything of her.

Back to the city hies the patriot virgin with her bloody trophy, to receive the perfunctory congratulations of her compatriots, to suffer the coarse invective of her affianced, who suspects her of unchastity, the only unforgivable sin according to the Hebrews, and to wander forth an outcast, with her blind mother, from the city she has saved—not a very convincing substitute for the timbrels and cymbals and canticles of exaltation of the original.

It is a mournful fact that the failure of the ambitious stage-play is much more disastrous than that of the play



A LARGE SIZE IN CROWNS AND A VERY UNEASY HEAD.

Arrophernes . . . . . MR. LEWIS CASSON.
Judith . . . . . MISS SYBIL THORNDIKE.



JUDITH'S YOUNG MAN *JOEL* (MR. JOHN LAURIE) REGARDS HER STORY AS APOCRYPHAL.

which does not even attempt to aim at the gold; and criticism is qualified by the implications of this fact.

The general setting was arresting and startling without having any real touch of beauty. The large army of supernumerary players seemed to lack any real conviction of their situation. Miss PENELOPE SPENCER danced as usual with address, but forgot to leave behind the grimaces of her diverting Hammersmith interludes. Mr. FISHER WHITE was an impressive *High Priest*, within the limits of his characterless part, and his elocution gave genuine pleasure. Mr. JOHN LAURIE'S *Joel*, *Judith's* lover, was a sound work-a-day job. It is a grave disappointment to Miss THORNDIKE'S admirers that she will not discard those quavering elongations of the vowel sounds which take all the crispness and dignity out of our rich English speech and tend to make her emotional speeches one protracted moan. Nor, as I have hinted, did the author give her the opportunity of making a moving human being of the shadowy *Judith*. Mr. GRANVILLE BANTOCK'S interesting incidental music, ably conducted by Mr. ALFRED REYNOLDS, deserves mention.

T.

GROANS FROM THE VASTY DEEP.

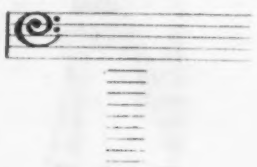
(By a Student of Profundity.)

"SMALL griefs," we know, "are vocal, mighty woes are mute"; but there are moments when the silence of deep tragedy is broken. Within the last week we have heard the bitter cry of the bass singer, "voiced" with great magnanimity by *The Star*, which has long been famous for its "trebles." The tragedy is twofold. In the first place there are very few real bass singers; in the second, those who have the voices have no songs to sing. "Nobody is writing bass songs. The men with low sonorous voices are singing the songs their fathers sang because there are no new ones," and the lot of those who sing the old songs is notoriously sad. The result is that "many singers who would otherwise be basses are having their voices trained up to baritone pitch," thus rendering the famine in *bassi profondi* even more acute. It is not merely a professional grievance; leading publicists have already joined in the complaint. Canon LYTTELTON, lamenting the lack of "big bass voices," remarks that something is happening to make all our singers tend to the baritone voice," and it has been actually stated that eminent conductors are sometimes unable to distinguish between a bass and a baritone! The Dean of ST. PAUL'S has not yet expressed his views on the subject, but it is confidently hoped that either he or the present Headmaster of Eton will deal with the subject in one of their racy evening-press harangues.

The situation is undoubtedly serious and even tragical, and the spectacle of the dwindling band of genuine basses, booming like the Chimæra in the void of neglect, gives rise in sympathetic souls to thoughts almost too deep for tears. But an attitude of unqualified pessimism is to be deprecated. To begin with, the cult of altitude, so characteristic of the present age, may be only a passing phase. Already signs of reaction are noticeable. The dominion of the skyscraper is challenged by the popularity of the bungalow. It is true that aviation impels the younger generation to strike the stars with head sublime, but the voice of the pedestrian is gaining in volume. What is happening in the domain of architecture and locomotion may spread to music. The squeals of the saxophone and the shrieks of the piccolo are not quite so popular as they were a year ago.

But it is neither necessary nor desirable to wait for the turn of the tide or the swing of the pendulum to remedy the neglect of bass singers. The situation is capable of being saved rapidly and effectively by the adoption of one or both of two measures.

(1) It is an elementary principle of acoustics that the longer the air column the deeper the note that can be produced. Tenors have short, basses have long necks. Accordingly, by the process of lengthening the larynx by surgical or other means, the range of the voice downward can be extended. The resources of bio-chemistry are not to be overlooked, and by the simple method of grafting a portion of the anatomy of the giraffe on to the human frame the shortage of basses might be indefinitely supplied. The giraffe has the longest neck of any animal, and, according to the observations of Professor GARNER, its bray reaches down to the lowest note of the organ, viz:—



(2) A less drastic method is that suggested by the fact that Russia is famous for its basses, and that residence in a country often produces in aliens the physical traits due to its climate. If English singers spent only two or three years in Russia in the course of their training they might easily add several notes or even a whole octave to the lower register of their voices. But residence is not absolutely essential. Association is often sufficient to achieve the same results, as we have seen in the case of our Anglo-Russian ballet-dancers. It is surely not an unduly extravagant proposal to suggest that an Anglo-Russian Vocal Academy, endowed by the rates, should be founded in Poplar under the direction of Mr. GEORGE LANSBURY and Mr. RUTLAND BOUGHTON.

THE WISDOM OF AGE.

(A purely personal experience.)

EACH Saturday from noon till dark
The rain sweeps down in drenching waves;
With bitter gusts, relentless, stark,
The wet wind shrieks and raves;
Each Saturday, as if by plan,
The hailstones crash, the tempests yell
(If you exclaim, "They *can't*, old man!"
I say with emphasis they can
Here where I have to dwell).

Then, by a blazing fire disposed,
Wholly untroubled, dry and warm,
I hear upon the windows (closed)
The beatings of the storm;
And as with pipe and book I laze
My thoughts at times go rambling off,
And wonderingly my memory plays
Around those mad disastrous days
When I was slave to golf.

Each Saturday in wind and rain
I used to batter through the mud
A footling ball with laboured pain
(I always was a dud);
The deluge soaked me to the shirt,
My feet were clogged with slimy clay,
The chill blasts bit me, hailstones hurt,
As, whelmed in misery and dirt,
I hacked my hideous way.

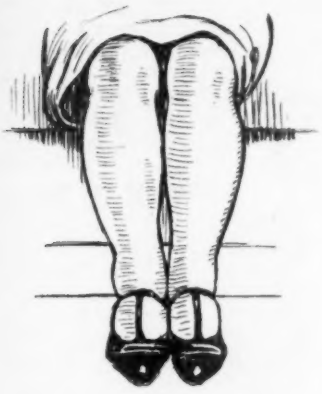
Entrapped in bunkers, lost in gorse,
In lakes of beastly mire immersed,
I held my slow erratic course,
Cursing and being cursed;
For loud above the blizzard's roar
The noise of maniac anger came;
Great brutes behind me stamped and swore,
Brandished their clubs and bellowed "Fore!"
Till I was red with shame.

I used to boast among my peers
I did it for enjoyment's sake:
But wisdom with advancing years
Bestowed the strength to break
This childish pose and set me free
From that absurd and piteous sham.
Now, clear of vision, I can see
The ass, when young, I used to be,
The wise old bloke I am.

The Latest Shape for Ladies.

"New oblong woman's 9ct. gold wristlet watch."—*Daily Paper.*

HOW IS IT THAT WHEN IN THE TUBE ONE HAS A CLEAR AND UNINTERRUPTED VIEW—



OF THESE—



AND THESE—



AND THESE—



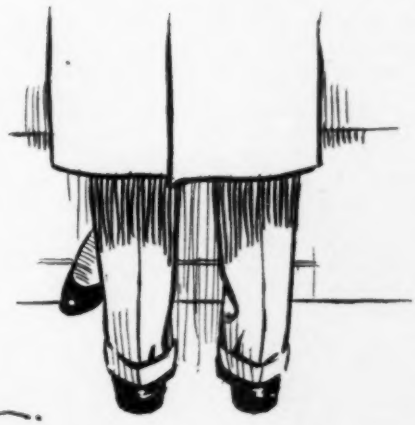
AND THESE—



AND EVEN THESE—



YET WHEN THESE APPEAR—



SOME SILLY STRAPHANGER MUST NEEDS OBSCURE THE VIEW?



Great Lady (to needy Tenor). "AS THIS CONCERT IS IN AID OF CHARITY, YOU WILL OF COURSE FORGO YOUR USUAL FEE. BUT HAVING YOUR NAME ON MY PROGRAMME IS BOUND TO BRING OTHER ENGAGEMENTS YOUR WAY, AS MY FRIENDS ARE ALWAYS ORGANISING SIMILAR CONCERTS FOR CHARITY."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

HALFWAY through the Great War a wounded officer was so ill-advised as to sing a song by BRAHMS at a village concert. An elderly lady in the audience was heard to remark afterwards that if she had been quite sure that the song was German and not (as it might have been with so many Belgians about) Flemish, she would have got up and walked out. Her difficulty, one which is apt to recur when works of art, and their creators, are judged by the prejudices of an adverse day, crops up in Mr. NORWOOD YOUNG'S *Carlyle* (DUCKWORTH), a study which presents the sage of Chelsea primarily as a Germanophile boor with uneasy reminders that he was also a man of genius. Now this seems to me unfair. The essence of CARLYLE is the genius. We were all, historians in particular, tarred with the Teutonic brush in Victorian days, and it was as much the *Zeitgeist* as personal proclivity that determined the bent of CARLYLE'S enthusiasm. His style Mr. YOUNG himself, admitting its subsequent German garnishing, derives from the paternal harangues at Ecclefechan and the literary tradition of URQUHART; and this seems to me sound enough, as indeed does all that part of the book which deals with its hero's rise to intellectual maturity and social standing. The rest, for all its passages of critical insight and fair comment, I found increasingly random and doctrinaire. CARLYLE is set down as "a mediæval peasant" ("mediæval" being throughout a term of abuse); he is saddled with a wholly disproportionate responsibility for the War, and he is finally indicted as a potential patron of Bolshevism. After this orgy of blame an uncompromising defence of FROUDE as a biographer comes as a welcome relief.

In Miss CLEMENCE DANE'S new book, *The Babyons* (HEINEMANN), a county family is plagued by the continuous reincarnation of its least satisfactory members, spirits who during their lives have been "cheated of their flesh's due experience" and who hope by reappearing in the guise of descendants to get a bit of their own back. This uncomfortable state of things is the theme of four separate stories, inaugurated by an eighteenth-century *Babyon's* refusal to marry his cousin. *Hariot Babyon* is a maniac with a large fortune, and *Sir Jamie*, her betrothed, makes a last-minute substitution of *Hariot's* companion for his *fiancée*. Before committing suicide *Hariot* threatens to keep an eye on the couple, a threat whose grim fulfilment is the theme of "Third Person Singular." Twenty-five years later, in "Midsummer Men," *Sir Jamie's* twin children repeat the tragedy with variations, *Isabella* bringing about the death of her brother *Ludovic* and herself surrendering to a gipsy lover and handing on the torch to a daughter. In "Creeping Jenny" a Victorian tradesman takes up with *Isabella's* daughter and, dismissing her after their child's birth, brings up the child as his heiress. *Mary Anne* reverts to the depressed type of *Sir Jamie's* lady; yet she is a *Babyon* too, marries a *Babyon* and enters more convincingly than her predecessors into the

family doom. The last tale, "Lady Babyon," frustrates the malevolent spirit by denying it further material for embodiment, a climax which fails of much of its effect owing to the unconvincing quality of the spirit itself. Personally I grudge romantic writing as good as Miss DANE'S (at its charming best in the gardens and parlour of the Victorian story) to such a creaking piece of mechanism as a curse and its hereditary consequences.

When J. B. BERESFORD relates
A yarn he does not take your breath
With buffetings or broken pates
Or any sort of sudden death;
Rather he deals with mental strife,
And gradually brings to view
A group of folk instinct with life,
Who think, and make you do it too.

His *All or Nothing* (COLLINS) seeks
To show a millionaire who spurns
Each thing he tries because it speaks
Of disillusion, till he learns
The worth of honest truth—if we
May thus succinctly indicate
What takes him half his life to see
And half the book to formulate.

It's time well spent, for millionaires
Are seldom fashioned in a mould
(As this one is) which frankly glares
With loathing at the sight of gold;
And yet his every thought or move,
Whether it's trivial or profound,
As J. B. B.'s at pains to prove,
Is psychologically sound.

If ever a man has spent his life ramming his head against a brick wall, surely that man is Sir HERBERT A. BARKER. It speaks wonders for the quality of the head that at last he succeeded in making some impression. In *Leaves From My Life* (HUTCHINSON) he tells of a life-long struggle for the acceptance, by the medical profession, of his methods of manipulative surgery, which, if only he had been enrolled within the jealously-guarded ranks, instead of fighting as an unlicensed crusader on his own account, must surely have brought him recognition at a very early date. Seeing that both the genius of the man himself and the supreme value of his technical accomplishment had to be acknowledged eventually, it is particularly pleasant to remember that, in spite of the none too broad-minded attitude of the profession as a whole towards him, he never lacked friends among the orthodox and that the petition for his knighthood was endorsed by some of the most eminent surgeons of the day. His book, though it has many admirable personal touches—for instance, a charming impressionist note of Mr. W. T. STEAD—and though it many times becomes quite thrilling in its description of suddenly-performed "cures" following long disablement, yet is too much the history of recent controversies to be really very readable. The notorious case of the late DR. AXHAM, Sir HERBERT'S anæsthetist, sadly ill-used to the end of his days, as many of us think, necessarily fills many pages, and the book as a whole leaves one with an unpleasant feeling that, although the writer has been honoured personally, yet the fundamental position is unchanged, and that even his own very real contribution to the practice of surgery, persistently rejected for so many years, may not even now have been honestly accepted into the common fund of human knowledge.



Keen Athlete (entering ship's gymnasium). "BY JOVE, THIS IS SPLENDID! DO MANY PEOPLE USE THIS?"

Sailor (whose job it is to keep the place tidy). "YUS, OFF AN' ON. SOME OF THE 'ARF-WITTED PASSENGERS COMES NOW AN' THEN AN' MUCKS THE GADGETS ABOUT."

When I read Mr. THORNTON WILDER'S first book, *The Cabala*, I told myself to remember the author's name and that some day he would come back to me buttered. *The Bridge of San Luis Rey* (LONGMANS) has justified my belief in Mr. WILDER (and myself), for I can say that this is a better book than *The Cabala*, and I can add that only a man capable of writing a better one still could have written

it. It is in fact a distinct advance on *The Cabala* (where story was wanting); it shows a fine imagination. Mr. WILDER here tells a clever and original tale in quite the great manner. It could nevertheless have done with some speeding-up. The scene is Peru, the date 1714. The foot-bridge of San Luis Rey, near Lima, falls and five travellers lose their lives. *Brother Juniper*, a Franciscan (the book is built upon his fictitiously historical findings), sees the accident and apparently forgetting words once said of the fall of the Tower of Siloam, seeks to account for the ways of Providence by an inquiry into the life-histories of the victims, a curiosity which leads him to the stake. The dead consist of an elderly marquesa, her girl-companion, the little son of a famous actress, the latter's manager and a humble youth going forth to seek fortune. These different entities bear directly or indirectly on each other; and upon the weaving of the various threads (these and some others) into his tapestry Mr. WILDER is to be congratulated. I am left of the opinion that Providence, in its rending of the bridge, acted in the best interests of all concerned, with the exception, perhaps, of *Brother Juniper*, whose name I like and whom I should have wished to see more of; but woe's me, the attractive little friar only appears at first and last. I shall continue to expect of Mr. WILDER.

Mr. ROBERT GRANT is an enterprising novelist, and readers of *Shoon!* (MURRAY) will find that he has told his tale of adventures in Mexico with a humour which is very real, though occasionally a little unrestrained. From a bevy of nicely-chosen characters I select for special mention a man of vast integrity and persistence, who was shocked beyond endurance by the schemes of a most oleaginous oil-magnate; the magnate's wife, whose heart was as excellent as her vulgarity was unsurpassable, and an English man-servant with an unusual genius for relieving tense situations. With these and other actors Mr. GRANT does some clever and original conjuring. In his penultimate page I find a suggestion that he may give us a further instalment of these "adventures in Mexico," but I am doubtful whether it would not be wiser to let these amusing people lie undisturbed. They have stayed a short course wonderfully well, but I do not think that they are bred for Marathons.

Colonel GEOFFREY BROOKE, who has written soundly on the theory of English horsemanship and horsemastership, besides being a brilliant exponent of the practice of them in riding-school, show-ring and hunting-field, has had the happy idea of continuing his competent course of instruction in the form of a novel—*Horse-Lovers* (CONSTABLE). The true hero of the artless tale is a 16·2 bay gelding, *Crusader*, who was unhappily sold by a mysterious *Mr. X.* to a heavy-handed profiteer, *Sir Joseph Potts*, then happily bought, re-schooled and hunted by beautiful *Diana Gibson*, and finally ridden a winner in the big 'chase at Bickhampton, partly by *Diana's* squire, *Dick*, and partly by *Mr. X.*, who got him first past the post in a way I must leave you to find out. Our author does not disdain to be very explicit: "Diana now rode him in a short-check double bridle, with a broad leather curb-chain. In this way she was able to balance, check, collect and stop him without effort"—and so forth, *passim*. He has some sense of characterisation and of caricature, and is in the great tradition in pouring scorn on *Sir Joseph*, the Cockney sportsman, giving him no credit even for his courage in attempting to ride *Crusader*. His people talk little or nothing but horse, which is quite in the picture. The great run from Green Leas to Ashford Grove has the authentic ring. As a useful "Riding without Tears" and a guide to the jolly jargon of the craft it is to be heartily commended.

Short Head (COBDEN SANDERSON) is a first novel of ability and I therefore hesitate to describe it as "written by a Catholic for Catholics." It deserves a wider public than that, and yet I must warn the Protestant reader that Mr. GODFREY CHILDE will irritate him by his attitude of calm superiority towards the poor benighted creatures who are still outside the fold. Putting religion apart (as the author too seldom does) we have here the love-story of *Antony Herrick*, agent to a country landowner, and at the same time a very vivid picture of English country life as enjoyed by the few whom fortune has ranked as "scratch or better." (You may take *Antony* himself as "scratch": he had a lovely old QUEEN ANNE manor-house, no incumbrances and eight hundred pounds a year). For these favoured ones England, even post-war England, is a good place to live in, and Mr. CHILDE has sketched the delights of it with considerable charm. *Antony* in fact had a good many compensations for the ultimate loss of *Anne Bullen*, who loved him but would not marry him. He had also, and on that note the story closes, the overwhelming consolations of his religion. For the reason I have indicated I have had some difficulty in reading this book, but I shall look forward with interest to its successor. It might easily be a very good one.



Small Girl. "STAMP, PLEASE—A STRONG ONE, 'COS IT 'S GOING TO AUSTRALIA."

There was simply no stopping the young American girl who plays the leading part in *Beating Wings* (CASSELL). Uneducated to a great extent and totally uncultured, *Ellie Lessing* determined that she must at least learn to talk correctly, and in this department of culture she received valuable assistance from a man who began by teaching her how to dive and finished by teaching her how to love. A charming girl, frank, ambitious and of an industry quite superb; yet was it necessary for Mr. R. W. CHAMBERS to endow her quite so bountifully with gifts? She swam magnificently, she danced exquisitely, she was "born to the saddle"; in ten minutes she learned to cast a fly nearly as far as her expert teacher. Where she really became famous was in the art of sculpture, which she learned at top speed and with amazing ease. Yet in spite of these staggering feats I never actually disbelieved in her. Clever Mr. CHAMBERS.

CHARIVARIA.

MR. PHILIP SNOWDEN has estimated that Mr. J. H. THOMAS's laundry bill for dress-shirts must be eighteen pounds a year. We understand that Mr. THOMAS has decided not to worry providing the next Labour Government does not introduce a spat tax.

* * *

Purley residents complain of the excessive number of burglaries in their district, but it is not stated what they would consider the right proportion. It is believed that a general inquiry would result in the disclosure that some districts are scandalously under-burgled.

* * *

A writer complains that Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL has been photographed with one hand in his pocket. The natural thing, of course, is for a Chancellor of the Exchequer to have both his hands in other people's pockets.

* * *

A new style of woman's hat resembles a head of hair. We still hope to see a new style of woman's hair that resembles a head of hair.

* * *

The U.S. Internal Revenue Bureau has defined the head of the family as an individual who actually supports and maintains in one household one or more individuals. Poppa seems to be indicated.

* * *

The Treaty of Friendship between Switzerland and Afghanistan, which has just been signed, is understood to have been facilitated by the similarity of their views on maritime questions.

* * *

At the conclusion of a football-match in Tunis spectators pelted one another with stones; revolver-shots were fired at one of the captains, and a young girl was slashed with a razor. The absence of any mention of the referee suggests that Tunisians haven't quite grasped the niceties of the game.

* * *

"Generally one member of a family is ample in print," says Lady ELEANOR SMITH. An exception of course is made in the case of the SMITHS.

* * *

During the last six months 3,668 umbrellas were left behind on the Southern Railway. Umbrellas are always rather slow movers.

Mr. ARNOLD LUPTON relates that the L.C.C. refused the application of a well-known Liberal for permission to start a fleet of steamboats on the Thames. The L.C.C., however, has no authority over the rising tide of Liberalism.

* * *

In consequence of the complaints of farmers that the B.B.C. does not engage speakers with practical knowledge of the subject to give wireless talks on agriculture it is anticipated that arrangements will be made to broadcast a grumble.

* * *

An American firm of publishers has adopted the plan of issuing detective-novels with the last pages sealed up and offering to refund the price of the book to anyone who returns a copy with the seal unbroken. We predict a vogue for the best-sealer.

* * *

Our suggestion is that this system might be applied to the theatre, so that those who don't wait for the last Act of a sensational mystery-drama could get their money back.

* * *

A German chemist has invented a fluid which will dissolve anything. It would be interesting to know what he keeps it in.

* * *

We hear that, when Madame Tussaud's reopens shortly, the famous living sportsmen represented will be found to include a British heavy-weight pugilist. We visualise a recumbent figure.

* * *

A published photograph of Mr. BEVERLEY NICHOLS immediately after his interview with President COOLIDGE shows him as much the same as he was before; nor is the experience thought to have perceptibly aged the PRESIDENT.

* * *

A television expert is convinced that we can look forward to watching plays, court cases, weddings, football and cricket matches from our firesides. The problem of keeping warm while watching cricket seems on the point of solution.

* * *

The parents of a well-known lady-novelist, we are told, never made the slightest attempt to educate her for the profession of writing. Parents of lady-novelists are sadly apt to be neglectful in this respect.

* * *

Complaints have been made in the House of Commons about the influx of Irishmen into Scotland during the last few years. On the other hand Scotsmen continue to complain bitterly about the number of Englishmen in England.

* * *

Among the exhibits at the British Industries Fair is a pill said to be full of Vitamin D which is causing much comment. But it isn't causing half so much comment as the little pill known as Schedule D which Mr. CHURCHILL has been sending out.

* * *

Motorists, most of them visitors from other parts, paid one hundred-and-forty pounds in fines at Highgate Police Court in one day. It would have shown more sense of citizenship if they had supported their local police-courts.

* * *

One who signs himself "Professional Poet" writes to *The Daily Express* to say that not every poet writes poetry for a hobby. We always suspected that many of them do it for spite.

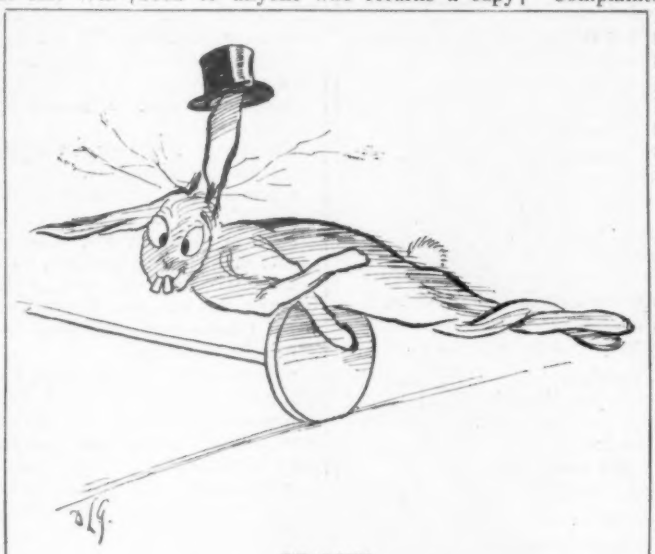
* * *

A newly-elected Member of Parliament has been telling his constituents that for the first few days he had the utmost difficulty in finding his way out of the House of Commons. What mystifies the average man is how some Members manage to find their way in.

From the Exchange column of a well-known weekly:—

"*The Tour of Dr. Syrtax* (S. T.) Value 5/-."

This is no doubt the rare and refreshing work by RAMOSINI MACDONALDO with illustrations by FILIPPO SINODONI.



REALISM.

SPECIAL DESIGN FOR ELECTRIC HARE (FOR MARCH USE ONLY).

THE PENALTIES OF GREATNESS.

[Thoughts on Sir ALFRED MOND's trip to Ur of the Chaldees.]

Among the banes of public life
That penalise a politician
I note that when the Great Man starts
Careering into foreign parts
(Although companioned by his wife)
He is the object of suspicion.

Especially is this the case
If his intention is to visit
A region off the vulgar line,
Like Mesopot or Palestine;
Some hidden motive here we trace,
Something ulterior—ah! what is it?

So when we heard that ALFRED MOND
Was bound for Demi-Orient nations
We wondered if he had his eye
On deals in oil or alkali,
Knowing that he was strangely fond
Of large financial operations.

Yet to such thoughts, as now we know,
He'd risen (for the time) superior;
His purpose, absolutely pure,
Was just a well-conducted tour,
And I shall shortly hope to show
His motives weren't at all ulterior.

But, as through Iraq's sands he ploughed,
The natives, peeved because he cherished
Zionist plans which they deplore,
Barred his approach at Baghdad's door,
And, if he hadn't dodged the crowd,
Our ALF might very well have perished.

Yet with a new Jerusalem
His chest was not (just then) inflated;
All innocent his motives were:
He only wished to go to Ur
And there to see (with Lady M.)
The jolly antiques excavated.

To be obscure how better far!
No fanatics would raise alarums,
No hint of commerce would occur
If you or I went out to Ur
(Ur of the Chaldees) in a car
To view the gems of hoary harems! O. S.

Snags our Fishermen have to put up with.

"Salmon angling on the high-class Scottish rivers must be one of the most costly of our indoor sports."—*Scots Paper.*

"Our most common British bird is not the sparrow, says an eminent naturalist, but the meadow pulpit."—*Weekly Paper.*

Apparently a bird of Paradise.

"The proposal to transfer the headquarters of the League of Nations from Geneva to Vienna is being much discussed on the Continent. To a very large part of Europe the Swiss capital appears to be 'off the map.'"—*London Correspondent, Daily Paper.*

Berne certainly appears to be off the London Correspondent's map.

"PUNCH, a huge shire horse, weighing 18 cwt. and standing 17 hands, had a remarkable adventure yesterday. He fell down a narrow area 10 feet deep, and had to be raised with 20 trusses of straw placed under his feet a handful at a time. His fall occurred less than 50 yards from his stable . . . and lasted well over an hour."—*Daily Paper.*

His namesake, Mr. Punch, is of the opinion that many fatalities might be avoided if falls could be so regulated as to occur at an average rate of two inches per minute.

MY GARDEN CHAT.

(With apologies to that distinguished horticulturist, Miss MARION CRAN, whose "Garden Talks" have long been a feature of the B.B.C.)

I AM getting thoroughly tired of Jukes. I don't want to say that he isn't a good gardener or that he doesn't know his job; but his obstinate behaviour in putting everything in the garden that he likes and nothing that I have ordered is rousing the devil in me.

Mind you, he doesn't openly flout my wishes; but he knows that I am totally ignorant of this business of horticulture and he trades on my weakness most basely. If, for example, I go to him and say, "Now, Jukes, I want some of those jolly blue spiky sort of flowers this year—they grow in clumps, *you* know"—he merely scratches his head and remarks, "Too late for perennial coreopsis if that 's wot you mean, Ma'am."

He knows that will silence me at once. I have my pride. How often have I wished I possessed the knowledge that would enable me to bully Jukes; and it was only after I had listened-in to several garden chats over the wireless that I realised how easy it was to speak in the language of the expert. I decided to have a garden chat with Jukes on the same lines.

Jukes was in the garden digging—I mean earthing-up—when I approached him.

"I want some new roses in this year," I said.

"You 're too late," he began; but I was ready for him.

"I have planted roses," I said, affecting all the authority of the broadcasting method, "as late as March, when the wind moaned and shrieked in the bare boughs and the sky wept in grey misery. Remember, Jukes, the Ides of March—but I have been careful not to put manure at the roots."

"Ar," said Jukes.

"So you see you can plant any time up to April. And don't raise obstacles, for 'I will woo the dainty rose,' as HOOD said—he was a poet and satirist of the last century. And, Jukes, I think you 'd better prepare that middle bed for Polly Buzzards. Polly's lovely brazen blooms indicate her character. She flaunts her beauty, scattering her petals to the four winds, boldly catching the eye of man, enslaving him. The price is only four-and-six each, with a reduction on the dozen. Polly Buzzard. I 'll repeat that. Don't forget there are two 'z's.'"

"Never 'eard of it," said Jukes.

I had never heard of it either, but it sounded quite authentic.

"Never heard of it!" I exclaimed in well-simulated amazement.

"No," replied Jukes doggedly.

"That 's because Polly is one of the newest hybrids, I suppose, and you are behind the times, my good man. But I have other loves," I continued, drawing on my imagination again, for I never can remember the real names that are told me on the wireless. "Are you, like me, a flirt, Jukes? Do you give your heart not once but many times? Could you 'die of a rose in aromatic pain'? Do you snatch at the sweetness of a Florrie Bell; revel in the beauty of the proud Maud Jones; let your lips flutter over the damask heart of Nellie Webster? All these are very cheap lines—two-and-six the dozen, and for all orders over ten shillings most florists include a free gift of choice selected plants. And now, Jukes, let us talk of wistarias. . . ."

But Jukes had turned once more to earthing-up. And, strange to say, he did not arrive to do the garden as usual this week, so I fear he has deserted us. What shall I do about getting the roses in? I think I shall write to the B.B.C. for advice. It would serve them right.



"WHY DOES A CHICKEN CROSS THE ROAD?"

BECAUSE OF THE RIVAL INDUCEMENTS OFFERED.



Mother (to daughter, who has been to show her work to an artist preparatory to taking up an artistic career). "WELL, MY DEAR, HOW DID YOU GET ON?"
Daughter. "HE WAS NOT VERY ENCOURAGING."
Mother. "WHAT DID HE SAY?"
Daughter. "HE DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING; HE JUST BURST INTO TEARS."

INSULARS ABROAD AGAIN.

PERCIVAL AND THE STOVE.

Percival and I and Frances were lent a flat in Paris for a few days on our way back from the Riviera. It was a typical French flat; that is to say, in the sitting-room there was a large stove round which the flat had obviously been built, and in a small box on the ground floor there was an Eocene *concierge* over whom, judging from her age and appearance, the whole block of flats had originally been erected.

The owner of the flat being a bachelor, the *concierge* "did" for him daily, and this "doing" specifically included the care of the stove, which, like herself, rarely went out, muttered perpetually and was of an incredible antiquity. It was evidently her pet, and she told us all about its workings the first afternoon, though, since she suffered from an Aude *patois* and an unfortunate lack of teeth on the O.P. side of her mouth, Frances, our French scholar, was the only one who understood anything at all. Through her we gathered that it was the type of stove which burnt for days without attention, but, if it did go out, had to be completely emptied and eviscerated and took several hours of skilled labour, together with a pound of red-hot charcoal, to get going again. It was, in short, the kind of stove which has made France what she is to-day.

Just before going to bed Percival committed a grave error. Although the stove was burning well he stirred it up through the little bars at the bottom. One should never poke French stoves. They are highly temperamental. This one immediately sulked, so Percival rashly tickled it up again. When he finally went to bed it was in a very feeble state of health, with a sub-normal temperature, and looked as though it would die in the night.

At an early hour next morning I was conscious of vague noises, which by eight-thirty definitely sounded like someone of uncertain temper adjusting refractory machinery with a wrong-sized spanner. While collecting impressions about this I dropped off to sleep again. Percival, being made of sterner stuff, got up and padded into the sitting-room to see what it really was.

The silent appearance of Percival in amber-and-sky pyjamas must have been a bit of a shock to an old *concierge* whose mind was fixed on troublesome stoves. I gather she mistook him at first for some sort of MESSAGE. Percival too was equally surprised. Whatever he had expected to see he was not prepared for an unbelievably witch-like old woman in a purple knitted tam-'o-shanter and a kind of black *soutane* crouched in an attitude of worship in front of the stove and enveloped in swirling clouds of dust. As he said afterwards it quite unmanned him, and momentarily he ascribed the vision to the continuance of one of his more realistic *hors-d'œuvre* dreams.

He managed however to stammer out something like "*Bon matin!*" Whereupon the *concierge* uttered a brief and pungent malediction—or it may have been a kindly response to his salutation. Percival is not good at the sort of remarks they pass at each other down in Aude.

Feeling that he could hardly return to bed at this juncture without seeming discourteous, he pointed to the stove and said, "*Il ne marche pas*, then?" In

reply the hag merely shook her head vigorously, re-distributing in the process fresh clouds of dust which had settled in the purple-knitted tam-'o-shanter. Percival was thus left uncertain whether her negative was meant to agree with and supplement his remark or to cancel it out into a positive. And as it was instantly followed by yards of explanatory speech, of which he could barely understand a single inch, he advanced to see for himself.

He says he is not certain how he came to find himself on hands and knees staring into the mystery of the stove side by side with the old woman. Anyhow there he was. He gazed uncomprehendingly at a last dying gleam in the heart of the creature, and the *concierge* bombarded his left ear with dentally-mutilated Aude dialect, from which Percival vaguely gathered that, owing to inexperienced handling last night by fools—he understood that bit quite clearly—the stove had got so low that it could not be resuscitated.

"*Alors*," said Percival, to show he knew all about these things, "we must rake it right out and start afresh?"

"*Oui, oui, oui, oui*," said the old woman, shaking her head. Then she nodded emphatically and said, "*Non, non, non.*" She was by no means an easy person to converse with.

"Come on then, gran'ma," said Percival, rudely interrupting further torrential speech, and laid hands upon the stove.

"*Chô! Très chô!*" remarked the witch—just too late. She uttered an eldritch chuckle as Percival swore—a chuckle which penetrated through two doors into my dreams and caused me to wake Frances up and ask her what the joke was, thus inaugurating a misunderstanding which lasted till luncheon. . . . However.

The hag then got up and went out, evidently in search of further weapons. From a final outpouring of unintelligible instructions Percival understood he was to get the stove ready against her return.

Anxious to distinguish himself, Percival instantly concentrated on raking out the last dying gleam and emptying the stove ready for relaying and relighting. He was not particularly successful. It is very difficult to rake out the last dying gleam in a French stove. The more he tried the more it retreated into the recesses of interminable fuel descending from above, while ashes settled on the furniture as thick as Vesuvius on Pompeii. For a moment he was tempted to give up, then a wholesome fear that the *concierge* might cast a spell upon him for inefficiency stirred him to final effort, and in desperation the poor boob emptied a vaseful of water into the heart of the animal.

There was a loud report; steam and ashes mingled in immoderate quantities; Percival's pyjamas changed magically from sky and amber to navy and brown. In the midst of this cataclysm the witch made a re-entry.

She glanced at the stove and rapidly emitted metre after metre of what was now quite unmistakably invective. Seizing his opportunity during a brief *entr'acte*, Percival made for the door and went back to bed, where he stayed all the morning.

Wisely too; for not only was it the warmest part of the flat, but he was out of the way of the *concierge*, and from her Frances has just elicited, after half-an-hour's patient excavation, that she found the stove completely out at 7 A.M., and that what Percival had later taken for a last dying gleam was really a first tender glow, the result of an hour-and-a-quarter's labour. A. A.



Quartermaster (to boy in difficulties with signal halliards). "HO! VERY 'ANDSOME—VERY 'ANDSOME INDEED! ALL WE WANT NOW TO MAKE A JOE OF IT IS A LITTLE DAB O' SEALIN'-WAX."

"Mr. ——, the famous motorist . . . has created a novel precedent . . ."—*Sunday Paper.* Quite the best kind of precedent, we always think.

POLO FOR THE POOR.

(Being an account of certain earnest antics performed in the South American off-season.)

III.—THE MATCH.

THE selection of a team for the match against the Paupers was a matter of some brain-work. Brooks and Harcourt were easy, since it was quite essential to have someone to hit the ball. Señor Gonzalez was included for the sake of his ponies, the idea being to confuse the enemy by giving the team the appearance of being much faster than it actually was. He himself was so struck by this strategic idea that he provided himself with an extremely swift but quite untried pony for use in the match, with consequences which will appear later. The enormous O'Gorman completed the team with the object of cowing the foe.

On the fateful day San Gregorio turned up in white shirts and khaki breeches, while the Paupers were clad in grey army shirts adorned with large black patches, an advertisement of their alleged poverty which we considered in rather poor taste. The game itself consisted of an exhibition of very bad polo, relieved only by the extreme earnestness of both sides. Señor Gonzalez rushed up and down the field with incredible speed, to the admiration of all, without contributing to the score. When an enemy became dangerous O'Gorman would be brought into play to ride him off. Brooks and Harcourt hit most of their easy shots and missed all the difficult ones, except for an occasional frenzy of brilliance which would upset everybody so much that no one could hit the ball for the rest of the chukker.

The ponies, as is well known, enjoy polo. Ours joined in the game when they could and kicked effectively. It is very difficult to train a pony to do this, but if he is well trained he can help a great deal, because he is much nearer the ball and has four legs to kick it with. But your pony must know you. Very often he is unduly optimistic and expects you not to miss; then if you *do* miss it leaves him very little time to get in a shrewd kick; but if he realises that you probably *will* miss then he can kick with much greater precision. Should he unfortunately not be successful there is no harm in your having another try to hit the ball yourself. Our ponies had been trained in this method. It is a good one in certain classes of polo, as there is obviously a greater chance of the ball being struck with five implements than with one.

When the final chukker began we were two goals all. Señor Gonzalez produced his latest pony, O'Gorman mounted the lofty chestnut and play was resumed in deadly earnest. The enemy pressed from the first and took the ball to within a few yards of our goal. There was a scrum, in which everyone but Señor Gonzalez joined; his pony kept him prancing about on the outskirts after the manner of a scrum-half. Quite suddenly the ball rolled out in his direction. He knocked it along a short distance and his pony jumped into a gallop. Gonzalez waved his stick helplessly and by great good luck hit the ball again. Amid thunderous cheers from friend and foe alike he overtook the ball and hit it *for the third time in succession*, thus creating a record for the San Gregorio Club. His whole weight was behind the blow, and the speed at which he was going gave the ball such an impetus as would have brought green to the eyes of a MILBURN.

The pony had now stretched himself and was going like a Derby winner. The ball rolled to within a short distance of goal, and Gonzalez tried to steady his mount. But the pony had forgotten all about polo. Ignoring the ball, he went on through the goal-posts, still gathering speed. There was a considerable stretch of ground beyond ending in a wire fence. It seemed to be the pony's plan to take this in his stride; but when he came to it he changed his mind and his course with extreme suddenness. He gave no hint of this beforehand to Gonzalez, who naturally went straight on and hit the ground with the most sickening thud.

Meantime the field, forgetting polo in the excitement of the chase, thundered after. Gonzalez was found to be unfractured but excessively winded. Anxious onlookers of the San Gregorio faction raised him in their arms and bore him towards the club-house. O'Gorman headed the procession on his heroic-sized charger, and the bearers were escorted by the remainder of the teams, three on each side, their polo-sticks at the carry. The cavalcade was met halfway by the wounded man's six-cylinder with the special stretcher ready for action, and, looking more like a funeral than ever, the rival teams conducted him to the Paupers' Workhouse.

There Gonzalez recovered his powers of speech and also of absorption, and it was not till then that the adversaries remembered that they had forgotten to finish the match. It was decided that to return to the field would be an anti-climax, and the great contest was declared drawn.

Unfortunately this was the last match ever played by the San Gregorio Polo Club, for thereafter it slowly disintegrated. The process undoubtedly began with the sudden departure of Harcourt for Home, and it was assisted by the uncontrollable efficiency on the guitar at which Brooks's little girl had arrived. For it is said that Mrs. Brooks found it necessary to insist that her husband's pony should be put to its original job of carrying the child, while Brooks weaned her from her passion for the instrument by playing it himself. But the decisive factor was the increasing insolvency of the jobmaster, which reduced his ponies to such a state of attenuation and apathy that the members of the club have now unanimously abandoned polo for hockey because they find it a faster game.



IT WAS AN AUDACIOUS SUITOR WHO, HAVING FAILED, ASKED THE HEIRESS FOR HIS RAILWAY-FARE.

"In Euripides there is cut and come again."
Sunday Paper.

Personally we never have more than one helping of *The Trojan Women*.



Passenger (lurching heavily). "IT 'S ONLY IN A GALE LIKE THIS YOU REALISE WHAT AN ATOM YOU ARE."

HATS IN JAPAN.

["The tall hat is being imported in large numbers into Japan."
Press Report.]

O GENTLEMEN of Nippon, that fair isle
("Isles" would be more correct, there being two)
Where Nature really does the thing in style,
And awe-struck gazers murmur, "What a view!"
Land of chrysanthemum and budding cherry
And peony and every kind of berry,
And Fujiyama, which is lovely, very,
They say you 've started toppers. Is this true?

We in its day regarded that same hat,
Though formidable, as the only wear;
A terror for the bald, we swallowed that;
The toy of wind and rain, we didn't care;
Only to be observed without one's topper
Would have been almost, if not quite, improper;
It drew the noonday sun like burnished copper;
But in that age we suffered to be fair.

But of late years we 've put the tyrant off;
Its old-time vogue has faded, due perhaps
To a wide taste for motoring or golf
Or, maybe, leanings to a moral lapse;
We still employ its dignity for shedding
Lustre on Lord's, a funeral or wedding,
But otherwise our smart young men are spreading
Themselves on softer trifles, even caps.

It still preserves a something of its own
In our sad clime; but 'neath your kindlier star
Don't you want something of a blither tone?
This bleak unlovely stove-pipe might go far
To cast a blight on your fair panorama—
Cherry, chrysanthemum and Fujiyama;
Clash is the essence of the classic drama,
But, peonies and toppers, won't they jar?

Still, take my blessing. It 's for you to choose.
Besides, why stick to sable? You could ring
A thousand changes on a thousand blues,
Mauves, greens and daring yellows. Why not fling
Scarlet and crimson in a blinding glory
Riding the land on every upper storey?
O gentlemen of Nippon, young and hoary,
Grave men and gallivanters, that 's the thing.

DUM-DUM.

What the Bishop Meant.

From a local paper's report of the Bishop of DERBY'S address to the Derby Rotarians:—

"But the most trying part of a bishop's life was its solitariness. 'I am a clubbable man,' he said. 'I don't mean that. What I mean is that—sometimes affecting a man's career—sometimes affecting a man's career. And they must be the bishop's own decisions; no one else can do it for him.'"

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

Re the Bill to compel railway companies to provide sleeping accommodation for third-class passengers:—

"It is no joke trying to woo Nemesis in a vertical position in a third-class railway carriage on an eight-hours' journey in the middle of the night."—*Evening Paper.*

Even if you succeed, Morpheus is pretty sure to be lying in wait for you.

COMMERCE AND ART.

[In connection with the Budget, the return of the Penny Post is again being discussed.]

On the glorious day when our letters
Again for a penny are borne,
And the mercantile magnates (our betters)
Acclaim that beneficent morn
As bringing to business a fillip
It has needed for many a day,
I too shall indulge in a shrill hip-Pip-pip-pip-Hooray.

When commerce, long under the weather,
That sickly condition discards,
The boom won't be missed altogether
By even us doggerel bards;
We also shall find in our purses
Additional money to burn,
Who send out our budgets of verses
On sale or return.

If the flood that we soon shall be seeing
In the tide of commercial affairs
Isn't likely to call into being
A brisker demand for our wares,
Yet the change, though it never enlarges
Our output, will benefit rhyme
By reducing its overhead charges
To tuppence a time.

THE ANTI-TEA LEAGUE.

At last a movement is in being to save our women from themselves. At the Caxton Hall last night the Anti-Tea League, with which is incorporated the Society for the Suppression of Tannic Acid, was founded, formed, registered and inaugurated. A president, secretary and the usual officers were appointed, Committees of Interference elected, a slogan adopted and a Campaign of Action drafted and launched.

The slogan of the League,

TAKE LESS TANNIC ACID,

hung high over the platform as the president, Mr. Bumbleby, rose to make his inaugural oration. He said:—

"This great meeting of good men is gathered here to-night to stamp out the shameful appetite which is degrading our womanhood. Women have been interfering in our affairs long enough. They are now to have a taste of the teasel themselves. (Cheers.)

SLAVES TO TANNIN.

Tea is a poison. (Cheers.) Tea is not a food. (Cheers.) Tea is not nutritious. (Cheers.) Tea is a bad habit. (Cheers.) Tea is an artificial stimulant, the use of which produces a spurious sense of refreshment and vigour from which the reaction to despair and lassitude is inevitable, and this increases in intensity with every indulgence. The essential element in tea as it is consumed by the bulk of British womanhood is

TANNIN—$C_{14}H_{10}O_9$.

or tannic acid. Some might call it *Satannic* acid. (Laughter.) The action of this poison on the human system is well known. Tannin is an astringent and a mordant. It is employed in the tanning of leather. It is used in the manufacture of ink. A rump-steak dipped in tannin becomes an inky leathery incombustible object six inches square. All food consumed by our British women goes through the same chemical process,

'SUFFERS A TEA-CHANGE,'

as SHAKESPEARE said (Laughter), 'into something rich and strange.' Their insides are gradually turning into leather bags. Their alimentary canals are mere ink-wells. Gentlemen, are we going to stand by and see our British girls convert their stomachs into suit-cases? ('*Never!*')

That's what they are doing. Look at the average housewife, charwoman or cook.

Before breakfast she takes a dose of *tannic acid*.

At breakfast she takes three doses of *tannic acid*.

At about eleven o'clock she takes a dose of *tannic acid*.

After lunch she takes a good strong dose of *tannic acid*.

At tea-time she takes four or five doses of *tannic acid*.

The last thing at night she takes a dose of *tannic acid*.

Her waking thought is *tannic acid*. *Tannic acid* pursues her through the day. She sleeps on *tannic acid*. Men confine their consumption of alcohol to certain regular hours at the close of the day, but Woman is at the tannin-pot from dawn till dew—and after.

ECONOMIC DRAIN.

You know the result. Every time she yields to the craving she leaves her duties and her work, the cutlets burn unheeded, the children cry for bread, the loom stands idle, she talks gossip, she talks scandal, she sows dissension and bitterness among the subjects of the realm. The tea- or tannin-pot is an economic drain upon the resources of our country. Calculated at the average rate of half-a-pound per week per woman at two shillings per pound the nation's Tea-Bill works out at the stupendous sum of fifty-to-sixty million pounds per annum. This is too much. Our mothers are expending on a poison the hard-earned money of their husbands which should go to the education of their young, the relief of old age, the cure of consumption, the defence of our shores. ('Shame!')

TANNIC ACID AND CRIME.

But graver far, gentlemen, than any material losses is the influence of this poison on the fresh young minds and bodies of our girls. Criminal statistics show an inevitable and sinister connection between tannic acid and wrong-doing. Unmarried mothers, infant-murderers and child-beaters are invariably found to be tea-drinkers. Chorus-girls and other light-minded citizens drink nothing but tea. Go to what is called a *Thé Dansant* and you will see a painful picture of the drug at work—extravagant antics, torpid eyes, obscene sounds, irregular embraces, every kind of abnormality and excess. Tannic acid, gentlemen, and nothing else! (Cheers.)

The hysterical gallery-girl, the lunatic queue-woman, the gossip, the scandalmonger, the busy-body, the vamp are all tannin-addicts, gentlemen. Historians have observed that women, so far as they have changed at all, have grown worse rather than better down the ages. It is certain that they have not improved during the tea-consuming centuries. And it is fair, I think, to attribute most of the deficiencies and afflictions of the sex to the same insidious agent.

'UNDER THE INFLUENCE'

of tannic acid they grow nervy, self-centred, unbalanced, irresponsible, vain, devoted to pleasure and personal adornment, extravagant, amorous, uncharitable and illogical. They slander their friends, betray their lovers and murder their husbands. All this, gentlemen, has got to stop. Gentlemen we are going to get

THAT TANNIC ACID

out of the body politic!" (Prolonged cheers.)

A. P. H.

THE GOLF WIDOW'S LULLABY.

HUSH-A-BYE, Baby, pretty one, sleep,
Daddy's gone golfing to win the Club sweep;
If he plays nicely—I hope that he will—
Mother will show him her dressmaker's bill.

Hush-a-bye, Baby, safe in your cot,
Daddy's come home and his temper is hot;
Angels watch over you—angels from Heaven—
Daddy went round in a hundred-and-seven.



She. "LOOK, JOHN, THIS CARRIAGE IS FOR LADIES ONLY."
He. "I DON'T MIND. I CAN PUT UP WI' WIMMIN BETTER 'N WOT I CAN WI' SMOKE."

ELIZABETH IN KENSINGTON GARDENS.

THE daffodils were laughing as they nodded in the breeze
And perky little crocuses were playing round the trees;
The Spring was in the sunshine and the Spring was in the sky—
"I 'm sure we 'll have adventures," to Elizabeth said I.

We wandered down the Broad Walk where the chestnut buds were fat;
We watched a yellow butterfly and, when we tired of that,
We went to Peter's statue just to see what we could see—
"You never know in Springtime," said Elizabeth to me.

Perhaps you 'll not believe it, but the pedestal was bare.
We looked again for certain, then we heard a lilting air,
And there was Peter dancing on the sunlit grass close by—
"I *knew* we 'd have adventures!" to Elizabeth said I.

He waved to us to join him as he piped a merry trill;
Our feet were simply tingling and we couldn't keep them still,
So we danced to Peter's music all as happy as could be—
"He only plays in Springtime," said Elizabeth to me.

And when we 'd finished dancing it was time to say good-bye;
"That *was* a fine adventure!" to Elizabeth said I;
"For Peter Pan to dance like that when we were there to see!"
"That 's nothing—not in Springtime," said Elizabeth to me.

PORTRAIT OF A LADY.

WITH a groan of resignation and an expression of stony despair, Judy flung the letter back to me. Sunshine of a spring morning, strayed into February, streamed across the breakfast-table, gay with the first daffodils, but our hearts were heavy within us. My aunt's writing stared up at us aggressive and relentless. "And when am I to have a picture of the dear little thing? I have been expecting one for a long while. *Surely* it is time you had her photograph taken. . . ." If the letter had borne the royal cipher it could not have been more of a command.

The "dear little thing" having reached the stage of satisfactory repletion which follows the rapid consumption of two pieces of toast, a dish of cereals, an egg (a large quantity of which, I am bound to admit, never got beyond her chin) and two mugs of milk, was engaged in her favourite morning game of "Animal Grab." Jupiter the cat, having eluded her efforts to score, was perched on the bookshelf, the curve of his back registering strong protest, and Winkie the dog, hopeless and resigned, with touching confidence sought the fictitious cover afforded by my wife's scantily-clad but attractive legs.

My wife and I, after a little discussion, began, with the resignation of despair, to make the necessary plans for the dreaded expedition. After having successively achieved on the telephone the gasworks, the local isolation hospital and the bank (her presence of mind in ringing off at once there was masterly), Judy holed out in four and arranged with the photographer to have the operation performed that afternoon.

With burning shame we recalled the fatuous portraits of "ourselves when young" which even now adorn the drawing-rooms or the velvet-covered albums of our doting mothers. With deep resentment in our hearts towards the injustice done to the helpless, we remembered the completely vacant stare of a chilly babe, clad in a vest half-a-dozen sizes too small for him, crawling to a mysterious destination upon the skin of some fantastic monster known to no modern zoologist, or the even more pointless portrait of Judy, aged three, with the expression of an angel, watering a garden of never-fading cardboard flowers ("the whole tastefully coloured and mounted in rich gold frame"), and we vowed that never should the blush of mortification which rose even at the recollection of these outrages mantle the cheek of our child in later years. "She must look just as she does every day—no dressing-up, no studio properties and no absurdities of artificial expression," so Judy decreed.

Penelope Jane, sensing an atmosphere of restraint, behaved with admirable composure on the journey, and our hopes soared. We gazed fondly at her, and Judy whispered, in the gratified and self-conscious voice of one who praises her own achievement, "She really is rather sweet, you know." But once inside the studio my daughter assumed one of her too well-known "I-don't-care-about-this-at-all" expressions. My spirits sank.



Wife (reading son's letter). "THE DEAR BOY! HE SAYS, 'I 'VE HAD MY SALARY RAISED TO FIVE POUNDS A WEEK, SO, EXCEPT FOR MY ROOM, BOARD AND CLOTHES, *I AM NOW SELF-SUPPORTING.*'"

The photographer, who seemed a capable sort of man, said briskly, "Now just leave her to me." Alas! he knew not P. J. She had no intention of being left to him or to anybody. In what would have been in other circumstances a praiseworthy spirit of missionary enterprise she began an exploration of the room, and all our efforts to entice her to the region of the rug whereon it was arranged that she should be "taken" nursing Bimbo (the large furry animal erroneously supposed by her to be a monkey) were fruitless. At length, slightly fatigued by her travels, she paused for an instant all unwittingly on the rug and addressed the photographer as "Uncle," a title she confers impartially upon all grown males whom she approves.

The moment had arrived. We crept silently out of range as he tip-toed to the camera to complete his triumph. But Penelope Jane, obviously anticipating the worst as "Uncle's" head and shoulders disappeared into the folds of his sable curtain, looked at the camera and assumed an expression of mingled cunning and fear. "Criminal Types No. 1," I whispered to Judy, who, wilting under the strain, gave a loud hysterical giggle. Swiftly our offspring turned and burst into friendly and approving laughter, but, alas! with her back to the photographer. Our apologies were abject and sincere, and his forbearance was incredible, but, as he explained, "he was used to children."

"We will try again," he said brightly. "We" did, P. J.'s collaboration being unconscious but effective. With a feeling of breathless awe we watched the miracle happen. She smiled gaily, clutched Bimbo firmly and waved her adorable little fist at the photographer as the picture was taken. We forgave him his complacent, "I told you I could manage her," when, a few days later, we saw the picture. It was perfect. Here were no abbreviated vests, no everlasting flowers. We gazed proudly at it and at each other.

"Isn't it amazing," I said to Judy, "how photography has improved since we were kids?"

Anxiously we waited for Aunt Sophia's letter of delighted approval. It came.

". . . Your Aunt Gertrude and I were *delighted* to have the photograph of our dear little great-niece, and we think she looks so *intelligent* and pretty. Though we agree that we do not see any resemblance to *either* of her parents, Gertrude says the picture as a work of art reminds her *so* much of the one of *dear* Judy in her mother's drawing-room (the one where she is standing so prettily among the flowers). But I confess it reminds *me* much more of the one of *you*, Richard, on the bearskin, which your mother has in her album. . . ."

Oh, my Aunt!

"Wanted, good Cook-General; modern, con-Autovac; perfect running order."
Advt. in Provincial Paper.

We are not familiar with this type of cook-general, but we should prefer the kind that doesn't run.



HELD UP; OR, THE PREOCCUPIED LOVER.



"I 'LL TELL YOU WHAT, OLD THING, THIS NEW FEMININE TOUCH IS ALL RIGHT, BUT YOU 'LL HAVE TO ADOPT A NEW STANCE."

TRAVEL NOTES.

ON THE BORDER OF SPAIN.

THE first thing that one noticed about the hotel was that one could not get into it. It is perhaps the kind of thing that one does notice about a hotel. A deep and fairly wide trench had been dug in the road, extending along the whole front of the edifice. In this rocky chasm four Arabs, one of whom wore a turban, were working with a petrol-driven drill. Lightly leaping over the head of an Arab, one gained the front-door.

Madame, encountered within, apologised effusively. They were bringing *les* water-peeps to the town.

We ascended the stairs together. The staircase was a spiral, running round a hollow funnel of unplastered red brick. On the first floor, in what we could imagine will one day be the lounge, lay an assortment of rubble, broken chairs, stacked pictures of still life and, right across it from end to end, a string of the family washing.

Madame apologised again. The hotel was being renovated throughout.

We passed on to a balcony overlooking the courtyard. The courtyard contained one prostrate plane-tree, one upright orange-tree, some piles of cement, some heaps of concrete slabs, some lengths of piping, a broken wheelbarrow, a quantity of planks, a well, a few cactus-plants in pots, a rabbit-hutch, and two more strings of the family washing. All very jolly indeed.

We reached the bedroom. The first thing that one noticed about the bedroom was that it had no door. It is perhaps the kind of thing that one does notice about a bedroom. It suggests a lack of privacy. The door was lying on the ground. Madame apologised again. The door would be placed on its hinges before bedtime.

She also apologised for the fact that there was no hot water in the bathrooms. In two weeks' time there would be four bathrooms—yes, four—with running *chaude*. But not now, not now.

I had often inspected before the ruins of Southern France. I had never been privileged to observe so closely its renovations. The hotel formed part of that titanic labour of dynamite and concrete which is rapidly transforming the appearance of the whole Mediterranean littoral, for the sake of English or American sun-lovers and French bathers.

I had by this time become disorientated.

"I suppose the room faces south?" I inquired.

Ah, no. It faced north. All Madame's rooms faced north. It was to avoid the great heat of the sun in the summer months. I did not dare to suggest that it was now February. I looked out at the backs of the toiling and entrenched Arabs and asked how long the drilling would continue outside.

"Ten days," she said.

"And at what hour in the morning did it commence?"

"At half-past six."

There were no other guests in the hotel. Dinner was served with great pomp and solemnity by Madame's white-haired and stately Mamma. It was very good.

There was an immense gramophone in the entrance-hall, but Madame asked afterwards whether I would not rather hear the jazz from London on the radio.

I said I thought not. I went and drank coffee a little further along the street, sitting next to a gendarme, who, being off duty, wore carpet slippers with pink rosettes. From the café pro-

ceeded the loud shouts of the fishermen playing billiards and dominoes. I observed the old streets, the new villas, the fishing-boats, the cinema, the memorial which stated that the inhabitants had not ceased to deserve well of the republic during the Napoleonic wars.

I then went round to the church and read the advertisements of apéritifs, chemical vineyard manures and circuses which were posted upon its walls. I listened to the tinny theatrical sound which the Mediterranean makes upon its stony shore.

I then went back to my hotel and began to write a letter.

"I think you ought to come here," I wrote. "The place is a little spoilt in some ways, but all the same. . . ."

In the morning, under a pale blue sky, the Arabs began to ravage the road again even earlier than Madame had said. Men in boats were prodding amongst the rocks in the harbour with long bamboo-poles. When I had had coffee with a great deal of goat's milk, I dressed and went out on to the balcony that overlooked the courtyard. The sun had risen far enough to illumine the rabbit-hutch, the concrete, the cement, the washing, the planks and the cactuses, so that they began to look almost beautiful.

I went out and walked a little way up the coast road to the south. The Mediterranean looked very simple and unaffected in the morning light. A motor-car passed me driven by a man in a beret. A mule-cart passed me bearing a great barrel of wine. A motor-car passed me driven by a man in a beret, with a hatless lady at his side. A mule-cart passed me bearing two great barrels of wine. There appeared to be a Moorish castle on a hill. Very far away there were mountains of snow.

I found a path that led along the cliffside, followed it for a little way and sat down on a rock. There was a strong smell of French lavender. A bell tinkled, the strong smell of lavender passed and there was a strong smell of Spanish goat. Walking back to the town again I was nearly run over by a motor-bicycle coming with great rapidity from Barcelona, no doubt.

I wandered up the street. I wished that I knew what Tribunal des Pêches meant. Why should fishes have a tribunal? I passed the gendarme, who was now wearing boots, and the curé, who was probably meditating a sermon for Lent. All the old ladies wore lace mob-caps, but the very young ones had nothing on their shingled hair. Like the gendarme on the evening before, they all affected carpet-shoes.

Was it possible, I wondered, to stay here for a week, or not? The water in the pipes was cold. The sun, on the other hand, was exceedingly warm.

Then a new advertisement caught my eye. "RUGBY FOOTBALL," it said.

My attention was now violently arrested.

PONTYPOOL R.F.C.
Equipe Galloise
Seuls vainqueurs des Waratahs
v.
PERPIGNAN.

It was to take place the next day. Perpignan was only a few stations distant. It was thousands of years old, and I knew from the guide-book that for years and years it had been the seat of the Majorcan kings. I remembered that during the whole of the season I had not witnessed a single game of Rugby football in the British Isles. I could remedy that omission at any rate. I would go to Perpignan and be a "fan" of the Welsh team.

I did—by the omnibus train. I sat by a dark-bearded Catalan who gurgled and rolled his eyes. Boys gesticulated and shouted, "*Bon jeu! Bon jeu!*" Peanuts were sold.

Perpignan won. Their three-quarters were much better than those of the Welsh team. They also had a forward



Prospective Buyer. "BUT LOOK HERE—YOU DIDN'T TELL ME ABOUT THE SWIMMING-BATH."

Agent. "THIS, SIR, IS THE HARD TENNIS-COURT."



Lady. "I AM SORRY TO SAY THAT THE COOK YOU SENT ME CAME HOME INTOXICATED TWICE IN THE MONTH."
Manageress of Servants' Registry. "EXCUSE ME, MADAM, BUT WE NEVER LISTEN TO STORIES OF THAT KIND."

with a bust almost exactly resembling that of the Emperor TITUS. In the train returning were many boughs of mimosa.

I went back to my hotel and wrote on a picture-postcard:—

"You certainly must come here. The place is completely unspoilt." EVOE.

BALLADS FOR BROADBROWS.

SPORT SONG FOR SENTIMENTALISTS.

["There are so many foxes dug out and killed in this country by poachers that we are only too pleased to get them out ourselves and save them from such an ignoble death."—*From a M.F.H.'s letter.*

"If a fox goes to ground and you leave him the farmers set traps and he is caught and killed in a very much more painful way than dying fighting."—*From another ditto.*]

IT 's really remarkably pleasant
To wander about in the wood
And kill an occasional pheasant,
Provided the motive is good;
And one of the jolliest features
Of slaying superfluous game
Is the thought that you 're saving the creatures
From a death of dishonour and shame.

Every bird has to die
By-and-by, by-and by,
And they 're lucky to die as they do,
For if they do not
They are probably shot
By someone who 's not in "Who 's Who";
And I give you my word
Any sensitive bird—
A point for the foolish reproachers—
Prefers his career
To be stopped by a peer
And not by unmannerly poachers.

CHORUS—

It 's all for the sake of the bird,
poor thing!
A point for the foolish reproacher;
And oft, I have heard,
On the face of the bird
A smile of serene
Satisfaction is seen—
To think that it wasn't a poacher!

Dumb creatures with me are a passion;
I 've a special regard for the fox,
And I seek in my fatherly fashion
To spare him excitement and shocks;
The farmer is anxious to fill him
With pellets, as farmers are wont,
And it 's really a kindness to kill him,
For he 's certain to die if we don't.

Every fox has to die
By-and-by, by-and-by,
But what he can't bear is a gun;
So we hunt him with dogs
Over meadows and bogs,
For that is his notion of fun.
And I vow and aver
That foxes prefer
To be killed, as it were, in their armour
By an aristocrat
In a shiny top-hat,
And not by an under-bred farmer.

CHORUS—

It 's all for the sake of the fox,
poor thing!
He does like to die in his armour;
And oft on his face
At the end of the chase
A smile of serene
Satisfaction is seen—
To think that it wasn't a farmer!

A. P. H.

"The Chairman of the —— Chamber of Commerce also thanked the company for the reception of the toast, believing it to be sincere, for they all had the food of the old town at heart."—*East Anglian Paper.*

Or at any rate in the neighbourhood of the heart.



AUSTRALIA ADVANCES.

KANGAROO (*to his hero*). "HINKLE, HINKLE, LITTLE STAR!
SIXTEEN DAYS—AND HERE YOU ARE!"

[With Mr. Punch's warm congratulations to Mr. HINKLER on his great solo performance.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, February 20th.—Sir W. DAVISON is the Peter Pan of Hyde Park, a sort of *Terminus* and *genius loci* rolled into one. If he is not quite so successful as Peter in keeping monstrosities out of the sacred precincts it is probably because he is grown-up. To-day he strove to rescue the "amenities and beauty" of the eastern end of the Park from the blight which a beetling block of flats on the Grosvenor House site threatens to cast upon them. Would the Government limit the height of such buildings to eighty feet? Sir V. HENDERSON said the FIRST COMMISSIONER OF WORKS was of opinion that this particular block of flats did no special violence to the amenities of the Park. It is to be feared that Hyde Park has an evil *genius loci* (admitted along with the Hudson Memorial) more powerful than Sir WILLIAM DAVISON.

Replying to Viscount SANDON, the FOREIGN SECRETARY reaffirmed the Admiralty's belief that Thompson Island really does scintillate in our Imperial diadem, though frequent expeditions have searched in vain for it. In Bouvet Island, which the Norwegians recently attempted to add to their far-flung dominions, we also reserve all our rights.

The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, answering a private notice Question of Sir BASIL PETO, explained that the Government had finally decided to allow a total sum not exceeding one million pounds to meet the claims of those Irish loyalists who had suffered injury to person or property in the days following the Treaty. All awards up to one thousand pounds, and sixty per cent of those in excess of that amount, would be paid immediately.

Members showed a disposition to discuss the details of the CHANCELLOR'S proposal, which Colonel GRETTON, usually a staunch champion of the cause of economy, seemed to regard as inadequate, but he bade them wait until a Supplementary Estimate dealing with the matter should be taken.

Those who of late years have gone rolling down to Rio have discovered the British Ambassador a-dillowing in a back street, to the great detriment of British trade and prestige. Now, after several years' search, Sir V. HENDERSON explained, an adequate site at a reasonable price had been found, an architect from the Office of Works had gone out to run his foot-rule over it, and all that was wanted was the money to pay for it. The House voted the money and turned its attention to Kenya and the HILTON YOUNG Commission, Mr. ORMSBY-GORE explaining that Sir HILTON YOUNG was its chairman, not because he was a Conservative M.P., but because he was Sir HILTON YOUNG.



LADY BOUNTIFUL.

COLONEL GRETTON, FOR THIS OCCASION ONLY, APPEARS IN THE UNACCUSTOMED RÔLE OF AN OPPONENT OF ECONOMY.



"Where is foot-and-mouth disease bred,
Or in the heart or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?
Reply, reply."

LORD BANBURY.

Tuesday, February 21st.—On several occasions of late the House of Lords has assailed the "foul drafting" of Government Bills. That sort of thing rankles. The pot seeks an occasion to point out that the kettle is also black. Only such a motive could have inspired the Government to move an Amendment to Lord BUCKMASTER'S Lapwings Bill, proposing to advance the last day of their close season for self and eggs from August 11th to August 1st.

A niggling interfering Amendment, said their Lordships, and threw it out.

Are we heavily subsidising the sugar-beet industry in order that there may be a little bit of sugar for the foreign bird in the shape of sugar-beet pulp that ought to be kept in this country for our own farmers? Lord STRACHIE seemed to think so. Lord RUSSELL, as an "unrepentant Free Trader," thought we should be glad to have something to export. Lord NOVAR thought that, as the farmer got none of the subsidy, he should get a share of the "swag" in the form of cheap pulp. Lord STRADBROKE, Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Agriculture (a *débutant* in office, fresh from proconsular triumphs), said that last year only one-quarter of the dried sugar-beet pulp produced in this country was sold abroad, and that only because our own farmers had been behind the foreigner in grasping the importance of this valuable cattle-food.

"Tell me where is foot-and-mouth disease bred?" was the melancholy burden of a question by Lord BANBURY. Lord STRADBROKE was unable to say, but admitted that the Research Committee had recently made the "disquieting discovery" that the virus of the disease is found alive in bones seventy-six days after the animals have been slaughtered.

In the Commons Commodore KING, answering Mr. TINKER, said there were twenty-eight thousand boys between the ages of fourteen and sixteen working underground. He admitted that the medical examination of these little Nibelungs was not compulsory. Lady ASTOR asked if something could not be done to keep them above-ground, but Members on the whole did not seem greatly perturbed.

Sir P. CUNLIFFE-LISTER moved the Second Reading of the Companies Bill, a technical measure, embracing the recommendations of a Committee, as Sir PHILIP explained, which would not

come into force, save as to one clause, until a further Bill consolidating it with the Act of 1908 had been passed. The clause which it was proposed to bring into effect at once was that dealing with share-pushers, the terms of which suggested that it was not so much a Companies Bill as a Factory Bill. Criticism of the Bill, including an Opposition Amendment which was not carried into the Lobbies, took the ground that it was essentially another case of legislation by reference and that it did not go as far as it might to protect the shareholder; but there was nobody to say a good word for the share-pusher, for whom in the near future it will be a case of—

"Push, brothers,
Push with care;
And don't push on the doorstep
of the poor suckér."

Man, poor worm, was not the only creature in whom Dora at the outbreak of war fixed her disgusting talons. She also had them into the meek but prolific coney and the sage but too philoprogenitive rook. Man remains her meat, but the rooks and rabbits in some mysterious way seem to have escaped her detestable clutches. The Government, which thinks a deal of Dora, could not allow that, and last year introduced the Rooks and Rabbits Bill into the Lords. But the Lords, who are kind to dumb creatures, referred the Bill to a Select Committee, and the Select Committee reported against it, being of opinion that rooks are more useful in the furrow than in rook-pie.

Baffled but not defeated, Mr. GUINNESS to-day moved in the House the Second Reading of the Rabbits Bill, only to find himself up against a wall of derisive opposition. The House declared that Dora should not ring that night for poor bunny. Could the parturient mountain of Government ingenuity offer agriculture nothing better than this miserably inadequate mouse? asked Mr. BUXTON. But the *coup de grâce* was delivered by Sir C. WILSON. "If rabbits could not be produced from top-hats," he said, "top-hats could be and were being produced from rabbits. A Bill to keep rabbits down was a Bill to keep the price of toppers up." Time put a merciful end to Mr. GUINNESS's sufferings. The Bill was talked out.

Thursday, February 23rd.—There must be some closer connection between Lords and lapwings than the latter's habit of periodically getting themselves another crest, something that really explains the pessimistic emotion with which Lord BUCKMASTER introduced the third reading of his Bill. A plover, he said, ate twenty thousand wireworms in a season, but how impossible it was to make these things penetrate outside their Lordships' chamber. He had promises that there would be no opposition in the Commons. How terrible then if the Lapwings Bill should perish as it were on the last lap because it was a private Peer's Bill! Lord SALISBURY begged the noble Lord not to despair. The session was still young. Of course, he intimated, that admirable body of public servants, the House of Commons, were damnably loquacious. Still the Bill's prospects were excellent.



HAWKING THE HAWKER.
SIR PHILIP CUNLIFFE-LISTER, DEFENDER OF PIGEONS.

Lord BANBURY intimated that they were a deal better than they would have been when the Commons claimed him as the professional slaughterer of legislative innocents, feathered or otherwise.

The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER professed to be "not much struck" with Viscount SANDON'S proposal that boxes should be placed in post-offices and elsewhere into which trifling contributions to the National Revenue could be placed. Too many taxpayers have nothing left to contribute but their chains, or at any rate their trouser buttons.

The MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE admitted that a foreign pig, imported frozen and cured in Wiltshire, could, without breach of the Merchandise Marks Act, be sold as "Wiltshire bacon." He saw no prospect of anything being done about it. All the same there will be a wilt in Wiltshire if the housewife gets to learn of it.

The House discussed the million pounds that the Government has allotted to the claims of Irish loyalists. Mr. AMERY explained that the sum would in all probability prove adequate to meet all claims. Colonel GRETTON thanked the Government for its magnanimity, but reserved to self and friends the right to return to the attack if the sum proved inadequate.



"I met some Rabbits as I went walking:
We got talking,
Rabbits and I."—*When We Were Very Young.*
COLONEL WALTER GUINNESS (MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE).

"Somewhere Mr. Baldwin had read that the Great War threw up no great figures."
Daily Paper.

Always excepting, of course, those of the National Debt.



RELUCTANCE OF A NERVOUS GUEST TO HAVE HIS OVERCOAT REMOVED BEFORE A DINNER GIVEN BY THE WORSHIPFUL COMPANY OF SKINNERS."

WHEN EVERY DOG HAS ITS SAY.

THE talking dog has arrived. According to the account of this beast, which comes from New York, it can say "elevator" when it means "lift"; and there is no reason to suppose therefore that it does not also say "yep" and "gee."

The dog has been hitherto the ideal companion for man, for the very reason that it cannot talk and that its bark, and even its growl, has been regarded as music in comparison with human speech. Thus it has been possible for man to know the comfort of sitting by his fire with a creature on the other side of the hearth who never says a word, but allows him to get on with his book. You cannot say that of wireless, for one thing.

The prospect is appalling. The language on our greyhound-racing tracks bids fair to render that sport unfit for the young to attend. When sauntering through the Park one will be liable to be accosted by some mongrel with a Cockney accent who asks the correct time or inquires the way to the Round Pond. When the dogs of the vicinity in which one lives foregather they will not be able to keep their tongues still, with the consequence that the most indiscreet things will be told and the neighbourhood will buzz with tittle-tattle. Any dog will be more than human if, when offered a really first-class bone by some enemy of yours, he refuses to yield to the temptation of telling secrets of your private life.

Where will be the pleasure of a country walk with a sort of loud-speaker prancing about you? He will be for ever running back to you to ask what it is that makes a windmill work, or where the electricity comes from that gets into the telegraph-wires and why one cannot see it, or when are you going to stop for lunch? For my part I don't want a dog which, when I shout "Come here, Sir!" turns round and asks, "But why?"

In moments of sentiment, I admit, I have sometimes looked my dog in the face and said, "Ah, dear old fellow, if you could only speak!" Yet I have never given much thought as to what I should do in that event. But having read of this transatlantic terror I can now say that I jolly well know what I should do.

FURS.

To-day the fair lady who steps from her villa
Or out of her castle or out of her cot
Must carry her coney or fox or chinchilla,
Her ermine, her beaver, her lynx or what not;
While every young débutante anxious to blossom
In week-end adventure and make the men think
Must set forth in squirrel or skunk or opossum,
In wild-cat or marten or marmot or mink.

For, quite independent of varying weathers,
The fashion is now for all folk to be furred
(Excepting Bill's donah, who, clad in her feathers,
Still borrows her pride from the barn-strutting bird);
All ranks are alike in this quaint affectation:
The plighted of plumbers, the partners of peers,
May daily be seen in their differing station
With all sorts of animals up to their ears.

The rich may be known by the width of their ermine,
The poise of their necklets, the style of their stoles,
While those who can't rise to the costlier vermin
Go wound-up in weasels or muffled in moles.
But, cat-skin or rat-skin or seal-skin or sable,
All women must clothe them in some sort of hide,
Thus aping their forebears as far as they're able
And wearing such fauna as fate may provide.

W. H. O.

A book has just been published entitled *Who's Who in Italy*. We can do the answer in one.

LATE ARRIVALS AT THE THEATRE.

"WE went to the play with Blanche last night," she informed me.

"Murder or divorce?" I asked.

"Oh, murder," she answered. "When one goes to the theatre one does not want ordinary every-day life all over again."

"Of course not," I agreed.

"Tom," she went on, "was rather worried because Blanche would keep on remembering things she had forgotten and going back for them—he kept saying we should be late."

"There are," I observed dispassionately, "three kinds of criminals—little criminals, big criminals and people who get to the theatre after the play 's begun."

"Even," she asked a little wistfully, "if you have a really smart new frock straight from Paris that very day in a perfectly new style never seen in England before? Blanche had."

"Even," I said firmly, "if you have two frocks straight from Paris and so on, to get to the theatre after the curtain 's gone up remains unpardonable."

"If you had two frocks like that," she murmured dreamily with half-closed eyes and a smile of ecstasy, "you wouldn't care if it were, would you?"

"It remains," I persisted, "in the worst of bad taste."

"And that 's so chic, isn't it? I know lots of reputations that rest on little else."

"It is also," I argued, "so entirely wasted; people are interested in the play, not in you."

"It is because," she explained gently, "people are interested in the play that they become interested in you when you arrive late."

"Besides," I said, "the lights have been turned down and no one sees you."

"Those you pass can see you quite well—indeed they can see nothing else; and every one can look, you can almost feel them looking sometimes."

"Rather hard on the play and the actors," I pointed out.

"Blanche," she said, "declares that it 's a kindness to both; anything that distracts attention must be good for most plays, and for the actors you create a wave of sympathy that otherwise they might never know."

"Blanche's arguments," I retorted, "cover the case as little as I expect her new frock covered her. Besides, what about the audience?"

She smiled a little.

"My dear man," she said, "who cares anything about the audience in the theatre to-day? Not the actors, who conduct their dialogue entirely between themselves, and not the management, that loves to keep half the audience waiting half the evening in the street in wind and rain and charges the other half fourteen-and-six for a seat from which nothing can be seen. Why then should Blanche?"

"Well, anyhow," I said, "if I were a theatrical manager I shouldn't allow anyone in who came late."

"It would look so bad to keep on playing to half-empty stalls," she said. "And then last night no one minded except us."

"How was that?" I asked, and added hopefully, "I knew some people who always arrived late, and once when I was there they found they had forgotten their tickets and there wasn't time to go back for them."

"The tickets," she exclaimed, "were one of the things Blanche remembered she had forgotten; they were her own tickets, you know—someone had given her three stalls. And no matter how Tom grumbled, of course we had to go back for them."

"Most likely," I said, "she forgot them on purpose."

"Tom said that to me, and I was very cross, because it was such a horrid mean idea to have, and most unfair, because after all it turned out Blanche hadn't forgotten them at all, they were in her bag the whole time. So I told Tom he ought to be ashamed, because that proved she hadn't been wanting to make us late; but I think he got suspicious the very moment he knew Blanche was wearing her new frock from Paris."

"Enough to make anyone suspicious," I said. "Tom ought to have put his foot down."

"Oh, he did. And Blanche was ever so nice, and promised faithfully she wouldn't make us late, only of course one can't simply throw a frock on, especially when it 's new, one has to get it right. And I daresay we did get talking a little, because we couldn't believe how late it was when Tom sent the maid up to Blanche's room with the little clock from the drawing-room to show us what the time really was. So then we simply flew; and you can't think how we hurried, because, even after the upset about the tickets and going back for them and finding them in Blanche's bag after all, it was ever so early when we got to the theatre—it was almost as soon as the doors opened.

"Blanche nearly dropped when we were shown into perfectly empty stalls, and Tom said I looked as if I had seen a ghost; but I felt much worse than that. And Tom said he simply couldn't believe his eyes, so he went out at once to see if they had changed the time for starting or anything, but they hadn't, and he met a man, so he didn't get back for ever so long, and Blanche and I just sat there; and I don't suppose a single soul ever noticed Blanche's frock or mine either. And then after the curtain had gone up some horrible woman came in late and stood right in front of us for hours, because she said she couldn't find her seat, but really to let everyone admire her dowdy old wrap, which I just know was only rabbit dyed to look like ermine."

"What had happened?" I asked wonderingly.

"I don't know," she answered, "because my watch wasn't going—it never will unless I remember to wind it up—but Blanche says she found her clock was three-quarters-of-an-hour fast when she got home, and she can't understand how it got like that; and I can't either, only Tom was alone in the room, just



Housewife. "WOULD YOU AGREE TO CHOP STICKS FOR YOUR DINNER?"
Tramp. "NO, LIDY; I AIN'T NO BLINKIN' CHINK."



Father. "AND DO YOU CONSIDER YOUR CONDUCT AND YOUR BEHAVIOUR TO BE WORTHY OF A GENTLEMAN?"
Son. "WELL, FATHER, I DON'T. BUT ONE MUST DO SOMETHING TO ESCAPE THE REPROACH OF BEING MIDDLE-CLASS."

for a second or two, while Blanche and I were getting ready, but I can't believe he would do a thing like that, can you?"

"It would be hard to believe," I agreed, "of any man, even the worst."

"Only," she sighed, "you never can quite trust a man, can you, even the best?"

"It entirely depends," I told her, "on the temptation." E. R. P.

Commercial Candour.

"The —— Course in Scientific Salesmanship will give you your opportunity. Hundreds of men who have never sold goods and never expect to, state they owe their success to this Course."—*Daily Paper.*

From a medical column:—

"NAGIW.—Your nom de plum [*sic*] indicates where you write from."—*Sunday Paper.*

Never having eaten it we cannot say whether Nagiw tastes as nice as it looks.

"READERS AS PROPHETS. I predict that in ten years' time every pedestrian will drive a motor-car. Otherwise the roads will not be safe for him.—H. B., Bognor."
Morning Paper.

In front of him, as though it were a cow?

JACOB'S LADDER.

Robin of course knew the story of JACOB'S Ladder, about how JACOB went to sleep with his head on a stone and dreamed that he saw a lovely ladder reaching from here to heaven, with a lot of jolly little angels running up and down it. "*Nice*," thought Robin, who loved climbing things and who knew moreover, because he knew *Its Walls Were of Jasper*, what good fellows angels looked. Yes, Robin knew both stories well, but he had often wondered what happened on JACOB'S Ladder when a little angel running *up* met with a little angel running *down*; he supposed that one flew off for a minute to make room for the other, but which had the right of way he couldn't be sure. It was frightfully puzzling, and Miss Crosby's "We aren't *told*, darling," seemed only to trifle with the question.

But after what happened in Bramham Gardens of course Robin never had to worry about the matter again. It was last summer, when he was staying with Aunt Agatha at Number 13B. Such a hot night it was you've no idea. Aunt Agatha had gone to the play all the same and had taken Miss Crosby too.

"It will be quite delightful, dear Lady Agatha," Miss Crosby had said; "things are so quiet in Berkshire with Mr. and Mrs. Ashburn still away."

Things were pretty quiet in Bramham Gardens, Robin thought when he woke up about eleven. His room was near the top of the house; "More *airy* for the child," Aunt Agatha had said. It had a tiny balcony, but on to that Robin might not go unless somebody went with him. Windows opened on to it like doors, but when the door part was shut the top parts could be open all the same if you wanted them open. Thus had Miss Crosby left things when she kissed Robin and went out. She looked pretty and smelt of violets. Parkinson had looked in to see if Robin was asleep before she went down to supper at nine o'clock. Robin was not.

"It is so hot," said Robin.

"Shall I open the windows wider, Master Robin?" said Parkinson.

"Yes, please, Parkinson," said Robin.

And now it was eleven, as any wakeful little boy of five could tell who

had ears to hear the clock of St. Jude's. Robin's pillow was soft and hot; he thought of JACOB and how nice and cool it would be to sleep on a stone like the big splashy ones under Benson's weir that show when the tackle is "shut in." He was on the balcony now; he forgot that this was disobedience in the marvellously good-omened and comfortable discovery of a most fascinating little Jacob's ladder that went straight up the side of the house and into the stars. He had not seen it before because when the "door-windows" were open it was hidden unless you looked behind the one on the left. It was when Robin was half-way up the ladder that he met the angel coming down it. He came walking down, same as Robin walked down stairs, face outwards, as easy as winking. He was just what Robin had imagined; he had a merry face, friendly and brown as a berry, ever so twinkly eyes and a twisty-up smile. He had lovely wings too, all rosy and blue, and his robes were like stained-glass windows, only not so sort of stiff and interfering.

"I am *so* sorry to trouble you," said the angel, "but I'm afraid that——"

"Oh," said Robin, "must I climb down?"

"If you don't mind," said the angel apologetically; "if we could *fly*, you know—but in that case what would the ladder be *for*?"

"What, indeed?" Robin said to himself, surprised that he hadn't thought of that before.

"And it's *usual*, you see," went on the angel, "to make way for any of us coming *down*—going to work, you know," he said. "Besides, even little angels such as myself are of much more use on earth than little boys are in heaven—just at *first*, you know," he added politely. "Thanks, Robin, *ever* so much, and——"

When Robin was about three steps from the bottom of the ladder Miss Crosby picked him off it. She looked very white and said all chokily, "Another step and he'd have—— Oh, Lady Agatha, I've never known the child walk in his sleep before!"

Thought Robin sleepily, "She never *does* know about things."

P. R. C.

AT THE PLAY.

"MR. PIM PASSES BY" (ST. MARTIN'S).

Mr. Pim passed by Golders Green on his way to St. Martin's Theatre, where he is now appearing; and as we were promised a sufficiency of theatrical events for this week I made an anticipatory expedition to the distant Green to renew his acquaintance. Mr. MILNE's witty and ingenious comedy is just the kind of play which clamours for revival. There is genuine comic invention, the happily-inspired plot is handled with great address, the characters are alive (even *George Marden*, the upright bore, avoids being tedious), while *Olivia Marden* and the gently-devastating *Mr. Pim* are as likely and likeable creations as have come from any modern hand working in the lighter manner.

The trimmings, genuinely diverting and characteristically Milnesque, are all that could be desired. And finally it doesn't in the least date. Naturally those who have seen the play before will miss the two masterstrokes of surprise achieved by the author through the treacherous memory of the fateful *Pim*, but they will enjoy the lively quips of the author and have leisure to admire the workmanlike construction of what is in effect a pattern modern comedy.

Miss MARIE TEMPEST is the new *Olivia*—not perhaps such a roguish husband-baiter as Miss IRENE VANBRUGH, the original, and a little heavier in the brief serious situation; but I think this may have been due to the necessity of playing in a broader mood in a Hippodrome. The *Mr. Pim* of Mr. HORACE HODGES seemed to me a happier presentment than Mr. BOUCICAULT's more deliberately eccentric interpretation. Here in this kindly, vague, affectionately-disposed old gentleman was just such an instrument as the malicious gods *would* choose to wreck a respectable English family. A most attractive and plausible performance.

Mr. GRAHAM BROWNE gave us a more nerve-ridden, irritable and less fatuously pompous *George* than that of Mr. BEN WEBSTER. I don't know which the author would consider nearer his intention. Miss STELLA FREEMAN offered us a charmingly fresh rendering of the candid impulsive *Dinah*, and Mr. ROBERT ANDREWS as her young man played with great sympathy, intelligence and control. The smaller stage for which this intimate little comedy is designed will notably improve the welcome reproduction when it reaches the St. Martin's.

I should add that two accomplished idiots, STANELLI and DOUGLAS (whose names appeared on the programme in letters ever so much larger than those of Miss MARIE TEMPEST, Mr. MILNE and inconsiderable persons like that) did, by way of preamble, some ingenious and unnecessary things with violins which delighted the denizens of the Green, and in a combined speech of thanks showed us a genuine novelty cleverly and amusingly carried out.

T.



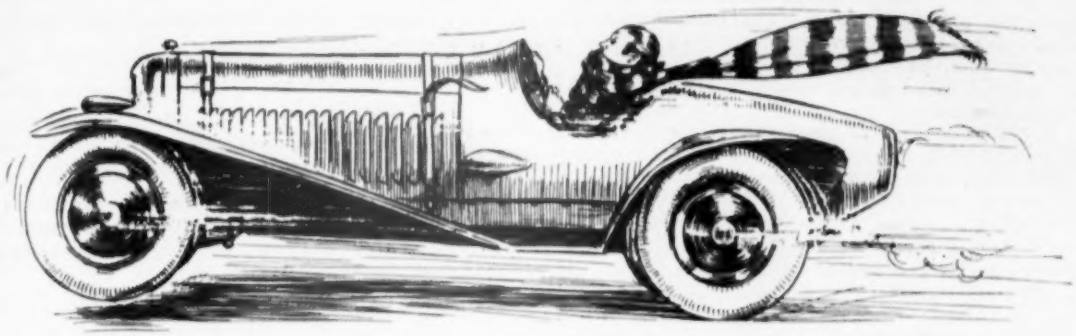
MRS. MARDEN'S CURTAIN LECTURES.

Olivia Marden . . . . . MISS MARIE TEMPEST.
George Marden, J.P. . . . . . MR. W. GRAHAM BROWNE.

From an article on the "Birthday of the Blues" (Royal Horse Guards):—

"It had existed, as part of the new model, but was disbanded at the Reformation and promptly reformed to become for ever after part of the Household Cavalry."—*Daily Paper.*

Theologians who are apt to grow heated over the question, "What really happened at the Reformation?" will be glad to have this authentic detail to set their doubts at rest.



OVERCOATS BEING NOW OUT OF FASHION WITH OUR MORE SPORTING YOUTH—



THE CAR RADIATOR HAS NECESSARILY TO COME INTO LINE.

THE INSPIRATION.

"I THINK," Rhoda whispered in my ear, "that I know that man sitting at the next table."

I glanced in the direction indicated and saw a large man with a large moustache, his whole attention engrossed in his soup. I felt convinced, as I had been convinced at times before, that the growing disfavour with which moustaches are regarded in this country is largely due to soup. But I digress.

"Who is he?" I asked.

"Yes, I think it 's him," said Rhoda. "He had a moustache exactly like that."

"Who had?" I inquired patiently.

"Well, you probably won't remember my Uncle George," she whispered. "He died seven years ago, when I was only fourteen. He used to come to see us, and often brought a friend—I think it was his partner or something. The friend was awfully nice, nicer than Uncle George really, and he used to give me half-crowns and five-bobs and things."

"And you think that that 's Uncle George's partner at the next table?"

Rhoda nodded. "Practically certain," she said. "How can we find out?"

"Ask him," I suggested.

"I couldn't possibly," said Rhoda. "Supposing it wasn't him?"

I glanced again at the stranger and considered this contingency. It was certainly unpleasant.

"I suppose you never had an opportunity of drinking soup in his company?" I asked.

"Drinking soup?" said Rhoda, open-eyed. "What are you talking about?"

"Hush!" I said; "not so loud. I 'll tell you afterwards."

"I 'm sure he 'd remember me," she went on, "if he knew who I was, but I 've altered a bit since I was fourteen, and you could hardly expect him to recognise me, could you?"

There was certainly no immediate prospect of his recognising anybody. He had by this time finished his soup and transferred his attentions to a newspaper, which he studied assiduously. We relapsed into thought.

"What was Uncle George's business?" I asked, without much hope, after a minute's silence.

Rhoda considered for a moment. "I think it must have been something to do with whisky," she said; "I know he was always talking about it, and often made Daddy a present of a case."

"And he died young?" I suggested.

Rhoda nodded her appreciation. "Yes," she said, "I 'm sure it was whisky."

"Well, if you like," I said, "I 'll try to engage your man in conversation, to lead gently up to the subject of refreshment in general and so on to whisky in particular."

As I looked at the subject of our conversation the liberality of this offer impressed itself upon me most unpleasantly.

"No," said Rhoda, "please don't; my nerves would never stand it. I 'm sure I should scream as you were getting near the point."

"Quite right," I said; "I expect you would. It would be only natural. And screaming should always be avoided where possible."

We were again silent. The problem was becoming serious. If anything was to be done it must be done at once. He was now well on with his main course and steadily approaching the end of his meal.

"What was his name?" I asked, after a pause.

"Uncle George used to call him Maurice," said Rhoda. "I can remember that distinctly, but I 've no idea what his surname was."

"Maurice," I repeated. "That isn't very helpf——" I stopped before the sentence was completed. Light had dawned. I thought rapidly for a moment.

"His surname was not Carr, I suppose?" I asked, with difficulty concealing my excitement.

"I've no idea at all, I told you," said Rhoda. "Why?"

"Never mind," I said. "Or Cowley? You're sure it wasn't Cowley?"

"Why on earth should it have been Cowley?" said Rhoda.

"There's a very good reason," I replied, "as you'll realise later. But no matter. Very likely it was, but, as we don't know, we must assume it wasn't. Now listen, and waste no time in questions. I am about to say something out loud. If it is Uncle George's partner he will raise his eyes quickly and look at me; if not he will take no notice. In neither case will he look at you or give you cause for embarrassment; but you must observe him. I shall be looking at you. Are you ready?"

Rhoda laughed softly under her breath. "Yes," she whispered, "but be quick or I shall explode."

"Right," I said. "Stand by."

I cleared my throat. "Morris!" I said loudly and paused—"My dear girl, as I've told you before, we can't afford a Morris."

I looked at Rhoda. Not a sound came from her. She was fully engaged in suppressing her laughter; or perhaps she was dumb with admiration at the master-stroke. It was a full minute before she recovered her power of speech.

"It's him all right," she said, lowering her voice still further. "He looked straight at you for quite a long time."

"Right," I said with some pride; "then go ahead. Greet him."

But Rhoda still hesitated.

"Wait," I said, having gathered confidence by my recent success; "leave it to me. But first tell me, what was Uncle George's surname?"

"Bowles," whispered Rhoda.

"Might I borrow your newspaper, Sir?" said a voice affably on my right-front.

It was the gentleman with the moustache. I admit that I was for a moment thrown off my balance by this unexpected development, but I recovered almost immediately.

"By all means, Sir," I said, handing it to him and thinking furiously as to how best to follow up the gratuitous advantage. But again I was forestalled.

"Care for a cigarette, Sir?" he said cheerfully, holding out his case.

One's army training was not without its value. I saw in a flash that the moment had come to launch the attack.

"Thank you, Sir," I said, "I don't smoke. I gave it up when an old friend of mine—George Bowles it was, you'll probably remember him," I put in, turning to Rhoda—"died of it at an early age."

Rhoda had a violent fit of choking at this moment. I looked at our friend, but he was occupied with the contents of a small attaché-case he had picked up from the floor. He had evidently not heard me.

"Poor old George Bowles," I said, raising my voice slightly, "was in the whisky trade. But whisky didn't hurt him; it was smoke that killed him." I stopped as I noticed that a printed card was being held out towards me with the apparent intention that I should read it.

"From a remark of yours just now, Sir," he said, "which I could not avoid overhearing, I gather that you are interested in the cheap cars at present on the market. I happen to be in that way of business myself, and perhaps I can be of some use to you. Now here——"

* * * * *

"Well, Rhoda," I said, when we were again alone together, "your powers of recognition were a bit at fault, weren't they?"

"And your detective methods aren't all they might be," she replied.

"Come, Rhoda," I said, "be reasonable. You wanted to know whether a certain man was a former acquaintance of yours. I volunteered to find out. I succeeded; I discovered that he was not."

Rhoda thought this over for a while. "That's the question," she murmured.

"What is, pray?" I asked, a trifle indignantly.

"Whether you succeeded," she replied. "Personally I still think it was Uncle George's partner."

"But, Rhoda," I protested, "please think. This man was an agent for some make of car. He took not the smallest interest in Uncle George or in whisky. He——"

"He wasn't listening when you mentioned Uncle George's name," said Rhoda, "and he may easily have changed his line of business. Anyway, I still feel convinced that that moustache——"

Soup is an excellent institution. I'm glad the popularity of moustaches is on the decline.

"Playing on the local bowling-green, or somnambulating in the same church, with some of these gentlemen was often an indirect aid in assisting one's son or daughter to a vacancy."—*Scottish Paper.*

Still, even for such a worthy purpose we don't hold with this community sleep-walking in church.

ANCIENT LIGHTS RELIT.

WINTER is waning; Time with steady gait
Still "passes on" and cannot abrogate
The ruling of the Constable of Fate.

Quotation is beset with various snags,
Yet, though my memory is gone to rags,
I love to tamper with the ancient tags.

The old order is admittedly askew;
No matter; I complacently pursue
The study of fresh fields and pastures new.

Couplets and triplets I delight to string,
And joy to qualify the ink I sling
With copious draughts from the Hyperion spring.

Still I rejoice when, as I sit at ease,
I listen to the bombinating bees
Or pigeons cooing in ancestral trees.

All men and women now are simply actors:
The world is still a stage; the ruling factors
Are petrol and pink legs and motor-tractors.

To be or not to be—that is the crux;
Whether to sink beneath the seas of flux
Or dare to be a DUCE or a DUX.

Imperial CÆSAR, dead and turned to dust,
May yet inspire the ROCKEFELLER Trust,
Or start our EPSTEIN on another bust.

Why should we, heirs of these tremendous times,
Include among unpardonable crimes
The mauling of old metres or old rhymes?

Nay, let the old world till the final crack
Of doom spin ever through the Zodiac,
Even as the hare along the electric track.

"THE REFINING INFLUENCE OF THE SIX-CYLINDERED ENGINE."
Headline in Motor Paper.

Her Ladyship used to drop her aitches, but since the new car arrived she's only dropped her gees.

From a list of recent books on Theology:—

"Can These Bores Live? Modern Christianity, Social Life and the English Church."

After wading through some of the letters on the Prayer-book controversy we feel that the question is not superfluous.

From a calendar of events:—

"THE —— THEATRE.

February 30th—New Season. Re-opening after three weeks with variety programme."
Monthly Paper.

Very clever of it thus to steal a March on its rivals.



MR. PUNCH'S PERSONALITIES.

LXIII.—LORD PHILLIMORE.

To Orthodoxy wed,
Learnéd in Classic lore,
He lives with Patience close in touch
And Justice in his head;
We could not love all these so much
Loved we not PHILLIMORE.



Hostess (trying to interest distinguished Foreign Guest). "EVERYTHING WE HAVE GOT FOR DINNER IS OFF THE ESTATE."
Guest (after deep thought). "AH, IT MAKE IT VERRA CHEAP FOR YOU, YES."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

FOR years, and until KING EDWARD persuaded him to take to Havanas, the EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH was wont to smoke the thin black cigars with straw mouthpieces so beloved by the Austrian middle-class and peasantry. A story runs in Vienna that in moments of exasperation with a servant or minister the EMPEROR used his cigar as a missile to hurl at the head of the offender. A perusal of Mr. BAGGAR'S *Francis Joseph* (PUTNAM) would certainly have caused its subject to empty the entire contents of the Imperial cigar-box on the author's head at their first meeting. Whatever his faults, and they were many, FRANCIS JOSEPH possessed, in spite of this habit of throwing cigars, a quality indispensable in a monarch and fully revealed in the recently-published volume of his letters—dignity; a quality no less indispensable in a biographer, yet one that would seem to be lacking in Mr. BAGGAR'S personality. To make a "sob-story" out of the old Emperor's tragic life is to fail to understand the very nature of its real tragedy—the old man's blind and life-long loyalty to an outworn ideal of kingship. I found Mr. BAGGAR'S description of the hapless Mexican adventure of MAXIMILIAN almost nauseating in its sentimentality. That unhappy cat's-paw of NAPOLEON III. at least revealed to an admiring world how nobly a HAPSBURG could die. I could wish that Mr. BAGGAR had learnt a lesson from MAXIMILIAN'S proud reserve, or from the self-immolating silence of BENEDEK, a martyr to FRANCIS JOSEPH'S dynastic pride, who carried with him to his grave the secret of his honourable disgrace. Although he avoids any errors of fact, Mr. BIGGAR'S character-sketches of Austrian statesmen, like METTERNICH and SCHWARZENBERG, are partial and sometimes superficial. MATTHEW ARNOLD, as cited by Mr. BAGGAR, once said that bad books are interesting as symptoms. I have found this book uncommonly interesting as a symptom of emotionalism run riot.

The great and very often the only thing to be said for the present-day magazine story is that it still fulfils the story's original mandate to deal with events. The trouble is that the modern editor has so limited the events to be dealt with and so standardized the manner of their handling that no really personal talent could subscribe to his articles and survive. Occasionally work that does not conform to type can be found in a current magazine; but this, as Mr. MICHAEL JOSEPH suggests in *The Magazine Story* (HUTCHINSON), is usually because a "big name" has managed to palm off something original. It is not what the editor wants. It is what he has to put up with. What he wants, for the benefit of those who are out to supply it, is the subject of Mr. JOSEPH'S pages. A marrowy introduction is followed by ten short stories of the writer's own, each succeeded by a page or two on its origin, construction and fate at the editor's hands. "A Splash of Publicity," for instance, introduces an O. HENRY device and the neat use of a newspaper paragraph. It was published in England, but was not "wicked and thrilling" enough for America. "The Pigeon" and "The Last Chance" are racing stories; the former's appendix stresses the good and bad use of specialised knowledge, the latter's the fortune awaiting a second NAT GOULD. I cannot imagine anything more likely than Mr. JOSEPH'S analyses to help the potential magazine-hand; and there is just the chance that some unpublished HENRY JAMES or R. L. S. might here learn enough of the tricks of the trade to deceive an unwary editor into accepting him. To the illiterate and literary alike I therefore recommend this clever, merry and competent little book.

This soldier story of the East,
Called *The Protagonists* (JOHN MURRAY),
By DONALD SINDERBY 's a feast
Of Virtue and some tepid curry;
Young *Lurden* (*John*) 's a simple fish,
But he 's our hero; dark *Dalmeney*,
Who 's "saturnine" and "tigerish"
(You 've guessed it), is the tale's bad penny.

Dalmeney is *John's* Captain—these
Are sent to quell an insurrection;
There 's fighting; then *Dalmeney* (he 's
A married man) conceives affection
For *Lukshmi* (native girl); he lays,
For this backsliding, all the burden
Upon his wife, who is, he says,
Herself (he 's wrong) in love with *Lurden*.

John and *Dalmeney* come to blows
(All pot-house fashion, be it spoken;
They even bite!); *John Lurden* throws
Dalmeney down; his back is broken;
And yet he lives—to turn his hand
To painting Cornwall (*con amore*),
While *John* rejoins the Main Command,
And DONALD ends a harmless story.

Lady SYBIL LUBBOCK has borrowed the sundial's motto, "*Horas non numero nisi serenas*," for the title-page of her book of Eastern travel, and I feel that the least the Orient could have done in return for so friendly a resolution was to have given her nothing but unclouded hours to chronicle. Egypt comes near to fulfilling this ideal, Palestine and Syria fall short of it, and I think "the blight that seems to be cast by European civilisation on ancient lands" should be held responsible for the difference. Tourists in Egypt there are, of course, but they keep more or less in their tracks and the traditional life of the country goes on. Lady SYBIL runs the whole tourist gamut—the Pyramids, Luxor, the Dam, the tomb of TUTANKHAMEN—but she never neglects Egypt for Egyptology. Emerging exhausted from a temple she retains a delighted eye for men winding cotton on their toes at the gate. Moreover she adds to the stock repertory a journey from the Nile to the Red Sea by the caravan route to Kosseir. This, with its discomfort and scanty æsthetic recompense, closes the Egyptian memories of *On Ancient Ways* (CAPE) and preludes those of Palestine. In Palestine the traveller finds a past exploited but seldom cherished and a future of disquieting ugliness. She dislikes the shack settlements of the Zionists, and though she prefers the British administration to the French it is mainly on personal grounds. She is not an ideal guide to the Holy Places, having neither the fervour to disregard the absurdities of their worshippers nor the irreverence to enjoy them; but she is at her attractive best on out-of-the-way cities and citadels, Sebastieh, Sidon, Tripoli and Tortosa, especially where the ruins of Crusading castles and churches provide traces of a European past.



Tourist (*bargaining for the purchase of a greyhound*). "FOR ALL I KNOW HE 'LL REFUSE TO LOOK AT AN ELECTRIC HARE."
Mick. "AWAY WID YEZ! YE OUGHT TO SEE HIM GLADIATHORIN' ACROSS THE BOGS AFTHER A FLASH O' LIGHTNIN'."

American politics would seem to be a sort of jungle inhabited by beasts of whom most are savage and a good many really dangerous. That at least is the impression which one gets from the American novelists. In *God Got One Vote* (BENN) Mr. FREDERICK HAZLITT BRENNAN plunges us deep among the trees, and an Englishman may confess that he finds it

difficult to see the wood. It is indeed a "wilderness of monkeys," chattering, squabbling and thieving after their kind. But there is one very amiable gorilla among them. To drop a metaphor which is getting overworked, this is the story of *Patrick Van Hoos*, a simple and muscular hodman who, on the eve of a Presidential election, feels moved, largely by the promptings of liquor, to chuck a ranting Republican out of a saloon and thereupon finds himself a rising Democrat. Barely conscious how or why, he starts on a career, political, commercial and social. He lays down his hod and takes up contracts. He marries a schoolmistress and, like the lady in the song, dwells in a station above him. He grows rich and rises from precinct-worker to city boss, a maker of governors and senators. That, the jungle premisses being accepted, does not sound like the career of an idealist; yet there is an inarticulate idealism, a confused honesty, even when he is bribing and bullying, in *Pat*, and a heartful of good-nature. One gets fonder and fonder of him as the pages turn; for Mr. BRENNAN has the gift of creating people whom you must either like or dislike—you will love *Gwendolen*—and his book, which is full of people, is therefore attractive and even absorbing, although the uninstructed may at times be bewildered by its kaleidoscopic movement. It is written, of course, in American, but most of us are beginning to know something of that language.

Ostrich Eyes (ALLEN AND UNWIN) is the story of the *Sellars*, a Scottish landed family, as told bitterly and indignantly by their relative, *Alan Mackenzie*. "Bitter people," says *Alan*, "tend to bore." They do indeed, but not, as I gratefully admit, when Mr. HILTON BROWN is in charge of them. *Alan* never bores, but he does sometimes irritate. The *Sellars* no doubt deserve this castigation, but who is *Alan* to administer it? They were a hard, narrow, bigoted set who met each difficulty by refusing to recognise it; like ostriches they buried their heads in the sand. Such conduct rouses *Alan* to fury; but was he then so impeccable? Take the main incident of the book, the discovery that the daughter *Lucy* is going to have an illegitimate child. The *Sellar* family in council propose to spirit the child away, telling *Lucy* that it died at birth. "Ostriches!" cries *Alan*; "why not keep it at home and acknowledge it openly? It will be an A1 baby and a thundering good thing for all of us." Which, if you will consider the difficulties he was blind to, will show you that not all the ostriches had their heads in the same sand-heap. A book to provoke argument, then, but none the worse for that. Characters must live and a book must engross the attention before argument becomes possible. Controversy is in fact "a sort of a compliment," and one which I gladly pay to Mr. HILTON BROWN in return for the pleasure he has given me.

In *Further Forensic Fables* (BUTTERWORTH AND CO.), "O," defying the unfortunate traditions of his pseudonym, to say nothing of the dangers that notoriously attend sequels, has again scored freely. *Judex jocosus odiosus*, but this little book is a happy example of judicious, not judicial levity, mingling frivolity with shrewdness and appealing alike to those who are learned in the law and unversed in its technicalities. The thirty fables cover a wide field and are rich in illustrations of the fallibility of mere erudition, the deceptiveness of appearances and the triumph of mother-wit. The morals incline to be a-moral, but they are void of cynicism. One realises that unbounded diligence is no passport to success—witness the truly tragic fable of the Emeritus Professor of International Law and the Police Court Brief; that even Judges are susceptible to romance; that tears are often more powerful than argument, and that proud parents who, determined that their sons should succeed at the Bar, subject them to very expensive and exhaustive training, would sometimes be better advised to let them remain in the country breeding ducks. You cannot make a K.C.'s silk gown out of a sow's ear. "O's" sketches greatly add to our entertainment by their spirit and sense of character, and the Index, as ARTEMUS WARD said of the Tower of London, "is a sweet boon."



Bookstall Salesman. "SEEN THE MID-DAY WALLACE, SIR?"

The English School Days of a French Boy (LANE) consists of letters, published without any alteration, which MAURICE DE PANGE wrote to his mother and father while in his earliest teens he spent a term at a preparatory school and a year at Westminster. I find myself sincerely in sympathy with the views of M. ANDRÉ MAUROIS, who contributes a preface, ideal in tone, in which he says, "I feel sure that many English schoolboys will read these letters with pleasure." This delightful French boy took to English public-school life with all his heart. Westminster was *his* school, and the description of a field-day, in which Eton took part, is amusingly British in its attitude to other schools than his own. It is sad to know that MAURICE died at the age of sixteen, for with his passing went a rare and radiant spirit and a personality full of charm and understanding. But the letters remain, and I am indeed grateful to his parents for the privilege of seeing them.

The Conqueror's Stone (BENN) is described accurately enough on its cover as "a tale of pirates and adventure." I will go further and say that of all the men of piratical tastes who figure in Mr. BERRY FLEMING'S story I would without hesitation award the prize for concentrated wickedness to *Nicholas Waine*. Belonging to a family of substance who had settled in Carolina during the eighteenth century, *Nicholas* was born when the tide was low and superstition made "many a kinky-head to shake." In short the kinky-heads doomed him to trouble from the hour of his birth, and they were right. As a study of a man destitute of any bowels of compassion this book deserves a seat on a shelf by itself. If it is a shade too lurid for everyone's pleasure, Mr. FLEMING has brought to its making a literary style to which I give unqualified approval.

CHARIVARIA.

WE understand that one newspaper has decided in future to insure its readers against the risk of being insured by any of its contemporaries.

It is pointed out that an extra coat-hanger can be made in an emergency by tightly rolling a copy of *The Evening Standard* and tying the ends. There seems no limit to the helpfulness of the BEAVERBROOK Press.

Signor MUSSOLINI declares that the more motorists there are the fewer Bolshevists there will be. On the other hand there will be more motorists.

The DUCE is said to have a double in the person of a New York barber. CÆSAR never had.

Bricklayers' Arms Station, a contemporary informs us, is a link with the old coaching days. Stupidly enough, we were under the impression that it was a link with the old bricklaying days.

Much is being written about 1928 being Leap Year. For the pedestrian every year is a Leap Year.

In an article on Rugby in the Services it is stated that the vigilance of the Army Committee has left no player without a chance of winning his spurs. In the Navy, of course, the practice of playing Rugby in spurs is confined to the Horse Marines.

The production of a play in which the curtain is never lowered reminds us that the only suggestion we have to offer with regard to some plays is that the curtain should never be raised.

A certain regular first-nighter is said to make a practice of reading a book between the Acts. The inconsiderate lowering of the lights makes it almost impossible to read between the intervals.

Daily Express readers urge that the community should take the offensive against criminals. A British form of Community Sing-Singing is indicated.

The man described as the King of Cat-burglars is said to have made eighteen thousand pounds out of "Crown-and-Anchor" during the War. Few of those who made fortunes during the War would have been much good as cat-burglars.

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's breakfast-party at Cambridge to Liberal undergraduates, a revival of his Downing Street custom, is regarded as further evidence of his belief in the early-rising tide of Liberalism.

A famous old inn which is to be closed is said to have been used by DICK TURPIN. We trust that every effort will be made to preserve the even rarer old inns that were not used by DICK TURPIN.



Patient. "WELL, THANKS VERY MUCH FOR PULLING THAT OUT. BY THE WAY, I HOPE YOU DON'T MIND IF I GO BACK INTO THE WAITING-ROOM FOR A BIT. I RATHER WANT TO FINISH A STORY IN ONE OF YOUR MAGAZINES."

Sir JAMES BARRIE as a student, his latest biographer tells us, scores of times took off his cap to THOMAS CARLYLE without eliciting the slightest response. It is greatly to Sir JAMES's credit that he did not allow this early discouragement to sour him.

Intelligence tests applied at Cleveland, Ohio, have shown that twenty-five per cent of the policemen are feeble-minded or morons, and twenty-five per cent of the detectives of markedly inferior mentality. "What did I tell you, Watson?"

A new dog from Finland is called the Spitz. Judging by what she called it, we think that the dog which our cat met the other night must have been one of them.

A newspaper correspondent complains that the Daylight Saving Act has made his baby a day younger than it really is. Cases of individual hardship, however, are incidental to most measures intended for the general weal.

"Televox," the mechanical man who recently unveiled a portrait of GEORGE WASHINGTON at a demonstration in New York, stands six feet high, has electric-light bulbs for eyes, and is operated entirely by sound. There is believed to be some idea of running him for the Presidency.

The *Petit Parisien* confirms the report that the Spanish Government is about to return to the League of Nations. We presume it will at first join as a country member.

The mystery of the famous jazz-band conductor who has recently resigned is now explained. It appears that he wishes to take up music.

Householders in several parts of London complain that the gas has been very jumpy of late. The question arises: Are therms subject to nerves?

It is expected that bookmakers will run candidates at the next General Election to oppose the Betting Tax. We shall have to wait until later for their starting-prices.

A man charged in London declared that he had never broken into a West-End stores. Evidently a second-class burglar.

If there is anything in the theory, advanced by a group of doctors at Wheeling, Ohio, that criminals can be reformed by X-ray treatment of the thymus gland of the throat, which should disappear in normal adults, it may be that a real remedy has at last been found for attempts to buy cigarettes after 8 P.M.

We understand that things are improving in Chicago, where the thugs have now promised the police that in future they will only use humane-killers when shooting their victims.

SCOTLAND FOR EVER.

To say that Captain Donald Angus McTavish is a Scot is to understate the truth. He is in fact a super-Scot, with a withering contempt for the Sassenach and all his ways, and to him mankind is divided quite simply into two classes—Scotsmen and the rest, the latter being a distinctly low order of humanity within which may or may not exist grades of inferiority.

Besides this excessively clannish pride, Captain McTavish possesses a hasty temper and a vocabulary of abuse seldom surpassed for variety and virulence, so that a motor-drive in his company is never dull and often instructive. But if this is true under ordinary conditions it is doubly so in Malta, where the narrow streets and the casual road-manners of the inhabitants inflict a severe strain on even the mildest and most patient motorist. The passenger in McTavish's Ford is therefore certain of assisting at a series of verbal riots, in which the Scots accent alone saves the enemy from comprehension of his failings and McTavish from being sued for defamation of character.

From the time we set out, my drive with McTavish had few dull moments. Having avoided a herd of apparently ownerless goats by a miracle of dexterity, my pilot was almost immediately required to repeat the feat of pulling up within two yards in order to save us from either killing the Maltese policeman on point duty or being rammed by a furiously-driven car emerging from a side street. The usual battle of wits ensued, which McTavish triumphantly concluded by seizing the constable's cap and pointing to the badge.

"'God, direct us' is yer motto," he translated; "but that doesna mean that ye 've no got to direct onybody else."

He drove off in great good-humour, obviously fortified by a distinct victory. For once the road was clear of goats, cabs, children and loiterers, and, except for a cyclist going in the same direction and on his wrong side, there was no traffic in sight as we approached a cross-road and sounded the horn to awaken the constable on point duty. It was at this moment that the cyclist, without the slightest warning, swerved across our front on to his proper side of the road.

Amid the shrieking of the brakes and the protests of the engine arose the roar of McTavish calling Heaven and the policeman to witness the crime, while the constable, awake at last, swore that he had seen nothing. This naturally produced a rising flood of rhetoric from the indignant driver, while I prayed that the victim could not understand even one-third of the abuse which was becoming more and more Scottish both in accent and acidity. Then the cyclist, having crawled unhurt from beneath the car, joined in the riot with a clatter of Maltese and much waving of arms. But he finished in English, and this was where he scored his points.

"I am as good Englishman as you," he announced dramatically.

For a moment I feared for McTavish's reason. He appeared to be on the verge of apoplexy as he turned to the bewildered policeman.

"Englishman!" he roared. "Mak a note o' that. Ah didna come here tae be insulted."

MY PRIVATE GLOZEL.

I DON'T see why these French savants should have all the thrill of digging for hidden treasure. I have always wanted to dig for pieces of eight or, failing that, for prehistoric remains. But one cannot dig in Hyde Park without arousing suspicion. In fact it is only possible for a flat-dweller to taste the pleasures of excavation in London by setting up a red flag or two in a quiet street and getting busy with a pneumatic pick.

But by removing to the suburbs I have acquired a garden all to myself and I can dig to my heart's content. Barbara thinks I am trenching, as recommended in "To-day's Gardening Note," to lay the foundations of a bed of celery. But she is wrong.

All the history of England, I like to think, lies under my twelve square yards or thereabouts of demesne, and, if I dig deep enough, all the history of Australia too. Not that I hope to get so far. I am content to have dug deep into the history of "The Cedars."

My house has not bulked very large in the annals of the parish, yet traditions have clustered round it. Once it was known as "Robinson's Folly," but what manner of man Robinson was has not been handed down. The only original documents on the subject are called the "Deeds," but these are not very helpful.

Historical documents are the dry bones of history, but excavation reveals its human side. For instance, to-day I dug deep into the Victorian era and unearthed a couple of hairpins. Whether they belonged to the early days of the Smith dynasty, or to the Tomlinson dynasty, I cannot say. Possibly they go back to the hoary traditional days of Robinson and his folly. I like to think (I warn all savants that this is mere conjecture) that the beautiful Mrs. Tomlinson walked across this lawn carrying a croquet-mallet in one hand, while with the other she gave a swift reassuring pat to her knob of hair. A "bun" I think it was called in those days.

One find which would have shaken academic circles in Paris to their foundations was a discovery of bones. The mere sight of a bone sends the temperature of an antiquarian savant to fever point. Out of one bone he will construct a pre-dinosaurian monster which will supply him for the rest of his life with the material for books, lectures, monographs and bitter recriminations in the event of a rival savant reconstructing a totally different monster from the same lack of evidence. I flatter myself I know a mutton-chop bone when I see one, yet I am not prepared to argue that sheep roamed these parts in the Jurassic period. I am no savant, but I am familiar with the habits of the domestic dog, and the spot I had uncovered was undoubtedly Smith's favourite flower-bed. Dogs, I suppose, were like that even in Smith's day.

Embedded in a stratum of permeable limestone I discovered a doll. Although in a poor state of preservation (its sawdust had decomposed, leaving only the torso intact), it appeared to be of the Nordic type, with long flaxen hair and blue eyes. The latter moved slightly, leading me to believe that in life it opened and closed its eyes and said "Momma." I assign this unhesitatingly to the Tomlinson era. Had it belonged to the Smith epoch it would have been shingled and not nearly so Nordic. An examination of the skull revealed a bad fracture. I am inclined to believe that the spot marks a grave, and a careful study of the site should throw light on the burial customs of the Tomlinson period.

In fact I appear to have stumbled on a sepulchral system of some importance. Close to the doll's grave I came across the bones of three small animals. The disposition of the remains leads me to suppose they were buried by the hand of man, probably a very tiny man, who struggled as he dug to keep back his tears. I wonder what disease or indiscretion of diet struck low young Tomlinson's rabbits? Let us tread gently here. This is sacred ground.

I should hate anything like this to get in the papers, and I should hate a commission to wrangle over the authenticity of my remains. My discoveries have not enriched English history but I have gleaned evidence (irrefutable, I hope) of life and laughter and of the patter of little feet across the lawn. "The Cedars" has been enriched by this knowledge. It is now more than "a desirable freehold dwelling-house with vacant possession." It has been, and is, a Home.



THE SKELETON IN THE IDEAL HOME CUPBOARD.

MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD (*urged forward by extreme-left hands*). "I'M THE LAST PERSON TO WANT TO EXPOSE THESE EMBARRASSING REMAINS; BUT, AS A LEADER, I MUST GO WHERE I'M PUSHED."



Young Lady (to youth who has taken his jilting badly). "BUT I 'VE ALWAYS LOOKED ON YOU AS THE NICEST *FIANCÉ* I EVER HAD. *DON'T* GO AND SPOIL IT ALL AT THE END."

MR. MAFFERTY PROPOSES A TOAST.

"I 'M wonderin'," said Mr. Mafferty, who was turning over the pages of *The Glass and Prattler*—"I 'm wonderin' now about Lady Pottleby an' Mrs. Monro, because there 's the quare kind of heartenin' piece of information about the two of them here. Will you be listenin' now to this darlin' little paragraph?—

> "'Lady Pottleby and Mrs. Monro have never been on skis before. They both, however, wear black ski-ing suits, with trousers. Lady Pottleby wears a black instructor's cap and Mrs. Monro a Basque béret.'

"Did you hear that?" said Mr. Mafferty. "Well, I 'll read it again." And he read it again a number of times with growing enjoyment and dramatic emphasis:—

> "'*Lady* Pottleby and *Mrs.* Monro have *never* been on skis before. They both, *however*, wear black ski-ing suits, *with* trousers. *Lady* Pottleby wears a black *instructor's* cap and *Mrs.* Monro a *Basque* béret.'

"Now isn't that a wonder?" said Mr. Mafferty; "isn't it quare an' gratifyin'? It 's the grand tears of pride, I 'm thinkin'; would be streamin' down the cheeks of your Mr. CAXTON if he could be sittin' here to-day, an' he porin' an' porin' over the illustrated papers like a Killarney mother over her youngest child on the day of her confirmation, or maybe her weddin' itself, the way he 'd be thinkin' 'Glory be, but it 's a fine thing I 've brought into the world, so it is!'

"Indeed, Mr. Heather, it 's a very fine thing. Will you wait now while I read it again? 'They both, *however*, wear black ski-ing suits, *with* trousers.' It 's a quare soothin' kind of a 'however,' that one, Mr. Heather, because the truth of the tale is this, you understand, that they 've *never* been on skis before, the darlin's, an' so the gentleman that does be writin' the story would expect to see them in *white* suits, or maybe green, an' no trousers at all. But it 's not that kind of lady they are. They 're not the ones to be creepin' out into the mountains in purple or green, the way some unfriendly person will be takin' them for novices, maybe. It 's all or nothin' with Lady Pottleby an' Mrs. Monro, Mr. Heather, so out they come in their full black, like it might be someone that 's lived all her life on the skis; an' Lady Pottleby wears an *instructor's* cap. God bless her!

"An' isn't it the quare kind of warm feelin' you have about the heart, a kind of a glow of gratitude to that same Mr. CAXTON, a kind of a wet-eyed pride in our fine civilisation, Mr. Heather, when you think of the toil an' trouble an' sufferin' there 's been to get that darlin' piece of information to you an' me? I never heard of Lady Pottleby before, nor Mrs. Monro neither; but here we are, Mr. Heather, sittin' here in your dirty London, face to face, you might say, with them two fine ladies, an' they careerin' up and down the mountains of Switzerland in their black trousers an' their grand bérets, like two black lambs on the hills of Astrakhan. An' when I think of the bad old barbarous days, Mr. Heather, when them two angels might have capered up an' down the mountains of Europe from the day they were born till the day of their death, an' never a word or a whisper of it in this same city, then, Mr. Heather, it 's the hot tears I do be brushin' from me eyes, an' I risin' in me place to ask you to drink with me to the holy memory of WILLIAM CAXTON.

"An' I 'm wonderin'," said Mr. Mafferty, after the pious toast had been suitably honoured—"I 'm wonderin' about the poor gentleman that wrote the story. It 's a fine writer, that one, it is entirely. I wouldn't wonder if it was a lord, or maybe an earl's daughter. Will you use your imagination now, if you have any? Can't you see the gentleman on them snowy slopes, at the crack of dawn or the fall of day, an' he lurkin' in the great ravines, an' climbin' the great precipices, an' hidin' in the great trees, the way he 'll be takin' a surreptitious kind of a peep at Lady Pottleby an' Mrs. Monro to see what kind of a hat they 'll be wearin' an' whether they have the trousers or no?

"An' then can you see him at the dead of night, Mr. Heather, in the small kind of a garret he does be occupyin' at the hotel, the fire out maybe an' the candle gutterin' in the cold wind, an' he writin' an' writin' till the risin' of the sun, polishin' his paragraphs an' puttin' in his howevers like it might be a poor man sowin' potatoes in the low parts of Killarney, an' him droppin' 'em in, Mr. Heather, one by one, into the quare small holes he 'll be after makin', seein' it 's well he knows—the lord, I mean, if it isn't the earl's daughter—that there 's you an' me an' millions like us waitin' patiently in the grim city here an' thirstin' an' thirstin' for a small spotheen of news about Lady Pottleby an' Mrs. Monro, an' the colour of their hats an' what they 're wearin' at all? An' speakin' of thirst, Mr. Heather, when I have them kind of thoughts about a public benefactor it 's the thick tears of emotion I 'm staunchin', an' they wellin' from me eyes like platitudes from a Cabinet Minister, the way I 'll be risin' in me place an' askin' you to drink with me to the great health of the writin' gentleman—if it isn't the earl's daughter—that sent the quare fine sensational information about Lady Pottleby to you an' me."

This toast we celebrated also.

"An' I 'm wonderin'," continued Mr. Mafferty. "It could be that there might be other gentlemen that would be deservin' of a kindly toast from us, an' we distributin' the prizes, in a kind of a way, concernin' this darlin' little paragraph. Let ye be thinkin' of the telegraphists, Mr. Heather, an' the clerks, Mr. Heather, an' the linotype gentlemen, an' the printers an' all, not to speak of the editor an' the sub-editors an' the assistant-editors, an' the news-editors an' the sports-editors, an' the paper-boys an' the bookstall gentlemen, an' they toilin' an' moilin' through the dark night or the hungry day the way you an' me can be sittin' here at our ease, Mr. Heather, an' readin' the glad tidin's that Lady Pottleby an' Mrs. Monro have *never* been on skis before, but none the less, *however*, they wear black ski-ing suits, *with* trousers. An' when I think that this is only one small paragraph in one small page an' here 's a whole paper that 's full of them pieces of information, with photographs an' all, then, Mr. Heather, I thrust the noble tears of admiration from me eyes an', risin' in me place, I ask you to drink with me to the holy memory of WILLIAM CAXTON an' all them gentlemen that does be toilin' an' moilin'——"

"No more toasts, I think, Mr. Mafferty," I said gently. "And what part of Ireland do you come from?" I asked.



THE MORNING AFTER A VERY STORMY NIGHT.

"I WONDER IF THE CAPTAIN KNOWS HIS SAILORS SIT UP SO LATE AT NIGHT. I WASN'T FEELING AT ALL WELL, AND I THINK IT WAS MOST INCONSIDERATE OF THEM RUNNING ABOUT OVER MY HEAD."

"I was born in Killarney," said Mr. Mafferty; "but, God be praised, I never yet set foot in me native land." A. P. H.

Another Impending Apology.

From a notice of a provincial performance of *The Gondoliers*:—

"Mr. ——, as the Grand Inquisitor, might have been a gentleman in reality, so ably did he fill the part."

Schubert's Masterpiece.

"Perhaps the most interesting items were the 'Eel-King' of Schubert, sung with good expression by the whole school, and . . ."
Liverpool Paper.

Evidently a hitherto unpublished companion piece to SCHUBERT's well-known "Trout" (*Die Forelle*).



Famous Decorator. "OF COURSE THE ESSENTIAL THING NOW IS TO TAKE CARE THAT NOTHING THAT IS NOT ABSOLUTELY *EN RAPPORT* WITH THE DECORATIVE SCHEME EVER COMES IN HERE."

TELLIN' THE WORLD.

WHAT! ain't yuh heerd about it, kid? Yuh sure surprise me some;
I'll spread myself; jest park right hyar an' make yerself at home;
Now DEMPSEY thinks he's one smart guy—he ain't got much on TUNNEY,
But Snoozyblincz has got them ginks sized up and looking funny.

Way back last fall, Dormouski, settin' up ter be a champ,
Goes gettin' fresh 'bout Snoozy's map and starts him on the ramp.
"Yuh big bone-headed simp," he sneers, "yuh 're yellow, I bin told;
Yuh slick-haired sheek, yuh gotta streak; I guess I'll knock you cold!"

Snooze eyes him purty ugly an' opines ter call his bluff;
"Waal, hyar 's the chessmen an' the board; get goin', yuh big tough:
Our last deal was a frame-up; all the pieces sure was marked;"
"Aw, nix on that; cut out the chat; I'll smash you!" Dormy barked.

So Snooze shapes up an' leads King's Pawn; Dorm parries with his Knight;
Snooze, breathing hard, slings out his Queen. It 's gonna be a fight.

Dorm feints and spars to free his Bish; Snooze, keeping ter the book,
Stops Dorm's advance and waits a chance o' crossing with his Rook.

He puts across a neat exchange and, pilin' up the p'ints,
He jabs away till Dorm's defence is creaking at the j'ints;
Dorm, crouchin' low, takes all that comes; he 's game and real hard-biled,
Fer Snooze kin hit with either mitt when he gets fightin' wild.

Dorm 's lookin' kinda worried, guess he doesn't like the pace;
Three times he 's warned for holdin', seems he 's gettin' cramped fer space;
Ole Snooze is pluggin' good an' strong, plum full o' pep an' fizz—
He 's thru, by Heck! A double check! An' that 's where Dorm gets his.

Say, Stranger, did we do Snooze proud? We did so, I'll allow;
He sartin was the kitten's pants, an all-fired man-size wow;
We beat it fer the drug-store an' we held a grand levee,
While rival fans formed Ku Klux Klans an' lynched the referee.

Dormouski, cryin' like a child, gave Snoozyblincz his hand
An' swore he was a real white man, bar-gold an' full o' sand;
Then, straight'nin' out his spectacles an' reachin' fer his brolly,
He hit the street an' shook his feet fer a passin' up-town trolley.

THE TICKING OFF.

I RAN into one of the prettiest girls I have ever seen in my life this morning. When I say I ran into her I speak euphemistically; she really ran into me.

I had just pulled up at my tobacconist's in the High Street and was about to alight when—bump!—a little two-seater rammed me gently in the rear and tipped me back in my seat.

I turned rather fiercely to give the driver a few home-truths and received such a blinding flash of loveliness that the words tumbled stone-dead on my lips.

She was about eighteen, I suppose; golden fair and as vivid as a sunbeam.

"Terribly sorry!" she cried in a voice that curled itself round you; "I misjudged the distance."

"Oh, that 's all right," I answered, smiling.

Weak, though; absolutely weak. There 's far too much careless driving by youngsters nowadays, and they ought to be ticked off. But could I tick off the loveliest thing imaginable?

Then I saw a constable bustling up and decided that the ticking off should be done by deputy.

"Hullo," he asked briskly, "what 's the matter here?"

As he spoke he looked at the girl, gave an audible gasp and dropped his notebook. He was very young.

"I made a bump," she smiled; "it 's the third this week, so I shall soon be head of the river—if I 'm not taken to prison."

Her voice finished Robert. "Don't you worry about that, Miss," he said huskily; "we don't put the likes of you in prison." He stopped and blushed like a schoolboy.

I was sorry for him, but it is absurd, of course, having police who can't carry out simple duties; I mean to say the blue helmet ought surely to extinguish the crimson heart. Here was a young lady who certainly ought to be ticked off, and yet——

"It was quite an accident," I said.

"I 'm a dreadful donkey at distances," explained the girl musically, "and I 'm awfully sorry about it."

Delightful kid, but a bad judge of distances. Well, she wasn't the only one. Still, it was a policeman's job to——

"There 's rather a dent just there," remarked Robert suddenly, pointing to the two-seater's radiator.

What on earth did he mean? If he had observed that my paintwork had got a slight headache and the grid was bent a bit I could have followed his line of thought. But what had *her* little dent to do with the matter?

"Oh, that 's nothing," she smiled.

"And that wing 's been barked too," he continued earnestly.

This was really a bit too thick. "Didn't you hear the lady say," I asked tartly, "that it was *she* who bumped——"

He took not the slightest notice. "Badly barked," he insisted.

"Oh, that was done yesterday," she rippled. "Please don't bother any more."

He seemed disappointed. "And you 're quite sure you 're all right, Miss?"

"Quite, thank you."

He turned to me at last, frowning and with his chest stuck out. "Then I have to caution you," he said sternly, "to be more careful in future *how you back your car*."



Visitor to West-End. "WHERE CAN I PARK MY CAR?"
Commissionaire. "YOU KNOW THAT LITTLE VILLAGE JUST THE OTHER SIDE OF KINGSTON?"

A Laundry Secret Out.

From a notice of electrical appliances on view at the Ideal Home Exhibition:

"For instance, a combined washing and wringing machine which is so constructed that by simple attachments it is convertible into a mincing machine."

NOAH'S ARK.

CERTAINLY, when you had crossed the fields and climbed the down and got there, it was just an ordinary small wood, all spruce, whinbush and juniper; empty too, even of woodpigeons, was it, but whispery and full of little winds. Yet, when seen from far away, say from the Wantage road, tossed up into afternoon light, it was quite obviously Noah's Ark.

And if it was Noah's Ark *then*, thought Jane Fielding, it must be Noah's Ark *now*, and she remained as intrigued by the notion of being a Noah to it as she had been half-an-hour ago when the first urgency of the matter had been felt.

You will say that Jane Fielding might have told Evelyn and Edward where she was off to; but Jane had, you see, no intentions towards anything but the star part, and you know what cousins are; besides Evelyn and Edward lived here always and she didn't, and if *they* failed to spot Noah's Ark when they saw it Jane wasn't going to tell them—not just yet anyhow.

So behold the patriarch Noah waiting within her ark to welcome and save the animals. Waiting not too patiently, I fear, and beginning to trifle with the inspiration that the Ark was on Ararat after all and that there was nothing for anyone to do since the ship's company had evidently disembarked (or *disemarked*, ought it to be? thought Noah) other than go to tea. However, "the animals came in one-by-one," Noah incanted gently, and even as she did so the charm worked. Noah could in fact see the first animal coming to the Ark. It was coming up the side of the wall at a sort of jerky high-backed canter, and it was both woe-begone and tired. It was all wet and muddy too and looked as if it badly wanted (although it 's a lovely afternoon, thought Noah) "for to get out of the rain."

Then Noah recognised with a thrill that this first-comer was a *fox;* a bull or even a cow would have been embarrassing and a dog just a trifle everydayish, but a fox seemed just right and frightfully exciting. Now if Noah's home had been in a hunting country and not in London she would also have recognised that the fox was a hunted fox and a beaten fox at that, but, since she was an intelligent Noah, she guessed these last facts quite quickly when she went to open the door of the Ark for him and saw red coats dotted about the hillsides and a dapple of questing hounds at fault down in the valley.

"Good afternoon," said Noah civilly, and the fox came in as quietly as a blown brown leaf. His yellow eyes looked like bits of glass, and he turned them neither right nor left. And down he clapped into a broom-bush flat as a partridge and with his pointy nose pointed into one of the little whispers of wind. Noah got red with anxiety and importance. "He knows that he's safe in your Ark, Captain," she told herself with a reassuring salute.

Then Gerald Fielding, who was Noah's father and very muddy, came riding down one of the little gangways in the Ark.

"Hullo, Jane Fielding," said Gerald, who never seemed surprised about things, "you here?"

Jane Fielding explained.

"I see," said Gerald, who always *did* see in the most understanding way, "and I also see," he said to himself, "that, even if they *don't* get a line up here just now, Harry 'll run hounds through the wood for him presently. Look here, Captain," said he to Noah, "I 'm Ham; that is, I 'm as dark and devious as my hat, and as mad as a hatter into the bargain. May I go ashore, Sir?"

"Certainly, my man," said Noah.

The fox lay very still.

Gerald cantered his tired horse on to the ridgeway at the end of the little wood. There, blushing hotly, he stood in his stirrups and, hat in air, view-holloaed not unmusically.

"Where is he, Gerald?" said brother Harry, who was hunting hounds himself and who had lifted them, galloping, to come to the holloa.

"He 's just gone over——" began Gerald, pointing uncomfortably.

"Dam!" said his brother. "Thought I was going to give 'em a view. *Never* get their heads down again now, and the breeding earths open too. Bet a fiver we 've lost him. Come up, horse." And he galloped off, blowing his horn gustily.

Gerald rode quietly back and into the Ark.

"Come aboard, Sir," he said, slipping off and patting Brownbread's wet neck. "Lor', if your Uncle Harry ever found out! Hark! He 's going home now."

A note, long and significant, floated across and through the trees, and the fox, realising perhaps that the game was his after all, got very quietly on to his legs and melted like magic into the friendly shadows of the Ark.

"Now then, old Noah," said Gerald, "I 'm not Ham any longer, because I 'm the dove coming back with its olive-branch." And he tossed his daughter into the saddle. "Come on," he said; "I 'll lead Brownbread down to the road, and then you can have a leather to jog home by if you think that carrying two-pennorth o' nothing over-weight would kill the old moke."

So out of the Ark and into the daffodil light of the March evening down-hill rode Jane Fielding, all of good appetite for her two-mile-off tea. P. R. C.

BADINAGE.

HENRY THE EIGHTH, as I 've been told,
Went to the Field of the Cloth of Gold,
And he said to his Queen (I don't know which),
"Dear my wife, go snipper and stitch
And make me a suit of an elegance
To dazzle the eyes of the KING OF FRANCE."
She drew her needle, she chose her thread,
The yellow, the blue, the green, the red;
She made him a doublet and hose to catch
The Frenchman's eye, and a cap to match.
Heyday! No popinjay
Was half so pretty or half so gay;
So he went to the Field of the Cloth of Gold.
But it happened by chance
That his Cousin of FRANCE
Had got there first; and I 'll make so bold
As to say no prettier, prouder thing
Was seen that day than France's King.
His baudekin-coat was trimmed with care—
The jewels alone made HENRY stare;
The topaz, beryl and chrysoprase
Of SOLOMON'S days
Were winking there.
His Court were as bravely dressed as he,
Tailored and tabarded cap-à-pie.
With trappings of gold and silver shone
The strawberry roans they rode upon;
The baggage mules
Were tricked with gules,
While the muleteers were in lemon and pink—
Neat and nice
If you didn't look twice,
Which HENRY did, and it made him blink.
But the KING OF FRANCE,
With just a glance
At the doublet and hose of branched brocade
And the cap to match of a lighter shade
That the QUEEN (don't ask me which) had made,
Doffed his bonnet and cried, "Good day;
But why is our Cousin in mourning, pray?"

Stands Hampstead Where She Did?

Apparently not, to judge from the following advertisement:—

"HAMPSTEAD HEATH.

One of the finest properties on the favourite West Heath. 400 ft. up on the Surrey Hills, close to golf course."—*Daily Paper.*



The New Vicar. "DEAR ME, AND SO YOU 'VE KEPT YOUR BED FOR THREE YEARS?"

Villager. "YES, SIR. THE DOCTOR CAME THREE YEARS AGO AND TOLD ME NOT TO GET UP TILL HE SEE ME AGAIN, AND I 'VE NEVER SEEN UN SINCE."

INSULARS ABROAD AGAIN.

PERCIVAL'S HAT.

THIS business began with the blowing off of Percival's hat in the Place de l'Étoile. There are few more unpleasant spots in which to have one's hat blown off than the Place de l'Étoile. I once knew a man who was unbeaten at having his hat blown off. He had had his hat blown off just before the arrival of the Life Guards in a Coronation procession, and he had had it blown off from the top of the Eiffel Tower and from the *Berengaria* three days out from New York and into the *rose du Barry* vat of a dye-works; but even he shuddered when I once asked him casually if he had ever had his hat blown off in the Place de l'Étoile. Yet Percival did it quite easily.

He was standing by the Avenue de la Grande Armée when his hat abruptly left him, bowled merrily off south-eastwards into the traffic and collided with a taxi. The taxi was practically undamaged, but the hat was severely shaken. It lay quite still for some while, till a motor-bus stirred it up and sent it off once more, this time to an encounter with a limousine. The limousine also was but slightly affected.

Percival meanwhile, having made a rapid calculation of speed and direction, was trying to get round the outer periphery of the Place in order to cut off his hat before it reached the Champs Elysées, *en route* for the Jardins des Tuileries, the Louvre and possibly the Gare de Lyon. Naturally he did not dare venture straight out after it into the great open spaces. It is hazardous

to attempt the traffic of the Place de l'Étoile under any conditions; to do so with one's eye on a receding hat is simply *felo de se.*

After the limousine the hat appeared to luff up a few points to the wind and ran strongly on an easterly course at a good rate of knots till a racing cyclist, with his head down in his front wheel and the rest of him pointing up and back, tried to retrieve it with his foot. Of course he oughtn't really to have attempted it; racing, not trick-cycling, was his forte. Anyway he seemed to bear no malice after picking himself up. Meanwhile the hat, now apparently inside out and looking rather dissipated, had resumed its triumphant course and, after bouncing off another taxi, at last reached the central pavement by the Arc de Triomphe.

Here an altruistic Frenchman took as much trouble over trying to catch it as if it had been his own; and I am able to speak with certitude on this point because his own blew off in the attempt. He was immediately replaced in his self-imposed duty to his neighbour by an excitable dog and a municipal sweeper with a broom.

Percival by now had reached the entrance to the Champs Élysées. Here he stood breathless, like a diminutive goal-keeper in an outsize goal, waiting for his head-gear and shading his eyes with his hand.



Golfer. "WHAT DO YOU THINK I'D BETTER USE HERE, CADDIE?"
Caddie (dejectedly). "'TAIN'T NO GOOD ASKIN' ME, SIR. MY LUCK'S RIGHT OUT. I AIN'T PICKED A WINNER FOR A FORTNIGHT."

The hat, however, never reached him. With total disregard for the dignity of the law it blew straight at an *agent de Police.* The *agent*, with total disregard for the dignity of hats, put a flat and enormous foot upon it with extreme accuracy. He then carried it triumphantly back to where Percival had been but now was not. I thanked him on behalf of Percival, myself and England and received it tenderly. It looked like a cross between a *béret* that had had a night out and the thing a *valet de chambre* polishes floors with.

Percival and I, having spent ten minutes chasing one another round the Place de l'Étoile, at last established touch; after which we sat in a *café* and applied first aid to the hat. No fewer than three waiters, with that peculiar French interest in other people's fortunes, took a hand in this. One brought water and one scrubbed it and one pinned up the ribbon, and at intervals they held it up on a hand and admired its progress with the air of a milliner displaying the latest model. It at last began to look a little better, but it still might have been almost anything. Both the dog and the *agent* had been very successful in impressing their personality on it.

At that point a hand smote Percival's shoulder and a friend he picked up the other day, a French student named Émile, exquisitely dressed in the latest London fashion, greeted him.

"*Ha, mon vieux, ça colle?*"

"Bung-oh, old man," returned Percival, nervously hiding his hat under the table. "Where are you off to?"

"I go across the road to buy me a new hat," returned Emile in all innocence. "You come help me, eh?"

After a searching glance Percival said judicially that he didn't see why he shouldn't, and tried to avoid my eyes. We rose with a nonchalant air and Percival drew forth and put on his hat. Two of the waiters raised a little murmur of approbation in the background, but Émile did not notice.

We entered the French hatter's shop opposite and a sort of Vicomte came forward and bowed. He started perceptibly at the first sight of Percival's headgear but otherwise took it bravely. I kept myself in the background near the door behind a large hat-tree in full fruit.

Émile proceeded with both hands and his native tongue to convey an idea of the kind of hat he wanted to buy. The usual sort of scene then ensued, the Vicomte bringing out soft hats of every shape and Emile spurning them aside with shrugs of the shoulder. At last the discussion became a trifle acrimonious. They began to interrupt one another's sentences half-way through instead of just before the end. The Vicomte produced unexpected hats as if they were epigrams; Émile shrugged them into the limbo of bargain-sale relics. I gathered eventually that Émile the exquisite was demanding a hat in the latest English style; while the Vicomte was maintaining that a certain brand of hat under consideration *was* the very latest from London itself.

At this point Émile produced a trump-card. He suddenly asked Percival's opinion of the hat offered, and when the Vicomte, after a withering glance at Percival, was about to deliver a crushing remark he said simply, "*Voyez-vous, mon ami est Anglais; il connait bien les modes de Londres.*"

It was overwhelming. I have never seen such a change come over anyone as over the Vicomte. He closed his mouth and stared incredulously at this representative from the world's leading city for masculine fashion. It was just as though *Célandine* (*née* Stuggs), modiste of Tooting, had discovered in an argument about a frock with Mrs. Smythe of The Laburnums that a real Parisienne was present.

Reverently the Vicomte bowed. His assistants gathered round at a respectful distance. Percival's battered tile was now regarded with something akin to awe. And when, in response to Émile's urgent appeals, Percival confessed he didn't much like the hat which the Vicomte was recommending there was obviously no more to be said. Authority had spoken. The Vicomte put it back into the box and showed us all out with a crushed air. His hats had ceased to be in the correct English style; his entire stock had suddenly become *démodé* under the brief criticism of Percival wearing an abomination which bore traces of every vehicle and person in the Place de l'Étoile. It was a wonderful example of the power of British sartorial prestige.

All things considered, therefore, it was, I think, a great pity that, five minutes later, having shaken off Émile, Percival should have returned brazenly to the Vicomte, bought the disparaged French hat and discarded his own London one in the shop itself with every sign of relief and disdain. A. A.

"Dangers of a Premature Spring," says a newspaper headline. Look, in fact, before you leap.

THE GLAND THAT FAILED.

IT is all for the best perhaps that the recent researches of a committee of experts have established that the sheep cannot be successfully rejuvenated by gland treatment. One regrets, of course, any disappointment which may be felt by the sheep that its youth, unlike the eagle's, cannot be renewed, but, viewing the matter on broad grounds of public policy, we are inclined to think that matters are very well left as they are.

In the course of time the sheep has established a well-merited place in the idiom of our language, and any important changes in its habits such as might have been expected to follow from successful application of the VORONOFF method might have proved inconvenient. For example, when one says of a human being that his appearance is sheepish, one has definitely in mind, we think, the facial attributes of a sheep past its prime. A rejuvenated sheep, it may be presumed, would have recovered something of the youthful friskiness of the lamb, and an expression which had previously connoted certain clearly defined characteristics would in the result have become tainted with ambiguity.

With the distinction between age and youth obliterated, that comfortable homely expression, "As well be hung for a sheep as a lamb," would certainly have had to be abandoned as an anachronism. And the purist might even have felt that, with the parent possibly manifesting the attributes of youth more markedly than its offspring (a phenomenon not unknown where gland treatment has been applied to human beings), a sharper antithesis would be secured by speaking of March as coming in like a lion and going out like a rejuvenated sheep—a clumsy expression, it seems to us, at the best.

Even our nursery rhymes would have required revision. The story of Little Bo-Peep presupposes, we think, a certain steadiness and acquiescence associated rather with the sheep of mature years than with the young of the species. It is not to be supposed that rejuvenated sheep would prove so docile, and for the sake of scientific accuracy in the nursery, to which such importance is now attached, it might have been necessary to re-write the story somehow on the following lines:—

> Little Bo-Peep has lost her sheep
> And can't tell where to find them;
> They 've gone to the "quack," and when they come back
> They 'll leave Bo-Peep behind them.

But, important as these considerations are, it is perhaps when we come to think of the sheep dead rather than the sheep living that we realise how far-reaching would have been the consequences of any other result than that which attended the recent investigations in Algeria. The distinction in actual practice between mutton and lamb has never been so clear that we could have accepted with equanimity any change calculated to make the position more obscure. All is not lamb that is so described on the menu, but nevertheless under existing conditions the epicure has certain broad principles of differentiation to guide him which would almost certainly have been rendered negligible if the rejuvenating process had proved successful and become fashionable in the sheep-pens of this and other countries.

And then the question would of course have arisen sooner or later—and would, we fear, have created bitter controversy—whether shoulder of rejuvenated sheep should be served with red-currant jelly or with mint-sauce and green peas.

For all these reasons, though we sympathise, as we have said, with any natural disappointment on the part of the sheep, we are bound to confess that the failure of this interesting scientific experiment leaves us unmoved.



Witness. "AN' WHEN 'E COME UP I ASKS 'IM WOT WON THE TWO-THIRTY."
Judge. "WHAT WON THE TWO-THIRTY WHAT?"

Our Calculating Contemporaries.

"The Maharaja of Datia shot his 100th tiger on January 30, 1928, and thus completed his century."—*Allahabad Paper.*

SIMPLE PEOPLE.

The Divorce Case.

Mr. and Mrs. Oleander had been married about ten years, and they had two nice children called Eddy and Jean, and they had just bought a motor-car because Mr. Oleander had made plenty of money in his business that year, and they generally got on very well together, but lately they had been doing a good deal of quarrelling, perhaps they were getting too rich.

Well one day they had a big quarrel, and at the end of it Mrs. Oleander said well I can't put up with it any longer, I shall divorce you.

And Mr. Oleander said oh no you won't, and she said why not?

And he said because I shall divorce you first, and she said what for?

And he said why for always going to the bathroom just when I want to, and for staying there too long.

And she said well we'll see what the judge says about that, I am sure he will say that my reason is better than yours. And he said what is your reason, I don't believe you have got one.

And she said oh yes I have, but I shan't tell it to you.

So then they quarrelled again, but she wouldn't tell him what her reason was so they had a trial.

Well the judge knew Mr. and Mrs. Oleander a little when he was a private gentleman, and his grandchildren played with Eddy and Jean. So he said well now can't you two make it up, because it is a pity to be divorced, I thought of divorcing my own wife once but I found I could put up with her, and now I am glad I didn't.

And there was a lady on the jury and she said well that 's a funny thing and it only shows how small the world is, I once thought of divorcing my husband because he didn't pay enough attention to me, but I am glad I didn't too, because I might not have got a better one, and we made it up.

And the judge said well there you see, there are two people here who have made it up, so why can't you?

But Mr. and Mrs. Oleander wouldn't make it up, so the judge said oh well then we shall have to go on with the trial, but I think it is a great pity. And he said to Mrs. Oleander now what is your reason for wanting to divorce your husband?

And she said well he makes such a noise guffling his soup, it is positively disgusting.

Well that made Mr. Oleander very angry, and he said if you had told me that privately I shouldn't have minded, but to say it before all these people and to have it in the newspapers to-morrow is too bad and I shall never make it up with you now.

And she said well I shall never make it up with you either, and I shall be able to eat my soup in peace when I have got rid of you.

And the judge said well you haven't got rid of him yet and perhaps I shan't let you, and when everybody had said what they had to say he told the jury what everybody had said and what he thought about it himself, and then he said you had better go away now and talk it over and then you can decide.



"So the jury went away and talked it all over."

So the jury went away and talked it all over, and what they decided was that Mr. and Mrs. Oleander were both guilty but Mrs. Oleander was more guilty than Mr. Oleander because she had been so rude.

And before the judge could say anything Mrs. Oleander burst out crying, and she said oh it is too bad, and he has been just as rude as I have in private but he is clever enough not to be rude here, I hate him.

Well Mr. Oleander never could bear to see Mrs. Oleander cry, so he said to her oh never mind, I am sure I am very sorry if I have been disagreeable to you and I didn't really mean it.

And she said oh yes you did, and after we are divorced you will be very sorry for it, and who is to put Eddy and Jean to bed?

And the judge said who are Eddy and Jean?

And Mrs. Oleander said why you know perfectly well, they are our children and they often play with your grandchildren Peter and Rosemary.

And the judge said you mustn't talk about my grandchildren here, because the jury doesn't know that I have any grandchildren and they must please forget that you have said that. I don't suppose you have thought about what will happen to your children if you are divorced and I think you had better go away for a little time and think about it, I dare say the jury won't mind waiting another ten minutes.

And the jury said they didn't mind, so Mr. and Mrs. Oleander went into another room which a policeman showed them, and directly he had shut the door Mrs. Oleander burst out crying again, and she said oh why are you so unkind to me, bringing me to this horrid place and telling everybody you don't love me any more, and especially that horrid old man, I shan't let Eddy and Jean play with his grandchildren any more.

And Mr. Oleander said oh don't cry darling, I do love you and I am sorry I have been so horrid. It was all my fault. And he kissed her, and by this time she was rather glad of it.

So she kissed him back, and she said no it is all my fault and you don't really guffle your soup, I only said it because I was angry with you.

So then they made it up, and they went back and told the judge that they didn't want to be divorced any more, and he said he was very glad to hear it. And the jury said they were too, and they would be quite pleased not to be paid for being on the jury. And the judge asked the people who put things in the newspapers not to put in what Mrs. Oleander had said about Mr. Oleander, and they said they wouldn't.

And after that Mr. and Mrs. Oleander got on well together, and they hardly quarrelled at all, because when they began they knew what it might lead to, and they didn't want another trial.



Burglar (whipping out revolver). "NAH THEN, WOT YER DOIN' WIV THAT THERE SWORD?"
Antiquarian (who had proposed to defend himself). "I THOUGHT OF GOING OUT TO DO A LITTLE PRUNING."

And when Eddy grew up he married Rosemary the judge's granddaughter, and the judge who was very old by that time came to the wedding, and he pretended that he had forgotten all about the trial. A. M.

UNDECORATED MERIT.

AN intelligent commentator in one of our evening papers calls attention to the fact that no railway engine-driver has ever yet received any official recognition, and observes that the first to receive a K.B.E. would have an amazing ovation at station after station.

This is not only true but it needed saying. What is more, the statement is capable of wide extension. The number of indispensable and useful callings which are allowed to blush undecorated though not unseen is almost incredible. For example there is no profession that looms larger in the public eye than that of the typist, or one that has been more fruitful in producing Amazons, Atalantas and Nereids. Yet not a single one amid this splendid band has, so far as I know, risen to the rank of Dame.

If we turn to music the same strange disparity between achievement and recognition confronts our disconcerted gaze. Elderly conductors and composers are honoured while the men who really count are passed over. We understand that a movement was started with the view of founding a new order of the K.B.N. (Knights of the Big Noise), with the special view of recognising the services to humanity of saxophonists and trap-drummers, but it was frowned upon by Mr. BALDWIN and reluctantly abandoned by the promoters.

Another notable profession, that of bath-chair propellers, who are notorious for their literary tastes, has not even one C.B. in its ranks. Again, while actors appear in the Honours Lists, no dancer has yet been decorated, though the institution of the D.T. (Doctor of Tarantulation) is long overdue. The case of singers is also grievous. With the exception of Sir HARRY LAUDER none has been knighted since the late Sir CHARLES SANTLEY. We have Dame CLARA BUTT, but that is but a poor substitute for the title which ought to have been revived for her and her husband—Count and Countess RUMFORD.

The list of the neglected might be indefinitely extended. I say nothing of costermongers, artificial eye-makers, bell-hangers, plumbers. But enough has been said to prove that many important and solid strata of our social fabric remain unirrigated by the streams which flow from the fount of honour, and continue in a deplorably desiccated condition. And this I have no hesitation in declaring to be not only an injustice but a national danger. The lack of an honorific prefix or suffix preys on the minds of the undecorated; it saps the energy of the sagacious and converts the potentialities of contentment into a hot-bed of sedition.

Worse still, it lowers their vitality and renders them peculiarly liable to the reception of pathogenic germs. Prolonged inquiries have convinced me that many of the mysterious maladies which baffle our best physicians to-day are traceable to this influence. A tragic example has recently come to my knowledge of a young literary man of remarkable promise whose career has been blighted by his failure to secure even the smallest of the official hall-



Father. "WHAT 'S THE MATTER, JANE?"

Daughter. "OH, I 'VE BEEN MEETING MY YOUNG MAN'S PEOPLE. SO EXHAUSTING! THE POOR DEARS DID TRY *SO* HARD TO BE AT THEIR BEST."

marks of fame. Up to a certain point his progress was uninterrupted. His poems were pronounced by our leading literary weekly to be saturated in "Gongoristic awareness," and another spoke in high terms of their "miasmatic melody." But this generous criticism was not enough to appease his natural thirst for State recognition. His health began to fail. He took to reading BROWNING and SWINBURNE and indulged in metrical exercises which reached such a pitch of inanity as to provoke the following pathetic comment from one of his friends:—

"There was a young bard who thought parlour-maid
Was a perfectly good rhyme for marmalade;
But a course of ear-drill
On the slopes of Boar's Hill
His friends' and admirers' alarm allayed."

Allayed—yes, but not cured. The young man's condition is still critical; strange and disquieting symptoms have aggravated his malady, and unless some official homage is paid him in the course of the next few weeks he is almost certain to plunge once more into the morass of Victorian optimism.

TRAVEL NOTES.

(*Lines sent with an offering from the sunny South.*)

'Tis but a little faded flower,
I plucked it yestermorn for thee
Whilst taking shelter from a shower
Or blizzard, by the inland sea.

I might have sent thee daffodils,
Though foreign postage costs a lot;
Mimosa with its fragrant frills
I might have sent, but I did not.

This homely little shrub or plant,
The blackthorn of our Northern Spring,
Appealed to me, my dearest aunt,
As being more the genuine thing.

There is no star on any spike
That does not breathe of English lanes,
Nor say how singularly like
They are to French ones when it rains.

The sky is slate, the sky is steel,
There is a temper in the wind
That makes the wandering tourist feel
Décolleté as a rabbit skinned.

Wrapping his coat about his bones,
He sees the Mediterranean blue
Austerely breaking on its stones,
As English seas are wont to do.

The Parma violet seems to mope;
Too lowly hangs the jonquil's cup;
The vineyard toilers on the slope
Are toiling with umbrellas up.

The painted cliffs forbear to shine;
The glory of the South has gone;
I notice as a fearful sign
The gendarme has goloshes on.

Even the almond's rosy pink
Looks fairly fatuous to-day;
That was a mule which coughed, I think;
The crimson coast has turned to grey.

Only the blossoms of the sloe
Seem native to this angry air,
Much as they might in Pimlico,
Though maybe it is warmer there.

So have I sent this silver bough,
Despite a somewhat costly stamp,
To call me back to memory now,
Here in the *Sud* without a gamp.

EVOE.



THE COTTON-SPINNING FATES.

MR. PUNCH IS PLEASED TO SEE THAT THE LADY IN THE MIDDLE HAS RECENTLY SHOWN SIGNS OF TAKING A LITTLE INTEREST IN THE PROCEEDINGS.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, February 27th.—Mr. TOM SHAW has so often told the Government that its honour rooted in dishonour stands, and that faith unfaithful has made it falsely true or worse, along of its failing to ratify the Washington Hours Convention, that the House has come to regard it as a mild obsession and treats the uprising of that sturdy figure as an appropriate signal for seeking the seclusion that the smoking-room confers. To-day he was at it again, and once more his arguments were demolished seriatim, this time by Mr. BETTERTON. About three dozen Members lent their ears, and two dozen of these their voices, to the debate, which was closed by the MINISTER OF LABOUR with the happy discovery that the views for and against ratification were not irreconcilable.

Tuesday, February 28th.—Should a Minister who inadvertently fails to tell the truth in the House be permitted to tell it in *Hansard*? This pretty question of Parliamentary etiquette arises in connection with *Dawn*, that film which is intended to fill the world with a disgust for strife but so far has only succeeded in setting a number of well-intentioned people by the ears. Answering questions on *Monday* Sir AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN quite distinctly said that Mr. FOXEN-COOPER, the "technical adviser to His Majesty's Government on cinematography," on whose information he acted, *had seen the film*. Looking in *Hansard* this morning, however, we find the answer corrected so as to read that Mr. FOXEN-COOPER "*had seen Mr. WILCOX.*"

Now I would as soon expect to see Sir AUSTEN throw his top-hat at the SPEAKER as suspect him of deliberately misleading the House. Nevertheless his statement that Mr. FOXEN-COOPER had seen the film silenced the hecklers who, if he had made it plain that he had acted on a report of Mr. FOXEN-COOPER'S account of what somebody else told *him* and that in fact nobody had seen the film at all, would have gone on heckling with redoubled vigour.

On the whole the House seemed to sympathise with the repugnance felt by the FOREIGN MINISTER to the commercialisation of the imagined scene of Nurse CAVELL'S execution, and accepted as a coincidence the fact—so obnoxious to everybody—that the initial repugnance was expressed by the German Government.



THE HARP WITH ONE STRING.
MR. TOM SHAW RETURNS TO HIS FAVOURITE PIECE.
(No encore.)

The Lords debated the redistribution of the Army Council's duties that was announced some little time ago. When Lord HALDANE bays outside the War House the old fighting dogs within turn uneasily in their armchairs. Politically he may general an army, compared with which the fighting service of Andorra is formidable, in a Chamber that has been so mechanised that it is all machinery, but he does know what he is talking about. To-day he criticised the undue importance given to the Master-General of Ordnance in the new scheme of things military, and wrung from Lord CAVAN the rather surprising statement that if a war broke out the Commander-in-Chief would like to have a Deputy Master-General of Ordnance at his elbow to "tell him how he ought to employ these [new mechanised] weapons to the best advantage."

This will strike the layman as a curious view and he will mildly wonder what, in the next war, the Commander-in-Chief will himself be expected to know. All previous wars have produced new apparatus and technique, but MARLBOROUGH and WELLINGTON and MOLTKE and the rest did not look to some special staff-officer to tell them how they ought to employ the new weapons and methods to the best advantage.

With a few more Deputy Masters-General of This, That and T'other to advise him as to how everything should be done to the best advantage there seems to be no reason why the British army in the next war should not be commanded by the Secretary of State for War.



The Old War-Dog (Lord HALDANE). "ISN'T ONE HEAD BETTER THAN TWO—EVEN IN THE LATEST MECHANICAL WAR-DOG?"

The Commons debated the Second Reading of the L. M. & S. Road Transport Bill, the first of a series of Bills designed to permit the railways to put motor-vehicles on the roads in competition with the private road-transport companies.

"Bah!" said Mr. LAMB, thereby indicating that he smelt a wolf, or at any rate a railway, in sheep's clothing. Road transport, he claimed, had done something to rescue agriculture and industry from the strangulating gripe of the railroads. Now they wanted to come in and, having driven the transport companies off the road, force traffic back to the railways again.

Other Members agreed that this was the hideous case, but still others, led by Mr. GRENFELL, championed the railways, and asked why they alone should

be debarred the use of the roads which the rates they paid helped to maintain. The PRIME MINISTER had intimated earlier in the day that there must shortly be an inquiry into the whole question of the control and co-ordination of national transport, and this invested the debate, which was adjourned, with a certain atmosphere of unreality.

Wednesday, February 29th.—Ethyl may be a speedy and attractive young woman, but she has poisonous manners, according to Lord BUCKMASTER. Had not Sir WILLIAM POPE pronounced her a menace to society, and Sir WILLIAM BAKER added, in effect, "and then some"? Lord SALISBURY doubted if Ethyl was as bad as Lord BUCKMASTER had painted her. An American scientific committee had examined the case against her and found it not proven. They (the Government) are to have her sat upon by an Inter-Departmental Committee appointed to go into the matter thoroughly.

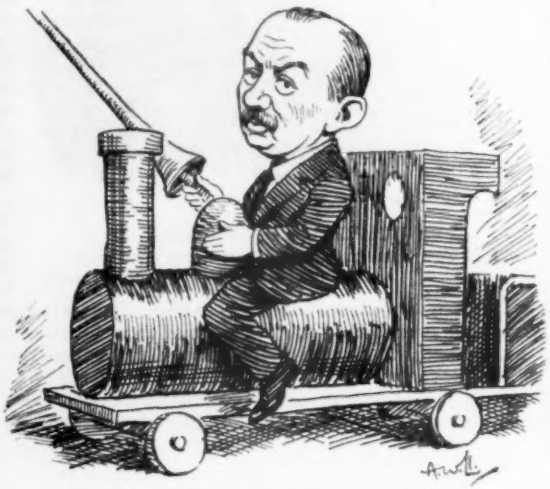
In the Commons Mr. AMMON asked if the recently-discovered subway between the House of Commons and Westminster Abbey could not be restored for use. Sir V. HENDERSON, restraining with obvious difficulty a desire to add a number of other reasons for the answer being in the negative, replied austerely that no subway had in fact been discovered.

What is it that has no hope of employment, no option of retirement, is on half-pay and barks like a dog? The answer is an Admiral of the Fleet. The part about barking like a dog is put in to make it harder, but an Admiral of the Fleet would seem to have every justification for barking. He has one privilege, however. He can dabble in politics which other Naval officers on half-pay may not do and are not going to do if Mr. BRIDGEMAN can help it. The sea-politician, however, has his champions on both sides of the House, and Commander BELLAIRS said he would raise the matter on adjournment on the following day.

Colonel ASHLEY resumed the adjourned debate on the L.M.S. Railway's Bill. He came down on the side of the railways, but intimated that the Bill would require certain clauses added to it to safeguard the public's interests. Mr. J. H. THOMAS's support of the railways was expected, but a wintry smile flitted round the chamber when he "hoped that, as always, the House would show itself not unmindful that the public interest should be supreme." The House gave the Bill a Second Reading by the rather unexpectedly large majority of 399 to 42.

Thursday, March 1st.—Once more—on the motion of Lord CHARNWOOD—their Lordships aired their old grievance. For the best part of every session they are compelled to do nothing, and do it very well, and then suddenly they are called upon to do a tremendous lot (in the way of cleaning up the Commons' ill-drafted Bills) in so short a time that it can only be done very badly.

Both the motion providing that Bills "not involving any principle at issue between the parties" should be introduced *first* in the Lords, and Lord HUNSDON'S Amendment, allowing Bills passed by one House in one session to become law by being passed by the other House in the following session, were dissented



THE CHAMPION OF THE IRON HORSE.
MR. J. H. THOMAS ENTERS THE LISTS.

from by Lord SALISBURY for the Government, while he made it clear that he deeply sympathised with their intent. More Ministers in the Lords, longer sittings (Lord BEAUCHAMP), fewer and better Bills all round (Lord FITZALAN) and less loquacity by Front Bench Peers were all, in turn, propounded as possible palliatives.

Dawn sank to rest, so to speak, in the Commons with the HOME SECRETARY'S declaration that the present system of leaving film censorship to the local authorities was far the best and would be adhered to. Sir F. HALL put his finger on the kernel of the whole matter by asking if it was not inadvisable that any Minister should approach the Film Censor, whether as a Minister or in his private capacity. To this Sir WILLIAM JOYNSON-HICKS tactfully replied that he himself had "never acted in that capacity."

Socialist Members sniffed a rat in the cupboard where Sir AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN keeps his skeletons and things. It all concerned that statutory declaration referred to in the Departmental Committee's report on the "Francs" case. Why was the alleged gambling in foreign exchange not investigated at the time? Sir AUSTEN said he understood at the time from Sir EYRE CROWE that Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD (who had called his attention to the matter) was satisfied with his (Sir EYRE'S) explanation that there was nothing in it. Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD with nebulous shakings of the head intimated that that was not so. Anyway, that was his understanding, said Sir AUSTEN, and he had done nothing more about it. There was no record, official or otherwise, of the matter.

Colonel WEDGWOOD woofed a few more woofs at the supposititious rodent and gave it up. The House betook itself to the discussion of trade, particularly of the herring trade. The House knows a good deal about red herrings and positively gasped when Sir ROBERT THOMAS declared that the coast of Scotland between Eyemouth and Arbroath had lost three millions of herring business through the Arcos raid. Mr. BOOTHBY interposed to say the whole herring trade of the world was not worth three millions, and Sir PHILIP CUNLIFFE-LISTER rubbed it in by explaining that Russia bought nearly as many herrings in 1927—about one-hundred-and-fifty thousand pounds worth—as in 1925. Thomases, it seems, can be doubtful as well as doubters.

A Musical Prodigy.

"Rosewood Baby Grand. Length 5ft. Three Corinthian legs. Very little use, quite like new."—*Advt. in Morning Paper.*

"Childe Harold came to no darker tower than the wayfarer coming down the Canongate to Holyroodhouse."—*Morning Paper.*

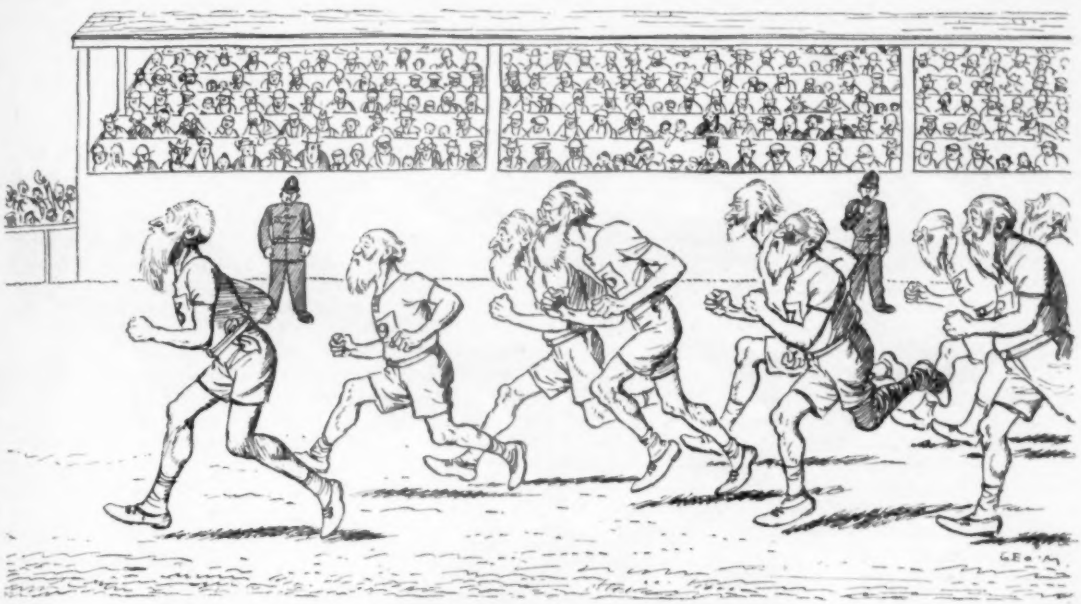
Perhaps not, but *Childe Roland* did.

"Frankly there was something impressive about a pair of well-matched, well-turned-out and well-driven horses behind a barouche, Victoria or landau."—*North-Country Paper.*

With a four-in-hand the impressiveness must have been quite overwhelming.

"LOST, on the 14th inst., a square-faced Gent's Wristlet Watch, suede strap. Finder kindly return to——."
Lancashire Evening Paper.

The square-faced gent is no doubt now looking round.



OUR BLOODLESS SPORTS.

GREYBEARD RACING AT THE OCTOGENARIAN CLUB SPORTS GROUND.

SPECULATIONS WITHOUT SYSTEM.

(*With acknowledgments to "Blackwood's Magazine."*)

THE petty squabbles that agitate the world of lawn-tennis, though of vast importance in the purblind eyes of the game's feeble-minded followers, are a matter of small concern to those of us who are old-fashioned enough not to regard games as the primary business of life. The refusal of the Lawn Tennis Association to allow so-called amateurs to contribute to the Press is of interest to rational men only as showing once more what evils inevitably follow in the wake of those twin panaceas of Democracy, shorter hours and education. Whether those whose lives are already devoted to the feverish pursuit of success through an endless round of lawn-tennis tournaments should also be allowed to describe them is hardly a question of epoch-making importance, except possibly to those who are foolish enough to waste their time and money in such amusements or to wish to read about them. That such a subject should be thought worthy of mention in reputable journals is but another symptom of the incurable frivolity that is undermining England as surely and as rapidly as it undermined Athens and Rome. But a knowledge of history is no part of the equipment of our Press.

The deplorable popularity of tennis—to give it the name that with a characteristic blend of insolence and ignorance its devotees have stolen from an older and a more exclusive pastime—owes its existence to the fallacy that leisure, like the vote, is the birthright of every British man and woman, whereas neither is anything of the sort. In a properly constituted country, such as England once was but is no more, those whose industry is essential to the prosperity of the State and of its natural rulers would have merely enough rest to fortify them for the efficient resumption of their labours. Our politicians in their mad pursuit of popularity have thrust the racket and the voting-paper into the hands of those who are neither entitled nor fitted to wield them; it would be hard to determine which is the more dangerous weapon. And not content with encouraging the populace to play games, at a time when our very life as a nation depends upon other people's working to the limits of their powers, our sapient leaders have further enfeebled them with the sentimental folly of Education. To the tale of hours wasted upon the playing-fields must be added those even more fruitlessly squandered in reading of these ephemeral triumphs.

Nor will our half-cultured masses be satisfied with a competent and unbiassed account penned by one whose trade is the handling of words. Outdoing the mob of Rome, who demanded only *panem et circenses* and not a full report by their favourite gladiator (if surviving), they clamour for florid columns of description and advice written—or at least signed—by those whom a misspent youth has enabled to snatch a fleeting fame. Dazzled by the meretricious glamour of Wimbledon, they care little that athletic skill is but seldom compatible with the mastery of the writer's austerer craft, or that the champions of a worthier age were content to instruct by example rather than by precept. Did Atalanta, we may pertinently ask, publish hints on training for girls, or WILLIAM TELL compose notes on the manipulation of the cross-bow? Sir FRANCIS DRAKE has left us no treatise upon bowls, nor *Sir Launcelot* any "Tips for Tournaments."

But if the salutary advice of Apelles to the cobbler might be profitably taken to heart by our modern athletes it is still more applicable to our politicians. Ever since Mr. LLOYD GEORGE——

(At this point the typewriter appears to have burst into flames.)

Commercial Candour.

From a Sale Catalogue:—

"LOT 13. Embroidered Linen, Hand-drawn Thread, Guipure and Venise lace edge and fine shere linen Handkerchiefs. 1/9½ each. Usually sold 5/6 dozen."

"A three-piece stockinette suit is another excellent purchase. It is the kind of thing that helps to fill in the gaps till spring. For the holiday traveller it is indispensable, helps to fill in the gaps till spring. For the holiday traveller it is indispensable."—*Daily Paper.*

Very likely; but isn't this a case of over-gapping?



ANOTHER CONVERT TO AVIATION.

Tyro (after repeated tosses). "WHAT I WANT IS ONE OF THOSE PARACHUTES."

AT THE PLAY.

"THE FOURTH WALL" (HAYMARKET).

"The Scene," we are told in the programme, "is a room at Heron Place, *through the fourth wall of which we see what happened.*" The italics (my own) are meant to express recognition of the Management's desire to be helpful. Not a very distinctive title, you would say, since all plays that show an interior have to be seen through "the fourth wall." And a bad title, you would say, for a detective story, if it is to be of the common type, in which you are allowed to see nothing of the commission of the crime and are kept guessing to the last minute but one.

But there you would be in error. The title is perfectly good and has a distinctive significance because it suggests that this is a detective story with a difference. For Mr. MILNE has adopted the methods of Mr. AUSTIN FREEMAN, by which at an early stage he lets his readers into the facts of the crime and then goes on to show the efforts made to bring it home to the criminal. These methods work out admirably in a book, but in a play they have their defects. Curiosity as to the author of the crime—and the stimulation of curiosity is more essential in a play than a book—has obviously to be sacrificed; but, what is worse, the opportunities for action—absolutely essential in a play—are liable to be suspended during long spells of argument necessary to the process of reconstructing the crime.

And indeed, after the introduction, Mr. MILNE gave us only two scenes of action—one in which we saw the crime committed, and one in which we saw the murderers brought to bay. The long interval—a whole Act and a Scene—was given up mainly to detective dialogue, professional and amateur. It says much for Mr. MILNE'S craftsmanship that he held our interest at strain through these protracted conversations. There was a moment when it seemed possible that his ingenuity might defeat itself. With such diabolical foresight and deliberation had he made the First Murderer cover up the traces of the crime that the elucidation of the mystery demanded—at any rate in the First Scene of the Third Act—a closer reasoning and a subtler piecing-together of the faintest clues than the intelligence of some of us could follow with comfort. Here the printed word, with time to ponder it, would have saved us some inconvenience. Somewhere the murderer says, "The difficulty of great minds is that they don't make allowances for smaller minds." This was Mr. MILNE'S trouble and mine; he hadn't made enough allowances for me. But I gratefully acknowledge that he rewarded my deserving efforts with a final scene of great dramatic force.

I credit him with having overlooked nothing. He has therefore, I am confident, an answer for a small criticism that I want to make. Twice over he utilised the curtained window-seat for the concealment of a witness while a conversation *à deux* was being carried on. In the first case the murderer sits there and overhears; in the second case he is himself overheard. Would he not, one asks, have examined the window-seat to see whether his own trick was being played on him?

Well, Mr. MILNE would have his answer ready; he would say, "My poor dear fool, does it ever occur to an engineer that he is going to be hoist with his own petard? And don't you know dramatic irony when you see it?"

The nature of his theme did not permit the author to indulge his usual light-heartedness and irresponsible humour. I admit that he was as funny as he decently could be with a corpse lying in the house for most of the time. But I thought that he was only at his second best in the opening scene before

the murder took place, and that he might have taken more chances while the atmosphere was still clear of tragedy. Possibly his prescient mind was a little overcast by the shadow of coming events.

In his treatment of Scotland Yard Mr. MILNE found a novel variant for the hallowed stupidity and self-confidence of the stage sleuth. Young "*Serjeant*" *Mallet*, who chanced to be staying in the neighbourhood with his father, the local constable, and conducted a more or less unofficial examination of the members of the house-party, was smart and businesslike without bluster, and left to his proud parent the glorification of his office. Of course he had to be wrong, but his theory of suicide, though obvious, was elaborated with excellent logic, and it needed the almost inspired intuition of a young girl, supplemented by detective qualities not commonly found in her type, to improve on it. Mr. DAVID HAWTHORNE's performance in the part of the "*Serjeant*" was a much subtler achievement than it appeared to be on the surface.

Two performances shared with Mr. HAWTHORNE's the honours of the evening—that of Mr. FRANK CELLIER (as *Carter*), whose resourcefulness, equal to all occasions, was severely tested in the last Act and came out triumphant in defeat, and that of Miss NORA SWINBURNE (*Ludgrove's* ward). Her self-control—though of course it is always easier to be calm at the pistol's mouth when you know that the bullets have been extracted—was beyond praise and her analytic power almost beyond belief.

As the assistant murderer, *Laverick*, Mr. SPENCER TREVOR had to play the ungrateful part of a timorous subordinate without any initiative of his own. He was not helped by a rather stilted delivery. Nor did he convince me in his *rôle* as a lover of bird-sanctuaries, any more than I imagine Mr. EPSTEIN would.

Mr. JACK HOBBS, who played the part of *Susan's* lover, grows in firmness of touch without losing the freshness of earlier days. His *Jimmy* was a clear case of the expansion of mental faculties under stress of tragic circumstances. How else account for the contrast between his inability in the First Act to spell the word "friend" and the admirable intelligence with which, in the Third, he assisted *Susan* to establish her theory of murder?



THE FIRST MURDERER PRODUCES HIS ALIBI.

Edward Carter . . . . . MR. FRANK CELLIER.
"Serjeant" Mallet . . . . . MR. DAVID HAWTHORNE.
P.C. Mallet . . . . . MR. TOM REYNOLDS.



SLEUTH-PUPS ON THE TRAIL.

Jimmy Ludgrove . . . . MR. JACK HOBBS.
Susan Cunningham . . . MISS NORA SWINBURNE.

Mr. H. R. HIGNETT's *Arthur Ludgrove* had no very sharply-defined personality and it wasn't till he was killed that he engaged our more poignant sympathies.

Of the minor characters, Mr. TOM REYNOLDS, though the solemnity of the occasion naturally put a curb on his humour, contrived to get a good deal of permissible fun out of the part of *P.C. Mallet*. Mr. F. KINSEY PEILE as a snobbish Major; Miss MARJORY CLARK as a frivolous matron who wanted to be in the picture, and Miss MARY SHERIDAN as a casual flapper whose workmanlike qualities in the middle of a crisis were accentuated by an obstinate air of flippancy—all these brought light relief to the mental strain which was the price we had to pay—and a very reasonable one—for a really fascinating entertainment.

My very best compliments and thanks to A. A. M. and his company. O. S.

"LADY MARY" (DALY'S).

It is obvious that Mr. FREDERICK LONSDALE and Mr. HASTINGS TURNER, both masters of their craft, with Captain HARRY GRAHAM, that witty and delightful lyricist, in support, could have given us a more plausible story than this. Briefly, a young woman of birth and wealth, taking leave of her extravagant and bankrupt *fiancé*, goes to Australia to find the missing Lord Huntercombe, who in some way not clear to me was the rightful possessor of her seventy thousand pounds a year and her expensive goods and chattels; meets a fine upstanding rancher, *Richard Howe*, who is of course no other than the missing heir, and equally of course conceals the fact and,

partially at least, the other interesting fact that he is deeply in love with her; returns his love, but, being pledged at home, rushes away from temptation; is pursued by *Howe*, who must satisfy himself that her young man is worthy of the goddess; and finally, with sundry hasty adjustments, falls shyly into his arms. But one takes it that the authors set themselves to work out an exercise in the authentic musical-comedy manner, where plausibility of plot is an obstacle and acoustic difficulties in large theatres make subtleties of explanation difficult.

They have done their work well. It is refreshing to have dialogue that is witty and, within the frame, likely. It is refreshing to have the comedians and their business linked so neatly with the main theme and to have proof that the book of a musical comedy need not be banal, fatuous or vulgar to be amusing, nor the treatment grossly sentimental to be romantic.

The authors, then—and with them Mr. ALBERT SIRMAY, whose name seems to have suffered a change perhaps prophetic or indicative of nationalisation in a country appreciative of his gifts, and whose music was generally tuneful and had occasionally the true haunting sentimental quality—are to be congratulated. And after them, perhaps even before them, Mr. GEORGE GROSSMITH, who, having obviously taken deep draughts of the elixir of perpetual youth, gave us a diverting sketch of a semi-imbecile wealthy snob (a well-invented character) with an address and agility which takes us back—is it thirty years? What a figure! What looseness of limb, what accomplishment of technique, as in the handling of his telephone song! And did he not dance and leap over sofas like (and with) a two-year-old (Miss VERA BRYER)? Mr. HERBERT MUNDIN, who can always be funny without being vulgar, was at the top of his best form as the distressful lover, a ranchman by trade, and his demonstration of torture by a boiled armoured shirt and collar was a masterpiece of controlled fooling. Pretty Miss VERA BRYER, whose dainty roguishness and skill in dance and song should be more fully exploited, was delightful as his tormenting fiancée. Miss HELEN GILLILAND (*Lady Mary*) was an adequate heroine to look at and to listen to. She would be well advised, however, to omit those entirely unnecessary top notes which are beyond the effective range of her pleasant voice.



Richard Howe (*Mr. PAUL CAVANAGH*) *to Lady Mary* (*Miss HELEN GILLILAND*). "IF MUSIC BE THE SOUL OF LOVE, SING ON; BUT DON'T ASK ME TO JOIN IN."



"THE MEN WHO DRESS FOR DINNER HAVE MADE ENGLAND WHAT SHE IS."

"*Hatpin*" *Pinge*. MR. GEORGE GROSSMITH.
Waghorn . . . . MR. HERBERT MUNDIN.

The dancing and miming of Mr. RICHARD DOLMAN (as her official betrothed) were admirably accomplished, and he has learned much without slavish imitation from the best American models. The Chorus was, as choruses nowadays always seem to be, comely and lively and finely drilled; and exquisitely dressed—the gauzy polonaises (I am instructed that this is the authentic description) being in particular devised with adroit cunning to set off the shapeliness and athletic accomplishment of these æsthetically satisfactory young English misses. A very jolly and discreet affair. T.

"A MAN WITH RED HAIR" (LITTLE).

Mr. BENN LEVY has adapted Mr. HUGH WALPOLE's study in the *macabre*, *A Man with Red Hair*, with considerable skill and more success than seemed likely or than usually attends such translations into a new medium. It is no doubt a cruder affair than its original; necessarily perhaps, because the weak points in the plot and occasional inadequacies of motive in the characters betray themselves more readily in the round than in the flat, while the balance is generally disturbed in the process of compression and simplification. On the other hand, acting of such vigour and intelligence as Mr. CHARLES LAUGHTON brought to the part of the rufous decadent *Crispin* does certainly drive home the fundamental horror of the situation in the salient crises of the action. It is not a business to be commended to sensitives who dream o' nights, and is moreover open to the fundamental objection from the artistic point of view that the workings of mania (as distinguished from the developments of character, however violent), following no laws, impose no rules or limits upon the artist. *A Man with Red Hair* is in effect no more than a Grand Guignolerie with pseudo-philosophical and psychological trimmings.

For *Crispin*, son of a sadist and father of a slave-son without wits or will, a sleek, bulky, mis-shapen ogre of a man with hair of a quite unlikely shade of red, is a sadistic maniac, who in semi-lucid intervals is apparently a cultured connoisseur, and in the openings of his intercourse with his chosen victims seems a kindly enough if eccentric character,

only gradually unfolding his horrible master-thesis that as God rules the world by pain the suffering of pain is the most profound and significant experience of life, and the infliction of it the most god-like action of man with the will to power.

In a queer house perched perilously on the edge of a Cornish cliff this dangerous lunatic (with a retinue of sinister helots from Japan, masters of ju-jitsu) imprisons his son and his daughter-in-law, whose father, a drunken doctor, he has sedulously helped to confirm in his degradation and thus driven the daughter by stress of money anxieties to secure the future of her young brothers by marriage and be secured for his essays in the technique of omnipotence. The girl is loved by a forthright young Cornishman of uncertain social status and a diffident American gentleman. These two, attempting her rescue—in the most unlikely and unresourceful way, it must be admitted, considering their knowledge of the situation—are caught and trussed, and we are prepared for torture by whip and knife.

Happily the English prisoner is conveniently tied in just that one position in the room which enables young *Mrs. Crispin*, creeping through the only unlocked door in the house of terror, to unloose his lightly-knotted bonds. So we are spared the worst, the torturer and one of his intended victims crashing, after a desperate struggle, through the window on to the rocks below, leaving the nerve-shattered young woman and her chivalrous American to each other, what time the dawn with surprising suddenness shoots its roseate beams through the eastern window.

Mr. Charles Laughton had such an evening as ambitious young players dream of in their most wildly optimistic moments. A flattering part, no doubt. But the actor missed nothing of its horror. Here was a monster with enough suggestion of the remains of the man before his devilish obsession had mastered him to make the affair credible.

Mr. J. H. Roberts was admirable as the gentle timid American—a charmingly sensitive performance—and Mr. Ion Swinley's direct Cornishman was all that his part, which suffered from undue compression, allowed him to be. Miss Gillian Lind's young wife was carefully studied, and she avoided being tiresome in her very natural attack of hysteria—always a severe test of discretion. Mr. George Bealby had a short and effective innings as her drunken father, while Mr. James Whale cleverly gave us one of his angular bizarre interpretations as the younger *Crispin*, a strange wraith of a man, emptied of personality by his father's tyranny.

Mr. Komisarjevsky brought into play his favourite effects of sound and light. I confess that for two Acts I attributed one of these to the inventiveness of some master-plumber working in the interests of the higher sanitation. It was, of course, the sound of the waves lapping the foot of a Cornish cliff. T.



Visitor to Exhibition (under the spell of the poetic labels). "Attendant, I want to go upstairs. Am I by any chance near a staircase of Beautiful Visions or a Lift of Fragrant Fantasies?"

"£12 10s., Excellent Piano, only wants seeing."—*Yorkshire Paper.*
So does our neighbour's, but unluckily it gets hearing too.

Relativity at Oxford.

"Yesterday, the 22nd, Mr. N. H. Poole, of Queen's College, Secretary of the Oxford University League of Nations Union, is going to address the Group."—*Oxford Weekly.*

The reported case of a patient suffering from sunstroke as the result of an overdose of a preparation containing Vitamin D in a synthetic sunlight substance is an exaggeration. The trouble appears to be merely a derangement of the solar plexus.

OUR BURMESE TOWNSHIP COURT.

UNPRINTED JUDGMENTS.

I.

THE accused Maung Sin is sent up by the police on bail charged with furious rash driving or riding a carriage or vehicle on a public way to wit on No. 4 Cross Street on the tenth day of Tagu. Accused gave his age ten years but he is cunning to make the sympathy of the Court, and the Sub-Assistant Surgeon's evidence (fifth prosecution witness) proves the age twelve and he shall not be excepted under section 83—the act of a child above seven and under twelve of immature understanding.

The prosecution story is that accused sells sweatmeat ices on the exhibit carriage or vehicle and did furious driving to knock down the complainant and cause voluntary hurt. His learned pleader argues me to think that the exhibit is not at all a carriage or vehicle. The Court's dictionary does not help clearly; it says thus: "Vehicle. Any kind of carriage or conveyance." "Carriage. A vehicle for carrying." But the learned pleader for the complainant knocks him by filing the exhibit catalogue of the well-known Rangoon stores at page 84, marked with cross, the picture like the exhibit called the Baby Carriage so the exhibit will be the sweetmeat carriage or vehicle; and accused admits driving it, saying I was driving slowly with left hand and ringing bell with right hand.

Now the learned pleader for defence argued that the complainant Ma Gale too young age four years. The Court examined Ma Gale with great subtlety and finded that she does not at all understand the oath. He argued that complainant therefore not permitted to give evidence therefore not permitted to complain. We find no rulings on the point by searching carefully, but the Court agrees with the prosecution pleader that the case is police case and as a complainant does not swear oaths to the police the learned pleader for accused falls to the ground.

Now I have polished off the law against the accused I will sum up a brief summary of evidence. Complainant's mother deposes My daughter was standing still playing with children at ball-throw; accused drove his carriage at rapid pace from the south and push her down voluntarily: my daughter lost her conscience and was treated as an out-patient at the hospital. Third and fourth witness the same but there is contradict statement by *not* "losing conscience," but "screaming and running back to on the house."

This is corroborated by the independent witness Dr. Samiwalla (fifth witness) who duly affirms that complainant was brought to hospital at 4.11 P.M. on the said date suffering from (1) a contused abrasion on the left palmar aspect of the right hand, skin deep; (2) a contused wound half-inch by quarter-inch by skin-deep in the right anterior ulnar region one-and-a-half inches below the radial joint; marked on exhibit skeleton diagram. The wounds were not in the ordinary course of nature sufficient to make complainant to be unconscious. She was discharged cured on the same date of admission.

The accused completely denies the charge saying Complainant ran down suddenly from on her house playing the running game with many companions and knocked herself into his sweetmeat carriage by looking westwards. He cites three witnesses but the first two admit not seeing before complainant cried out saying Come mother it is hurting to me; and the third child said to be playing with complainant also understands not the oath, and this cannot be allowed.

The Court considers the case up to the hilt and directs that accused be convicted under section 279 and do pay fine of ten rupees or in default do suffer seven days' simple imprisonment; of the fine if realised two rupees shall go to complainant in compensation for she was hurt the two wounds, but not frightfully and her mother made them too big.

ITIS AND OSIS.

ON the mantelshelf of my doctor's waiting-room—a room that contributes to the longevity of the joke about last year's picture-papers—are two statuettes or figurines, archaic, grotesque, sexless and impersonal, which have been variously and erroneously identified by speculative patients as Mongolian, Etruscan, Aztec, Assyrian, Cretan, Polynesian and Neo-Georgian.

My own intention to ask the doctor about them has never been carried into effect, for the passage to his consulting-room is paved with interrogative intentions, and it is not until after one has been ushered out that one realises that the questioning has been so monopolised by the doctor that one has had no chance even to ask him, for instance, if he thinks an occasional glass of port would hurt one.

Nevertheless I have at last discovered (never mind how) what those figures are. They represent nothing less than Itis and Osis, the twin deities who are so constantly invoked by our medicinemen that the ritual, though it is actually far more akin to Shamanism, is sometimes thought to be a corrupt derivative of the incantations of the priests of ancient Egypt, a theory held especially by those whose ears have caught the general practitioner's murmured dedication of a new case:—

"Hear me, O Itis!
Hearken, O Osis!
For your delight is
My diagnosis."

It would of course be perilous in the extreme for a layman to attempt to penetrate the jealously-guarded inner mysteries of the worship of Itis and Osis and the other deities, major and minor, of the medical Pantheon, including the Æsculapian serpent, father of them all and symbol of a craft that has been cursed since the Garden of Eden with an aversion from apples. And any doctor would be sure to deny that the annual conferences, when new maladies are selected and named by the hierarchs, are occasions for the performance of weird rites. But it doesn't do to believe everything the doctors say, even though they swear by Itis and Osis.

DRESS OF OCCASION.

[Among recent discoveries at Pompeii is a lady's wardrobe of wood in a good state of repair. Nothing, however, is said of its contents.]

WHAT manner of raiment, I wonder,
Once filled to its owner's delight
This cupboard extracted from under
The lava that hid it from sight?
No gowns in impeccable taste line
To-day its compartments to show
Where beauty was wearing its waist-line
This long time ago.

That season were draperies flowing?
Were necks like a V or a U?
What fashion of sleeve were they showing,
And what was the popular hue?
An ignorant bardlet confesses
His classical knowledge is weak.
And to him ancient Italy's dresses
Are just so much Greek.

But, though in my ignorance humble,
On one point I 'm perfectly clear:
When she first heard Vesuvius rumble,
Nor guessed there was reason for fear,
She puckered her brows in a sad knot
And hastened at once to declare
That for watching eruptions she had not
A rag fit to wear.

Cannibalism in the Free State.

From a Notice in an Irish Club:—

"Members wishing to dine in the Club are asked to give at least an hour's notice so that the House Steward may be prepared."

"Wanted, interesting prints, pictures, referring to roads and road users, early pedestrians, etc."—*Weekly Paper.*

An early pedestrian is, of course, one who wasn't too late. As the advertisement shows, pictures of these are beginning to be sought after by collectors.



COUNTY SONGS.

XXVIII.—NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

THE mansions of Northamptonshire
Are comely, noble, bland,
Within their rich and spreading parks,
As any in the land.
Though but a grassy mound to-day
Is all you see of Fotheringay,
Sufficient 'tis to mark the spot
Where that most tragic queenly Scot,
Subdued and spent,
Her proud head bent
And paid what was to pay.

The mansions of Northamptonshire
Are English to the core,
Yet one of them can crowd a ship
With pilgrims for our shore—
Americans of eager eye,
Intent to Sulgrave's shrine to hie,
And see what strange environment
Produced the Classic Accident:
A boy so good
He either could,
Or would, NOT TELL A LIE! E. V. L.

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No gowns in impeccable taste line
To-day its compartments to show
Where beauty was wearing its waist-line
This long time ago.

That season were draperies flowing?
Were necks like a V or a U?
What fashion of sleeve were they showing,
And what was the popular hue?
An ignorant bardlet confesses
His classical knowledge is weak,
And to him ancient Italy's dresses
Are just so much Greek.

But, though in my ignorance humble,
On one point I'm perfectly clear:
When she first heard Vesuvius rumble,
Nor guessed there was reason for fear,
She puckered her brows in a sad knot
And hastened at once to declare
That for watching eruptions she had not
A rag fit to wear.

Cannibalism in the Free State.

From a Notice in an Irish Club:—

"Members wishing to dine in the Club are asked to give at least an hour's notice so that the House Steward may be prepared."

"Wanted, interesting prints, pictures, referring to roads and road users, early pedestrians, etc."—*Weekly Paper.*

An early pedestrian is, of course, one who wasn't too late. As the advertisement shows, pictures of these are beginning to be sought after by collectors.



COUNTY SONGS.

XXVIII.—NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

THE mansions of Northamptonshire
Are comely, noble, bland,
Within their rich and spreading parks,
As any in the land.
Though but a grassy mound to-day
Is all you see of Fotheringay,
Sufficient 'tis to mark the spot
Where that most tragic queenly Scot,
Subdued and spent,
Her proud head bent
And paid what was to pay.

The mansions of Northamptonshire
Are English to the core,
Yet one of them can crowd a ship
With pilgrims for our shore—
Americans of eager eye,
Intent to Sulgrave's shrine to hie,
And see what strange environment
Produced the Classic Accident:
A boy so good
He either could,
Or would, NOT TELL A LIE!

E. V. L.



Husband. "I SAY, IF THE WORST COMES TO THE WORST I SUPPOSE WE CAN GO AND LIVE WITH YOUR PARENTS?"
Wife. "NOT A CHANCE. THEY'RE ALREADY LIVING WITH *THEIR* PARENTS."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

WHEN it comes to writing articles on current topics for a syndicated Press, few novelists have as much to gain by the practice and as little to lose as Mr. H. G. WELLS. In dispensing with his propaganda's increasingly flimsy disguise of fiction he has had to lavish unusual care on the articulation of the figure underneath; he has committed himself—not *Clissold* or another—to definite opinions carefully ranged, and as a result *The Way the World is Going* (BENN) is, whether you like it or not, a spirited, trenchant and, on the whole, fair-minded series of pamphlets. Of its twenty-seven articles only one was not designed for newspaper publication, and this, "Democracy Under Revision," was given as a lecture at the Sorbonne. It is a deliberate and valuable effort to survey the effect of democracy, at first a liberating, subsequently a disintegrating agent, on Society, economics, literature and art, and to suggest how a constructive democracy, functioning almost religiously, might put these humpty-dumpties together again. The need for a profound purpose and devoted action is urged in almost every paper, Mr. WELLS believing, and I think with reason, that there is a keen minority, especially among young people, demanding both. Hence his understanding, not approval, of any movement—Communist, Fascist and what-not—which seems, however fallaciously, to offer either. Throughout the book he makes unusual efforts to admit not only the honesty but the value of convictions other than his own, and, though in touching on such sensitive subjects as aviation, broadcasting, spiritualism, the Empire as precursor of the World-State, "companionate" marriage and the impeccability of the American people he does not always succeed, yet the series does more to conciliate intelligent opposition than anything of its author's since *Mr. Britling.*

Mr. J. G. MCDONALD, one of the pioneers of Rhodesia, is much more concerned, in a very fascinating volume of biography—*Rhodes, A Life* (ALLAN)—to write about the man himself, his hero and his intimate friend, than about those vexed questions of South African politics that have bulked perhaps too largely in earlier accounts of his career. He is very little interested in racial jealousies, being inclined to treat the conflict with Krugerism as a tragic waste of time and trouble rather than as a matter of primary importance in itself, and even passing rather lightly over the famous "Jameson raid." DR. JIM, to be sure, as a principal figure in the author's story, is second only to RHODES himself, but it is almost entirely to his sometimes forgotten share in the opening up of the northern territories that he owes this eminence. After developing the familiar picture of RHODES as Oxford's most amazing undergraduate—the magnate of the diamond-fields studying the Thirty-Nine Articles in his spare moments with a view to the examination waiting him on his next trip home—the writer soon passes to the romantic story of the LOBENGULA concessions and the tale of the earlier and later Matabele fighting, leading up to that crowning episode of his chief's career, the peaceful victory he won over the rebel tribes in the Matoppo hill-country by sheer force of personality. It was while engaged on this negotiation that RHODES discovered the hill—World's View—where now, as he wished, he is buried. Curiously enough, two years after his first visit neither the leader himself nor any of his party could find the hill, and it was only after several days' search that Mr. MCDONALD was able to identify it. He is much to be congratulated on having written a bio-

graphy that lays the emphasis on the right place—Rhodesia; perhaps still more for his success in showing the "dreamer who made his dreams come true" in a new and pleasant light, as one who was at his happiest with dog and gun a hundred miles beyond the reach of telegrams and politics and finance.

But for its easy style of writing,
Which somehow seems to lure you on
Without too obviously inviting,
The Sunlight Way (from Hutchinson)
Might almost, as regards its story
And all the scenes wherein it 's set,
Be put into a category
With the Victorian novelette.

Its characters, although they robe them
In a quite up-to-date veneer,
Exhale, if you begin to probe them,
The old Adelphi atmosphere,
Where sirens of exotic beauty
Exploit the seven deadly sins,
And love and wealth and pride and duty
Rampage around till virtue wins.

The scapegrace youth, his rich relation
Who cuts him off with half-a-crown,
The haughty maid of rank and station,
The lowly one who does her down—
All these and others are paraded
With all May Edginton can give
Of charm and grace till you 're persuaded
(Or almost) that they really live.

Hans Andersen has never to my mind had the English biography to which his place in English hearts entitles him; and, although Miss Brüchner's translation of M. Elith Reumert's *Hans Andersen the Man* (Methuen) is an indispensable supplement to the Lives we have, it does not in any sense pretend to be the Life we want. Its author as a schoolboy once met Hans Andersen. He stood at salute as his hero passed in the street and received so sensitive and delighted a response to his homage that he could hardly believe his eyes. It is substantially this impression—the picture of a great poet susceptible beyond all reason to gusts of praise and blame, tragically owing his power over other men's emotions to the fact that he was harnessed and driven by his own—that M. Reumert enlarges here. Andersen's own writings, diaries and letters, the reminiscences of friends living and dead, have been amply drawn upon; and, if the chapters headed "Andersen and Women," "Andersen and Children," "Andersen's Patriotism," and so on, are inclined to trespass on each others' ground, the sum of information contained in them is undoubtedly impressive. To the psychologist Andersen's dreams and hallucinations will prove even more interesting than his love-affairs. His old friends of the nursery will find the Andersen they know, the man for whom light snow is "sugar on a pancake" and passengers are squeezed out of a coach like "oil-paint out of a bladder." Reproductions of silhouettes of storks, dancers, chimney-sweeps and swans, cut out by the poet for his friends' children, are interspersed with charming portraits of the women who refused to marry him. Yes, the real Andersen is present in M. Reumert's book—but in solution.



Naval Ratings are asking to be allowed to wear civilian clothes when on leave. We do not want our sailors ashore to lose their characteristic appearance altogether, so why not compromise?"

Ever since Frank Norris produced his *Epic of the Wheat*, trilogies have been rather fancied by American novelists, but Mr. Booth Tarkington is the first to give us three full-

sized novels between two covers, and, which is even more important, at the price of one. *Growth*, whose three component stories are "The Magnificent Ambersons," "The Turmoil" and "National Avenue," is concerned with the rapid metamorphosis of the little American country town with one cobbled street into one of those great hives of commerce and industry that so plentifully besprinkle the Middle West. From an American writing for Americans the subject calls for epic treatment, but English readers familiar with Mr. TARKINGTON's work will not regret that his light but careful brush lacks the epic sweep. We accept Tarkingtopolis, if we may call it that, as an adequate background, but *Dan Oliphant* the visionary realtor, *Bibbs Sheridan* the poet whom circumstance compels to be a big business man, and the men and women among whom they live and move interest us for themselves alone, as people in novels should, and not because of the vast industrial hive of which they are an integral part. Epic or not, *Growth* should surely be a best-seller, for BOOTH TARKINGTON never wrote a novel that was not well worth reading, and three for the price of one is surely a literary bargain of no mean order.

Hanging Johnny (MURRAY) is the first novel of Miss MYRTLE JOHNSTON, who, at the age of eighteen and on the strength of this book alone, has been acclaimed by a responsible critic as a writer of genius and a possible HARDY in the making. As you read this grim story, you are told, you will not fail to be reminded of *Jude the Obscure*. And certainly, if grimness were enough, the critic might have gone a good deal further; he might even have said that *Jude* reminded him faintly of *Hanging Johnny*. Miss JOHNSTON has chosen for her hero a hangman who is supposed to have carried on his ghastly trade in Ireland in the seventies of the last century. The story opens with an execution, described in detail with a merciless fidelity of which only the very young are capable. It also ends with an execution, and there are executions "off" throughout the book. In such an atmosphere and with such a hero it is not difficult to be grim, and the test will come for Miss JOHNSTON when, abandoning the meretricious aid of the gallows, she essays to reveal the essential tragedy of the lives of quite commonplace people (as it might be a stonemason or a dairymaid). It will be time enough then to talk of THOMAS HARDY. For the present let us freely admit and freely admire Miss JOHNSTON's remarkable gifts. She can tell a story swiftly and cleanly, and her characterisation and dialogue are consistently good. *Hanging Johnny* is without question an astonishing achievement for a writer who must still wait three years before Lord ROTHERMERE will consider her too young to have the vote.

Readers of that attractive story of India, *Kullu of the Carts*, will remember that it ended with the escape of *Durroo*, the Eurasian boy, from school through the ingenuity of his young friend, *Kullu*. Now Mr. JOHN EYTON has taken these engaging youngsters another step on their life's journey, and has called it *Bulbulla* (ARROWSMITH). Unquestionably it is one thing to escape from school and another to know what to do when you are free; but those of us who already know our *Kullu* will not doubt his ability to solve the problem. Briefly, he and *Durroo*, hotly pursued, stole an elephant, and after many adventures met *Toda* the forester, who befriended them. Presently, with *Toda* and his myrmidons, they sallied forth to catch a notorious robber, who was even more wanted by the police than they were. So absolutely right in atmosphere and so full of thrilling incident is this story that I have read it with sheer delight. This pleasure may owe something to my previous acquaintance with *Kullu*; but it should be shared in almost equal measure by those who now meet him for the first time. My admiration for Mr. EYTON's novels must be my excuse for venturing to ask him one favour. His habit of using dots is increasing, and I beg him not to let it establish itself as a permanent vice.



Bank Customer (to Manager). "WHY THE NURSE?"
Manager. "I THOUGHT WHILE YOU WERE HERE YOU MIGHT LIKE TO HAVE A LOOK AT YOUR OVERDRAFT."

Miss MARION FOX, in her weird and somewhat macabre romance of *Aunt Isabel's Lover* (LANE), makes a gallant and on the whole a successful attempt to capture that odd sense, which is the peculiar *genius loci* of the Wiltshire Downs, of a brooding and immeasurably ancient past only waiting the moment when it shall assume visible shape. *Aunt Isabel*, left a young widow after the Indian Mutiny, is wooed a second time by a mysterious stranger, who, literally vanishing into thin air on her wedding-day at the door of the church, leaves her to wander the Downs in distraught search of him until her death. Whether her lover be goblin, ghost or spirit, good or ill, is a question which Miss Fox wisely refrains from answering. Indeed I am not sure that even such explanation as she gives would not have been better omitted since, in accordance with the established tradition that all respectable phantoms vanish if approached too closely, attempts to explain the supernatural invariably have the paradoxical effect of making it the more unconvincing. The atmosphere of the book is throughout excellent, and even the sceptically inclined cannot fail to find pleasure in Miss Fox's delightful descriptions of "Sarumcester" and its environs.

From a New Zealand butcher's window:—

"LION CHOPS, 7*d*."

The Canterbury lambs are, we understand, protesting vigorously against this unfair competition.

In the description of a young actress's dresses a daily paper, after mentioning that in her evening dress "a new note is struck," goes on to speak of her "summary afternoon gown," but naturally finds nothing very novel in that.

CHARIVARIA.

COMPLAINT is made in *The Daily Express* that there are too many Smiths. We gather that the powerful support of the Beaverbrook Press would be extended to any reasonable scheme of Smith-control.

It is hoped that the celebrations of the IBSEN centenary which are being organised in this country will not be marred by unseemly mafficking.

It is feared that the organisation of the Army on a basis of mechanisation will lead to sergeant-majors being fitted with amplifiers.

General PERSHING, according to a book of character-studies which has just been published, had a reputation in Europe for unpunctuality. Still it wasn't his fault that he was so late for the War.

Theatre audiences are not a bit concerned over the number of characters who are murdered in modern plays. What worries them is the number that survive till the fall of the curtain.

It is thought in the best humourist circles that Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD considers the ZINOVIEV letter a fraud because it isn't.

A fireman has been kissed by a woman in her excitement at being rescued from a burning room. Firemen, however, make light of these risks.

"Etonians play games to amuse themselves, and not necessarily to win matches," says Dr. C. A. ALINGTON. Other schools therefore need have no further compunction about beating Eton.

"We have our own standards," said a B.B.C. official the other day. This had been suspected.

A lady informs a daily paper that her daughter and two members of her husband's family, who were all born on February 29, were highly intelligent and talented. This supports the theory that frequent birthdays have a stupefying effect.

The Wahabis, it seems, are strict abstainers from tobacco, in contrast to most Arabs of the desert, who are said to smoke more cigarettes in the day than the average Englishman. IBN SA'OUD is understood to be infuriated by the sight of the desert littered with cigarette ends.

At the Board of Trade inquiry into the question of a duty on imported finished granite it was objected that a double profit is levied on Aberdeen granite by the time it reaches the retailer. So much for the belief that Aberdonians give the stuff away.

An epicure writing in a daily paper advocates that not only some wines but also certain fruits and viands should be served with the chill off. Many cooks believe that chops and steaks should also be slightly warmed.

Cinemas are blamed for the fact that few young men are going in for bell-ringing to-day. The obvious remedy is a Brighter Belfries movement.

A newspaper reader has timed a chartered accountant to take nearly two hours and three-quarters over luncheon. A possible explanation is that he audits it.

News from the Riviera is censored, but we receive with caution the rumour that the sender of a picture-postcard who wrote that it was looking like rain at Nice has been thrown into jail.

A good way to prevent some Nations fighting is to threaten the losers with relegation to a Second League of Nations.

A farmers' dinner is to be held at Nottingham on March 22nd. It has not yet been decided which farmer will propose the principal grouse.

It is credibly stated that an enterprising Scotsman signed a daily newspaper insurance coupon, entered a taxi-cab and then told the driver to drive to the nearest chance of an accident.

An Air Ministry order states that chaplains of the Royal Air Force may fly as passengers in the course of their duty. Not, you will notice, as sky-pilots.

The price asked for a Pekingese dog at the City and Suburban Canine Society show worked out at thirty-three shillings per ounce. The purchaser, however, had to take the whole dog.

Although the cuckoo has not yet been reported, there is a rumour that a *Daily Mail* reader has heard a *Daily Express* neighbour making a noise like one.

A contemporary is running a correspondence to determine whether there is such a thing as luck. Well, if there isn't, why do our opponents win at bridge?

The POSTMASTER-GENERAL warns people who send eggs through the post to pack them carefully in partitioned boxes and mark them "Eggs." It is just asking for trouble to wrap up each egg in tissue-paper and label the parcel "Tennis Balls."

Now that the Arab drives a motor-car and has a wireless set he will be able to broadcast his farewell to his steed.

According to Mr. BALDWIN, all the best men are optimists. So, it would seem, are the bridegrooms.

The Wahabis recently stripped a bride and chased her across the desert. Someone ought to tell them that this isn't done in the best Sheikh films.



Income-tax Collector. "WHEN DOES YOUR FINANCIAL YEAR END?"
Taxpayer. "NOW, IF I 'VE GOT TO PAY THIS."

Lèse-Majesté.

From a book catalogue:—

"New work by the author of 'The Minnows of Downing Street.'"

THE ABSENT ORGANISER OF VICTORY.

As I was going to St. Ives
I met a man with seven wives.
Each wife—I made a rapid note—
Looked old enough to have the vote.
And had they figured at the poll?
They had indeed, said every soul;
They 'd voted in a solid fan
For Mrs. WALTER RUNCIMAN,
And, thanks (in part) to what they 'd done,
That wifely warming-pan had won.

"And was the Captain by her side
To talk about the rising tide?
Did the electors go and gorge
Truth from the lips of Mr. GEORGE?
Did he explain that from the first
(Let who denies it be accurst!)
He 'd shouted till his throat was hoarse
In favour of the Shanghai Force?
Did he exploit (to fierce applause)
His Northward rush to aid the Cause,
And hint that Lancaster had blown
A blast of triumph all his own?
Doubtless his presence in the van
Meant much to Mrs. RUNCIMAN;
His were the bays that crowned her head."
"He wasn't there at all," they said.

"But surely he would not decline
To galvanise the fighting-line?
And still more surely he would race
To lend the succour of his face
To anyone that at the altar
Had wedded his beloved WALTER?
Can you suggest a reason why
He wasn't drawn by such a tie,
But chose to stay away instead?"
"Nobody asked him, Sir," they said.

"*And yet the Liberals won St. Ives?*"
"You 've said it," laughed the seven wives.

O. S.

OUR BURMESE TOWNSHIP COURT.

UNPRINTED JUDGMENTS.

II.

THIS case is the cross case to the No. 145 of this Court and it is highly in a mess to each other. In the present case U Ye Gyan and his servants were charged with voluntarily caused grievous hurt to Maung Win and in such attempt did a certain act towards the commission of the said offence to wit spearel Maung Win with a spear on the right chest. In No. 145 Maung Win is charged with beating and blowing U Ye Gyan with a stick.

Complainant Maung Win states, Buffaloes ate my crops. I shouted buffaloes. I also abused the buffaloes. Then U Ye Gyan's cooly Maung Kala came and told me to whom I had abused just now. He said that by abusing the buffaloes it is the same as abusing the man. I told him if he doesn't like to be abused it is better to drive the buffaloes and not allow to come again. Maung Kala told me from a distance of five fathoms and I saw his body in a shivering condition with a stick in his hand.

I told him he was only a cooly and that if the rich man had come it would have been better. He did not chase to assault me to the village but we arrived there by having a quarrel and walking slowly in having the quarrel. I made it known to the bystanders but they did not say anything when I asked them to notice. I called my wife, "Please come, U Ye Gyan is about to surround me and to assault after surrounding." U Ye Gyan came and abused to me. He was drunk but he could stand and see a man.

He took up a teapot and threw it away at the people who were bystanding. He called his servants, third and fourth accused, who are the two Indians. They made great noises and kept a great row. U Ye Gyan said what the devil were you to intervene, Beat, Cut. I apprehended some trouble might arise to me but did not fly away for I was stupidfied. Maung Kala flung a bamboo and it fell on the knee-cap of my left leg. U Ye Gyan speared me this wound with the spear or harpoon and I lost my senses.

I became conscientious in the headman's house and I reported him as above. Our priest applied me medicine five days and then sent me to the Government hospital because the fever. I did not report the police before because U Ye Gyan is the rich man. I am not the bad character; the headman says a false statement if he says I betted because I am a pious fellow.

Second, third and fourth witnesses are complainant's wife and daughters and they are riddled with discrepancy.

The headman, fifth witness, deposes that complainant reported to him that he had been cut and beat by Maung Kala with either knife or stick after they abused against each other from their houses. Asked what more he had to report complainant replied in the negative.

But the strongest fabrication is shown by the independent witness. Sub-Assistant Surgeon states that complainant had no left knee-cap wounded and one knife-cut wound of the chest two inches long and bone deep. It could be self-inflicted. So there is contradiction to complainant as to spear-thrust; for it is knife-cut.

The accused denied to the charge *in toto* and in No. 145 all the present accused depose Maung Win abused U Ye Gyan by going in front of the house and, when U Ye Gyan prevented, complainant beated and blowed him many blows with the stick but U Ye Gyan's life saved by good luck and the bravely rushing in by the two Indians who embraced him away from complainant.

Then complainant's wife brought him a knife. Then complainant said my blood is blue, dog of a rich man, is your blood blue? and cut his chest but the blood was red and he lost sense.

It is easy to see false case. Maung Win says many bystanders, but why he does not call them as witnesses? U Ye Gyan is very rich and if he makes a false case he can easily pay false witnesses but he cites only his accused servants so I think he is telling truth. His pleader argues it is highly not possible his client cut Maung Win when there are many villagers. He has taken the Court in U Ye Gyan's motor-boat to inspect scene of crime and there are many more discrepancies.

It is clear as doomsday the false charge brought by Maung Win against his highly respectable villager U Ye Gyan to escape punishment for beating and blowing. I shall heavily fine Maung Win in No. 145 and I congratulate U Ye Gyan to acquit him and his other accused without a stain on his character.

ELIZABETH IN THE RAIN.

Elizabeth went for a walk in the rain.
I told her she shouldn't again and again;
I begged her to wait till the weather was fine
Or take an umbrella—I offered her mine.
I asked her politely to put on a hat—
Who ever 'd have thought she would go without that?
I fetched her goloshes; but while I was gone
She slipped from the house, so she hadn't them on.

And when I looked out she was there in the street,
Splish-sploshing the puddles all over her feet;
And raindrops were shining like stars in her hair,
And tickling her face with an impudent air,
And chasing each other as fast as they could,
And dancing about her wherever she stood,
And running in rivulets down to her toes—
There was even a drop on the tip of her nose.

And instead of repenting of what she had done,
"Oh, dear!" said Elizabeth, "*isn't* it fun?"



"ATHLETE WRESTLING WITH A PYTHON."

SIR JOHN SIMON IN A "LIVING STATUARY" GROUP, AFTER LORD LEIGHTON.

[There are signs that the boycott of the SIMON Commission is being mitigated.]



CHELSEA'S BUSY SPELL.

Popular model copes with the rush before Sending-in Day by posing for two artists at once.

PETER PLANEWRIGHT AND CO.

I don't know how Mr. Planewright first got in touch with me or what originally gave him the impression that it might be financially worth his while. I can only suppose that he once saw me slip a half-crown to a match-seller in mistake for a penny, or buy a knitted kettle-holder from an old woman for a shilling, on the strength of which he followed me home to learn the address of such a likely-looking mutt.

Anyhow it was a year ago that I got my first letter from him. As far as I remember it went thus:—

Dear Sir,

Electric Nutpickers Limited.

We have pleasure in enclosing the prospectus of the above company, which has recently been formed to acquire the rights of development of a new and wonderful process for picking cokernuts by electricity instead of by the old-fashioned method of sending either apes or natives up the tree. We need not enlarge on the advantages of this scheme, which will be obvious to anyone, for, whereas the price of apes is forty shillings each, and of natives four shillings a dozen, ampères cost only ·015 of a penny each.

If you will send a cheque for five shillings per share by return we will reserve for you positively the last four hundred shares which we have now on our books.

Yours faithfully,
Peter Planewright and Co.

Well, I at once went out and looked at myself carefully in the hall-mirror. It was no help. Even full-face and with my mouth open I could see no justification for *that* letter. So I ignored it.

A fortnight later I got another. This time it was about a company incorporated for the purpose of setting up night refreshment-stalls in the West End to sell a new delicacy called *Vitalo*, consisting of cold boiled whelks and hot golden syrup, at fourpence per plate. The estimated profit was seven hundred and forty thousand pounds per annum, and Mr. Planewright had just two hundred shares for me—if I could manage to send a cheque by return.

I showed this letter to my bankers in Piccadilly and asked them what they thought about it. They looked up my account and then said I could certainly send a cheque if I liked, but they strongly advised me not to send any *money*.

During the subsequent months I heard regularly from my Mr. Planewright. Every time he had a wonderful proposition and every time he wanted to share it with me. I could easily see what his trouble was: he couldn't keep a secret. That company for supplying invisible garters to flappers, for instance, ought to have been kept quite in the family, yet he saved a hundred preference shares for me at an absurd figure—quite an absurd figure. And so too with the ordinary shares of *Silent Hours Ltd.*, a firm that was producing a new clock specially designed to strike without any sound. Every single good thing that man got on to, off he rushed into type to let me come in on it too. And every time I failed him.

In time I grew to look for his letters, those long envelopes with a touching appeal in the left-hand top corner to the postal authorities to return it to him if undelivered, thus making it obvious he wanted no one else but me to have the advantage of his offer. At last I began to wish someone *would* return them to him and so took to scratching out my address and re-posting them myself. It

was no use. They merely hovered for a few days and then settled on me in a cloud.

Finally I decided that Mr. Planewright was really becoming a nuisance. So I wrote pleasantly and said:—

SIR,—Perhaps you don't know that I pay no attention to your letters. Wouldn't you like to take my name and address off your list of mugs? I am a busy man and it will save me annoyance; you are a business man and it will save you postage.

Yours, etc. A. APPLE.

Well, I couldn't put it more pleasantly than that, and he responded. His answer was too courteous. He thanked me so much for offering to save his postage account, and said he would instantly have my name removed and would trouble me no more. Unfortunately the charming effect of that letter was somewhat counteracted by one of familiar appearance that arrived by the next post, in which Mr. Planewright mentioned cheerfully that once more he was "clothed with knowledge," and could recommend *Asiatic Ink Wells, Ltd. Eighteen per cent Preferred Extraordinary*, with which his firm was closely associated and which was due to pay a dividend practically any minute.

Seething with fury I took this effort to a legal friend, but he merely said, "Why, that 's old Planewright. I make pounds every week from his letters."

"Good heavens!" I cried. "Don't tell me I 've been missing a chance of making——"

"Oh, lots of people do. Every time he advises you to *buy* something, *sell* it immediately and so on. He's infallible."

I went back home and thought about this. But I decided I couldn't risk it. What would my real brokers think if I suddenly tried to sell *Asiatic Ink Wells* or *Invisible Garters*? Particularly *Invisible Garters*. And then I might never be able to buy them again when the time came.

After another month, during which I received ten letters from Mr. Planewright, I again wrote to him. I was roused to this more particularly by a New Year effusion which offered me in the same paragraph best wishes for my prosperity and two hundred shares in a Synthetic Gold Mine. Though I could understand his interest in the prosperity of his clients in general I didn't see why he should bother himself about mine in particular. It was not as though I had ever bought anything from him. So I replied:—

DEAR SIR,—As man to man can't you tell me of any way of stopping your increasing output of financial bait? Sending it to me will never benefit you. The only thing you will ever induce me to buy is a larger waste-paper basket.

Yours faithfully, A. APPLE.

I received no reply to this except the prospectus of a newly-formed Company for Manufacturing Office Requisites (including waste-paper baskets), after which the flood continued as usual at half-a-dozen a month.

Then the other day I moved to another house and had little cards printed denoting my change of address. This gave me an idea; in fact a brain-wave. In due course Mr. Planewright received from me a little card as under:

Please note change of address for all communications to *127, Wapiti Avenue, London, W.12*, as from date of postmark.

Faithfully, A. APPLE.

Since then I have not had a line; but, as the card was one specially printed for Mr. Planewright alone, I am not much surprised.

Sometimes I wonder who is the unfortunate who really lives at 127, Wapiti Avenue. A. A.



He. "SO YOU 'RE JUST BACK FROM PONTRESINA? NICE PLACE." *She.* "GLORIOUS!"
He. "GO TO ST. MORITZ? NICE PLACE." *She.* "MARVELLOUS!"
He. "AND DAVOS? NICE PLACE." *She.* "RIPPING!"
He. "HAD A GOOD TIME?" *She.* "DIVINE!"
He (after deep thought). "DO YOU KNOW, MILDRED, YOU 'RE JUST THE SORT OF GIRL A MAN CAN *TALK* TO."

The Colour of Language.

"The Military Cadets Academy, Tokyo, has been educating Chinese cadets these 21 years, but the applicants seldom rose above 30. This year the applicants ran up at a bound to 483, much foundering the Academy management as to what to do with all of them."

Manchurian Paper.

"BUN."

For some years it has been increasingly clear that all is not well with Oxford (and Cambridge) athletic sports. Event after event takes place in which one university or the other is defeated; and this prolonged succession of reverses can only mean a diminution in the manhood of our young men.

As for Oxford, I have been able, on a recent visit to the home of lost matches, to put my finger on at least one contributor to this athletic decay. As the newspapers have noted, a new "cult," named, if I remember right, BUN, and "raised," it appears, in an American university, has been successfully transplanted to the lush soil of Oxford. The active principle of this Order is the at first sight unobjectionable practice of public and mutual confession of sin by its devotees together assembled. The boys, I am informed, sit round the president's hearth in a wide circle and (if I know anything) in a dim light (Gee! I can just visualise that hand-lamp on the floor behind the sofa!) and relate in turn the more exciting felonies and turpitudes of their careers. Not altogether a healthy habit, in the opinion of the authorities, for it is obvious that after two or three meetings the constant recital of the same offence must tend to gather tedium, and that naturally well-conducted youths may be tempted, in the interests of their Order, to seek out fresh offences and peccadilloes new. Moreover a recent sin must attract more attention than an old one.

I heard a pathetic tale of a boy nicknamed brutally "One-Sin Willy" (of St. Harriet's). His besetting sin was unpunctuality, and with the best will in the world he was unable to acquire another. Night after night at the weekly meetings he wearied the faithful with his remorseful narratives of lectures missed and luncheon-appointments delayed. The demeanour of his friends soon made it clear to him that before an audience it is better to confess for a sheep than a lamb. Cursed with a loyal conscience, the poor boy did his best to be wicked. Walking down the High he would try to throw bold glances at young women to whom he had not been introduced, but long before they glanced in his direction his own modest eyes had fallen, and he was unable truthfully to confess that he had stared. He dug about among his childhood memories and exhumed awful tales of stolen apples and broken toys. They did not go down with the congregation of BUN. Desperate at last, the young man took to lying, and one night, rising in his turn, announced defiantly that he had used a bad word in the bathroom. The President stood up and, placing on his head the black cap of BUN, said, in the accepted and terrible formula, "OUR BROTHER IS NOT BELIEVED." Lying to the Brothers is of course the one offence which can never be condoned, and the penalty is instant de-bunnery (with ashes). The sad lad went out into the night and committed suicide. "Too late," said my informant ironically, "for if he had only done that cowardly act a little earlier he might still be a member."



"NO, MADAM, I'M NOT MR. BROWNRIDGE, BUT—ER—BEING AT A LOOSE END I DON'T MIND HOLDING A CONVERSATION WITH YOU. WHAT TOPICS HAVE YOU?"

But BUN is not an entirely harmful influence. Local lodges are being formed in many of the colleges, and there is growing up a quite healthy rivalry between them. Organised match-play has not yet begun, but teams of eight from two different colleges will meet informally in a neutral room and confess against each other, sin for sin. Balliol, I hear, have a second team. Indeed there were great tales of a sensational match between Wadham and Balliol II. After seven heats the scores were level; but in the final heat the Balliol captain defeated his opposite number by a narrow margin with a neat piece of immorality. The Wadham captain made a generous speech, in which he freely admitted that the worse side had won.

Cambridge, I gather, has lagged behind in this religion, but a Lodge has been formed there and Inter-Varsity contests are bound to come. There is talk already of applying for a Half-Blue for Devilry.

All this is to the good. But the mixing of sports is seldom desirable; and the mischief of the present position is this, that Bun-worship (or Bundom, as it is called) *has laid a firm hold on rowing circles.* What special appeal confession possesses for the wet-bobs is not clear. But they are seldom bookish men, and in the long periods of training, when they are necessarily cut off from other amusements, BUN, it may be, provides an easy way of spending the winter evenings. At any rate there are now BUNNIES in every boat, it seems, and the recent Torpid races included one or two episodes which have caused much anxiety among the orthodox rowing fraternity. Among true BUNNIES, it must be remembered, the act of confession is not necessarily reserved until the official gathering of the Lodge. At any moment and in any place the consciousness of sin may swell up uncontrollably and without warning, in which case the victim, or zealot, is compelled to make a frank and immediate recital of the particular piece of wrong-doing which fills his mind.

Now in the public street, and even on the football field, this kind of thing need not have fatal results, but in an eight-oared racing boat it is almost certain to cause confusion. One of the Balliol boat, for example, who has a weakness for chocolates gave pain to his College on the fourth day of the races by throwing down his oar at an important moment and confessing in a loud voice that on the previous evening, although in training, he had in the privacy of his rooms surrendered to his craving. This case got about; but few know the true history of the failure of Balbus to go head of their division on the last night. Opposite their own boat-house, you will remember,



Exasperated Parent. "NOW, HAROLD, HERE'S THE BUS AT LAST, AND IF YOU DON'T STOP CRYING THIS INSTANT YOU SHAN'T HAVE THE FRONT SEAT."

Balbus were overlapping Julius; the Balbus cox, whom we will call Bertram, was just about to "shoot" and he was shouting triumphantly, "Go it, boys! You've got 'em now!" But, alas, Bertram is a BUN, and not only coxes but confesses for Balbus. And at that moment he was overwhelmed by a sense of guilt. Rising in his place (for confession may not be made sitting) he cried aloud in his fluty contralto, "To all and sundry: I, Bertram, have sinned. I have been guilty of vainglorious boasting and uncharitable imaginations. I have desired the discomfiture of the harmless gentlemen in the boat ahead of us, and have publicly gloated over their approaching doom. Not only that, but for the past two years I have been over-smoking, and yesterday I cut a lecture on Formal Logic." And with these words the emotional boy steered his disappointed crew into the bank.

However, the Torpids are only the Torpids, and do not matter much. What is, or may be, more serious is this: I have it on the best authority that *there is a* BUNNY *in the Oxford boat!*

A. P. H.

Mr. Jorrocks in the Desert.

"NEW DELHI,—. . . The Government hoped now that all cackle about procedure would be cut and the Assembly could straightaway come to the oases."—*Lahore Paper.*

HIGH FAILURE

AND—A RABBIT.

THERE was—I heard him oft of old—
A thrush
Who, with a heart nor damp nor cold
Could crush,
Lifted such raptures to the sky
That the most casual passer-by
Would, with attention, murmur "Hi!"
And "Hush!"

There was a dog—a friend well known
To me—
Famed for his liking of a bone
Or spree,
Who always went like one distraught
At rabbits, which he never caught,
Emitting whines and whimpers fraught
With glee.

One day in Spring, beneath a shroud
Of lead,
The thrush was singing clear and loud
O'erhead;
Indifferent to gloom and chill
Sweeter he sang and clearer still,
And as he reached his highest thrill
Fell dead.

The dog was seen, with eager ears
A-flap,
Coursing a rabbit. It appears
The gap
Was narrowing when, on one last bound
To c'ear that intervening ground,
His heart, which wasn't really sound,
Went snap.

The thrush was at his fullest flow
Of song;
The dog had ne'er been seen to go
So strong;
They went when at their highest pitch,
Which seems an end extremely rich;
But, owing to a trifling hitch,
That 's wrong.

The song will never reach its end;
What 's more,
The dog, whose loss I, as a friend,
Deplore,
Failed in his grab. To me at least,
With all respect to the deceased,
The humble rabbit was the beast
To score. DUM-DUM.

"It was a Dream."

"That epic conqueror Genghis Khan, whose grandson inspired Wordsworth's immortal fragment, 'Kubla Khan.'"—*Daily Paper.*

It occurs of course in the revised edition of *The Excursion*, which some critics regard as a substitute for opium.

"An excursion for 1, 2, 3 or 6 days will run from Woodhall Spa to London on Wednesday next, leaving the Spa at 8.10 a.m., in connection with the deadly Home Exhibition."
Lincolnshire Paper.

Does *The Daily Mail* know of this rival attraction?

TRAVEL NOTES.

LES VOYAGEURS.

I.

THIS train is marked with an arrow of gold.

It travels with great swiftness.

The stout gentleman is rather bald. He has upon his head no more than thirty hairs.

They are oiled brightly and arranged carefully like a net.

The stout gentleman does not lunch.

He sips champagne with slow and graceful sips.

When he has finished his champagne he will drink some brandy.

He wears very white wash-leather gloves.

His gloves are turned back at the wrists.

If the train were to run off the lines the champagne and the brandy would be upset.

This would be a great loss.

II.

Monsieur is the husband of Madame.

The small child is their daughter.

She is about seven years old.

The table by the window has upon it three cups of cardboard, a box of bonbons and some spiced bread.

The floor of the compartment is covered with the peels of oranges, with pieces of paper and with a lavish sprinkling of crumbs.

Much has been eaten.

Monsieur has now become affectionate.

He clasps the hands of Madame.

He kisses her upon the cheeks.

He strokes her hair.

Why does he do these things in the train?

It is to show to the English how sacred in France is the home.

The child has gone to the window of the corridor.

Is she about to be ill?

No, she is about to sing.

She sings, "*Au Clair de la Lune.*"

She sings it three times.

She does not sing well.

Monsieur and Madame join in the song.

The suffocation is intolerable.

Four negroes are walking down the corridor.

They wear the fez and overcoats of khaki.

The child ceases to sing.

What is it that Madame has said to the child?

She has said, "Now you have seen some of your little compatriots."

The child has laughed.

She sucks her fingers and commences again to sing.

III.

These five girls are Americans.

They have seven small baggages apiece.

They have made a vow that they will talk nothing but French.



SKETCH OF A MIDI LANDSCAPE, SHOWING VINE-CLAD SLOPES DURING THE EARLY SPRING.

Some speak French with the accent of Boston, and some with the accent of Chicago.

Alas! what has occurred?

They have all begun to speak American instead of French.

One of them fears that her passport is lost.

She opens the small baggages to search for it.

The carriage is filled with underwear, with manicure sets and with tears.

Sakes!

What is to be done?

Every small baggage has been searched four times.

All persons in the carriage are standing up.

They are knee-deep in lingerie.

Grâce à Dieu, the passport has been found!

How we laugh!

How we shriek!



DRY BED OF A MOUNTAIN TORRENT AT THE FOOT OF THE PYRENEES.

How we fall into each other's arms!

The French conversation is resumed.

L'HÔTEL.

The view from the windows of the vestibule is exceedingly beautiful.

There are many pine-trees.

In the distance is the Mediterranean Sea.

The chairs are comfortable, the vestibule is warm.

The visitors read *The Times*.

It is raining. They cannot go out.

Only the waiters are foreigners.

Nothing disturbs the happiness of the *tout ensemble*.

It is almost possible to imagine that one is in Hampshire itself.

But not quite possible.

The Times is not *The Times* of to-day, but *The Times* of the day before yesterday.

LES VILLES.

It is pleasant to mount the steep hill and contemplate the remains of the Romans, the Visigoths, the Saracens and the Crusading kings.

Half-an-hour of Visigoths costs two francs.

One hour of Visigoths costs four francs.

There are lizards on the walls.

They enter rapidly the holes made by the Romans, the Saracens, the Visigoths, and the Crusading kings.

It is easy to grow weary of barbicans.

The town below has an avenue of plane-trees.

Every town in France has an avenue of plane-trees which is longer than that of the last town but one.

At the end of the avenue of plane-trees is a republican monument.

There is nothing less beautiful than an avenue of leafless plane-trees except an avenue of evergreen palms.

But the street is also lined with cafés.

It is pleasant to sit in the cafés and remember that the Visigoths are dead.

DIVERTISSEMENT.

This is a State aquarium.

It is livelier than English aquariums.

The *langoustes* are fighting.

The hermit crabs show *élan*.

Even the blennies have *verve*.

Here is an open tank where one may poke the tail of the conger-eel with the point of the umbrella when the custodian is away.

The conger-eel attempts to hide in a broken amphora, dug up from the bed of the sea.

In the centre of the aquarium stands a reproduction of the Venus of Milo.

This shows the gallantry of the French.

Venus is Aphrodite, and comes, like the *langouste*, out of the Mediterranean foam.

EVOE.

Britain's New Sport.

"The super-tax players are a fairly large body; in fact there are 165 of them to every millionaire."—*Daily Paper.*

"RAVENING WOOLS.

Raids by wild beasts, maddened by hunger, have increased the winter's terrors in Poland."
Australian Paper.

Or were they really sheep in wolves' clothing?

PORTENTS AND THE PESSIMIST.



"FINE SPRING, EH? AH, BUT MARK YOU—EARLY DAISIES SPELLS WET HAYMAKIN'."



"MOSKEETIERS IN MARCH MEANS MAGGOTS IN JUNE."



"TWO PINK BUTTERFLIES——EARTHQUAKES IN AUGUST."



"SEE THEY LAMBS CHASIN' THEIR SHADOWS? . . .



OH, WE SHALL PAY FOR IT ALL RIGHT."

THE ART OF PUBLICITY.

I AM a journalist, and Arthur is a friend of mine. On the evening of the Saturday before his wedding he came to see me.

It was an evening on which I wished particularly to be alone, for I was writing a whimsical article, descriptive of my official afternoon, for Monday's newspaper. If I finished it and took it into the office that night, all Sunday would be mine to squander at home.

They let Arthur into the flat. They showed him into the room where I was working. He sat down in my sacred easy-chair, on one arm of which was the ash-tray that my wife had bought me because it would never fall off, and because it would save the occupant of the chair rising to put his ashes into a distant receptacle.

"Hullo!" said Arthur, and, noticing the ash-tray, "that's new. Where did you get it?"

"Wife," I replied tersely, juggling with two adverbs.

"Where's wife?" said Arthur.

"Mother's," I snapped at him.

"Self's or hers?" he persisted.

"Hers."

"Oh!" said Arthur; "well, why not have said so at once?" and knocked the ash-tray on the floor.

"*Don't* do that," I snarled.

"Sorry, sorry," said Arthur, "but I want to talk to you about my wedding. You're a journalist, and I want your advice."

He picked up the ash-tray: "I say, I'm awfully sorry about the mess on your carpet." I shrugged my acceptance of his apology. He flicked a cigarette into the tray, turned to make himself more comfortable and knocked it off again.

I rose rather like a panther, seized my wife's present to me and took it to my table. Then I faced Arthur.

"The idea," he said, seeing that he had my attention, "is to get a little bit about our wedding into the papers. I don't mean by paying for its insertion in the Society column or whatever you call it. I mean on its own merits and in the news pages. Is that possible?"

"Why do you want to do this?"

"Mary wants it," said Arthur. Mary was Arthur's bride. I nodded. "And that's what you came to see me about?" Arthur nodded.

"Of course," I said, "you realise that this problem of yours demands specialised knowledge such as I possess; and you realise that I have nothing to do at this moment but help you." There was venom in my tone by this time.

"That's quite all right, old man," said Arthur.

"Well, then," I resumed, "you may take it from me that your problem raises the whole question of what constitutes news in the journalistic mind."

"And what is—what does that?"

"Broadly speaking, quantity. Nothing gets your editor quite so much as quantity. Figures, weights and measures seem positively to fascinate him. Moreover he gloats over records, and as for things happening for the first time"—here I gestured expansively and knocked the ash-tray off my table—"he raves about them."

"That's the third time that's happened," said Arthur.

I got up and paced about the room. "Consider," I said, "these typical headlines—

£200 A MINUTE SALE
OF
ART TREASURES.

50,000 TONS OF SOOT FALL ON LONDON.

That's quantity, isn't it? That's news. Now, as a favour to you, I will write an account of your wedding in the quantitative style so that it *must* appeal to any editor who sees it. First let me ask you some questions. How many bridesmaids will Mary have?"

"Four," said Arthur—"oh, and young Jane—that's five. Yes, five."

"Four and young Jane," I muttered; "say eight stone each on an average. Eight fourteens are a hundred-and-twelve. A hundred-and-twelve is, or are, a hundredweight. Five hundredweights are a quarter of a ton. And where is the wedding to be?"

"South Underbury—parish church."

"Old and quaint, I suppose?"

"On the contrary, commonplace and modern," said Arthur; "but——"

"I am now in a position to give you a rough idea of the article," I said. "Here are your headlines. Imagine them set out in a rich riotous black." And I declaimed:—

"WEIGHT FOR A WEDDING.
QUARTER OF A TON OF BRIDESMAIDS.
BEST MAN'S THREE-MILE ANXIOUS PACING."

"Why should *he* be anxious?" said Arthur.

"You will see," I replied, and continued resonantly: "Five bridesmaids, totalling an estimated weight of a quarter of a ton, attended the wedding of Miss Mary Muffet and Mr. Arthur Mommeter, which took place for the first time in the—what shall we say?—thirty-three-year-old parish church of South Underbury yesterday. Some anxiety was caused by the late arrival of the bride"—Mary was notoriously unpunctual—"whose train——"

"She won't be wearing a train."

"—whose veil measured four feet seven-and-a-half inches——"

"How do you know?" said Arthur.

"A rough estimate—and whose father recently celebrated his—— How old is Mary's father?"

"Don't know," said Arthur.

"—whose father," I resumed, "recently celebrated his most advanced birthday—a record for him. The best man covered a distance of three miles round and round the churchyard in his anxiety lest the legal hour for weddings should pass.

"The guests at the reception—— How many guests, Arthur?"



Oriental Salesman (giving demonstration flight). "HOW DO YOU THINK THE MAGIC CARPET'S RUNNING, SIR?"



Policeman. "DOES THIS CAR BELONG TO YOU?"
Motorist. "N-NO—NOT TILL MARCH, 1930."

"Oh, hundreds!" said Arthur sarcastically.

"The guests at the reception would, if placed end to end, stretch along the entire length of the Continental departure-platform at Victoria Station, where, indeed, the newly-married pair resorted to begin their honeymoon trip. You *will* start from Victoria, won't you?"

"I dare say," said Arthur. Then, "Thank you for a pleasant evening. I see you are busy. Good-bye."

"Good-bye," I retorted; "and, if you have a penny to spare on Monday and buy *The Informer*, you will be able to read what I was writing when you came in."

"I have a better use for my penny," said Arthur, and let himself out.

* * * * *

I am glad to say that Arthur's wedding received some publicity. A paragraph appeared in the evening papers giving the names of a "bridal pair" who "waited unavailingly for an hour." The Vicar had forgotten his appointment and gone off on a bicycle jaunt.

I had not thought of that solution.

A New Time-saving Scheme.

Notice in a Hampshire barber's:—"Shave and hair cut while you wait."

THE TROUT-FISHER.

BEHOLD, the primroses are out
And martins come just now about,
And mad March hares—great jacks and stout—
On fallows all untrod box;
Then oh! the angler's only themes
Are April and the trouting-streams
The while he trifles with (and dreams)
The darlings of his rod-box.

See, on the lawn his pretty things
He raises up, and through the rings
He draws that silken line he flings,
Graceful, of effort thrifty,
Swish o'er the grass, then says, "You 'll do;
My bonny boy, your wrist 's as true
As ever it was at twenty, you
Who are, Jove help you! fifty."

And still the fair conceit he 'll hold
That fishermen grow never old,
That, with the daffodilly's gold
And with the cowslip's plenty,
And with the loud and building rooks,
And with the March Brown on the brooks,
The man of rods, the man of hooks,
Is always one-and-twenty.

Nay, *younger*, with his simple sums—
The reckoned weeks ere Easter comes
With those four days, those sugar plums,
Wherein, to Heaven beholden,
He 'll see—he says so—come to pass
(He sees him *now* in Fancy's glass)
His first two-pounder brought to grass,
Thick, deeply-girthed and golden.

Ah, leave him to his happy dreams,
His kingcups and grey water-gleams,
A little like, one rather deems,
That lady with the odd box
(Pandora? She was in my mind);
For in these days of sun and wind
No angler 's he who doth not find
Hope in a box—a rod-box. P. R. C.

The True Aroma of Hockey.

"The forwards were somewhat weak, particularly in the circle, where their hitting lacked the necessary stink to put finish to their work."—*Sunday Paper.*

"Hail to Thee, Blithe Bishop!"

From a programme of the Lahore Gymkhana's concert:—

"Duet for Flute and Clarinet.—Lo hear the Gentle Bishop, Lark."

Glimpses of the Obvious.

"Mr. O. N. O. Schokman, Inspector of Police, Kandy, stated that he examined the vehicles after the accident. If the two vehicles had passed one another without swerving, there would not have been any accident."
Ceylon Paper.



Ancient Rustic. "THAT THERE PLACE? 'THE BIG 'OUSE,' US CALLS IT."
Inquirer's Wife. "HAVEN'T I BEEN TELLING YOU, EDWARD, THAT THIS COULDN'T BE 'YE COSY COT.'"

SCIENCE FOR THE YOUNG.

THE child in the home, I notice, is becoming a portentously well-instructed animal. Where of old it learnt nothing but moral and religious precepts, it now imbibes thirstily the elements of all the most difficult "ologies." Nothing in nature is hidden from the intellect of the tiny tot.

But we have not gone far enough yet in providing a supply of rollicking text-books, such as our parents knew, which combined the conversational method of teaching with the direct business of imparting knowledge. I propose in the course of time to remedy that defect. Anxious as the young are to learn, they should not be compelled to take their doses of truth without a proper disguise of fiction and fun.

Let me begin then with an early chapter out of my forthcoming treatise upon *Anthropology Made Easy for the Suburban Home*:—

The next morning was Sunday. When Dot and Gogo and Harry were told that they were going that very day to the house of their dear old uncle to eat fruit with him, they were delighted beyond measure, you may be sure.

"Hurrah! Hurrah!" cried Harry.

"And will Uncle tell us something about the anthropoid apes," said Dot, "after we have eaten our pears?"

"Most certainly he will," replied Mamma.

"Including all those technically descwibed by the Linnæan title, *Anthwopomorpha*," shouted Gogo eagerly as he danced about the room, "and weadily distinguished as tailless, semi-ewect and long-armed, from the dog-like apes Cynomorpha, which also have a nawwow partition between the nostwils, and inhabit the Old World?"

"Undoubtedly, my dear," answered Mrs. Smith, smiling at the enthusiasm of her youngest-born. Gogo's real name was Godfrey, but the other two called him Gogo because he ran about so much and never seemed able to keep his small legs still.

Taking their favourite toys with them, the three children set off with their nurse to "Nobottles," Acacia Road, S.W., where kind Mr. Bollinger dwelt in a beautiful square house of red brick, whose windows faced the great river Thames.

They found spread out for them on the table not only bananas and oranges, but many even more handsome fruits from our Imperial Dominions overseas, and, to crown all, an exquisite pineapple.

When the three of them had eaten their fill and their fingers and mouths had been wiped clean, Mr. Bollinger, a retired business man in easy circumstances of life, with a most benevolent expression, a ruddy face and silver hair, made them all sit down on chairs in front of the fire.

"And now, children," he began, "what are we to say in view of our conversations last week about the attempts to establish a fundamental distinction on anatomical grounds between the physical structure of the higher apes and that of man?"

"They are futile," said Dot softly, looking at the bright logs of the crackling fire.

"Genewic diffewences," cried Gogo, jumping up and shaking his rattle excitedly, "there may perhaps be in abundance, but these establish only a diffewence of degwee and not of kind."

"Could you mention any of those generic differences?" inquired Mr. Bollinger, turning to Harry, who had not spoken yet, and was indeed feeling far from well. He was the eldest of the three children, being nearly nine-and-a-half years old and, being larger and stronger, had eaten more copiously of the pineapple than his brother and sister had been able to do.

"Well, Uncle," he replied after a little thought, "the great toe in man is not opposable to the others for grasping purposes, nor does the angle between the face and the top of the skull exceed a hundred-and-twenty degrees——"

"You forget to mention, Harry," said Dot, interrupting him, "the strong spines on the back of the gorilla's neck, the very marked eyebrow ridges in gorilla and chimpanzee, and the especially long arms of the gibbon."

"I was just going to say them," said Harry pettishly, "when you broke in like a trumpeting elephant."

"And I," said little Gogo, turning a double somersault on the floor, "was going to say about the pwotwuding jaws of the anthwopoids, which, like all the west we have mentioned, are no more than chawactewistic adaptations to diffewent ways of life."

"Excellent, Gogo!" replied his uncle, giving him a large nut. "And what general conclusions are we thus forced to draw from our study of the differences and likenesses between apes and men?"

"Why, that the difference of structure," chanted all the children together, clapping their hands, "between the lowest monkeys and the higher are far greater than those between man and any anthropoid ape, the resemblances being especially obvious when young forms are compared."

"Quite right," said Mr. Bollinger. "I see that you have remembered our previous talks perfectly. In their expression of cerebral activity, whether intellectual or emotional, the anthropoids come in some respects very near the lowest human tribes. Never be too much preoccupied with your games and mere selfish amusements to recollect this. Repeat it aloud whenever you feel tempted to be vain, indolent or unkind. I will now proceed to point out to you how impossible it is, in spite of all that we have just said, to regard any ape of any anthropoid species as in the absolutely direct line of human ancestry."

At these words Harry burst suddenly into tears. "Not even the orang, Uncle?" he asked in plaintive tones.

"Not even the orang," replied Mr. Bollinger firmly; "nor yet the chimpanzee."

The two others giggled a little at Harry's discomfiture. Mr. Bollinger, after having pointed out that the sin of self-congratulation is seldom, if ever, found amongst the higher anthropomorpha, and having permitted Harry to beat his drum for a few moments in order to cover his confusion, resumed his discourse, while all the three children listened to him with shining eyes.

And there we will leave them, I think, for the moment. EVOE.



Scottish Opponent. "EH, WEEL, THAT WILL BE YOUR-R HOLE."
The Colonel. "'WILL BE MY HOLE'! DAMMIT, SIR, IT *IS* MY HOLE."

JUST HOW I SAW THE FAIRY.

AND you had some bright new slippers,
And Jill had a golden chain,
And Molly had come in a new green frock—
But I wore my blue again.

And you knew a song about tigers,
And Jill could waggle her ear,
And Molly made everyone laugh with fun—
But the ice-cream made me queer.

And Jack chose you for the dancing,
And Jill had a joke with Joan,
And Molly was talking to Geraldine,
So I was playing alone.

And everyone else was laughing
And joining in Nuts-and-May,
So I went out of the garden-door
And down by the mint-bed way.

And that 's how I saw the fairy,
Who sat on the lilac-tree;
She looked like a gleam of the silver moon,
And she waved her wing at me.

A Powerful Smell.

"Extension of the Port Works at Algiers . . . This work will afford protection from the smell which, when the wind is in the east, has caused ships to break away from their moorings after parting large hawsers."
Commercial Weekly.

Theme and Variations.

"HONOUR FOR FRENCH CHEF.

M. Escoffier (doyen of French chefs and inventor of the peche melba) has been promoted to officer of the Legion of Honor."
Adelaide Newspaper.

The latest awards of the Legion d'Honneur include the French inventor, M. Peche, and Dame Nellie Melba."—*Another Adelaide Newspaper.*



Scene—*Hotel Lounge.*

The Man. "Going out with that ghastly dago again? You're getting yourself talked about. Why don't you go somewhere with me for a change?"

The Girl. "My dear, of course I'd love it, but I could go about with you for months and never get talked about at all."

BALLADS FOR BROADBROWS.

"Since I Took Up with Orange-Juice. . . ."

Thank you, Mrs. Thomas, and I don't mind if I do.
My dear, it seems an age since I was sitting here with you.
I only hope you're better, dear, than what I am, because—
Oh, well, we mustn't grumble, but I'm not the girl I was.
Nothing's been the same since I took up with orange-juice—
One always pays for foolishness, my dear—
Pains in the back and side,
My little bird has died,
And bilious—well, I couldn't tell you here!
Then we had the Frost, my dear, and then we had the Flood,
And Bert's been quite a martyr to suppression of the blood;
Oranges? I tell you, dear, with me their name is mud—
So what about a little drop of beer?

A tumbler night and morning! Well, I'd just as soon have ink;
It's what you're bred and born to is the safest, don't you think?
And don't you let 'em talk you round with this reducing stuff—
There used to be too much of me, but now there's not enough.

Nothing's been the same since I took up with orange-juice;
It never does to shock the system, dear;
My temper's kind of terse,
The weather's worse and worse,
And the Government is acting very queer.
Well, that's what comes of tampering with Providence, you see;
It's oranges for animals, but hops for you and me;
I wouldn't touch another if I had my private tree—
But what about a nice drop of beer?

I've lost my loving-kindness, dear, I've lost my self-control,
And Mabel thinks that what I've got is jaundice on the soul;
You'd be surprised—this morning I had words with Mrs. Drew,
And many of them words, my dear, I didn't know I *knew!*
Nothing's been the same since I took up with orange-juice,
The slightest thing excites me now, my dear;
I used to live and let,
But now I seem to get
A nasty sort of itch to interfere.
I'm not the Christian woman what I used to be before;
Poor Bert's took up with betting, dear, and I've begun to snore;
Oranges! If it's for me they needn't grow no more—
But what about a healthy drop of beer? A. P. H.



FASCISMO, LIMITED.

The Native (*to Signor Mussolini*). "YOU CAN DRAG A CHAMOIS TO THE MACARONI, BUT YOU CAN'T MAKE HIM EAT IT."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, March 5th.—Caledonia may be stern and wild, but Mr. KIRKWOOD, being even sterner and wilder, does not lightly forget that it is his own, his native land. Let the caitiff foot of the Sassenach be set on its banks and braes—except for social purposes—and DAVY is on him like a knife. To-day he was on to the Reorganization of Offices (Scotland) Bill like two knives, scenting in that subtle piece of Southron legislation a plot to put in charge of Scottish affairs men "with the stamp of Oxford and Cambridge on them."

The Member for Dumbarton then proceeded to stamp on Oxford and Cambridge, where, he was told, they "went in stirks and came out asses." How this miracle of metabolism is performed he did not say, but doubtless had in mind certain Scottish places where, it is rumoured, stirks go in as Texas steers and come out prime Scotch beef.

The House learned further from this Lowland Cato that men at Oxford and Cambridge are "trained in the art of idleness." They learn the art not of how to work but of how to avoid it. Altogether it was made plain that our ancient universities, like the POPE in Portadown, are not thought well of in the side-streets of Glasgow.

Tuesday, March 6th.—Just a trace of apprehension crossed the faces of one or two Scottish peers when Lord SUTHERLAND introduced the False Oaths (Scotland) Bill. It was needless. The Bill makes no reference to the sort of false oath that remorseful Scots take the morning after Hogmanay night.

Their lordships, on the motion of Lord BEAUCHAMP, debated the Government's raid on the Road Fund, a slightly belated effort stimulated, Lord PEEL suggested, by the appearance of the Liberal Yellow Book. Things were not so gloomy as Lord BEAUCHAMP supposed. The Colnbrook by-pass would be open in July.

The Commons having, on motion of Major GLYN, committed the Railway Bills to a joint Committee of both Houses, Mr. ORMSBY-GORE (whose appearances in the House coincide so neatly with the disappearances of his chief) announced that as the result of Imperial Preference the Dominions' export of wines to this country had risen from half-a-million to over four-and-a-half million gallons.



IN AND OUT.

MR. AMERY AND MR. ORMSBY-GORE
(who never seem to be at home at the same time).

Mr. SNOWDEN's expression of acidulated rectitude added offence to his suggestion that there was something "improper if not indecent" in the release of Sir PATRICK GOWER, a civil servant and formerly principal private secretary to successive Prime Ministers, to a post in the Conservative Central Office. Mr. BALDWIN obviously resented the question, but was assured by Mr. SNOWDEN that no reflection was intended on Sir PATRICK GOWER. What Mr. SNOWDEN did intend to suggest was that there was no precedent for the translation of civil servants to political parties, whereupon Mr. AUSTIN HOPKINSON remarked that Mr. SIDNEY WEBB was an admirable precedent. He might have mentioned Lord OLIVIER also, even Mr. SNOWDEN himself, but it was not necessary. Mr. SIDNEY WEBB as a precedent for anything is incontrovertible.

Mr. AMERY then expounded the British Guiana Bill. British Guiana is where Demerara sugar and the rarest postage-stamp in the world and the two-toed sloth come from. Its motto is "*Damus petimusque vicissim*," but its giving and seeking in the last hundred years or so has not, Mr. AMERY explained, produced very much of anything except debt. Commissioners sent out to investigate found that the Guianian Constitution made sound finance impossible. The object of the Bill was to enable that Constitution to be modified by Order in Council.

Both members of the aforesaid Commission, Mr. WILSON and Mr. SNELL, supported the Minister. True to its traditional ability to produce an expert on any subject or any place in the world, the House also produced Mr. JOHN ABRAHAM TINNE, of Eton and Oxford, and also a native-born Guianian of the third generation. British Guiana might still be a long, long way from anywhere, he



ONE OF THE NUTS.

Mr. AUSTIN HOPKINSON (to Mr. PHILIP SNOWDEN). "NOT A BAD HIT, GUV'NOR, THOUGH IT ISN'T THE ONE YOU WERE AIMING AT."

intimated, but his heart was right there. He too supported the Bill, which was opposed by Mr. AMMON and other Socialists on the rather nebulous ground that it was "going back on representative government."

Wednesday, February 7th.—Lord GREY (not OF FALLODON) called attention to the growing discontent produced by three-cornered Election contests, and their lordships did their best to give it. Lord BANBURY, for whom the St. Ives Election has no message, was satisfied that soon there would be only two parties, Conservative and Socialist. He had voted for proportional representation, which he never could understand, on several occasions, but now he realised that for once in his life he had been wrong. Other peers, including Lord DESBOROUGH and Lord SALISBURY for the Government, agreed that the present system did not induce enthusiasm in politics; but their discontent was not exactly wintry.

Mr. AMMON having been assured by Mr. LOCKER-LAMPSON that, whether or not (as Mr. AMMON alleged) relations between this country and all parts of China were improved, the relations of all parts of China with each other were still promiscuously hostile; and Mr. WEDGWOOD having been informed by the same Minister that an opportunity to lay the ZINOVIEV ghost would be afforded to the House, and the PRIME MINISTER having informed Captain FRASER that the House was still averse from having its debates broadcasted, the House got down to public business.

Perhaps it wished to demonstrate once and for all why its debates should not be broadcasted. Perhaps it really found Sir B. FALLE's motion on Navy invaliding rules depressing, or perhaps, as some unkindly suggest, it expected to find Mr. OSWALD MOSLEY's motion, which was due to occur at 7.30, still less entertaining. Whatever the cause, the House, after two unsuccessful attempts, managed to get itself counted out at six o'clock.

It is suggested that the Labour Members, who were active in preventing the necessary quorum being secured for a continuance of the debate on Sir BERTRAM FALLE'S motion—which certainly had a dying fall—fondly imagined that they were merely clearing the stage for Mr. MOSLEY'S recital. Others cynically suggest that the real Labour Party was no more interested to assist at a demonstration of Mr. MOSLEY'S elegant Socialism than it was to go on discussing a private Conservative motion. Whatever the cause, proceedings abruptly terminated for the day.



"It 's a long, long way to Demerara,
But my heart 's right there."
MR. J. A. TINNE.

This is the second private Member's motion to have been counted out in nine days. No wonder Governments are ruthless in their assaults upon this much cherished but ill-exercised privilege of their rank and file.

Thursday, March 8th.—By ways that are dark and tricks that are anything but plain the heathen Chinee, say Colonel WOODCOCK and Sir R. THOMAS, is illicitly seeping into England's green and pleasant land. Though otherwise the counterpart of "Imperious Cæsar, dead and turned to clay," they intimated, the HOME SECRETARY was no good at stopping Chinks.

JICKS, however, assured his friends that he was keeping a very sharp watch on the matter. This inspired Mr. GARRO-JONES to assume his prescriptive but latterly neglected rôle of unofficial butt to the Ministerial Bench. He suggested that other foreigners besides Chinamen were finding their way into West End restaurants, and the HOME SECRETARY replied that he would be most grateful for any information on the point that the hon. Member could give him. "Does the right hon. gentleman think it is his job or mine to exclude aliens?" asked Mr. GARRO-JONES. "I think it is the job of all loyal Englishmen to assist the law," replied the Minister in ringing Adelphic accents. Cheers from the pit! Collapse of Mr. GARRO-JONES!

The little British Army is still little and still goes a damned long way, only nowadays it goes a good deal faster and the money does not go nearly so far. Sir LAMING WORTHINGTON-EVANS, on a motion to go into Committee of Supply on the Army Estimates, explained in a really interesting speech the remarkable changes that are coming over the thin red line of 'eroes as the result of intensive mechanization. One gathered indeed from his statement that all had not gone smoothly in that direction. That thin red line of slow-coaches, the Indian Army, had showed a certain initial unwillingness to beat its sabreurs into machine-gunners and its horse artillery into motor-caterpillars, though in the end it had finally agreed to come into line.

It was pleasant to learn, however, that the British Army, on the other hand, was showing itself "eager for progress." The mere fact that something new was actually being done had put new life into all



HEE-HAW AND HAW-HAW.

The Donkey. "SORRY I'VE UPSET YOUR CART, SIR; I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT I WAS DOING."
Mr. Mosley. "OH, PRAY DON'T MENTION IT."



PHRASES THAT HAVE LOST THEIR MEANING.

First Charwoman (to Second Ditto, in gallery of modern art). "'OMELY, AM I? WELL, ALL I'VE GOT TO SAY IS—YOU'RE NO OIL-PAINTING!"

units. Even the experience of being attacked by a mechanized force, said the Minister, was stimulating and exhilarating.

Thereupon it fell to Sir LAMING to be stimulated and exhilarated by a brisk attack from the non-mechanized reserves. Brigadier-General BROWN, the only Lancer in the House and proud of it, mourned the dethronement of the Queen of Weapons. Other military Members rose, presumably to put in a good word for the battle-axe, the long-bow and the "morning-star," but failed to catch the SPEAKER'S mechanized eye. Mr. WHEATLEY bewailed the Army altogether in the name of humanity, coupled with the name of Russia.

On the whole the House seemed well satisfied to get so much new army efficiency along with the saving of something over a million in cost.

Unnatural History.

From an answer by a schoolgirl:—

"We get ivory from the husks of the elephant."

But it has first to be well thrashed.

Extract from a letter received from an Indian correspondent:—

"Please to receive this card and oblige and let me know by return whether you are leading and enjoying double life or single."

Rather "equibiguous," as our *Topsy* would say.

LUNCHEON ON THE LINKS.

(After BARNARD ERWIN.)

THE complaint levelled against City men for absenting themselves for periods varying from two-and-a-half to two-and-three-quarter hours for lunch has been diversely explained by commentators in the Press, but so far no attention has been paid to the amount of time which golfers should bestow on this meal. This is to be regretted, as the subject is one of considerable importance; but the problem is hedged round with so many difficulties that I do not wonder that it has been shirked. Much depends on individual habits, more still on the antecedent and subsequent conditions which govern the luncher. If he has played a strenuous morning round, he is entitled to adequate refreshment. But if he contemplates a round in the early afternoon prudence counsels moderation, especially if he has any money on.

It is dangerous to dogmatise, but a few general principles may be laid down. If the golfer proposes to go out at, say, two-thirty it is inadvisable to indulge in second helpings of such dishes as boiled beef with suet dumplings, or jugged hare. But if the start is delayed till four-thirty and a period of rest in a recumbent position is allowed to intervene, these comestibles can be consumed with comparative impunity. But the interval should not be devoted to controversial conversation. Instances are on record of scratch players who have gone clean off their game as the result of a heated debate on the new Prayer-Book.

Speaking broadly, the experience of golfers bears out the remark of the Latin satirist—"*Si nimium comedo, mucibus non ludere possum.*" This view is borne out by one of the famous maxims of the poet MORRIS (THOMAS, not LEWIS):—

"The man who eats too large a lunch
Is prone to fluff or flub or dunch."

Though with characteristic caution he adds:—

"The man who eats too small a lunch
Will find his full shots fail in punch."

I hope to return to the question of liquid refreshment on a future occasion, but may content myself for the moment by quoting yet another of these admirable maxims:—

"'Slow back' is good if you would win,
But do not overdo sloe-gin."

The Decline of Militarism.

"French Nobleman wishes to sell old and unique collection of 125,000 tin soldiers."
New York Paper.

A Canadian paper reports an announcement on the San Francisco wireless which referred to Lord HAIG as "one of the British Generals who helped General PERSHING win the War."



Huntsman (to two riders of "roarers" in close attendance during a fast gallop). "I WISH YOU GENTS WOULD KEEP A BIT FURTHER OFF. I CAN'T 'EAR 'OUNDS IN COVER FOR THAT COMMUNITY-SINGIN' OF YOURS."

A SECOND TIME ON EARTH.

TRUE to his word and much to my annoyance Layton came to see me off. To my annoyance because there is never anything to say as a train is about to start, and Layton is the kind of man who stands on the platform until the train is out of the station—and, as everyone will remember with shame, trains sometimes move on a little way and then stop, so that all one's last words must be re-spoken and those futile smiles and wavings enacted again. Moreover I was merely going from Paris to London, a trifling journey; and furthermore Layton bore in his hand a thin cardboard box.

"You won't mind, I 'm sure," he said. "My wife asked me if you would be an angel and have it sent round to her sister's. Something to wear, of course, but not dutiable. You don't mind?"

I said falsely that it would give me the greatest pleasure, adding, "You 're quite sure it 's not dutiable?"

"So she assured me," he replied.

I put the box in my suit-case, which had to be unlocked and disarranged for the purpose, and settled down to the journey, which would be pleasant enough did not the Arrow of Gold turn so quickly and inexorably into an Arrow of Fire.

At Dover the ship's porter succeeded at last in squeezing my two bags into a place on the Customs House counter and I stood beside them reading the list of contraband articles and wondering again on what principle of selection the officers work, and why, instead of capriciously flitting to and fro, they do not move steadily from one piece of luggage to the next.

At last came my turn, and to the question, "Have you anything to declare?" I replied with cheerful candour, "Absolutely nothing."

I am in the habit of finding a ready acceptance of this avowal—there must be in my countenance something open and frank that invites confidence—but on this occasion the officer (it is true almost a lad) failed to respond in the usual way and tersely requested me to unlock the suit-case.

Knowing how guiltless were all my own belongings and remembering how positive Layton was as to his commission, I turned the key with the composure of innocence.

The officer at once lifted out the cardboard box. "What does this contain?" he asked.

"I don't know," I said; "but nothing dutiable."

"Please open it," he said.

I did so, and a modiste's confection was revealed.

The officer scrutinized it and felt it. "This is silk," he said, "and you will find silk in the list of articles in your hand; and yet," he continued sternly, "you said you had nothing to declare. I must bring the Inspector."

Here was a muddle. Through my mind floated recollections of newspaper headlines: "Heavy fine for smuggling lace"; "Serious penalty for defrauding the Customs"; and then the beginnings of reports: "A well-dressed man, giving his address as," and so on. Other people seemed to be remembering such things too, for I found myself surrounded by curious faces eager for excitement.

To a quiet character with an affection amounting almost to a passion for the word "Exit," this was disconcerting, and I was almost glad when the Inspector called me to his office, where a supreme power sat.

"I can assure you," I was beginning, when the supreme power interrupted.

"I will hear the officers' stories first," he said; and such was his tone and demeanour that an odd uncomfortable feeling that I had not known for years—that I had in fact forgotten—crept over me—the feeling that one used to have at school when summoned to "the carpet." This feeling did not diminish when the junior officer made his report, or, to put it bluntly in the ancient idiom, sneaked. He said that, although I had carefully read the list of contraband articles, I had declared that I had nothing to declare. He had then found a silk garment.

The Inspector corroborated.

Meanwhile I listened in a kind of panic, the old phrase, "Ignorance is no excuse," reverberating in my head.

Asked for my explanation, I agreed that everything that the officers had said was right. My only defence was that I was the victim of a mis-statement by my friend at the Gare du Nord. He had been so definite as to the contents of the box that without any suspicion I had accepted what he affirmed.

Then the headmaster began in earnest, and as he went on I dwindled and dwindled. "This time, however," he concluded—and I saw the blessed formula coming—this time I might have the benefit of the doubt and merely have to pay the duty. But I must consider myself very lucky.

I certainly did and do and shall continue to do.

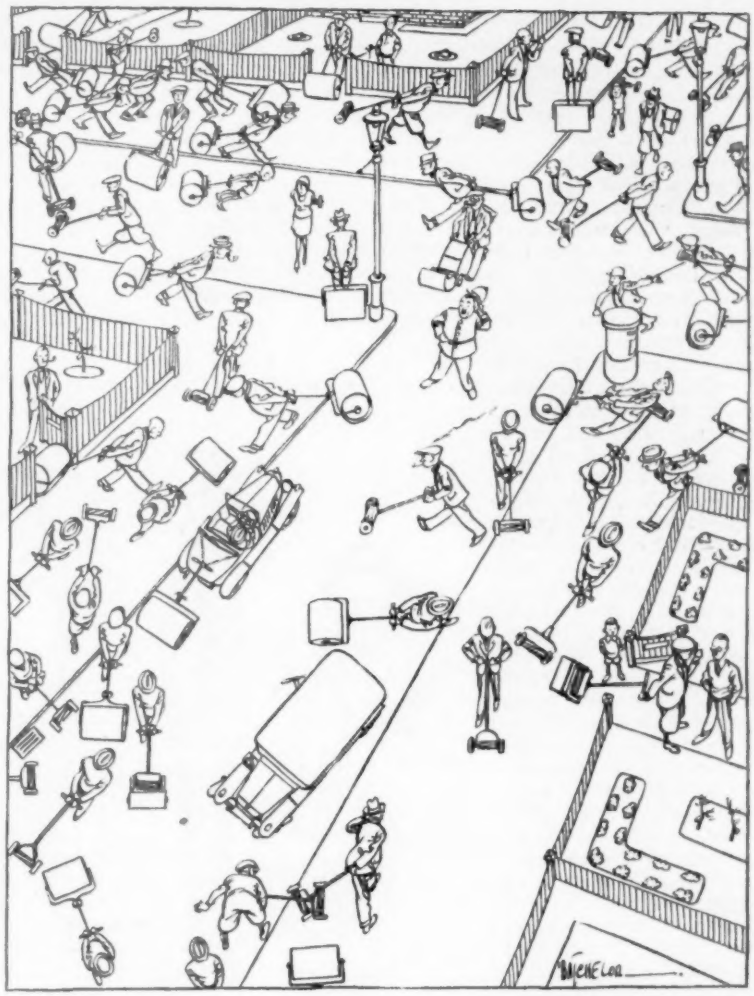
Then an astonishing thing happened. They took away the flimsy garment and weighed it, and according to its weight I had to pay. Never mind what I paid, but the escape was worth it many times over. It has, however, given me a new idea as to women's clothes. Hitherto I have looked at them with an eye to their colour or their fit; I shall now say to myself, "That dress must weigh at least thirty-five shillings"; "That dress must tip the scale at three quid"; or, far more likely, "That dancing-girl's costume couldn't be more than a couple of ounces. . . ."

And so I found my way, still ashamed yet with the gait of a released prisoner, to the train, framing in my mind a comfortable future for dear old Layton and, in spite of the humiliation, not altogether regretting a *faux pas* that could bring back any feeling associated with the days when the world was young.

For, though not at his best, I had been a boy again. E. V. L.

"The police stated to-day that the Thames embankment, reinforced by handbags, withstood successfully the tide at 2 50 p.m."
South American Paper.

Father Thames (gloomily). "It 's reticule that kills."



WHAT THE BORROWING SEASON IN THE SUBURBS MUST LOOK LIKE IF OUR HUMORISTS ARE CORRECT.

GARDEN PESTS.

VISITORS.

WHEN I go out to my garden
All of an afternoon,
Wearing an old and tattered coat
And ancient muddy shoon;
When I go out to my garden
Garbed like some hob-nailed clown,
Black is my fate to meet at the gate
Some willowy witch from town.

For in she comes to my garden,
She and her shameless friends,
Flattering plots and pergolas
All for her wicked ends;
What has it known of earthy toil,
When has it plied a spade,
That slim young arm? There can be no charm
In rich manure to a maid.

But still they come to my garden
Clad in their flesh-silk hose,
Each with her slender shaven neck,
Each with her powdered nose;
They have ruthless hands for tearing
At flowered branch and spray;
Yes, bulb and root may be in the loot
That those white hands bear away.

At night as I pace my garden
Setting my traps for slugs
I think of those avid maidens,
Cruel and fierce as Thugs;
I 've snares for the lissome earwig;
Salt quenches the snail's last breath;
But here 's to the man with a subtle plan
To cause my visitors' death.

W. M. L.

"Wanted, a refined Black Kitten."
Bath Paper.

Bath mice are notoriously fastidious.

AT THE PLAY.

"YOUNG WOODLEY" (SAVOY).

SINCE seeing *Young Woodley* I have been puzzling my wits as to what was biting the LORD CHAMBERLAIN when he refused permission for its public performance. It is true I heard a gentleman in a neighbouring box between the Acts solemnly deliver himself of the verdict, "An unnecessary play, I call it." Perhaps it was the LORD CHAMBERLAIN himself speaking. Why will not authors remember that it is Reticence which has made us Britishers what we are—a nation of ostriches? and that ancient Father of the Church who said, "What God has not been ashamed to make we need not be ashamed to speak of," was obviously a fatuous person.

Well, then, this dangerously subversive play, which so far as I could judge contained no word that would have caused a blush to mantle the cheek of Mr. CLARKE of mixed-bathing fame or of Mr. BROWN the borough librarian of Northampton, deals with a group of monitors in an English public school, a housemaster and his young and pretty wife, and the speculations, perplexities and torments which are the disquieting accompaniments of adolescence. There is the hyper-sensitive boy, the writer of verses and reader of SHELLEY and SWINBURNE, *Young Woodley*, in whom the thought of love as a romance is budding—a quite impersonal affair as yet; his friend *Ainger*, a normal sensitive who guesses at his friend's trouble, invites and receives his partial confidence, and gives the sound advice not to take things too heavily; and the precocious *Vining*, who has had or professes to have had certain adventures during his holidays which only the healthier instincts of his room-mates prevent him from describing. The house-master's wife, going through a crisis of her own—disillusionment with her pompous, inhuman, satirical prig of a husband—visits the prefects' room and is attracted by the shy young *Woodley*; three weeks later, in her drawing-room, she allows herself to show her feeling for the boy, who has meanwhile woven her into his romance and written a sonnet (and a jolly good sonnet too) about it all. The housemaster comes in at the moment when the two are kissing, unwisely but with charming innocence. (The players, by the way, should not allow themselves to be disturbed by the sniggers with which this episode was received by certain of the audience, and that not only in the gallery. The snigger, like the sand, is only one of the ostrich's defences against emotion. It doesn't mean that we thought there was really anything to laugh at.)

The young woman, who knows and confesses how wrong she has been, fights with her outraged husband against the boy's expulsion, and stays his hand by the obviously sincere threat of leaving him and making him a mockery. A coarse innuendo lightly delivered at random by the unpleasant *Vining* so works upon the overwrought boy that he threatens his tormentor with a knife. This gives the malice of the housemaster its chance. The boy's father is asked to remove him as a dangerous abnormal whom it is unsafe to allow to remain in the school.

Mr. VAN DRUTEN has treated all this with a gracious delicacy and sensitive perception. I think and hope he is writing from his memories of an earlier generation. The schoolmaster who suspects any boy interested in art or music or poetry as unhealthy and potentially or actually vicious, and abuses his position to lash his disarmed victims with the whip of a clever tongue, is a rarer phenomenon than he was. I am, however, instructed by a very modern young man that I am wrong.

Mr. VAN DRUTEN'S dialogue is entirely lifelike and unselfconscious, never marred by an intrusively "clever line." A perfect and unusual discretion.

As to the performance I find it difficult not to be over-enthusiastic. First as to casting and production. Mr. BASIL DEAN has done nothing better. Indeed his natural bias for the flamboyant makes this beautifully balanced and tactful accomplishment all the more creditable. The casting was perfect, the team-training most competent. Miss FRANCES DOBLE, who has had a run of ill-luck with inappropriate or unsatisfactory parts, made an entirely charming thing of *Laura Simmons*. The particular passage of farewell to the boy was done with a real depth of feeling and a beautiful restraint, and had its reward. There are moments when even the dullest-witted feel that hand-clapping is an outrage and silence the only possible tribute—and this was such a moment.

Mr. FRANK LAWTON'S performance was equally distinguished and his task perhaps even more difficult. He never made a false gesture or stressed an emotional passage wrongly. A beautifully sensitive performance. Mr. JACK HAWKINS (*Ainger*), admirable throughout, had his best moment when he was showing his resentment against the woman who had so betrayed his friend, with that charming touch of shy half-grudging gratitude for her promise to arrange that he should have his opportunity of saying good-bye. Mr. HENRY MOLLISON'S *Vining* could not, I think, have been bettered and might easily have been made intolerable. He made you feel that, though an unpleasant fellow, *Vining* would probably pull through all right. A very sound performance.

All these players may for all I know be in the thirties, but to us they were just authentic schoolboys of seventeen to eighteen. Master TONY HALFPENNY, one of Miss ITALIA CONTI'S young pupils, gave an astonishingly well-studied per-



MALLOWHURST SCHOOL—THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

Laura Simmons . . . . . MISS FRANCES DOBLE.
Woodley . . . . . MR. FRANK LAWTON.
Simmons . . . . . MR. DAVID HORNE.

formance as young *Cope* the fag. Mr. DAVID HORNE's schoolmaster was a living portrait. A relatively easy task but admirably fulfilled. And nothing could have been better than CHARLES MORTIMER's quiet study of young *Woodley's* father. Very skilfully he defined the strangled affection, the shy approaches to the active expression of sympathy, the attractive little hint of commonness.

A word of savage protest against the intolerable manner of the well-fed late-comers to the stalls is called for—or at any rate shall be made. Fifty odd of them came more than a full quarter-of-an-hour late, a dozen more than half-an-hour. All processed solidly over the knees and toes of the punctual, except one woman, who had the ordinary decency to wait till the end of the Act. The Savoy stalls are wont, unless great care be taken (care which would not be in the répertoire of this tribe), to explode like a maroon; and it was against this intolerable marching and countermarching and fusillade that the admirable first Act had to be played. These are just the folk who would no doubt complain poignantly about the rudeness of a shop-assistant or bus-conductor. Whether congenital stupidity or crass egotism be the cause of this disgusting phenomenon is a matter for discussion. T.

"THE SPIDER" (WINTER GARDEN).

The theatrical crime-wave swells apace. At the Winter Garden—turned into a bear-garden for the run of the piece—an ingenious American farcical melodrama will probably long delight the ingenuous and perhaps faintly amuse the sophisticated. Mr. ROLAND PERTWEE has attempted to translate the American scene of Mr. FULTON OURSLER and Mr. LOWELL BRENTANO into England. It is a pity the attempt was made. It would have been a more likely affair, however unlikely, if the New York version had been given as it stood. The language no longer presents an insuperable difficulty to an audience rapidly becoming bilingual, and we should not be distressed by what amounts, among other things, to a libel on our admirable police.

This is one of those ventures depending for success on the factor of surprise, about which, in the interests of future audiences, the dramatic reporter should be as discreet as possible. Theatrical gossip in print has, however, been more than usually busy—the theatrical *entrepreneurs* attempting



AN UNHAPPY MEDIUM.

Chatrand the Great . MR. LESLIE FABER.
Alexander . . . . MR. CHARLES CROMER.

(like other folk) to have it both ways and (like other folk) failing.



MR. LENNOX PAWLE, AS *THE MANAGER*, SPENDS THE EVENING IMPLORING A PERFECTLY QUIESCENT AUDIENCE TO KEEP CALM AND NOT TO LEAVE ITS SEATS.

In an old-fashioned music-hall—very appropriately here the old Middlesex—a normal music-hall programme is being presented. The *Pathé Super Gazette* ("Golly! what a name!") has shown us a certain Prince gallantly riding a winner. *The Brownings* have done their comedy cycling act, an incredibly expert performance, raising a rather dull *genre* to so high a pitch of art as to be genuinely entertaining. A diverting clown, *Athol Tier*, has engaged in some discreetly improper conversation with his partner and warped his amazingly adaptable body in a grotesque dance. The star turn—*Chatrand the Great* (Mr. LESLIE FABER), illusionist, thought-reader and man of mystery generally—is in progress when his lady-assistant, with a motive afterwards disclosed, "blacks out" the theatre, and in the darkness a member of the audience is shot. The wounded man is carried on to the stage, a doctor (Mr. WILFRED SHINE) from the audience examines him and later pronounces him dead; a police-inspector (Mr. SAM LIVESEY) with a battalion of the local division truculently imprisons the whole audience till such time as his elaborate and, to tell truth, completely futile investigations are finished. The trifling point as to how a gentleman in the stalls can fire a revolver with a loud bang without any of his neighbours noticing the occurrence and so narrowing the field of inquiry is frankly ignored. (Are we to deduce that in New York stalls such little eccentricities are so usual as to pass unnoticed?) A séance, with floating banjos, soughing winds, fluttering seagulls and the appearance of the dead man's face in the Mirror of Illusion, contrived by the great *Chatrand* to induce the murderer to betray himself in an agony of terror and remorse, merely induced the resourceful unknown to plug a second bullet into the mirror—again unnoticed by his neighbours or by the surrounding stolids in blue.

A second, and more plausible, contrivance of the magician, the ancient device of the reconstruction of the crime, produced the desired result. *Chatrand's* medium, *Alexander* (Mr. CHARLES CROMER), finds his memory and his sister, *Chatrand* being rewarded with the love of this dainty creature (Miss BETTY SCHUSTER), for whom he has long cherished a secret passion. The *Inspector* scratches his bullet-head, mumbles his shamefaced thanks to the

magician and carries off his bleating murderer.

A noisy and distracting but not unamusing affair. Everybody suspected his neighbour of being a well-known Thespian in disguise. We ourselves (W. K. H. and T.) were notoriously under suspicion. But we all agreed to take nothing seriously, least of all the terrors of the séance.

Indeed I can't help thinking that the authors' general scheme could have been better worked out if they had dropped their humour from the moment of the murder and concentrated on frightening the simple-minded amongst us into a state of nervous tension.

Mr. LESLIE FABER had a magnificent innings. The ease with which he performed his tricks of sleight-of-hand and his and his assistants' mysterious disappearances from the magic cabinet have for ever destroyed for me my respect for this kind of accomplishment.

T.

NOTE ON "THE FOURTH WALL."

In last week's notice of this delightful play I asked whether *Carter* in the final scene might not have been expected to examine the window-seat to see whether his own trick was being played on him, and expressed my confidence that Mr. MILNE would have an answer to my criticism. I even suggested (rather cleverly, as I thought) what that answer wou'd be. But he has a better one still, indeed the best possible. *Carter does* (and always did) examine the window-seat. A. A. M. must please forgive me for my gross misrepresentation of the facts.

O. S.

In aid of the Queen Charlotte's Hospital National Mother-Saving Campaign, a Children's Mi-Carême Carnival will be held on Saturday, March 17th, at Seaford House, Belgrave Square (lent by Lady HOWARD DE WALDEN, who is Chairman of Committee), beginning at three o'clock. It is to be a "Winnie-the-Pooh" party, and Mr. A. A. MILNE is adapting the episodes from his book. Tickets at 10/6 each (three for 27/6) can be obtained from the Organiser, Miss MARY PITCAIRN, 96, Shoe Lane, E.C.4.

From the Examination Paper of a student in Biology:—

"Life begins as one sell."

And often continues like that.

"Darnwalla treated the spectators to some bright cricket. He is a prolific scorer if he can catch the ball, and he did so very frequently yesterday, when he made his 33 in about twenty minutes, all in sixes and fours."
Indian Paper.

Even RANJI never equalled this odd feat.

DOMESDAY BOOK.

OH, the trouble they took
With the Domesday Book!
Just think
Of the quires of paper and quarts of ink.
Conceive, if you can,
A map as bad
As the maps they had;
There was nothing to show
(So how could they know?)
Where Bedfordshire ended and Bucks began.
They asked such lots
Of "whys" and of "whats,"
And cottars, when questioned, were flummoxed and fuddled,
And sacmen and socmen got hopelessly muddled.
For every hide and carucate,
With the name of the owner brought to date,
Had to be filed and taped and docketed,
What they paid and what they pocketed;
Cows to be counted in barn and byre,
And every pig in his proper shire;
The very fish that swam in the brook
All went down in the Domesday Book,
All set down as plain as plain.
And those who did it
Said, "Lord forbid it
Should happen again."
But "as pretty a book as ever you'd see,"
Said Landlord WILLIAM OF NORMANDY.
"Fancy now, acquiring such
A Neat Little Property!
Thanks very much."

THE COMPETITION FEVER.

THERE used to be a time, before our youthful niece, Dora, came to stay with us, when Henry and I led a placid existence; our evenings were calm and tranquil affairs, devoted to reading and a discussion of the normal day's doings. But now we are harassed, restless and unsettled. This is because Dora has a passion—let me rather call it a mania—for going in for every sort of competition run by any sort of publication.

She does not launch on these ventures alone; all her relatives and any friends she may have left are drawn into it. Having not the remotest knowledge of football, she sends in her prophecies of football results from information supplied by her cousin Bob; her crossword puzzles are mainly conducted by Henry, while I consider I give valuable assistance with household stunts.

She will enter for anything, irrespective of any question of qualification. Totally ignorant of cookery, she has sent a recipe for pancakes to a Home journal; still a spinster, she has given a brief description (postcards only) of how she proposed to her husband in Leap Year; she has even entered for a prize offered to mothers for the funniest child-story.

But of all her competitions I most dislike those where attempts must be accompanied by wrappers of domestic articles on the market.

"It says you can have as many tries as you like, but each must be accompanied by a wrapper," she begins. "Do you happen to use barmac soap, Auntie? It wouldn't make any difference to you, would it, if you tried it instead of your usual kind? I want to send in six wrappers of it."

In this way I have been induced to buy boxes of cheese which I have no desire to eat, face-powder of a brand I never use, a safety-razor for Henry who prefers the perilous kind.

At the moment Dora—I mean Henry—is running eight different crossword puzzles, and I'm getting rather anxious about it because I think it is affecting his style as a writer. It is giving him a marked tendency to use synonyms. Quite recently he described cows as "a ruminating herd," a lawyer as "a legal luminary," and once referred to Mr. BALWIN as "P.M. (abbrev.)."

Dora spends a lot of time planning what she will do with the rich reward she expects to win some day, the £1-a-week-for-life, Saloon car or £500-house, for it is always the first prize she expects and not, as I have pointed out as being more probable, one of the fifty consolation prizes of a fountain-pen. She got quite agitated when in one case the reward offered to the winning competitor was a trip to the Italian Lakes, wondering if her parents would allow her to go unaccompanied, and if they wouldn't whether she might be allowed the cash value instead.

But at last the limit has been reached. Dora came rushing to me this morning, a jar of honey in her hand.

"Look at this," she said excitedly, pointing to the label—"could I go in for it, do you think?"

"Another competition?" I groaned.

"Yes, I want terribly to try for it. It says here, '£500 is offered to any person who can prove that this honey is not absolutely pure'!"

"The Nawab of Pataudi, while not showing the extraordinary brilliance of S. Nazeer Ali in single scores, holds the extremely useful batting average of 84,000."—*Lahore Paper.*

One would like to know more of the best scores of S. NAZEER ALI.

"Mrs. —— brought up the question of providing kneelers for the College pews in the North Aisle; after discussion it was resolved to leave the matter in the hands of the Standing Committee."—*Kentish Parish Magazine.*

An impartial decision is anticipated.



Sir BERNARD SPILSBURY.

When arsenic has closed your eyes,
This certain hope your corpse may rest in:—
Sir B. will kindly analyse
The contents of your large intestine.

MR. PUNCH'S PERSONALITIES.—LXIV.



"I SAY—I'VE GOT INTO TROUBLE FOR CALLING FOXHOUNDS 'DOGS' AND FOR CALLING GREYHOUNDS THAT CHASE A HARE 'HOUNDS.' WHAT ON EARTH DO THEY CALL THOSE TERRIERS THAT CHASE A RAT?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IN the domain of letters there is no doubt that HAWTHORNE is the most valuable example of the American genius. HENRY JAMES said so, and HENRY JAMES'S monograph on HAWTHORNE is still the best critical account of the author of *The Scarlet Letter*. It makes no attempt, however, at biographical completeness, touches but lightly on the gawky idiosyncrasies of HAWTHORNE'S circle, and was handicapped by appearing in 1879, when its subject's note-books and letters were only available in bowdlerized and emended forms. These disabilities are for the most part removed from *The Rebellious Puritan* (CONSTABLE), a "Portrait of Mr. Hawthorne," whose first merit is its discerning inclusiveness. Its American author, Mr. LLOYD MORRIS, has had access to the original text of HAWTHORNE'S letters, and to such manuscripts of the *Notebooks* as remain; and if he has reconstructed a sadder and more harassed HAWTHORNE and a drearier and more complacent New England he has not done so without warrant. HAWTHORNE'S ancestry of sea-captains and witch-condemning elders, his boyhood in the elm-shadowed streets of Salem, his courtship of the cultured SOPHIA PEABODY and his residence at that transcendental Utopia, Brook Farm, are alive with new detail. Mr. MORRIS has gallantly refrained from dwelling on the Micawberish aspect of his hero's struggles as described by Mrs. HAWTHORNE; but he has allowed himself due comic licence in the matter of Brook Farm, where the chief agricultural expert used to spend his afternoons replanting on the road-side the flowers uprooted by the morning's ploughing. HAWTHORNE'S spells of Europe—his consulate at Liverpool and his residence in Italy—present less novel matter than his American days; but all the available material, old and new, is engagingly disposed, and accompanied by critical comment whose modesty is as welcome as its insight.

The books of M. PAUL MORAND, like those of M. ANDRÉ MAUROIS, are put into English as a matter of course. But whereas M. MAUROIS is a specialist in our island ways M. MORAND is a cosmopolitan who just calls on us in the course of his perambulation of the inhabited globe. The earlier scenes of *The Living Buddha* (KNOPF), which Mr. ERIC SUTTON has so admirably translated, are, for example, laid in the Eastern kingdom of Karastra, where *Renaud d'Ecouen*, a disgusted refugee from post-War Europe, takes service as the *Crown Prince Jâli's* chauffeur. *Renaud's* conversation inspires the Prince with an inverse *Wanderlust*. He wants to see for himself this Western world which the Frenchman so unflatteringly describes. He comes to London and learns something about Claridge's and the Commercial Road. He puts in a term at Cambridge, and leaves owing to a difference of opinion with the Badminton Hunt about the proper destiny of the fox. His experiences impel him to preach Buddhism in Hyde Park and practise its austerities. He goes to Paris and is fussed by the jaded. He falls in love with a fair American, who in France is his fervent disciple, but, when he follows her to New York, sees the colour bar rise visibly between them. We leave him King of Karastra, crowned with traditional magnificence. That is a sketch of the story, which is a subtle study of the impact of East and West, and marks a stage in its author's development. There is a close analogy between M. MORAND and our own intellectual globe-trotter, Mr. ALDOUS HUXLEY. Both, after cutting their teeth on poetry, became brilliant satirists of contemporary society; both, tiring of the study of mere manners, are turning to the examination of ethics. They

seem to be running an international race to a goal not yet in sight. The result will be worth watching.

With *Mr. Kent*—a *Watson*
Who eagerly absorbs
A *Sherlock* there 's no spots on,
The brilliant *Horton Forbes*,
Who will of pushing Pressmen
And of the Yard want none—
Here 's *The Seven Black Chessmen*,
By JOHN HUNTINGDON.

And here 's a famed Professor
Who 's dead as muttons are;
Was there some vile aggressor?
The corpse is in his car
With never sign or token
To point a case of "burke";
But, ha! a needle—*broken!*
Good *Horton*, to work.

There are, I rather guess, men
Who 'd blab the secret now;
Not I; you 'll *read* these *Chessmen*,
Who come from GERALD HOWE,
Because you love right dearly
Thrills and unlikelihoods;
And HOWE, I 'd tell you clearly,
Delivers the goods.

With grateful memories of *The Red Knight* to support me, I am inclined to think that Mr. FRANCIS BRETT YOUNG is at his best when he sets out to win credibility for an imaginary world. His new book, *The Key of Life* (HEINEMANN), has the demerit of making a real world, the Egypt of English archæological expeditions, look factitious. This defect I should set down to unassimilated literary influences; when the story begins to concern itself with the dusty temptations of the desert, D'ANNUNZIO and ANATOLE FRANCE have more to answer for than is serviceable to Mr. BRETT YOUNG's genius. Luckily extraneous influences have little to say to the Shropshire farmstead where *Ruth Morgan* meets *Hugh Bredon*, the excavator of her father's earthworks; nor do they condition the pity, characteristically invested with mysticism, that induces her to promise to marry him. *Bredon*, however, is sent to work in Egypt, and his *fiancée* follows him. On the way out she has a mute but emotionally disturbing encounter with a stranger, and on arriving at Port Said learns that *Bredon* is on the sick list and the stranger has been appointed her escort. The living world, which in the person of this *Dr. Bezuidenhout* is to beckon *Ruth* from the dead hand of *Bredon* and his tombs, makes its first external gesture at Cairo, where the couple view a Moslem wedding procession instead of visiting museums. The subsequent tug-of-war takes place at a Theban hostel, where the prosaic life of an English home from home and its uncanny background of half-excavated ancientry see the end of the struggle. Written in seven weeks of 1925, the story is undoubtedly a feat of resourceful compilation, but it can hardly hope to rank with its writer's more deliberate work.



Cheery Electrician. "GOOD HEALTH, SIR."
Peevish Author. "WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT, MAN? *THIS IS MEDICINE.*"

There is in these days something curiously interesting about out-and-out badness. Mrs. BELLOC LOWNDES's new novel, *The Story of Ivy* (HEINEMANN)—she must have been "Poison Ivy" really and only called *Ivy* for short—is the history of such a very depraved young woman that it is positively thrilling. She is selfish, cold-hearted and sensual, but she is also pretty, sociable and attractive to most men and many women, so that very few people see her as she really is. We meet her as the wife of a good-natured waster, *Jervis Lerton*, moving on the fringe of Society and ready to commit any small disloyalty or dishonesty to serve her own purposes, but not yet actually what might be called criminal. Mrs. BELLOC LOWNDES shows very cleverly how opportunity makes the thief or the murderer. A millionaire's confession of love, the possibility of so rich a marriage, a

few minutes alone with a jar of arsenic in the surgery of another of her admirers, and her husband's fate is sealed. How her doctor lover nearly paid the penalty of her crime, and how *Ivy* herself escaped it through a terrible alternative, make a story of the sort that does not even pretend to be literature, and yet is extremely difficult to put down before it is finished. An interesting feature which emerges is *Ivy's* complete lack of imagination. She has not the slightest understanding of the sufferings of either her husband or her lover. The reader almost feels that the fact that she cannot appreciate what the effect of her actions will be in some sort excuses her wickedness. You may call such people as *Ivy* utterly and callously selfish or so abnormal as to be very nearly insane, and it was clever of Mrs. BELLOC LOWNDES to draw her after this fashion.

In a preface to *Trengwith* (LANE) Sir ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH says that no one can write of Cornwall who does not take Methodism seriously and respect it, a statement which on reflection I believe to be indisputably true. Here we have an account of a ministerial year in a Cornish Methodist Circuit, and Mr. W. GREGORY HARRIS makes no mistake when he himself calls it a homely chronicle. Indeed this tale of *Arthur Willesford's* year of ministry in a remote village is so simple and sincere that it should appeal both to readers who like to see the course of true love running smoothly and also to those who wish to add to their knowledge of a side of Cornish life which in many novels whose scenes are laid in the Duchy has been either ignored altogether or absurdly treated. If Mr. HARRIS in future would abstain from an excessive use of inverted commas—even the Cornish Riviera express has not been fleet enough to escape them—he would remove a considerable source of irritation without doing any noticeable damage to his literary style.



THE SUPERIOR VISITOR AT OUR FISHING CLUB IS NOT ILLUSTRATING THE LENGTH OF THE FISH HE ALMOST LANDED. HE IS REFERRING TO ITS THICKNESS.

Green Willow (JARROLDS) is the title of Miss ETHEL MANNIN'S new novel, and had there been no willow-tree, say the publishers, there would have been no story. This would have been a pity, because any story by Miss MANNIN is better than none; but if "no story" means a different story I think I would have taken a chance on it. This tale of the *Harran* children is rather an unhappy one, and if the willow-tree did really "dominate their lives" as certainly as it overshadowed their windows it had much to answer for. In their early years *Michael* and *Lynette* went to the same school. It was one of those schools where there is no discipline and no time-table. If a boy has climbed to the top of a fir-tree and feels a sudden ache for geography a master climbs up and teaches him. Later on *Michael* enters the Navy as a surgeon and becomes infatuated with an unspeakable barmaid, who ruins his life and makes his death in China as welcome to the reader as it must have been to himself. *Lynette* is hardly more fortunate. She finds too late that the man she loves is married, and her life thereafter creeps on a broken wing. I liked *Lynette* and I was sorry for her; I disliked *Michael* and I was sorry for him too. *Lynette* wanted resolution and *Michael* was headstrong and foolish. Was that the willow-tree, or would a more disciplined youth have been good for both of them? In the end the *Harran* house is sold, and the newcomers cut down the willow-tree to make room for a tennis-court. They will do even better, I suspect, if they send their children to a school where discipline is enforced and lessons are taught in class-rooms at regular hours.

It is possibly a little unusual for a member of the Bar, even allowing for the natural enthusiasm consequent upon his having been briefed for the first time, to take upon himself the *rôle* of the late *Mr. Sherlock Holmes* on his client's behalf. Since, however, the hero of Mr. DENNIS BARR'S story, called *A Dock Brief* (CAPE), has by so doing provided the basis for a thoroughly exciting yarn of adventure and intrigue in the Near East, his lapse from strict professional propriety may be allowed to pass. The third mate of a tramp steamer has been murdered, and circumstantial evidence of the very strongest kind indicates that a fellow-officer, one *Emmanuel Izzard*, is the criminal. *Izzard's* counsel, *John Stoyle*, feels convinced that there is more behind the matter than the obvious and commonplace solution, so he takes a voyage in the steamer concerned in order to study the case on the spot. The result is a tale amply provided with thrills and escapes, which incidentally also contains some entertaining glimpses of life on board a cargo tramp. The characters are well drawn and the dialogue is natural as well as amusing.

The opening scene of *Black Gallantry* (CONSTABLE) dates back to the Polish insurrection of 1863, when *Stanislas Konski* died for his country's sake, leaving a son and a daughter behind him. The son was Russianized and became the father of *Michael*, whose adventures Mr. VAL GIELGUD relates in a story that brings us to the reactions of the Great War. Thoughtfully Mr. GIELGUD has provided his readers with a genealogical tree of these *Konskis*, and aided by it they will be able to follow the fortunes of the family with ease and considerable exhilaration. Mr. GIELGUD'S nice sense of character, as revealed in his admirable portrait of *Jadwiga*, daughter of *Konski père*, gives distinction to a tale which otherwise would not have deserved very special attention.

The Sort of Thing that makes Lord Rothermere jealous.

From the English section of an Oriental paper:—

"The news of English we tell the latest. Writ in perfectly style and most earliest. Do a murder commit, we hear of it and tell it. Do a mighty chief die, we publish it and in border somber. Staff has each been colleged and write like the Kipling and the Dickens."

CHARIVARIA.

SIR GERALD DU MAURIER has described the agonies of an actor's life to a representative of a Sunday paper. Playgoers are too apt to imagine that all the suffering is on their side.

A gossip-writer in a picture-paper mentions that he has not seen Mr. EDGAR WALLACE for three days. That would be about three plays ago.

"Mr. —— is a poet to be watched," says a critic. We could name several poets who ought to be kept under observation.

Mr. A. J. COOK says that some day there will be a statue of KARL MARX in Trafalgar Square. And it will serve him right.

A contemporary suggests that sandwiches served at a Bridge evening are better if warmed. At present it seems that some players, when absorbed in the game, are apt to eat the ace of spades and play a *pâté-de-foie-gras* to the trick.

The MINISTER OF LABOUR says, "In this country we have the strange habit of parading our skeletons in the light of day." Is this quite a polite way of referring to the female habit of banting?



"AUNT AMELIA HAS LEFT ME TWELVE THOUSAND POUNDS, DEAR, SO YOU SEE A PUBLIC SCHOOL EDUCATION *DOES* LEAD SOMEWHERE."

The weather experts predicted snow last week and we had it. Coincidences like this are bound to happen.

The Bishop of ST. ALBANS has expressed uneasiness as to the prospect of television enabling the world to watch him at his morning ablutions. We would point out that so far no attempt has been made to broadcast the Higher Clergy singing in their baths.

When Lord BIRKENHEAD asserted that among the writers of distinction produced by this country the women are inferior to the men, it seems that he intended no comparison between himself and Lady ELEANOR SMITH.

The name of the foreign Power for which two submarine-chasers are being built on the Thames is, as stated in the Press, a profound secret, but we are authorised to contradict the rumour that it is Afghanistan.

The New South Wales Cabinet has decided to introduce the lash as a punishment for razor-slashers. New South Wales is the place for a barber we know.

A meteorological expert thinks the seasons will soon be completely altered. Last year was a good start with its Winter, Winter, Autumn and Winter.

We read of a man in Paris who has been arrested for posing as a British viscount. The fact that he was not a gossip-writer on a Sunday paper is said to have led to the supposition that he was an impostor.

A farmer who has been fined for using abusive language to a neighbour was said to have done so for thirteen hours at a stretch, sitting on a wall. There's always something to do on a farm.

Now that a nail-driving contest, promoted by the University of Minnesota School of Agriculture, has been won by a girl there should be an end of this nonsense about nail-driving being a man's job.

"The modern young woman is very different from her Early-Victorian sister," says a lady writer. For one thing she must be very much younger.

Season-ticket holders are demanding later trains. We know one line on which the trains couldn't be much later than they are.

In addition to her salary of a thousand pounds per week Miss DOROTHY GISH is said to have received eighty pounds a week for expenses. But then the expense of living up to a thousand pounds a week must be very heavy.

It is more difficult than ever to tell a woman's age, says a writer in a weekly paper. And no gentleman would dream of doing it.

A man is said to be past his ping-pong prime at forty. After that age he hasn't so much confidence in his brace-buttons when retrieving the ball from under a settee.

According to an article on etiquette if a person is not at home on two successive visits it is bad manners to call again. Rate-collectors please note.

Sir LAMING WORTHINGTON-EVANS says that in future very few soldiers will march to battle on their feet. Even this, however, will still be an improvement on the practice of NAPOLEON'S day, when they *all* marched on their stomachs.

The SECRETARY FOR WAR says, "As yet we have no machines which can take the place of the horse for all purposes and in all countries." True. A worn-out armoured car makes very inferior beef-tea.

The real trouble with mechanising the cavalry is that an armoured car simply *will* not say "Ha, ha!" to the trumpets, like a war-horse. It says "Honk, honk!"

Three youths were convicted at Leighton Buzzard for sitting round a street lamp at 10.30 P.M., gambling. We understand that on this occasion the raiding force did not wear his dress-clothes.

It is announced that many London taxi-cabs are to undergo spring-cleaning. It will come as a surprise to the public that some London taxi-cabs have got any springs.

A film magnate says that favouritism still plays a big part at Hollywood. Complaints are certainly being made that the more popular movie-stars are getting divorced out of their turn.

LIGHT FINGERS.

SOMEHOW I had never really thought of our pickpockets, male or female, as a proud and well-contented class of the community. I knew, like other people, some of the literature that has been written around them. I do not forget *Oliver Twist*. I possess HENLEY AND FARMER'S *Dictionary of Slang*, which is mostly thieves' slang. I have read VILLON, and once even went so far as almost to write a letter to one of the papers about a view of my own on the exact meaning of one of VILLON'S lines.

But on the whole I considered the self-satisfied class-consciousness of the pickpocket—and the burglar too for that matter—to be either an exaggeration or a joke.

I met a lady the other day, however, who had done a certain amount of educational work amongst residents in His Majesty's prisons, and she told me that I was quite wrong. But for the obvious inconvenience of doing so, pickpockets would be as ready to boast of their profession in signed newspaper articles as a poet or a popular actress, and one cannot say more than that.

"I often meet old pupils of mine in quite unexpected places," she said. "I don't know that they liked my history lectures very much, but they bear me no ill-will. I met one the other day in the lounge of a fashionable hotel." (She told me which hotel, but these pages are not open to advertisers.) "I only just managed to recognise her, because of course she was rather differently dressed and looking a great deal more elegant."

"I suppose," I said, "that she went out when she saw you come in?"

"Oh, no; she just gave me a faint nod of recognition—faint, I suppose, because she was so much more at her ease and more expensively got-up than I was. I think she had always moved in a very exclusive criminal set. But many of them are much more democratic and friendly than that. Would you like to know the straight tip I received from one about being beware of pickpockets in the lifts of the Underground Railway?"

I said that I should.

This was the kind-hearted pickpocket's warning advice. I emphasise it because it seems to me beautiful both as a revelation of etiquette and as a piece of English prose:—

"*When a man pokes yer in the ribs and says, 'Excuse me, Miss, but you've dropped yer handkerchief,' don't you go bending down to get it. Just you say, 'Well, and if you calls yerself a gentleman you'll pick it up for me.' It's when you're bending down careless-like that he gets his chanst and yer purse is gone.*"

"I see," I said. "And how does the ordinary pickpocket deal with a man?"

"Apparently that's very easy. At least if he carries a note-case in the inside pocket of his coat. When I say easy, I mean easy for the practised and hard-working artisan. You see, they never put their hand into the pocket at all. It is entirely done with the two first fingers and a little outward pressure towards the coat and not towards the body. An old pupil of mine showed me exactly how it was done. I never felt the slightest touch. It is far safer to keep your note-case in the side pocket of your coat, so they tell me, than in the inner pocket, because the side pocket is 'tighter against the hip-bone,' as they say in the trade.

"But it's hard work for them," she went on meditatively, "and they have to be excessively quick. One of the worst trials, I was told by another pupil, is the long hours of waiting at railway termini. You have to watch the first-class booking-office and wait till somebody pays for his ticket out of a really fat note-case and puts it back in the right place. Then of course you have to act like lightning, because he may be in a hurry for his train, and there is only the distance between the booking-office and the barrier to give you your chance, not to speak of the annoyance of the station police.

"I had an ex-pickpocket to whom I have taught English literature as my servant once."

"Your what?" I said.

"Why not?" she inquired. "I never met her when I was out in the street or I daresay the temptation might have been too strong to resist. But you don't suppose that a pickpocket would touch anything lying about in a house, do you? I could have left banknotes anywhere in abundance. You can scarcely imagine the scorn with which a pickpocket speaks of commonplace stealing, or even of what is known as kleptomania in the big drapery stores. She would not dream of it. It would be like asking KUBELIK to use a piano-player. In fact I am inclined to think that a pickpocket believes mere ordinary pilfering to be morally wrong."

I meditated on this for a while.

"But surely," I said, "the periods spent in prison, the times when you chiefly came across them, they found *those* rather humiliating, didn't they?"

"Dreary rather than humiliating," she answered. "And of course there were always my lectures to brighten them, you know. But every artist needs a rest. I should say that the true pickpocket regarded prison rather as most of us would regard a hydropathic establishment in the hills or at the sea. They are very particular indeed about improvements in the comfort and cuisine, and make their comments very freely about these things."

"And is that really true?" I asked.

She said that it was, and presented me with another fine *obiter dictum* by an ex-pupil of hers, about a prison which I will not name:—

"*To my thinking it's just what it should be now what with them suffragits and the new governor. He has his eye on everything, and not a speck of dust anywhere. When I come in there's my cell as clean as possible. And if I want to I've only got to ring the bell and somebody comes to attend to me.*"

At first when I had heard this I felt that it was all rather sad. But later I was not so sure. It is comforting, perhaps, to remember at times that many of our fellow-citizens are not nearly so unhappy as we imagine them to be.

EVOE.

JOSHUA JUBILANT.

["I have, with some sense of the fitness of alliteration, chosen the Home Secretary as the Joshua who shall lead you to the Promised Land."—*Mr. BALDWIN at the Albert Hall.*]

IF I'm with aught endowed of
Home-Secretarial skill,
That same I'm nowise proud of—
The only braggart thrill
That in this heart so manly
Can with my meekness mix
Is that I'm dubbed by STANLEY
"Sir JOSHUA JOYNSON-HICKS!"

By me benignly shepherded,
Behold how fair a band
Moves on, with how unjeopardied
A Promised Land at hand!
And, were he now existent,
The son of NUN would fix
Two eyes where envy glistened
On JOSHUA JOYNSON-HICKS!

In course of time how keenly
I'll prize the thought, my friends
(When sovranly, serenely,
The Flapper Girl ascends
The throne for her provided
As World's Autocratrix),
That she was thither guided
By JOSHUA JOYNSON-HICKS!

The Revival of Hippophagy.

"Must be Sold (through death) very Useful Horse, 25 hds., suit small butcher, baker, or grocer, £15."—*Sussex Paper.*

"ENGAGEMENT RINGS which in the years to come you will be glad to possess are those obtainable from the —— Co., from £2 to £30. If you come to us once you will come again."
Advt. in Provincial Paper.

Special rates, we hope, will be allowed to the *mobile donne* of the "movies."



OUR MECHANICAL CAVALRY.

THE TROOPER'S WELCOME TO HIS ARMOURED STEED.

Lancer. "MY HORRIBLE! MY HORRIBLE! THAT STANDEST REEKING BY . . ."

After Mrs. Norton's "The Arab's farewell to his favourite steed"



Artist. "Anyhow, if they *do* hang my picture, people are bound to speak of it as 'the picture of the year.'"
Brother Brush. "Why so sure?"
Artist. "Because that's its title."

BAYONET WORK IN THE SUBURBS.

This is not a War story. But if, putting aside the vague rumours which you have doubtless heard of recent doings at "The Laurels," you wish to appreciate this account of what actually happened, I must remind you of certain minor events of warlike import. You remember, of course, that it was not until the end of 1917 that a hypercritical Government accepted Ernest Goopley's offer of help in the great struggle, and you recall how, once enlisted, he embarked on his new career with tremendous enthusiasm. It may however surprise you to learn that, of all the training which Private Goopley underwent, nothing so appealed to him as bayonet exercises. Yet I assure you that the gusto with which this sixty-five inches of military ardour mastered the technique of that grisly weapon was a source of inspiration to his fellow sack-slayers. Unhappily it was a case of love's labour lost. Goopley was much too good a clerk to escape a job at the Base and, worse still, a Base this side of the Channel. We have all heard his views on that point. He never had an opportunity of using his bayonet on anything more formidable than a man of straw.

So much by way of preface.

When Mrs. Goopley roused her husband at 2 A.M. on a recent morning, it was probably the tenseness of her whisper that brought him to his feet, wide-awake in a moment. Automatically he groped for the spectacles without which his world is a hazy void. Muffled sounds proceeding from the drawing-room made it evident that his wife's fears were on this occasion well grounded. There was, in short, a burglar in the house.

Without a moment's hesitation Ernest sallied forth.

The fact that he proceeded not directly to the field of battle but to the kitchen has been the occasion of adverse comment in the neighbourhood. It has been hinted that in so doing Goopley shirked obedience to the Napoleonic injunction to march to the sound of the cannon. We ourselves would have preferred to put it that he took in preference the high strategic course of attempting to cut off the enemy's line of retreat. As it happens, however, both these interpretations of his conduct are wrong. The truth is that not until Ernest found himself in the hall did he realise that he was unarmed. The kitchen was the likeliest arsenal. It was there he found and grasped the household broom. True, that weapon erred somewhat on the side of too great length, but on that very account it promised to be useful in keeping any opponent at reasonable range.

This then is the true account of how, for the second time that morning, Ernest sallied forth into the hall, and this time with the household broom held at "the engage." Old habits stirred again. The warlike summons of the occasion, sub-conscious memories of 1918, the peculiar length and poise of his weapon—all made the attitude inevitable.

He flung open the drawing-room door and switched on the light. It cannot truly be said that he felt any surprise at the scene thus disclosed. A slightly-built man in dark clothes with mufflered neck and cap drawn over his eyes was kneeling before the curtained recess by the fireplace in which reposed the small safe of which you have heard the Goopleys boast. A black bag on the floor left no doubt as to the intended destination of the household treasures.

Without a word Ernest advanced into the room. The visitor sprang to his feet, grasping a short metal tool. Our hero approached until within striking distance. Then he lunged. It was a good lunge—point dead at the centre of his opponent's chest, straight left arm, weight of the body falling suddenly on the out-thrust left leg—and plenty of pep in the whole movement. Shades of Aldershot, but it was well done! And then, just in the nick of time, the burglar jabbed his jemmy downwards and across Goopley's front—in short, a regulation parry. And, alas, the inevitable result foretold so often by the instructors. Ernest's momentum carried him forward, while the broom slid harmlessly past his enemy's side. In a trice the combatants stood squarely breast to breast, I had almost said breath to breath.

And so, you think, that was the end of the Man with the Bayonet? But if so you were not at Aldershot in 1918. Without a second's hesitation Ernest had his left foot behind his opponent, and with his right arm and the full weight of his eight-stone-one he swung the business-end of his broom crashing to the burglar's head. The latter collapsed. I tell but the bare truth—he collapsed; just crumpled up on the floor; sat there after a moment as if he felt the house had fallen upon him; rubbed the side of his head in a dreamy way, as one who had lost all interest in the proceedings.

To say that Ernest Goopley was thrilled is to put the matter mildly. The famous heel-and-butt stroke is one of the few which cannot be practised even on the most accommodating comrade-in-arms, and our hero had always been rather sceptical of the instructor's insistence upon its efficacy in a tight corner. But here it was in action. And, above all, here it was performed at last by one whose combatant services had been spurned by a thankless Government in a time of national crisis.

Can we wonder then that Goopley was much too elated to take further action? What had happened was too big, too fine a thing to be discounted by any vulgar brawling with a weedy little burglar. Unless by any chance he reads this the visitor will never understand the cordiality with which, a dazed and rather sick man, he was ushered from the front-door of "The Laurels" that morning in January.

Ernest Goopley returned to bed. His wife could hardly be expected to share with him the glow of achievement which he felt. Indeed he did not attempt the impossible task of enlightening her. She could only feel vaguely that it was not *her* Ernest who explained airily, "A miserable little rat of a fellow. I knocked him out and showed him to the door. He won't come back."

But what did completely mystify her was the remark vouchsafed some minutes later out of the silent darkness—

"You know, my dear, there is a lot in what mother used to say, 'Keep a thing for ten years and you will find a use for it.'"



His Fiancée (during interval). "TELL ME, JIM, WHO'S THE TALL HANDSOME FELLOW WITH CURLY HAIR THAT KEEPS KNOCKING YOU DOWN?"

Traveller's Joy in the Bush.

"THE PEOPLE'S PALACE.

This up-to-date and popular travellers' resort is now under the management of ——. A capable business man who knows the world, the People's Palace could not be in better hands. . . . The home is a harem for bushmen or women looking for rest and comfort."

Queensland Paper.

MR. MAFFERTY TURNS AWAY WRATH.

"I WOULDN'T mount the creature," said Mr. Mafferty, "for fear the farmer might be doin' you a mischief, an' he troubled with a sense of property, the greedy Englishman."

The young horse had come nosing up behind us as we sat on the gate basking in the lovely Sunday sun. It nibbled gently at the seat of my trousers, and, plucking then at one of the girls' skirts, nearly pulled her backwards into the field. It was a rough and hairy-heeled creature, destined evidently for the cart. It was mild, friendly and seemed extremely thick and strong.

Mrs. S——, who cannot turn the scale at more than six stone, passed lightly from the gate to the young horse's back. The horse turned its head and gently nibbled her ankle, but showed no resentment or alarm. Mrs. S—— then dismounted

Instantly, from every farm-building indignant men as if by magic appeared, men with pitch-forks, men with dogs, men with raised fists and rough accusing voices. The farmer himself, an uncouth fellow, came forward, shouting, "Who 's been on that young horse's back? Who 's been on that young horse's back? Don't you know better than that? Who's been on that horse's back?"

We all felt uncomfortable and guilty, townsmen entrapped in a sin against the country. Mrs. S—— opened her mouth and said flutteringly, "It was me." The farmer became incoherent and said. "Ought-to-know-better-a-lot-of-foolishness-how-would-you-like-it-other-people's-property-ruin-a-young-horse-break-his-back-might-be-the-ruination-of-him-ought-to-know-better-clear-out-of-this!" And he made a gesture which looked like a signal to the angry men to pitchfork us along the road. We descended from the gate and were about to retreat in well-deserved ignominy when Mr. Mafferty stepped forward. Mildly, almost caressingly, with his eyes upon the shaggy animal still propped against the gate, he addressed the astonished farmer thus:—

"So that 's a horse itself, is it," he said— "an English horse? There 's gladness in me heart this day, Mr. Farmer, to be hearin' that same, an' I standin' in this place a long time under the golden sky wonderin' what name a man would put to the creature, a yak, maybe, or a St. Bernard dog, or some kind of a shaggy goat.

"Is it a Shetland animal, I 'm after sayin' to me friends, or one of them clockwork quadrupeds a man would buy for his boy, an' he leadin' it home by a string on Christmas Eve with his heart leapin' within him for the great joy he 'll have of watchin' the child, and he mountin' its woolly back in the mornin' of the morrow? Or is it some kind of a scientific experiment the farmer has in his fine mind, the way men will marry roses with tulips an' terriers with retrievers to see what will come of it at the latter end? It could be, I was sayin', that this thing's mother was married with an emu or a Hebridean sheep, out of curiosity or the greed of gold. Maybe there was a great tempest the night of its birth, the rain fallin' an' the lightnin' makin' a terror in the North, an' herself lyin' out in the bog with no shelter at all, for I 'm thinkin' there 's pitiful monsters is born that way in the stormy season an' the wrath of God. An' now, Mr. Farmer, with the words not cold on me lips, it 's yourself is sent by Providence to tell me it 's a horse. An English horse. I 've heard tell there were English horses, but I never set eyes on one before this day. It 's quare an' gratifyin' to see the like."

Mr. Mafferty studied the horse with an air of profound interest. The farmer, no longer quite the man-eater he was, said, with an attempt at truculence, "I don't want no lip. That horse 'll win the Derby. Might have broken its back."

Mr. Mafferty raised his eyes protestingly to heaven.

"Let you not be cloudin' the pure day, Mr. Farmer," he said, "with earthy thoughts an' the hope of gold is dross eternally an' bitter in the mouth. Isn't it the first lark itself is pipin' the tunes of immortality like angels over your head, an' I away in me mind with the glory of listenin'? Isn't it snowdrops I 've seen this day like smellin' stars in the bank, an' the country tender with the young green of the bushes, like the bloom on a girl's cheek does be makin' ready for the ball, an' she a virgin was never kissed by a man? Isn't it the Lord's Day itself, Mr. Farmer, you 'd know by the holy bells is stealin' over the hedges, an' the calm faces of the people walkin' the road to the church, an' they singin' hymns in their hearts already?

"It 's a poor thing, I 'm thinkin', Mr. Farmer, for a man to be lookin' at the like of that with his eyes and have nothin' in his mind but Derbies an' money-prizes an' bettin' an' drinkin' an' the divil knows what besides. Why would you not be kneelin' down in the road where you are, Mr. Farmer, an' askin' pardon for your low thoughts and common aspirations, an' they soilin' the air? Think shame of yourself, Mr. Farmer, think shame!"

Some of the men with pitch-forks now slunk away, dimly apprehending that they had been partners in an impropriety. The farmer scratched his head, looked puzzled, and said feebly, "How would *you* like it if it was your own property being interfered with?"

Mr. Mafferty's voice now passed from the tones of reproach to those of severity. "There 's nothin' nastier, I 'm thinkin'," he said, "than a man of property with a just grievance an' he makin' a moan. Here 's meself destroyed talkin', the way I 'd be coaxin' your mean soul into the high parts of the sky, an' you know no better than to be pratin' an' pratin' still about your mortal *property*. I'd be as well preachin' to a deaf man, an' he a mile away. But you 've asked me a fool's question an' you shall have your answer without the word of a lie. It 's content an' gratified meself would be to see a sweet young lady the like of this one so much as touch me gross property with the butt of her shoe, an' she sheddin' a queen's grace with the light of her eyes an' the slender shape of her, so she 'd make the post of a gate into a golden throne by no more than sittin' on it between one breath an' another. Win the Derby, is it? I



Owner of very new Villa. "WELL, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE SOIL?"
Gardener. "AIN'T COME TO IT YET."

wouldn't wonder at all. For it 's blessin's only an' good luck she brings with her, that one, an' she walkin' the world. It could be that the press of her body for the flick of an eye would be puttin' a kind of a magic into your poor horse, an' it leadin' the field in the big races instead of cartin' manure, or may be swedes, which is all it was fit for at the dawn of this day. An' if it 's pokin' your nose into me private affairs you are, it 's meself has had horses in me day, I'm tellin' you. An' it 's many 's the time I 've put grown men upon a young horse not a half the thickness of that one to be gallopin' round the field five hours without a halt, an' it not a penny the worse but takin' benefit itself."

By this time all the violent men had melted away, except the farmer. He now took off his hat and said meekly, "Well, we 'll say no more about it, Sir."

Mr. Mafferty replied sternly, "It 's not that way you 'll be creepin' out of your just punishment, Mr. Farmer, for I've more to say to you yet. If it 's backs is troublin' you, an' injuries an' the like, let you be takin' note it 's more misbehaviours than one there 's been in the county this day. Isn't it me three friends an' meself was sittin' peaceful on that gate, and we swallowin' the sunshine in great draughts, like an Englishman in a beerhouse at the closin' of the hours, when what would come billy-boundin' up behind us but that same creature, an' it leapin' an' roarin' with the fierceness of a lion an' the swiftness of a Dublin man departin' for America? 'Glory be!' says I to me friends, 'it 's a tiger we have here or a wild bison itself, an' it bitin' great pieces out of me tender back!' 'It 's a tiger, surely,' said the elder young lady that 's the wife of a bishop; 'didn't it pluck me by the sleeve the way I'd be takin' a tumble backwards in the black mud, an' I standin' on me head?'

"I'm tellin' you, Mr. Farmer, it 's a poor thing to be a subject of the King of England if a man can't sit on a gate for five minutes with a few friends without he 'll be taken from behind by a wild animal an' torn to pieces in the twinklin' of an eye, or maybe less. I wouldn't wonder at all if it 's a plot you have made ready against us, with your armed men lurkin' in the hedges an' the corners of the barns to be takin' us unawares, an' we in battle with a monster. I'm not clear in me mind will I be havin' the law on you or no, Mr. Farmer, but in a few days you 'll have the news. An' now let you not be wastin' your breath on your humble apologies an' crawlin' protestations, for it 's not meself will be listenin' to another word, an' you kneelin' on your knees."

The Farmer mumbled, "Very sorry, I 'm sure, Sir," and retreated down the road, a broken man.

We climbed on to the gate again.

"In the words of NAPOLEON," said Mr. Mafferty, "it 's offensiveness is the best form of attack itself." A. P. H.



Lost Child. "WHAT *will* MOTHER DO? YOU SEE, THIS IS THE FIRST TIME SHE 'S LOST ME."

"The Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr. Winnington Ingram) considers the present age lacks great personalities."—*Daily Paper.*

But for the vigilance of a contemporary the promotion of the Bishop of LONDON might have passed unnoticed.

"Roberto, tu che adoro."

"The absolute necessity of everyone, from the cradle to the grave, having a bobby of some description if they were to develop on all sides of their nature, as they were intended to grow and develop, was rapidly touched upon."
Worcestershire Paper.

A Golfers' Paradise.

"REGIONS BEYOND MISSIONARY UNION.
Book now for North Berwick Spring Conference—13th to 17th April."—*Scots Paper.*

"Although 'February fill-dyke' is a familiar phrase—made more familiar by Millais's great wet landscape . . ."—*Sunday Paper*

And LEADER 's still wetter "Ophelia."

TRAVEL NOTES.

AFGHANISTAN.

(With acknowledgments to the Daily and Weekly Press.)

A FEW words about this delightful but little-known country by one who has made a deep study of it can scarcely at the present time come amiss.

Afghanistan is bounded on the south-east by India, on the north-east by the vast river, the Oxus, and a number of queer brown things; on the north by Turkomania and Kurdophobia; on the west by the meridian of 61E long., and on the south by something or other beginning with B which has gone off the end of my map.

It is a great country with a great destiny.

It is a mountainous land. It has been well said that Afghanistan has more scenery to the square mile than any other country to which the picture-postcard has not yet penetrated. As tall as Great Britain but fatter, and drained by three enormous river systems, it is totally devoid of any other means of sanitation, and the towns are sparsely inhabited and few. Kabul itself, the largest of them, has less than half the present population of Nottingham, and is proud of it.

At the time of writing these notes there are only five million Afghans in the whole of Afghanistan, and at the time of publication there may even be fewer, owing to an awkward family vendetta amongst the hillier tribes about the possession of a piebald goat.

The best known cities after Kabul are Kandahar, Jelalabad, Herat and Therenow; and though there is little cultivation of the soil the fertile plains round some of the villages bear orchards yielding in profusion the quince, the cherry, the pomegranate, the melon, the musquash and the quum.

Sheep abound in the mountains. These yield wool. Meanwhile the scent of the rose of Afghanistan embalms the air, while the bark of the Afghan hound, so much more docile than the Alsatian, re-echoes from peak to peak.

The character of the Afghan is mean, noble, treacherous, kindly, overbearing, hospitable, impulsive, dolichocephalic and brave. Bold and impetuous, he despises logarithms and the industrial arts, and has always preferred plunder to the plough. But the beauty of his women-folk is proverbial, and in many cases, owing to the use of the *yashmak*, problematical in the extreme.

He is divided into many tribes, amongst which the Durrânis are the most predominant, and the Yusafzais probably, but not certainly, the most difficult to spell.

Claiming descent from KING SAUL however, through his son JEREMIAH, the Afghan rightly considers himself superior in lineage to the wealthiest men in the great cities of the civilised world. His skin is swarthy, inclining to duskiness about the hocks and jaw.

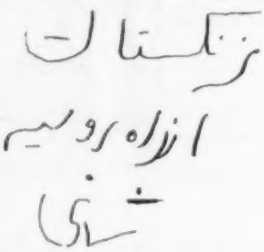
Ancient travellers say little of the Afghans. HERODOTUS failed to visit the country owing to missing the mule caravan from Basra, and merely remarks with acerbity that there is a



PECULIAR FARMING IMPLEMENT USED BY THE HILLMEN OF SOUTHERN AFGHANISTAN.

sacred story about the place which he is forbidden to tell; whilst MARCO POLO's statement that "in this land there are many fountains and orange-trees," seems to indicate that the Venetian explorer must have mislaid his notes.

Sir JOHN MANDEVILLE is equally enigmatic. He says that the inhabitants have three heads and no eyes, which is contrary to the truth. His further observation that the land is ravaged by a grisly dragon suggests that he confused it with the South of France, where the fierce Tarasque, from which Tarascon



EARLY AFGHAN LOVE-SONG.

was named, was so gallantly disposed of by St. Martha.

Afghanistan in fact was never a province of the Roman Empire, and the mere mention of its name was forbidden under the penalty of bastinado by the Persian and Mogul Kings. In later years especially it has been much troubled by the fact that its inhabitants suppose any property lying just beyond the border to belong to them, whilst their neighbours have taken a totally different view. Many and many a dusky potentate, often indeed so dusky as to be almost twilit, has spent his whole life in differences of opinion with the Government of India on the precise definition of the *status quo*, or the etiquette peculiar to a punitive expedition or a frontier raid.

All this has now passed. The troubles of 1841 and 1842 (not to speak of 1843), which terminated in the crises of 1849 and 1855, to be succeeded by the still more serious *émeutes* of 1863 and 1864, may be in some sense said to have provoked or led up to the risings of 1868 and 1870, which culminated in the severe fighting between 1878 and 1881, much of the complication being caused by the incredible number of half-brothers possessed by the earlier Afghan kings and the local habit of beginning a new rebellion or outbreak a few days before peace had been established at the conclusion of the last.

Comparative tranquillity now reigns in the Afghan hills; but it will be seen from the foregoing paragraph that the present inclination of the Afghan Government to look with a favourable eye on the stable culture of our Western civilisation means something like a reversal of the policy of former years.

Afghanistan, though she does not yet possess a permanent seat on the Council of the League of Nations, is rapidly advancing, both in the photographic representation of her royal house in the newspaper press and her claim to importance in the councils of the world. May it not be long before an up-to-date hotel, with a cosmopolitan cuisine, is established at Ghazni, and the hoot of the motor-horn is heard in the upper ranges of the Hindu Kush or the Safed Koh!

Persian has become the speech of the educated Afghan, but the language of the ordinary tribesman is Pushtu, and in a sudden access of temper more violent still. Whatever his dialect, however, or his status, we may be sure that every swarthy tribesman to-day is talking long and earnestly of the wonderful welcome which his King and Queen are receiving in that mysterious and powerful island far away in the misty West which has played so important a part in the history and development of Khorasan.* EVOE.

* I ought to have mentioned this before. The inhabitants don't call it Afghanistan, they call it Khorasan. But wait till COOK's get at them.

Hibernating en Famille.

From an interview with the father of a champion lady-skater:—

"She took to skating seriously when she was eight years old, and ever since she has been constantly practising and competing. Even cinemas are forbidden. She has to be in bed at eight o'clock every evening. We stay there until January and then tour Europe together."
Daily Paper.



A MOVABLE FEAST.

Visitor. "I HEAR YOU 'LL BE EIGHTY-FIVE THIS YEAR."

Old Inhabitant. "AY, MISS, THAT I WILL."

Visitor. "AND WHEN 'S YOUR BIRTHDAY?"

Old Inhabitant. "WELL, MISS, 'E VARIES SO I CAN'T RIGHTLY SAY NOT TILL I LOOKS AT THEY ALMANACKS. YEW SEE, I WERE BORN ON EASTER-DAY."

A FILM OF THE "ÆNEID."

NOT so long ago mention was made in the daily papers of the suitability of the *Odyssey* for a film play. Surprise was even expressed that such an ideal subject had not already been adapted and screened. This omission, I understand, is due to the fact that, despite all endeavours, Mr. Lucas I. Flicker, of Los Angeles, Cal., the great film-producer, has failed to get in touch with the author in order to fix up the film rights. In this connection he has made a special journey to Athens, whence he visited also Smyrna, Rhodes, Colophon, Salamis, Chios and Argos, but has been unable to find even a literary agent with whom to deal. After this set-back he has returned to California, where, I believe, his comments on the business methods of the Levant are both forcible and pungent.

In the meantime I have, all on my own, discovered the suitability for film purposes of the *Æneid*, and venture to put forward here a few hints for a scenario based on that great story in the hope that they may catch Mr. Flicker's eye, to my ultimate financial gain. To save him trouble I have ascertained that the author, one Publius V. Maro, died some while ago near Brindisi, Italy, and that the legal period of copyright has now expired.

The first thing, of course, is to get a good title. Obviously a title like "The



Householder (entering room in complete disorder and suddenly confronted by burglar). "GOOD HEAVENS, OLD MAN, YOU GAVE ME QUITE A TURN! FOR A MOMENT I THOUGHT MY WIFE HAD STARTED SPRING-CLEANING."

Journey of Pious Æneas," or "From Troy to Latium," wouldn't do at all. It sounds like a travel film; indeed I am not sure that it wouldn't even convey to the public mind a suspicion that the picture threatened to be educational—one of the greatest mistakes you can make from the box-office point of view. On the contrary, we must have something which implies either Crime or Love Interest.

Crime is rather out of the question. With the greater part of Olympus, thanks to maternal influence so brazenly on his side, Æneas could do nothing wrong. Love interest also appears at first sight to be equally difficult, because Æneas was already married at the beginning of the story. This fact would normally cut out love straight away. The veriest front-row flapper knows that marriage is the "fade-out" of love.

Luckily, however, you will discover that Æneas managed to lose Creusa, his wife, at the very start. She went rubbering around flaming Troy and wasn't seen again. Probably a roof fell on her. And since, later, Æneas travelled to Carthage, Africa, and met Dido, who took a strong fancy to him till he sailed away, you can get a real love interest in after all. Or, to make myself clearer, perhaps I had better be quite Hollywood and call it S.A. (If you look up S.A. in a list of abbreviations you will probably find it is supposed to stand for South Africa. This is wrong.)

I suggest then that the film be called *PASSION'S DOOM—featuring Miss Thera Bada, the famous screen-vamp, as Dido, Queen of Africa.* That ought to bring the public in with a run.

The picture should of course open with the burning of Troy, not because it has much to do with the subsequent story, but because you should never miss a chance of working in a fire, in order to show through a red filter people rushing distractedly hither and thither amid clouds of real steam from burning stone buildings.

Then—

> CAME THE PALE SUNRISE O'ER THE TOPLESS TOWERS OF ILIUM.

Occasionally "topless" is misquoted as "topmost." It will at once be obvious however that this is wrong. The previous night's conflagration will have ensured that every tower in Ilium is now topless.

> EXILED AND A WANDERER, ÆNEAS TAKES A LAST FAREWELL OF THE RUINS OF HIS HOME TOWN.

This is an opportunity for a fine bit of pathos showing Æneas standing on a rock gazing out over smouldering Troy with the film wind blowing through his chiton (or his toga or whatever the Professors of Archæology engaged for technical details decide that he should wear). Tradition says he carried his aged father, Anchises, on his back, but to reproduce this arrangement, however pious, is inadvisable as being likely, from a pictorial point of view, to destroy the pathos.

Æneas' young son, Ascanius, however, who holds his hand, will help the emotional side of the scene. Poor little chap! He doesn't understand what it all means. He gazes up inquiringly into his father's face and Æneas strokes

such curls of his as the wind isn't using. One can almost hear the little fellow's eager childish queries: —

"Gee! Pop, wasn't it a fine fire? Say, Pop, where's Mommer? Say, Pop, where do we go from here? Say, Pop, when do we eat? Kin I have an ice-cream soda?"

Charming kid! It's a pity JACKIE COOGAN will be too old for this part.

Then come Æneas' wanderings and adventures in the Mediterranean and the Adriatic; it is unfortunate he did not get as far up as the Lido. However, as his adventures were largely traditional, the producer can have a free hand—within limits.

After this we must hurry on to Dido and Africa. Africa, the home of the sheik, is always good film stuff, and Dido *must* be called Queen of Africa, otherwise, since there are already five towns named Carthage in the United States, the audience will think she is merely the winner of a local beauty contest.

A flash-back here to show Dido's past history—but not too much of it—will be valuable, because, according to the legends, Dido, on her way to Africa from Tyre, her original home town, called in at Cyprus and carried off eighty maidens to be her companions. At Carthage of course she has fixed up a marble bathing pool for them. No film can hope for success without two or three hundred feet of this, excluding what the Censor cuts out.

As to the love-passages between Æneas and Dido, I leave these to the producer. I am not the man to give advice about the vamping or the languishing glances, the Carthaginian divans and the Punic petting. I know nothing about it, *nothing* whatever.

Your big scene will of course come with the desertion of Dido.

"AW, DIDE, I GOTTA BEAT IT AND FOUND SOME NOO BURG."

Dido's passionate grief, her last vamp and her final immolation on a large funeral pyre, again projected through a red filter screen, ought to be highly effective and make even the five-and-ninepennies sob.

After this nothing remains but to show Æneas arriving at Latium. Here he falls in love with Lavinia. History says that he married her, so the film story should end here with a long close-up of two faces inextricably mingled.

A. A.

"ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Curious.—The pedestrian has the right of way on the public highway."
Provincial Evening Paper.

"Curious" will be getting "curiouser and curiouser."



"AND I HOPE YOU WILL HAVE MANY YEARS OF HAPPINESS TOGETHER."
"WHAT A TERRIBLY OLD-FASHIONED DARLING YOU ARE, AUNT!"

Io, Basshe!

"Monmouth County met the Basshanalians touring hockey-team at Abergavenny yesterday afternoon."—*South Wales Paper.*

"Mr. ——, C.C., reminded those present that it was extremely important that farmers should join together in a strong and powerful union. To-day there was very little place for the loan voice crying in the wilderness."
Local Paper.

Yet we fear it is still too often heard in the bank-parlour.

Commercial Candour.

From a bootmaker's advertisement in N. Wales:—

"Always something original in footwear! NO TWO ALIKE!"

The Very Young Liberal Revival.

"NEWBURY LIBERAL ASSOCIATION.

Forthcoming events in Oddfellows' Hall—Friday, March 16th, tea meeting and concert. Admission 4d. Only children in arms admitted."—*Berkshire Paper.*

SIMPLE PEOPLE.

THE POLICEMAN.

ONCE there was a policeman who was very good at directing traffic, and it didn't matter how many buses and vans and taxis and things there were there, he always knew just when to let them go on and when to make them stop where they were.

And one day Mr. Pitsaw was going to the station in a taxi, and he only just had time to catch his train if he wasn't stopped too much at crossings. And he had been stopped three times, and just as he came to the policeman's crossing he was stopped again for a lot of traffic to go across, and he knew if he was stopped too long he would miss his train. So he put his head out of the window and he said to the policeman look here do let me get through, I have only just time to catch my train and it is very important, because Mr. and Mrs. Rinser are coming to have dinner with us and if I don't get home in time my wife won't know whether to begin or not, and she may think I have been run over or something like that.

And the policeman said well I can't help it, perhaps there is somebody going the other way who wants to catch a train as much as you do, and you must wait till your turn comes, I can't favour one person more than another. And he stood in front of Mr. Pitsaw's taxi and held up his hand with a white glove on it.

Well Mr. Pitsaw was very aggravated, because he had spoken nicely to the policeman and explained how it was, and it hadn't done any good. So all the time he had to stop there he kept his head out of the window of the taxi and kept on saying rude things to the policeman, like what size do you take in boots, I should think yours would fit an elephant, or I suppose you think you are so grand that you ought to be Lord Mayor of London instead of a policeman, and things like that.

But the policeman didn't take any notice of Mr. Pitsaw because he was rather sorry about him missing his train, and he quite saw that it would be awkward for him if he didn't get home in time for dinner. And he said to himself it doesn't really matter what he says to me, I shall get over it all right.

Well being taken no notice of made Mr. Pitsaw more aggravated than ever, and when the policeman let his taxi go on again he was so angry that he threw something at him. And what he threw was some bananas which Mrs. Pitsaw had asked him to bring home with him.

Well the bananas didn't hit the policeman so he wasn't very angry about it, but he stopped Mr. Pitsaw's taxi and he said to him I didn't mind you saying rude things to me because I was sorry for you missing your train, but you can't throw bananas at policemen when they are directing traffic, there is a law against it, and I shall have to take you to prison.

So he told another policeman to go on directing the traffic instead of him, and he got into Mr. Pitsaw's taxi and told the driver where to go to. And some boys picked up the bananas and ate them.

Well by that time Mr. Pitsaw was sorry that he had been so aggravated and he was rather frightened, so he said to the policeman look here I am sorry I behaved like that, I don't generally but I had been stopped three times already, and when I saw you hold out your great hand with a white glove on it I suppose I lost my temper.

And the policeman said yes I thought it was something like that, I used to lose my own temper sometimes but I knew it was no good doing that when you were directing traffic, so now I never do.

And Mr. Pitsaw said to him when I said that about your boots fitting an elephant I was only being rude, but when I said about you being Lord Mayor of London I really meant it, because I thought you would make a very good one.

And the policeman said did you really, or are you only making it up?

And Mr. Pitsaw said I did really, and next time there is an election of Lord Mayors I shall vote for you, and I shall ask all my friends to do so too.

Well the policeman was pleased at that, though he didn't think he would get in, and he said well it is a pity I had to take you up, but I think you have had your lesson now, and if I let you off this time will you promise not to do it again?

And Mr. Pitsaw said yes I promise faithfully, so the policeman said very well then I will tell the driver to go back to the crossing and then you can go on to the station, I suppose you have missed your train now, but you must put up with that, you can't have everything your own way.

So then Mr. Pitsaw and the policeman got very friendly, and they told each other about the funny things their children had said, and when they came to the crossing again the policeman got out and Mr. Pitsaw went on to the station. And it really didn't matter him being home late because Mr. and Mrs. Rinser's little boy had developed measles, and they had sent an excuse because they thought they might give it to Mr. and Mrs. Pitsaw's children if they went and had dinner with them.

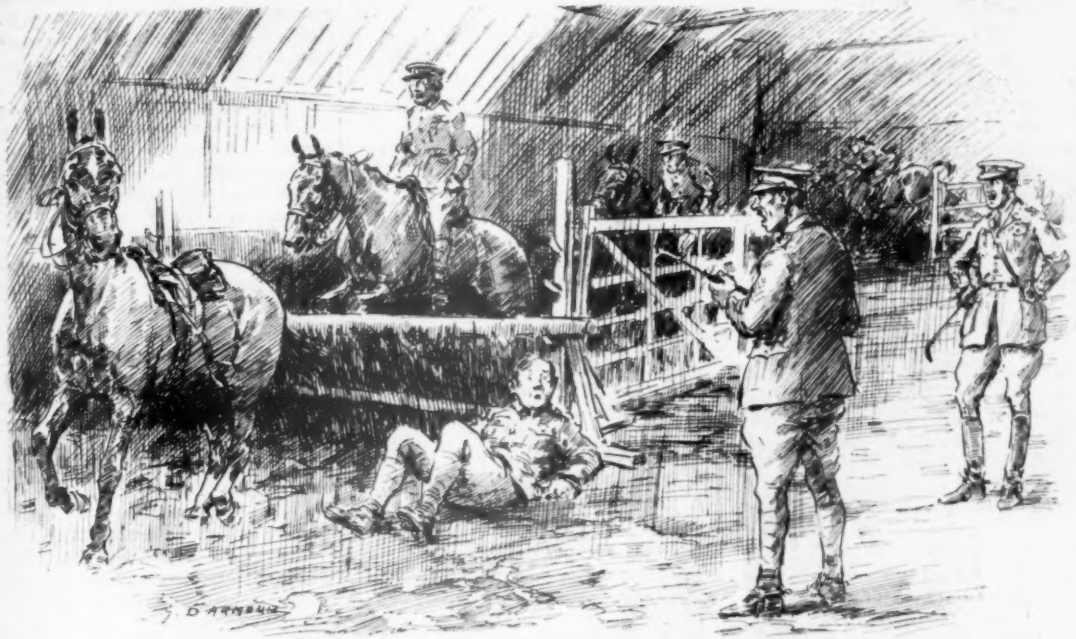
And when Mrs. Pitsaw heard how kind the policeman had been about not taking Mr. Pitsaw to prison after all she said she thought it would be a good thing to ask him to come and see them when he had a Sunday off and to bring his wife and children with him.

So they all came to tea on Easter Sunday, and afterwards they sat on the lawn, and the policeman played hymn-tunes on his concertina, which he had brought with him, while the children played at directing the traffic in turns.

A. M.



"SO THEY ALL CAME TO TEA ON EASTER SUNDAY."



Recruit. "CAUGHT ME ON THE 'OP, 'E DID. I 'LL BE ALL RIGHT NEXT TIME, SERGEANT."
Sergeant. "YOU 'LL BE ALL RIGHT WHEN WE GETS THESE BLINKIN' ARMOURED CARS, IF THERE 'S ROOFS ON 'EM."

THE QUEEN'S DELIGHT.

A BALLAD OF MASTER MARINERS.

[At the Master Mariners' Banquet to-night (March 21st) the PRINCE OF WALES is to speak in his new capacity of Master of the Merchant Navy and Fishing Fleets.]

GLORIANA'S mood was bitter, GLORIANA'S brow was black,
She railed upon her ladies—there was none durst answer back;
She rapped my Lord of LEICESTER on the knuckles with her fan;
She tore the poets' verses up and swore they didn't scan;
She scowled on all her courtiers—"I am sick of words," said she—
When in came a Master Mariner just home from over sea.

He could turn no courtly phrases, but in words both few and plain
He spoke of golden ingots and of jewels seized from Spain;
And the QUEEN she ceased her frowning and the QUEEN she smiled instead,
"Faith! we like this seaman mightily—a sword, a sword!" she said,
Then tapped him on the shoulder as he knelt upon the floor,
Said, "Rise, Sir Master Mariner—and now go fetch some more."

* * * * * * *

GLORIANA'S with her fathers, and her captains bold are sped
Who sailed beyond the sunset, who bartered, fought and bled
From the Arctic to the Andes till they dipped beyond recall,
Hull down below the skyline on the last great quest of all;
But still down all the ages, as GLORIANA bade,
Went forth the Master Mariners that used the seas for trade.

They went in valiant cockboats of queer and antique rig,
In flyboat, hoy and galley, in scow and pink and brig;
They plunged their high poop-lanthorns and gilt stern-galleries
Deep wallowing far to south'ard in the steep Agulhas seas;
They went in trim-built frigates and clippers swift and tall,
The pride of Clyde and Mersey and the glory of Blackwall.

They were but simple merchantmen and bred to ways of peace,
But they proved their fighting mettle on broad and narrow seas;
They fought with Turkish galleys and corsairs of Algiers,
And yelling painted savages and saucy privateers;
And when trade grew something scanty and freights were poor and few
Then peaceful British merchantmen went privateering too!

Amazed, in seas uncharted new continents they hailed,
Their leadsmen groped a fairway where never ship had sailed;
They blazed the trail for commerce to a thousand isles unknown;
They grappled with the westerlies and made their realms their own;
They thundered down the easting with the lee-rail deep in foam;
They drove the racing clippers with their tea rip-roaring home.

* * * * * * *

GLORIANA'S with her fathers, but the breed she knew remains,
While go the ships of Britain down all the long sea-lanes;
Though sail and spar have vanished like foam-flakes down the wind,
And gone the last Cape Horner as went the *Golden Hind*—
The men of mould unchanging, more scant of word than deed,
Staunch in their country's service as instant in her need,

Wise with the world-old wisdom of winds and skies and seas,
Schooled in the ancient ocean's eternal mysteries;
The men who late unflinching (have we ourselves not seen?)
Endured the lurking horror of the mine and submarine;
In liner, tramp and tanker without reproach who bear
The name that DRAKE and DAMPIER bore of Master Mariner.

C. F. S.



Foreigner (to lady who has asked about his nationality). "I AM AN ALSATIAN."
Lady. "REALLY! I QUITE THOUGHT ALL ALSATIANS WERE DOGS."

OUR BURMESE TOWNSHIP COURT.

UNPRINTED JUDGMENTS.

III.

THIS case is lamentable. The accused Maung Tun Yein is charged under section 457 for housebreaking by night, but he is a well-dressed good young man of fifteen years old. The complainant states: On the night of the third day of moon-waning there was a housebreaking and the door of the house was broken into and the mats and the clothes were gone while sleeping. On the morning of the fifth waning a police reached me to the station and I identified the exhibits which are my properties that were no more. The second prosecution witness states: On the night of the third waning I went to wish well to my cousin because his wife was ill. When the moon was a palm-tree high I returned from on the house of my cousin seeing the accused carry a basket to the north at a running pace. I know the accused since childbirth and identified him by the good moonlight; his noses are wide and he has close eyes; I did not see the face as he turned backwards to me but the shape was as the shape of accused. I would draw his attention that his clothes had been dropped off but could not owing to his running pace. Next morning I reached the dropped-off clothes to the headman and he reported me to the police-station. They are Exhibit A.

The accused admits to the crime saying I am a half-crack, and so the Court waived remaining prosecution witnesses. Accused states that I put the properties in the basket taking from on the house of complainant. I took away to the monastery, but all of the properties did not go the monastery as it was dropped off by running too fast. In that evening three police came and catched me to the police-station. I tell to them where I put the properties in the upstairs of the monastery. This is the end of my adventure. I am going wrong that adventure. At first I do not know because my mind is losing.

The learned pleader for the defence pleads that accused is thrown to the Court to be bound over and released as the first offender because there might be a return of non-compos-mentis if the pitiful young man is kept in custody, calling two defence witnesses to prove his good character.

The first witness, U San Pe, is accused's very own brother and should be treated with caution, *vide* selected rulings, K.E. *versus* Nga Hpo, page 733. But the Court knows he is a good man because he pays Income-Tax and lives with only two front-doors between from the Court, and helped the Court rarely to get bad hats in the town. U San Pe says I am accused's first brother; he sometimes steals my clothings; he is an unmarried man; he is not a trustful boy.

The second witness is U Po Gyi, the leading rich man of the town, who is very trustful, stating that accused had attack of bad type of fever last year and he lost his brain. He did not get non-compos-mentis before that fever. I am chairman of the Urban Bank, and the accused was employed by me as a clerk in the Bank in consultation with his father in order that he might not get his temporary insanity. I asked his father to administer medicine. Since childbirth he has been of excellent character; he is more like a girl. His relatives are also men of means.

Being a petty case, and accused of first-class character and antecedents, the Court submits to the Subdivisional Magistrate for punishment different in kind for that which I am not empowered to inflict. The Court respectfully agrees with learned defence pleader that he would like to be bound down as the first offender.

A Career for the Very Young.

"Head Gardener of three required."
Advt. in Daily Paper.



THE JUDGMENT OF GLADYS.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, March 12th.—IBN SA'OUD, that formidable potentate, as Mr. CHURCHILL once called him, cuts a less lurid figure in the House of Commons than he does in the Press. He has not called a holy war. Three hundred thousand of the Akhwan armed to the turban are *not* marching upon Transjordania, Iraq and Koweit. No troops have been rushed from India to the defence of Koweit. All this Mr. AMERY explained to the House, but it did not soothe the outraged spirit of Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY, who thought it disgraceful that "commercial dealers in ammunition" in this country should have been allowed to supply the Sultan of NEJD with arms "to shoot down our men."

But the Member for Central Hull is not the man to take sides. He exhibited equal indignation on learning that Kataba had been bombed after forty-eight hours' notice because the Imam of SANAA'S Zeidis from the Yemen had penetrated still further into the Aden Protectorate and kidnapped the ALAWI Sheikh and a relation of the KOTEIBI Sheikh. The House, which is profoundly convinced that sheikhs and trouble are synonymous terms, remained unmoved at this gory recital.

No emotional scenes greeted the introduction by the HOME SECRETARY of the Representation of the People (Equal Franchise) Bill, better known to the fulminant news-lords as the Votes for Flappers Bill. Nevertheless the sight of Sir WILLIAM at his amiable task called to mind the more sinister figure of *Brother Regimental* in *Penguin Island*. That ill-intentioned monastic did not clothe the female penguins in seductive garments with more formidable results than may attend the clothing of over five million female Britons with the authority, by no means little or brief, of the vote.

The debate on the Air Estimates was opened by Sir SAMUEL HOARE in a long and in parts interesting speech. It must be admitted, however, that most of the interesting information emerged, not in the Minister's account of what the Air Ministry was doing, but in critical Members' recitals of what was being done elsewhere. Captain GUEST, who led the attack, if it can be called that, said that they were asked to pat themselves on the back because one new air line was to be run, a weekly service to India, which would employ half-a-dozen machines and nine or ten pilots. In America there were three hundred small



"THE AMERICAN SPREADEAGLE AND THE BRITISH HOAREFINCH."

CARTOON BY CAPTAIN F. E. GUEST.

companies running services, and between three and four thousand privately-owned aeroplanes, as against thirty in this country. Every night and day for the last year a twenty-three-hour service



Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY. "THIS PARK IS GETTING TOO NOISY FOR WORDS. I CAN HARDLY HEAR MYSELF SPEAK."

between Chicago and San Francisco had been running. France's civil aviation subsidy was twice as big as ours.

Colonel MOORE-BRABAZON, Mr. BUCHAN, Rear-Admiral SUETER, Major HILLS and Commander BELLAIRS from the Conservative benches and Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY and Mr. MALONE from the Labour benches joined in the assault. Mr. ROSE conducted his customary massacre of the airship, declaring that, according to an expert, the projected airship service would have to charge eightpence an ounce for whatever it carried, if it was going to pay.

At a late hour the House dealt in a businesslike way with the lapwing, green plover, peewit or peesweep. "Peesweep" was accepted by Sir V. HENDERSON on the assurance of Scottish Members that that was the bird's real name. "Wype" he rejected as an archaism, nor would he agree to include the Kentish and little ringed plover in the Bill, much as he sympathised with the desire to protect them. One Labour Amendment—to change the commencement of the bird's close season from March 14th to March 1st—he accepted on the ground that the latter is a much easier date to remember. Our legislation is not all framed in this spirit of admirable commonsense.

Tuesday, March 13th.—Mr. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN and Sir KINGSLEY WOOD are a formidable pair, largely because their team-work is so good. The MINISTER OF HEALTH baits the Socialist foe into incautious fury. Leaving their indignant flanks exposed they are then suddenly assailed by the PARLIAMENTARY SECRETARY, whose inoffensive exterior partly conceals the possession of a formidable array of teeth.

It was so with the Second Reading of the Local Authorities (Emergency Provisions) Bill, a measure designed to place in the hands of the Metropolitan Asylums Board some control over the administration of the Common Poor Fund. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN drew a vivid picture of the way in which the privilege of dipping *ad lib.* into the Common Poor Fund had encouraged the receiving unions to more and more lavish scales of relief. "Will you prove it?" cried an indignant Socialist. "Certainly," said Sir KINGSLEY WOOD, and proceeded to narrate the lurid tale of "Case D.—strong, fine-looking man dismissed from job and imprisoned for larceny in 1925," whose income the Bermondsey Guardians have ever since been making up to 44*s.* 6*d.* a week, in addition to his wife's earnings. Bermondsey, the Min-

ister added, had drawn seventy-two per cent of the outdoor relief paid out by it in 1927 from the Common Poor Fund.

Wednesday, March 14th.—Who would suspect that Lord PARMOOR numbers dendrophily among his other preoccupations? It must be so, for he mourned to-day the fact that the effective supply of timber for public uses in this country is less than a million-and-a-half acres. A proper timber supply, he indicated, could only be maintained under public ownership. Anyway he hoped the Forestry Commission was making experiments to see what sort of tree would be likely to flourish in the waste areas of Scotland.

Lord CLINTON admitted that the state of things was disquieting—we were felling more timber than we were planting—but indicated that the Forestry Commission was doing better by bringing forest lands into public ownership gradually than by embarking on a grand scheme of nationalisation. He did not mention Scotland, being no doubt of the opinion that its proper arboreal complement is the Tree of Heaven.

There are other trees besides the Tree of Heaven, however, even in the London parks. Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY, himself somewhat reminiscent of that talking-oak which was so "broad of girth it could not be embraced," came upon some trees in Hyde Park the other day that were behaving in a most unheavenly way. In fact they were loud-speakering a speech which the PRIME MINISTER was at the moment delivering in the adjacent fastnesses of the Albert Hall.

> "Tho' what he whispered, under heaven,
> None else could understand,
> I found him garrulously given,
> A babbler in the land,"

the Member for Hull would clearly have liked to add, only it would not have been in order. Sir V. HENDERSON soothingly intimated that other speeches besides the PRIME MINISTER'S might be broadcasted from the trees in the Park, but Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY was not appeased. He wants a nice quiet park, not one where there is so much noise going on that a man can't hear himself speak.



Mr. JOHN BUCHAN. "IT 'S ALL RIGHT; I 'M NOT GOING TO HANG YOU; I MERELY WANT TO SAVE YOU FROM GETTING AN ILL NAME."

Mr. BUCHAN asked (and received) leave of the House to introduce his first Bill—to provide for the licensing of dog-racing courses. It was clear that while he harboured no ill-will to the dog-racing fraternity the unmaterialising massacre of electric hares does not electrify *him*.

I am not sure that he does not feel, subconsciously of course, that he is in the presence of a rival attraction. "It might be," he said, "that watching a dog pursuing an electric hare brought the spectator under the healing and beneficent influence of a more primitive world." That, when one comes to think of it, is exactly what watching a *David Lamont* pursuing a *Prester John* or a *Hanky* chasing a *Greenmantle* does. But then you cannot bet on a JOHN BUCHAN. The villain always loses.

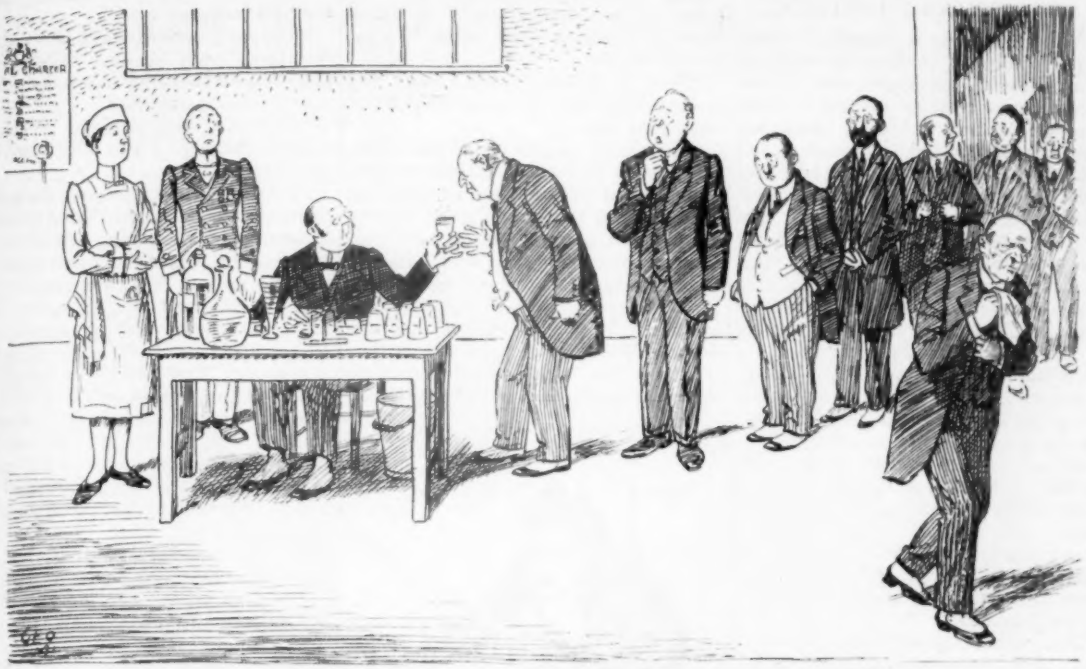
A debate on Imperial trade, on the motion of Mr. BARCLAY-HARVEY, brought from Mr. AMERY the striking statement that from the point of view of export trade one New Zealander or Australian is worth a dozen Frenchmen, two dozen Germans or Americans, a hundred Chinese and three hundred Russians. The debate also brought out Mr. WHEATLEY in the rather unexpected or, at any rate, seldom exploited *rôle* of an Imperialist. "If we want to develop the Empire," he said, "we must knit it closer together." What was needed was an industrial parliament or board representative of all the Empire Governments which would maintain a disinterested policy on Empire trading.



"THINKING IMPERIALLY."
MR. WHEATLEY MAKES A SPLASH WITH HIS FAVOURITE COLOUR.

The House, having agreed to Mr. BARCLAY-HARVEY'S thesis and having still some time on its hands, spent it denouncing the Liberal land policy as, in the words of Mr. GUINNESS, "a political venture launched for political flat-catching." In the absence of the Master of CHURT, Messrs. BROWN and ELLIS made an effort to withstand the combined onslaught of the temporarily conjoint foe; but it was a feeble one. They could hardly be said to have gone down clasping the Green Book to their bleeding breasts.

Thursday, March 15th.—All debates on film censorship seem to lead at interminable length to nowhere. That which Lord NEWTON inspired this afternoon



ENTERTAINMENTS AT WHICH WE HAVE NEVER ASSISTED.

MEMBERS OF A LIVERY COMPANY HAVING THEIR DAILY DOSE OF SALTS.

in the Lords led no further than the rest. It was agreed that a system that allowed Cabinet Ministers to make unofficial but none the less effective censors of themselves was undesirable; equally agreed that bureaucratic control should not be substituted for public opinion. At the same time it was well to scatter whatever control there must be among a series of local public bodies. In the circumstances, re-stated by Lord DESBOROUGH, the Government's decision to do nothing about it at the present time seemed unassailable.

The Naval Estimates debate might easily have resolved itself into another debate on the failure of the Geneva Conference. But, while Mr. BRIDGEMAN devoted a great part of his remarks to it, he impressed the House by his assurance that the failure had resulted in no competitive building either in this country or the United States. There was, he said, nothing to prevent the Conference being resumed. He suggested that the two Governments were meeting one another in modified building programmes more successfully than their representatives had been able to do in conference.

Mr. BRIDGEMAN concluded his speech with a handsome tribute to Lord BEATTY, which Mr. AMMON, for the Opposition, cordially endorsed.

PELICANITIES.

THE periodical cleansing of the lake in St. James's Park and the scraping of its floor is desirable and even necessary. While it lasts, however, the process is a trial to the waterfowl, confined to the basin at the east end and so shut off from the largess usually showered on them from the bridge. And the effect is to convert my favourite park into a wilderness. Was it not HEINE who said that water in a landscape was like the eyes in the face of a beautiful woman? A drained lake is never a comely thing, least of all when the draining reveals its shallowness and converts the bottom into a skating-rink. The pelicans I am sure feel it deeply, for they have a great sense of their dignity. When the cement was relaid a few years ago they were boarded out in Regent's Park. And when the water was let in again they were brought back, so I read at the time, in a Ford car. I have not a word to say against this excellent vehicle except this, that in the fitness of things it was not suitable for such an occasion as the triumphal return of the pelicans to their ancestral haunt. (I use the epithet advisedly, for they were introduced to St. James's Park by CHARLES II.)

A limousine of the most sumptuous design and dimensions ought to have been employed, but the Squandermania campaign was then at its height, and I suppose the COMMISSIONER OF WORKS did not dare to run counter to the tide of carefully-fomented public opinion.

Anyhow the pelicans have never got over this regrettable incident. A little time ago one of the quartet disappeared for a while, owing it was said to rheumatism, then re-appeared, but has now, I fear, permanently departed to the Paradise of Birds.

I have also noted with deep regret that at feeding time the survivors no longer perform their famous dance with the same *élan*. To this I can testify from personal observation. Pelicans are long-lived birds, though the statement once made to me by a passer-by, that the specimens in St. James's Park were the same that were presented to CHARLES II. by the CZAR OF MUSCOVY, cannot be substantiated. But, though famed for their piety, they are not exempt from misfortune. It is related that some years ago one of the number showed such skill in snapping up sparrows as to inspire in his daughter a spirit of rivalry. Miss Pelican accordingly seized a stout pigeon in her beak, but it stuck in her throat. The pigeon was rescued and survived; the pelican it was that died.

PRIMARY AND HISTORIC.

WHERE work is concerned I should say that Messent is about the toughest proposition in the school, and nobody quite knows how he managed to get through Common Entrance. Some say they let him in on his singing, and others that his father had influence with the powers that be, being a frightfully hot-stuff surgeon who is said once to have taken some Johnny's heart out and given it a sort of a spring-cleaning, though personally I rather doubt that story. Anyhow, Messent himself is quite hopeless at everything but singing in chapel, and consequently spends a good many joyless hours in the detention-room. Latin especially floors him altogether. It isn't merely that he can't do the pottiest bit of construe, but he never seems to remember the meaning of the simplest words unless they're given in the vocabulary, and once translated "*Post fædam fugam exercitus nostri consules provincias inter se partiverant*" as "Afterwards our armies were sharing foul food with the consuls in the provinces."

But where Messent gets the worst time of all is with the Loud-Speaker in Latin Comp. Speaker never teaches by the book, but gives us rules of his own, which I must say on the whole are pretty warm rules, and then dictates us verses to remember them by. The trouble with Messent is that, though he has no difficulty in learning the verses, poetry being the one thing he can learn, he never has the foggiest notion of how to apply them afterwards. So that this is the sort of thing that happens:—

"Having followed the soldiers, the women reached the camp," says Speaker. "Come on, Messent, let us hear the worst."

Messent, looking more or less like suicide, ponders for a bit and then mutters, "*Militibus*."

"Fiend," hisses Speaker, "why can't you use your rule? You know it as well as I do. Give me the rule."

"'Now mind you show the utmost tact
In dealing with the Perf. Part. Act.
Rule One, do not yourself disturb,
But ask, Is it Deponent Verb?'"

Here Messent stops, not because he knows he ought to, but because some good Samaritan is kindly treading on his foot.

"There you are," says Speaker, a bit pacified. "You realise yourself that '*sequor*' is Deponent. What next?"

"'If so, cut out Rules Two and Three
And pass to Four with hearty glee,'"

says Messent, looking thoroughly fed up.

"Exactly," grunts Speaker. "Now, then, let's have it."

Here Messent ponders again and suggests "*Quum sequavissent*," at which Speaker makes a loud noise like an animal in pain.

"Why in Heaven's name can't you pass to Rule Four with hearty glee and have done with it?"

But what I wanted to tell you about was Scaife's Primary and Historic stunt. Primary and Historic tenses are a thing that Speaker has never given us any verses about, because they're too simple to need any aids of that sort. All the same, Messent could never tell one from the other and was always getting kept in over it to such an extent that one day Scaife took pity on him.

"Look here," said Scaife—"next time he asks you about it just glance at me, only be jolly careful, because you know how sharp he is. If it's Primary I'll blink slightly, and if it's Historic I'll move my lips a bit."



SUSPENSE.

MR. CHARLES CHAPLIN IN "THE CIRCUS" (NEW GALLERY CINEMA).

"Thanks awfully," said Messent. "I only hope I don't make a mess of it."

"You *can't*," said Scaife. "A baby couldn't go wrong with it. Now then, what is it if I blink?"

Messent looked doubtful.

"Historic, isn't it?" he said.

Scaife groaned.

"Wait a minute," he said and thought for a bit. "Now then, repeat this:

'I blink my eye
For Primari;
Drink paregoric
For tense Historic.'"

Messent repeated it without any difficulty at all.

"There you are," said Scaife. "Now then—I blink my eye?"

"Primari," said Messent like a shot.

"Good," said Scaife. "Only don't pronounce it that way to Speaker. Suppose I drink paregoric?"

"Historic," said Messent. "Thanks most frightfully. I only wish I had half your brains."

Next day half-way through the period Speaker as usual started firing tenses at Messent and everything seemed to go swimmingly, Speaker happening to be walking up and down the room at the time, which made things easier. The first four tenses were Primary, and Messent just took a sidelong squint at Scaife each time and answered like a bird. Then Speaker suddenly shot an Aorist at him. Scaife promptly stopped blinking and started swallowing like fury, and Messent, who was just going to say "Primary" again, changed his mind at the last moment and sang out "Paregoric!"

One or two people who weren't in the know fairly burst at that; but Speaker didn't even smile—he just stopped in his stride for a moment.

"Quite so. Historic, you mean," he said quietly and walking on again tried him with a few more tenses. After which he merely remarked, "Wonderful, Messent—quite a lucid interval," and passed straight on to explaining the construction of *Dum* Temporal and Conditional.

How Speaker manages it nobody knows. Sometimes it seems almost supernatural, but the fact remains that it is practically impossible to do anything in one of his classes without being spotted, even when his back's turned. Everybody agreed afterwards that they'd never once seen him even glance at Scaife while he was questioning Messent, and yet this is what happened. After gassing for about a quarter of an hour about *Dum*, he stood looking out of the window for a bit, then told us to get ready to take down some verses. Nobody suspected anything, and this is what he dictated:—

"While Scaife was blinking eyes at Messent
It struck my notice—*Dum* with Present;
While Scaife was sipping paregoric
I went on watching—*Dum* Historic."

Here Speaker stopped dictating and, taking a cane out of his desk, swished it once or twice through the air.

"Been taking a leaf out of my book, haven't you, Scaife?" he said.

"Yes, Sir," said Scaife, looking a bit white.

Speaker stared at him rather hard and bent the cane about in his hands for a moment or two.

"Ever helped Messent in the same way before?" he asked.



"I WISH TO GOODNESS I COULD GO HOME, BUT DAD WANTS TO STOP FOR THREE MORE DANCES."
"I KNOW, MY DEAR; THEY 'RE A TRIAL. BUT, AFTER ALL, ONE CAN ONLY BE OLD ONCE."

"No, Sir," said Scaife. "At least, I have sometimes trodden on his foot."

Speaker said nothing, but just stood looking at Scaife and bending the cane about for quite a long time. Then he slowly laid it down on his desk and took a turn up and down the room.

"Let 's get the rest of these verses down before the bell goes," he said suddenly, just as though nothing had happened, and went on dictating:—

"Provided that they err again,
Dum with Subjunctive—and the cane."

Our Phonetic Reporters.

"MIDNIGHT WAIL IN CARDIFF CEMETERY.

The eerie solitary cry which momentarily paralysed passers-by outside the Cathays Cemetery . . . The suggestion is that the dog was locked up in the cemetery and in its loneliness gave voice to a long-drawn quavering wail. taohrdl uuetaohrd luetaoishrdluggg."
Cardiff Paper.

"A foot print bureau, on similar lines to the finger print method of identifying criminals, has been started in Ceylon. Where so many go bareheaded the examination of the ridges of a foot print may prove advantageous."
Provincial Paper.

They seem to stand on one another's heads in Ceylon.

OUR POULTRY RACE.

OUR race is run annually between February and May, and we have always regarded it as a finer test of speed and endurance than any other race we know of. Consequently we were hurt when young Smithson, a new-comer, proposed a radical change in the conditions. Greyhounds, he said, had long had their electric hare and, now that terriers were provided with an electric rat and cats were promised an electric mouse, he thought we should bring our hens into line with the new sport and give them a racing-track and a suitable quarry. He proposed an electric hot potato.

The suggestion was received in shocked silence, but after a minute or two some of us began to see possibilities in the idea. I have myself a bantam that I would back for speed and greed against an ostrich. Moreover she is a born hurdler, and I have seen her take hedges that would make a Grand National winner give at the knees. Altogether I was rather disappointed that the proposal was found to be impracticable, young Smithson having to confess, when directly questioned by Mrs. Tovey, that he could not say where an electric hot potato was to be procured.

So the race is being run on the old lines. Practically everyone with the necessary qualification—a dozen hens—was a starter, though many knew they could not stay the course. But some of us feel that more rigorous conditions would be an improvement. After all it is a wise hen that knows her own egg and can prove her claim.

To meet this difficulty it has been suggested that every fowl be supplied with a monomark, with instructions to place it conspicuously on the egg immediately after it has been laid.

But the stewards say that it is quite difficult enough to secure fair play when it is merely a matter of counting eggs sent in, without undertaking to prove their pedigree. Indeed the sporting spirit is very strong here, and in the final stages of the race in former years some very shady practices have been indulged in to secure a win. On several occasions doping of favourites was suspected, though nothing was ever proved, and last year a painful sensation was created when the Vicar (who was well in the running) was disqualified owing

to the discovery of two nest-eggs in his last dozen. He declared earnestly that an enemy had done this, and those of us who had money on the Vicar held that the explanation should be accepted. But old Miss Bradbury was the favourite, and consequently there were too many people who were glad of a pretext to exclude a possible winner. Personally I felt it served them right when three of the half-dozen which the old lady swore her Plymouth Rocks laid on the closing day practically sat up and crowed at the tellers.

This year the race promises to be more exciting than ever. Up to the end of last week Mrs. Tovey was leading by five eggs. But the Doctor says his Silver Dorkings never get properly into their stride until well on in April, and, as he says, in a long race it is staying power that tells. Anyway it seems to be taken for granted that the race lies between Mrs. Tovey and the Doctor, and a very close finish is forecast. Mrs. Tovey's backers declare that, even should the Doctor's Silver Dorkings prove capable of the anticipated spurt in the last lap, her Buff Orpingtons may improve on their performance of last year, when these sporting birds quickened their pace at the end to such a degree that they led the field for three days and only failed to win because in their eager haste in the final week they omitted to put shells round their eggs.

That 's the beauty of our race; it is really anybody's race until the fifteenth of May (the closing date). Over and over again people have learned the folly of counting eggs before they are laid. For all we know, both Mrs. Tovey's and the Doctor's entries may disappoint their owners, and my own mixed team (composed of five Plymouth Rocks, acquired at the dispersal of Miss Bradbury's stud following last year's fiasco, three Silver Dorkings from the Doctor's stable, two Buff Orpingtons from Mrs. Tovey's, one Brown Leghorn from the Vicarage, and the bantam) may yet romp home an easy winner.

And by next year we ought to be able to get an electric worm.

AT THE PLAY.

"SQUARE CROOKS" (PRINCE OF WALES').

THE business of teaching President's English to the lieges of KING GEORGE has now surely reached the stage of organised propaganda. It is not an easy business, because here is a living and fast-growing, not a static, language. In England, I regret to say, when a new quip or passage of social jargon is invented, everybody who is anybody repeats it faithfully and frequently till one wants to choke the tiresome phrases in his throat. In America, though no doubt the less lively-minded are content just to pass on the current coin and can be tiresome enough, there is at least much more coin to pass, and there is a nimble creative spirit at work which makes such an exhibition of the minting process as Mr. JAMES P. JUDGE's *Square Crooks* a delight to any serious amateur of philology and ethnology.



TWO SQUARE CROOKS IN A ROUND HOLE.

Eddie Ellison . . . . . MR. BERNARD NEDELL.
Mike Ross . . . . . MR. JOHN MCNALLY.
Larry Scott . . . . . MR. GERALD PRING.

The play itself is a very neat piece of work. The American dramatic spoof-merchant seems to have much less difficulty than his opposite number over here in working up the humorous and the tragic together without letting the joints gape too wide.

Two crooks, *Eddie Ellison* and *Larry Scott*, now going on the square, are entangled by two companions of their past evil ways in the "Carson pearls" affair. The good policeman, *Timothy*, is trying to help them by betraying, in the way of friendship, his headquarters' plans and suspicions. The bad policeman, *Hennessy*, believing in the old formula, "once a crook always a crook," will stoop at no mean device to get them back into Sing-Sing. The really thoroughgoing shocking bad stetson, *Mike Ross*, gunman and garotter, pits his animal ruthlessness and direct tactics against the quick-witted genial *Eddie* and *Larry*, while *Eddie's* pretty sham-shrewish wife, *Kay*, *Larry's* high-school-trained sportswomanlike *Jane*, and *Timothy's* kindly old *Bridget*, lend willing hands, with inevitable results. *Hennessy* blunders upon his big prize, and the square crooks are left to a life of social usefulness and the indefinite enlargement of the American idiom.

Mr. BERNARD NEDELL, happily remembered as the sleek seducing villain of *Broadway*, is the honest-in-grain *Eddie*, with Mr. GERALD PRING, his past partner in crookedness, as his present ally in virtue—a very attractive and competent pair. Miss OLIVE BLAKENEY (*Kay*) has all the air of inventing impromptu Mr. JUDGE's shrewd sallies, looking charmingly pretty the while; Miss ISABEL WILFORD (*Jane*) plays her quieter hand with skill. Mr. JOHN MCNALLY, as the hairy killer, *Mike Ross*, interpolates a grim effective study of the desperado at bay. Mr. WINNINGTON BARNES gave us a friendly Irish *Timothy*, while Miss CLARE GREET's *Bridget* had evidently, by long association with *Eddie* and *Larry* and *Kay*, successfully lost the trick of her native brogue. A merry business, admirably produced and holding the record for brevity. A curtain-raiser would, I think, not be resented by the enthusiastic theatre-goer. T.

"THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN" (OLD VIC).

In this strange business of *The Two Noble Kinsmen* I am frankly with SHELLEY: "I don't believe Shakespeare wrote a word of it." I am prepared to hear that modern scholarship has collected a heap of dusty irrefutable evidence to the contrary.

But I will take a poet's word against a scholar's any day. And had I been a

hired scrivener three hundred years ago I should no doubt have written (a little ahead of my time) that here was one of those rash experiments which so rarely succeed, the attempt to turn a leisurely go-as-you-please romance into a well-planned stage-play. I should have complained that the *Duke of Athens*, his Court, and the noble preposterous kinsmen of Thebes were about as Greek as my well-darned trunk-hose. And what (I should have asked) had the three mourning Queens to do with the action of the play beyond providing an exceedingly unlikely motive for *Theseus* to postpone his honeymoon and declare a hurried war on King Creon? As embroidery in a romance they are no doubt well enough; as characters in the frame of a stage-play they are irrelevant. And why drag in the *Gaoler's Daughter*, a too obvious reflection of a character in a tragedy of one of the alleged authors? Finally, I should have hinted that if writers of stage-plays in this decadent phase through which the theatre is unfortunately passing are so unoriginal as to be unable to invent their own plots, but must needs borrow them from the mediæval romances, often enough indeed the romances of foreigners, they might at least refrain from serving up their own plots and characters a second time. And so forth....

The Old Vic looks very smart in its new facings, and the cushioned stalls are all that the least Spartan of us can desire. Mr. ANDREW LEIGH has intelligently given the play a Chaucerian setting, with Mr. GARSIDE'S charming scenes and costumes to fulfil his general intuition. The well-composed groupings and processions seemed to me the most satisfactory part of the experiment.

But the play itself! I am not surprised that this is the first time it has been revived for three hundred years. It drags its slow length along, with confused action and incredible characters.

The two noble and wooden-headed Thebans might conceivably have both taken a deadly wound from the soft eyes of *Emilia* (especially as they had not heard the woman talk) and this might have seriously jeopardised the deathless friendship which they protested so frequently. That they should be so incurably romantic as to insist on hacking each other to death and dragging in their friends, without so much as exchanging a word with or conveying a message to their adored one, may be said to strain the probabilities. But these little eccentricities of ancient convention are not of much significance. What is unpardonable is that they and their lady and her sister and brother-in-law should be such unmitigated bores.



"BEWARE O' WIDDERS!"

THESEUS, DUKE OF ATHENS (MR. REYNER BARTON), AND THREE IMPORTUNATE WIDOWED QUEENS.

Mr. ERNEST MILTON (*Palamon*) is too intelligent an actor (of the fast disappearing romantic school) to attempt to take all this seriously and he allowed himself a protesting grimace or two, discreetly followed by Mr. ERIC PORTMAN (*Arcite*). The arming for the duel in the bush was to me faintly and pleasantly reminiscent of NERVO and KNOX, and I was distressed that this promising business was interrupted by the pompous bonehead *Theseus*. The grand combat of the knights, unfortunately conducted OFF, was like nothing so much as a broadcast of a Twickenham fixture, under the handicap of spasmodic atmospherics.

Indeed a supreme opportunity for a jolly burlesque was missed. Miss JEAN FORBES-ROBERTSON as the *Gaoler's Daughter* was however an entirely serious and charming performance. The part suited her method and her gifts, and its effect was enhanced by her admirable clearness of speech, which is unhappily not a notable feature of the Old Victorian school. I was in the second row yet could hardly hear two consecutive lines of the First Act. It is moreover distinctly disconcerting that in this last stronghold of SHAKESPEAREAN tradition the verse should be so frequently overlaid by that misplaced "realism" which seems to seek to conceal the fact that it *is* verse and gives us an intolerably bombastic and diffuse prose. This also has the effect of exaggerating the absurdity of the general conventions and situations.

Mr. PERCY WALSH'S *Gaoler* was a competent piece of straight playing, and Mr. JOHN GARSIDE'S *Wooer* (of the *Gaoler's Daughter*) was touched with sincere feeling. Mr. MICHAEL WATTS (the *Doctor*, a psycho-analyst before his time); Mr. HORACE SEQUEIRA (the *Schoolmaster*), one of those parts in which quite unintelligible jokes have to be carried off with an elaborate pretence of overwhelming humour; Mr. REYNER BARTON (*Theseus, Duke of Athens*); Miss BARBARA EVEREST (*Emilia*, a completely unactable character); Miss PEGGY PICKARD (*Hippolyta*), looking very charming and quite up to tackling the scythe-tusked boar; and the Misses GRACE ALLARDYCE, BRENDA FORBES and RUTH BRITTER, as the three *Black Queens*, all took part bravely enough in this, to me, exceedingly dreary experiment. T.

Synthetic Religion.

"Colombo, Monday.—It was decided at a public meeting here on Saturday to send three Buddhist priests to London to propagate Buddhism in a temple to be established in Gloucester-road.

A wealthy Celanese is meeting the expenses of sending the priests."—*Provincial Paper.*

BALLADS FOR BROADBROWS.

"I'VE GOT THE GIGGLES TO-DAY."

A NICE young man about the town
Was long in love with Mary Brown,
And one fine day proposed to crown
His lengthy adoration;
But as he fell upon his knee
Exceedingly surprised was he
To hear her shout with girlish glee
This chilling observation—

"I've got the giggles to-day!
Everything's making me laugh;
Once in a while I like a good smile—
To-day I'm too tickled by half.
Don't think it's anything personal,
please,
But really you do look a fool on your
knees!
I see it was rude of me now,
But I suddenly thought of a cow,
Well, a rather nice calf—
Oh, don't make me laugh,
For I've got the giggles to-day!"

Sweet Mary took her favourite car
And drove it very fast and far;
Wherever dangerous corners are
The little monster snorted;
A constable his hand inclined,
But Mary bumped him from behind,
And when he mildly spoke his mind
She laughingly retorted—

"I've got the giggles to-day!
Surely you understand that?
Doesn't life seem to be rather a scream?
How can you stand there in that hat?
I noticed your signal and thought I
should burst—
You were just like the statue of
EDWARD THE FIRST!
You can't think how funny you look!
The moment I saw you I shook.
Don't be a Dean,
You know what I mean—
I have got the giggles to-day!"

Poor Mary! As the years flew past
Her mirth grew more ill-timed and
vast;
But Albert stuck it, and at last
He led her to the altar;
And when the parson murmured low
The words which all young women
know
She quivered like a jelly-O
And smilingly did falter—

"I've got the giggles to-day!
It's really too funny to miss.
Mother in tears! And how many years
Has mother been living for this?
I've only just noticed that Albert is fat,
And why do the clergy wear collars like
that?
Oh, hold me or else I shall fall—
I'll never be married at all!
'Obey,' did you say?
Please take me away,
For I've got the giggles to-day!"

Poor Mary's married life was short,
A rumpus of a painful sort,
And then they questioned in the
Court
Her matrimonial fitness;
But when the lawyer sought to pry
Exactly what she'd done and why,
This most unsuitable reply
Was uttered by the witness—

"I've got the giggles to-day!
And you're such a master of chaff;
I cannot recall what happened at all
Because you keep making me laugh.
Well, why do you wear those ridiculous
bibs?
I'm going home now, for it's hurting
my ribs.
Of course you were born at the Bar,
You don't know how funny you are.
Some other time
We'll chat about crime,
But I've got the giggles to-day!"

A. P. H.

PALM WINE.

(How to behave when offered this beverage.)

"AN officer should be careful to avoid giving offence unwittingly."

I was reading some notes for the guidance of Political Officers in White Cargoland, and I shuddered as I read of "the correct etiquette to be observed when given Kola, Alligator Peppers or Palm Wine."

The kola-nut is about the size and consistency of the horse-chestnut, and it is a small token of salutation given by the native of these parts to a visitor. It has often been given to me; and what had I done with it? Cut it into pieces, after carefully scraping the outside, and chewed it. But perhaps I had unwittingly given great offence by so doing. Ought I perhaps to have held it between the thumb and little finger of the left hand and delicately nibbled? Or should I have placed it in my cupped hands and gluttonously gobbled it? After chewing the unpalatable substance did custom demand that I should spit the remnants in the direction of the donor, or could I, as hitherto, eject the morsels into my hand and place them beneath my chair?

Then again as to the Alligator peppers, which are not, I may explain, the staple diet of the denizen of the mangrove swamps. Up to date I have never been offered this gift (which is a small red pepper of peculiar pungency); but supposing that I was? Reason forbids that I should be expected to chew it; but possibly I ought to crush it beneath the right heel and inhale its odour. Or perhaps I should clasp it to my chest to prove to Ibinigie that my love for him burnt no less strongly than his evidently did for me. Still, whatever the correct procedure was, I had to admit that I was wholly ignorant of it and thereby gravely jeopardised our "dominion over palm and pine"—over palm at any rate.

So far as palm wine was concerned I felt I was on safer ground. This beverage is extracted from the palm-tree, and when fresh it resembles ginger-beer in appearance and is not unlike it in taste. When it is old it is merely nasty and is said to be highly intoxicating. I have frequently drunk it in the former state; but when I was at Ituri last week the chief gave me a calabash which was patently *not* fresh. After taking one sip I had, I was horrified to remember, *thrown it on the ground.*

Heaven knows what may be the result of my impetuosity. Perhaps Ituri was even now in a state of uproar. The Iturites might at this moment be performing a Black Bottom war-dance and plotting murder and sabotage to avenge my unthinking but deadly insult.

This was no laughing matter. Visions of insurrections and inquiries, forfeited increments and dismissal floated before my eyes. Why had I not thought of this before I had emptied my foaming beaker on to the ground? Perhaps courtesy demanded that the guest should get gloriously drunk. Worse still, the liquor I had treated so contumaciously was probably the choicest 1926 vintage wine from the cellars of Okogie. I wiped my brow at the thought.

The suspense was unendurable, and I decided to find out at once the extent of my *gaucherie.* I called my steward-boy.

"Zapolo," I asked, "suppose man give you kola, what thing you go do with 'm?"

"I chop 'm," he replied tersely. No nicety of procedure, you will observe. So far I was right and I breathed again.

"And suppose man give you Alligator peppers, what you go do with 'm?"

"I put 'm for soup, Massah," answered the intelligent youth.

"And suppose man give you palm wine, what you go do?" I asked anxiously.

"I drink 'm," he answered shortly, thinking that Master was a little mad.

"But suppose them wine be bad, what thing you go do?" I persisted in a fever of excitement.

"I 'd vomit," he replied succinctly.

So now I know; and if I am called upon to resign for conduct liable to cause a breach of the peace at Ituri you will understand why.

"The Answer is a—"

"How can I remove stains from . . . shoes? Unfortunately some lemonade was spilt and splashed my shoes.

The Answer: It is just possible that rubbing . . . with a cut lemon might be successful."
Women's Paper.



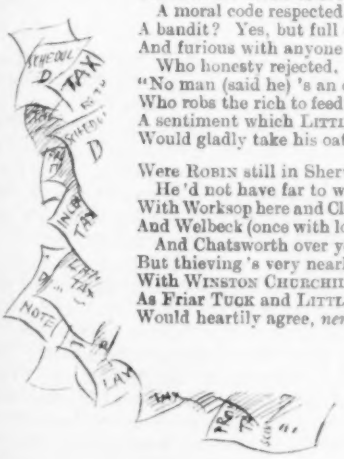
COUNTY SONGS.

XXIX.—NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.

THE lawless "Earl of HUNTINGDON"
A moral code respected.
A bandit? Yes, but full of fun,
And furious with anyone
Who honesty rejected.
"No man (said he) 's an evildoer
Who robs the rich to feed the poor"—
A sentiment which LITTLE JOHN
Would gladly take his oath upon.

Were ROBIN still in Sherwood 's lair,
He 'd not have far to wander,
With Worksop here and Clumber there,
And Welbeck (once with loot to spare),
And Chatsworth over yonder;
But thieving 's very nearly through,
With WINSTON CHURCHILL at it too—
As Friar TUCK and LITTLE JOHN
Would heartily agree, *nem. con.*

E. V. L.







Young Woman (looking at photograph of friend's fiancé). "WELL, GOD BLESS YOU, MY DEAR, CONGRATULATIONS AND ALL THAT. HE CERTAINLY LOOKS TWICE THE MAN YOU ARE."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THE "superior person" of Oxford epigram and subsequent popular endorsement is not likely to survive, as the last word upon its subject, the appearance of Lord RONALDSHAY'S *Life of Lord Curzon* (BENN). Unsuspected depths of modesty in one usually regarded as self-sufficient, unsuspected strains of fortitude where an invalid's crying need of the quality was never conjectured—these and other humanising circumstances attend the opening chapters of CURZON'S meteoric career. The first of Lord RONALDSHAY'S promised three volumes leaves its hero Viceroy of India at the age of thirty-nine, and everything in it leads naturally to that culmination. Never was a youth less deflected by cross-currents. CURZON'S personality and bent were determined once for all at Eton. At Oxford "he was not popular in college; nor did he wish to be. His scale of values was his own." JOWETT bewailed his refusal to make profitable friendships, together with his verbosity in speaking, as the only two possible hindrances to a great career. But Lord RONALDSHAY does both his subject and his reader service in stressing CURZON'S independence in these matters, his delightful relations with such political opposites as WILFRED SCAWEN BLUNT, his refreshing interest in aspects of art and letters wholly remote from his main purpose. His integrity as well as his self-esteem was troubled when as a Government official he had to submit to the bowdlerization of his book on Persia, written as a private Member; and when as Under-Secretary at the Foreign Office he had to maintain publicly an attitude he privately condemned. His character stands out as a thing of limitations certainly, but of forceful and deliberate limitations. Its deployment in the wider field of Lord RONALDSHAY'S second volume should be a spectacle of interest.

The publication of Sirdar IKBAL ALI SHAH'S descriptive volume, *Afghanistan of the Afghans* (THE DIAMOND PRESS), comes fortunately at a time when this fascinating country and her eminent ruler are in everyone's thoughts. Here is first-hand information about the "Scotland of Asia," ranging from lists of flora and fauna to a discussion of the philosophic foundations of Sufism, and from tales of shepherds who have seen fairies sitting in a fairy-ring to a consideration of the strategic importance of the Khyber Pass. We learn that in Afghanistan, when a child loses its first teeth, they are thrown down a mouse-hole to ensure the new ones being as sharp and as strong as those of a mouse, and that when an apprentice in a silk factory leaves his work at closing time he does not flippantly turn away from his labours, but steps reverently backwards. If there is a fault to be found in a book that often has real charm as well as novelty, it is one that arises from the nature of the subject itself, for in a country where electric light and cinemas are to be found side by side with blood feuds and camel transport, where such modern conceits as general education, a national air force and female emancipation are being tentatively introduced amidst a community of religious

fanatics still living mainly in about the twelfth century, it is easy to see that political conditions may occasionally be delicately poised. This being so, it is not surprising if the writer, himself an enthusiastic supporter of his sovereign's policy of ordered progress, is under some degree of constraint when dealing with racial and religious topics. In seeking to pick his steps warily, so as to give no offence either here or in the heart of Asia, he is driven at times to take refuge in safe generalities where something more sharply defined would be welcome. He is so diplomatic in his historical chapter, for instance, that he might as well have left it out altogether, but he reaches his best when talking simply and freely about the every-day life of his compatriots.

Birds at the Nest,
By DOUGLAS DEWAR,
Is, I'd suggest
To good folk such as you are,
Well worth testing
Should you look
For an interesting
Reference book.

The author quotes
Much jot and tittle
Out of other men's notes
On big birds and little
In his never misleading
Winks and nods
On birds in the breeding
Periods.

I'd say, in short,
That between these covers
Is as goodly support
For the keen bird-lovers
As ever they took from
Aught that 's read.
I 've liked this book from
THE BODLEY HEAD.



Crook (to plain-clothes officer). "BLIMEY! I WISH YOU WAS IS LOVE WIV MY SISTER, SAME AS IN THE DETECTIVE STORIES."

The average reader has, I think, a fair quarrel with Mr. JAMES STEPHENS in that, finding a world of squalor and unhappiness made to his hand, he proposes, by way of escape from reality, a couple of excursions into nightmare. Within the drab toils of the one or the ghoulish entanglements of the other the seven sketches of his new book preserve delicacies, almost coquetries, of observation and phrasing, and passages of meditative wisdom; but these graces do little to give substance to the more imaginative side of his art, and this is particularly the case with the fantasy that gives its name to the series. *Etched in Moonlight* (MACMILLAN) relates how a dreamer, maddened by the endearments of his mistress and his successful rival, "mews them in a stony den." They mysteriously escape, and the dreamer is in his turn trapped, only to find himself liberated and on the best of terms with his kidnappers. Any hidden meaning, either of BUNYAN'S school or FREUD'S, which attaches itself to these strange two-dimensional scenes is, I am afraid, lost on me; and I own to a similar imperviousness in the case of "Desire," which tells how a poor devil dies of the fulfilment of a magic wish to the accompaniment of a presaging vision on the part of his wife. The most moving and valid piece in the book is "Hunger," which deals with the doom of a labourer's family pushed beyond the border-line of subsistence by the War. "Schoolfellows" shows a drunken sponger in the act of becoming

an incubus, and "The Wolf" relates the monstrous appearance of a toper to a couple of children. In "The Boss" and "Darling" different issues of the malevolent social system implicit at the back of "Hunger" are grimly and pathetically presented.

A new phase of the "To-day and To-morrow" series is reached in Mr. GREIG'S *Breaking Priscian's Head, or English as she will be Spoke and Wrote* (KEGAN, PAUL), for it is a vigorous counterblast to Mr. DE SÉLINCOURT'S *Pomona, or the Future of English*, in the same series. Mr. GREIG, "not a typical Englishman, but a Scotsman born abroad," is not content with breaking Priscian's head, but seizes the occasion to assail all his pet aversions with the bludgeon of Bludyer. The list is comprehensive, including "the complacent Englishry, insular but oh, how gentlemanly! which has always infuriated nine Scotsmen, ten Americans and eleven Irishmen out of ten"; all those who inhabit Oxford and Cambridge common rooms; "pedantic grammarians stogged to the neck in Latin"; "spectre-ridden boobs" who feed on "wire-drawn academic flapdoodle," and supporters of the Public School Standard, "the silliest, dwabbliest and most snobbish of all the English dialects," whether spoken, written or thought. The soul of the English language can, however, be saved if we adopt the Dublin pronunciation, which would incidentally, in Mr. GREIG'S opinion, secure us the goodwill in place of the contempt of America; abandon all inflections and the "foolish incubus of accidence," and enrich our vocabulary from the treasure-house of American slang, English, Scots and Irish dialects and the coinages of the best modern writers, notably Mr. JAMES JOYCE. He suggests as the ideal board of reformers, Mr. SHAW, Dr. BRIDGES, Messrs. MENCKEN, SINCLAIR LEWIS, JAMES JOYCE, EDWIN MUIR and CABELL, and Miss ROSE MACAULAY. Mr. GREIG with suicidal candour confesses that his ear is a poor one; but I readily admit that he has few superiors in the art of controversial obloquy.



The Book (on a visit to Town). "WELL, OF ALL THE *SILLY* IDEAS! FANCY PUTTING A SCARECROW IN A PLACE LIKE THIS."

A treatise on modern fiction would not be complete without a chapter headed "Paprika," with perhaps a footnote to explain that paprika is a kind of sweet pepper much affected as a condiment by Austrians and Hungarians. Under this heading would be included all those novels of which the scene is post-war Vienna, glittering with the phosphorescence of decay, and the heroine one of those haunters of cabarets whose nobility of mind so triumphantly outsoars the shamefulness of their calling. *Anastasia von Arlen*, the heroine of *Escape Me—Never* (ALLAN), is a splendid specimen of her class; she might even be described as "complete with pedigree and starving child." Even so the pure and holy passion she inspired in *Raimond*, her young English lover, hardly seemed credible, and her tragically early death was perhaps the best solution for both of them. Miss GLADYS SKELTON, now in process of emerging from the pseudonymity of "JOHN PRESLAND," has told her story exceedingly well. It is always interesting, and in its closing scene, the protracted illness and death of *Anastasia*, it is genuinely affecting. (Which may explain why the printers of my copy have bound the last sixteen pages in the wrong place.) Nevertheless the earlier part of the book, which describes the life of *Raimond* and his family in England, gave me the most enjoyment, perhaps because a pinch of paprika goes such a very long way. Miss SKELTON must join the Mustard Club again.

Mr. PHILIP HUGHES in *Together* (HUTCHINSON) is concerned with the love of a young English architect, born of a class with inherited traditions, for a French girl of great beauty and charm but, from a British point of view, endowed with spacious views of conventional morality. Perhaps Mr. HUGHES, in smoothing away the difficulties which impede these lovers, seeks more assistance from coincidence than is quite legitimate; but that is a forgivable fault in a story whose freshness and humour should have a very wide appeal. Once, when Mr. HUGHES told me that "the young *Carrabys* go daily to the paternal works and play county cricket on Saturdays," I suffered a slight shock; but neither the *Carrabys* nor their cricket are of the smallest importance in a tale that revolves round *Marie*, and revolves with remarkable smoothness and ease.

Blundell's (HUTCHINSON) will be welcomed by all West-country folk, at whatever school they may happen to have been educated, for PETER BLUNDELL was a pioneer in the field of education of whom it is legitimate to be proud, and I feel that he would surely have approved this account of the school which he founded. Its author, Mr. F. J. SNELL, set out to write a history and not an indiscriminating eulogy, and, inspired by the truth and nothing but the truth, he has succeeded admirably in his task. Of the many distinguished sons of Blundell's, Archbishop TEMPLE and RICHARD BLACKMORE were contemporaries, and we are led to understand that the author of *Lorna Doone* was far indeed from appreciating the somewhat forcible attentions which TEMPLE paid to him in their schooldays. Temptations to quote from this volume are many, but shall be sternly resisted: I must be content to say that Mr. SNELL has given us a record worthy of a school of most honourable traditions.

CHARIVARIA.

TELEPHONIC communication between London and Vancouver is claimed to be as simple as a trunk call in this country. We can easily believe it.

* * *

It is reported that, when urged to put his hat on recently, Mr. LLOYD GEORGE said his hair was a good cover. Yes, but he can't talk through it.

* * *

A lady has informed a daily paper that her husband, who now neglects her for his books, proposed to her on a foggy morning. Proposals should be avoided when visibility is poor.

* * *

According to Miss ELLEN WILKINSON, M.P., women can keep a secret just as well as men. That may be, but it takes more of them to do it.

* * *

A Welshman boasts that he has lived in Edinburgh for sixty-seven years. Here's to Auld Leekie!

* * *

A letter has been published in which IBSEN refers to his Scottish ancestry, but so far the project of making "A Nicht wi' Ibsen" an annual convivial event has received little support.

* * *

Norwegians, it seems, prefer CHARLIE CHAPLIN to IBSEN. They consider him funnier.

* * *

"I have never tasted anything like English beer," says a Mexican banker now in London. Possibly not, but he needn't rub it in.

* * *

Much has been said lately about the handicap of sex in the professions, but the feminist view is that women are able to hold their own even as dress-designers.

* * *

Exception is taken in *The Daily Mail* to the habit of pronouncing the word "suave" as though it rhymed with "carve." It is of course incorrect to sound the "r" in "suave."

* * *

"For dancing," says an expert, "London holds the palm." Not, you will notice, just the fingers.

* * *

The Arabs are understood to say that they consider their raids are not so dangerous as football. True, they are never unnerved by having forty thousand spectators telling them when it is time to shoot.

* * *

The appeal to bearers of every variation of the name of Smith to contribute towards the restoration of the Smith Chapel in Coventry Cathedral is understood to include those who now spell it "Faber."

* * *

Has the Soviet Government realised that if it succeeds in abolishing war there won't be any armies left to which it can distribute revolutionary pamphlets?

* * *

Now that a tea company has declared a dividend of fifteen per cent, it is not only the cup that cheers. The shareholders do too.



Football Referee (severely). "AND UNDERSTAND, IF I HAVE ANY MORE THREATS I SHAN'T HESITATE TO CALL THE POLICE."

Captain of Village Team. "AND A LOT OF GOOD THAT 'LL DO YOU. WHY, THAT 'S A POLICEMAN WHAT YOU 'VE JUST ORDERED OFF."

A plague of ants on a golf-course is being dealt with by a College of Pestology expert. He should be consulted about the more familiar golf-course plague of sluggards.

* * *

We gather from a critic in the Press that it is very difficult for amateurs to make poultry pay. We are not surprised. For one thing you cannot sue hens in the County Court.

* * *

An engineer has pointed out that ordinary household electric light installations are almost fool-proof. Still it is possible for a person to get a shock when the quarterly bill comes in.

* * *

Speaking in London the other day, Dr. HALLIDAY SUTHERLAND said that dogs enjoy greater privileges than children. That is so. Babies seldom get a chance of biting postmen.

It is expected that when Mr. SIDNEY WEBB retires from the House of Commons at the end of the present Parliament his colleagues will present him with a tie-pin embellished with a gold-mounted statistic.

* * *

Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL says he isn't asking for criticism of his Budget just yet. And he won't need to ask for it when it is introduced in the House of Commons.

* * *

It is suggested that there should be two referees at football-matches. One, of course, to control the game, and the other to act as a dummy for the spectators to play with.

* * *

It is rumoured that, when the Trade League of Nations is established at Geneva next week, the HOME SECRETARY is to ask it to make the buying of cigarettes after eight o'clock an international offence.

* * *

It is not correct, in the opinion of an American writer, to regard all authors as men of wealth. At the same time it is generally supposed that Mr. EDGAR WALLACE makes a passable income by hook or by crook.

* * *

The latest development in "modern" house construction is a solid balustrade at the top of the stairs, but even now nobody seems to have thought of putting in that extra step we always feel for vainly in the dark.

* * *

The latest fashion for the tennis-girl is silk trousers. It would seem that the old skirts, however scanty, acted as parachutes, and she didn't always reach the earth soon enough to deal with the next stroke.

* * *

Babies are cured of whooping-cough in Germany by being taken up ten thousand feet in an aeroplane. By the time they get up there they haven't any breath left to whoop with.

The One-Eyed Stance.

"RINGWAY (LADIES).—When marking a card Miss M. Nuttall holed her tee shot at the eighth."—*Manchester Paper.*

It is evidently unnecessary to keep more than one eye on the ball.

LEAP YEAR AND THE VOTE.

TO A PROSPECTIVE RECIPIENT OF THE EXTENDED FRANCHISE.

MADAM, upon my lips a smile is
Evoked by Mr. BALDWIN'S choice
Of Leap Year—*Annus Bisextilis*—
For offering you the vote (or "voice");
No time were happier for projecting
This great emancipative plan
That grants the licence of electing
Your own peculiar man.

True, in your field of operations,
When picking out the right M.P.,
You 'll suffer narrow limitations,
Being confined to two or three,
Whereas the matrimonial mart is
Much more convenient with its wide
Option of eligible parties,
Free as the wind or tide;

But, as a set-off, your advances
Will not be treated as they are
By nervous swains who risk no chances,
But run when you are still afar;
Nay, with his cheeks all rosy rapture,
Firmly each Candidate will stand
And use his every art to capture
The favour of your hand.

And yet for your dear heart I tremble
Lest in a calmer hour you find
Your privileges don't resemble
Those of the monogamic kind;
The other women who will share 'em,
They are so many, he so few;
I fear that this platonic harem
May not appeal to you. O. S.

HOBSERVATIONS.

THE thing started simply enough, with a single sheet of minute-paper which another man lacking Anthony Popple's finer susceptibilities would have tossed into the waste-paper basket without a moment's consideration.

Anthony found it on top of the papers in his in-tray one Monday morning.

"SIR," it read, "I am sinserely sorry that I hoverturned the ink-pot on your blotting-pad this evening.
V. MAGGS."

Something about this unexpected communication appealed to Anthony. Perhaps it was the choice of the word "hoverturned," for words meant a great deal to Anthony Popple. He loved them, conjured with them. When he found "advert" in a draft by a junior, he deleted it and substituted "refer." And when he found "refer" he deleted that and substituted "advert." Not arbitrarily, mark you, but because a more delicate perceptivity of the *mot juste* than was vouchsafed to his colleagues left him no alternative. It may be therefore that the word "hoverturned" arrested Anthony Popple. It was the right word, and yet clearly the unlooked-for word. A charlady of blunter sensibilities, even a Government office charlady, would surely have said "upset" or "knocked over," and, if Mrs. Maggs had used either, the chances are that Anthony would not have been impressed and that no more would have been heard of her apologia.

At any rate, for whatever reason, Anthony Popple proceeded to do an indiscreet thing. He took up his pen and wrote below the note by Mrs. Maggs:—

"Never mind. Accidents will happen. It was good of you to apologise.
A. P."

Then he put the sheet in a drawer and went on with his official duties. In the evening he waited until his colleagues had departed and then he pinned the minute-sheet to his blotting-pad and went home.

That of course should have been the end of the matter. But it was not. Next morning the paper was still on Anthony's desk, and there was a further minute on it:—

"Thank you kindly, Sir. Do I tidy your table just as you like it, Sir?
V. MAGGS."

"Quite, thanks.—A. P.," scribbled Anthony in reply to this inquiry.

That at any rate should have closed the matter.

When Anthony arrived the following day the minute-sheet was again among his papers, Mrs. Maggs having indicated that she was much obliged, Sir, she was sure, and that it was a real pleasure to clean a nice polite gentleman like Anthony. Begging his pardon, however, did Anthony think he could put in a good word for her to "the Directors of Establishers," because she had heard as how Mrs. Biggs (what cleaned the Third Floor) was going to be promoted to a head cleaner and she didn't think as how she (Mrs. Biggs) deserved it?

Anthony, apart from the fact that his susceptibilities were wounded by the marked deterioration in Mrs. Maggs's literary style, was distinctly perturbed by this new turn in the correspondence. It was one thing to exchange a few courtesies with Mrs. Maggs on the subject of an overturned ink-pot; it was quite another to become involved in the question of her relative fitness for promotion to the ranks of head cleaner.

A wiser man than Anthony Popple would have marked the paper at this stage, "Put away." Anthony didn't; he minuted it:—

"I am sure you are eminently fitted for early promotion, but I regret that I have no power to take any action in the matter.—A. P."

This, he felt, struck just the right note of official neutrality. But Mrs. Maggs was not dismayed.

"SIR," she replied,—"I have three children and my husband drinks."

This notation was made on a second sheet of paper carefully attached to the first by an official "tag."

When Anthony received this he seized a pen and speedily regretted, as he had often regretted on behalf of his Department in the past, that he had nothing to add to his previous communication.

And there for a time the matter rested. Next morning the now familiar file was absent from Anthony's desk, and Anthony, it must be confessed, experienced a feeling of relief.

But at the end of a week it came back. It came back to Anthony, not, as it happened, direct from Mrs. Maggs, but *vid* the Head of Anthony's branch, to whom it had been forwarded by the Director of Establishments with a request that Mr. Popple should be reminded that it was no part of his official duties to carry on correspondence of this (or indeed of any) kind with members of the minor grades. Mr. Popple should also be informed that if he did not restrain himself in this direction in future a serious view would be taken of the matter.

After Anthony's last uncompromising minute Mrs. Maggs, realising that if she was to get ahead of her rival she must try another line, had done something totally unexpected. It is scarcely to be supposed that she did it with any clear idea of the probable outcome. It is more likely that she acted blindly on a broad principle of official procedure, dimly apprehended as the result of her occasional perusal of the documents round about her. At any rate what Mrs. Maggs had done was to endorse her correspondence with Anthony:—

"Directors of Establishers.
For hobservations, please.
V. MAGGS,"

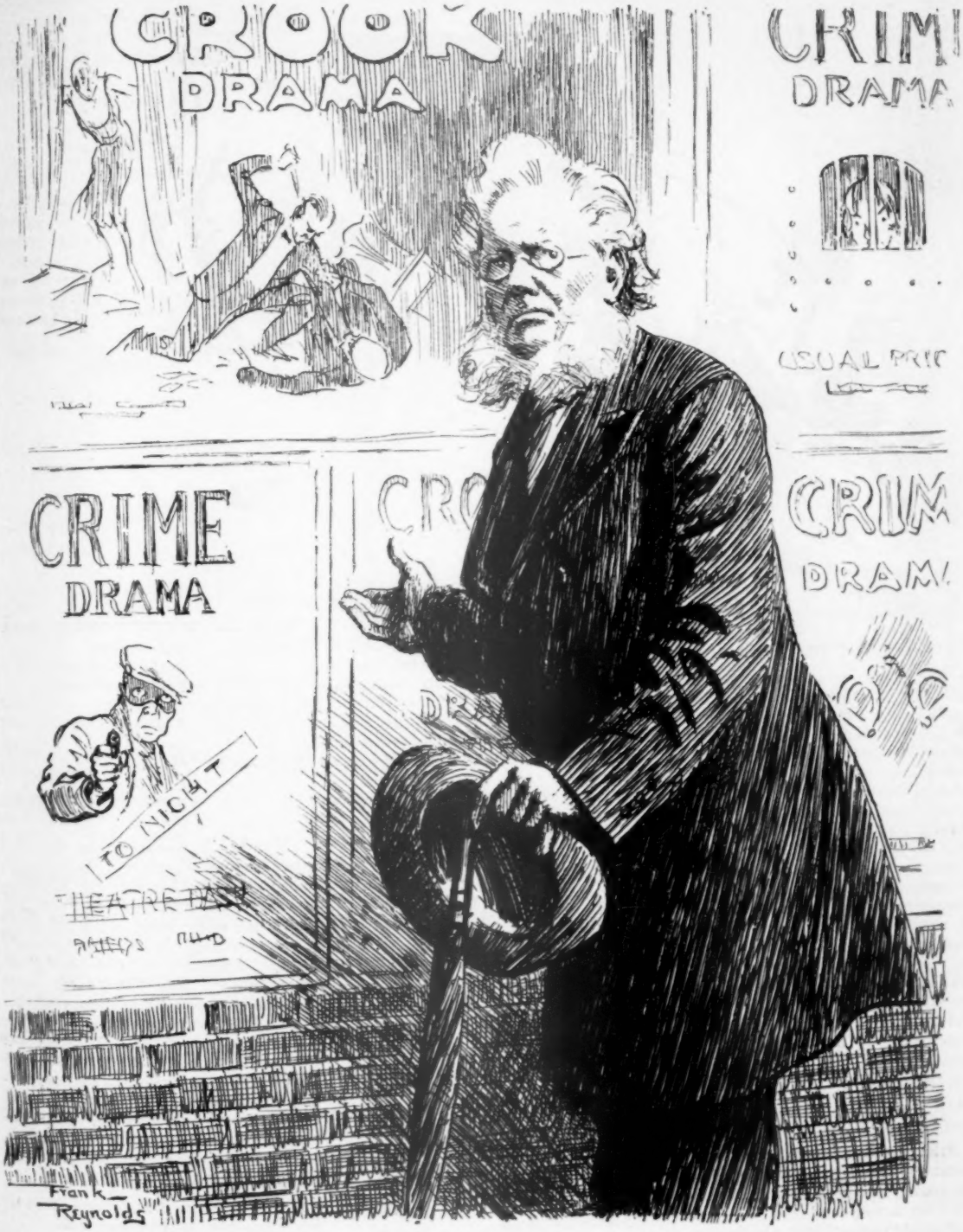
and put it in Anthony's out-tray, whence it was carried away to its indicated destination by the first messenger.

Our Tremendous Triflers.

"Another important dilettante will be her cousin."—*Extract from Gossip in Indian Paper.*

"—— Amateur Operatic Society's week excelled all the previous performances by the Society. . . . In the Gilbert and Sullivan opera 'Patience,' the principals rendered their parts in fine style. Mr. Reginald Bunthorne, as Sam Attenborrow, eclipsed all his previous personations."—*Provincial Paper.*

We always like a character that is capable of playing the man.



HERO-WORSHIP.

HENRIK IBSEN. "AND ALL THIS IN HONOUR OF MY CENTENARY!"



Caddie. "'AVE YER FINISHED WI' THE LINKS FOR TO-DAY, SIR?"

AS OTHERS FEED US.

SOME long while ago I was quite definitely given to understand by my nurse that a Frenchman existed solely on frogs and snails. This pronouncement of higher authority was accepted without question. I did not seek to probe the matter further. And so for many years I continued in ignorance of what a Frenchman really did eat until, thanks to the prevalence of French dishes in English restaurant *menus*, my outlook was enlarged. A Frenchman, however, has no similar opportunities of acquiring a knowledge of English meals, a fact which I realised a few days ago when a friend in Paris sent me four papers written by French officers undergoing a course in English customs and language. The papers, which are quite genuine, were in answer to the question:—

"*What would you say is the daily menu of an officer in barracks in England?*"

After reading them one sees the French solution to the problem of what the grossly overpaid English officer does with his money.

Number One is, I fear, a trifle unimaginative. Nor apparently has he remembered what he must have heard about the importance of the English breakfast, for he puts down "*Breakfast: Chocolate with some bread and butter.*" (Just "*some*" bread and butter, you will note, not even a *lot* of bread and butter.) He little suspects what the comments of the average English officer would be when confronted with this as a solid foundation for the day's parades.

By way of make-weight he introduces two delayed breakfast items into his luncheon menu, which consists of "*Hors d'œuvre, Bacon and Eggs, Roast, Salad, Fromage, Marmalade and Pear.*" No mean meal.

For tea he falls back again upon a note of simplicity and puts "*Tea and Cakes.*" He then quite spoils the look of it, as tea, by adding "*Pudding.*"

His dinner *menu* of "*Soup Thick, Games, A Cheese, Savoury*" would be quite passable but for the unfortunate insertion before "*Games*" of what looks like another delayed breakfast dish—"*A Kiffer.*"

Number Two has on the whole the most likely answer from the point of view of food. I say nothing of the spelling. Incidentally one gathers from the first line that his views of an English officer's dietary are founded upon his own tastes:—

What I desire eat

Breakfeast:	*Coffe*
	eggs and bacon of Yorck
	marmalade and apples
Luch	*Hors d'œuvre*
	Beef and Potatoes
	Cheese of Chester
Fivoclock Tea	*Tea*
	Biscuits
	Sandwaches
Dinner	*Clear Soup*
	Lobster
	Rots of Mutton with Beans
	Pears

Number Three entertains the belief that English officers don't let big meals interfere with the day's work, but like to get their job over and done with first and then settle down to the real eating in the evening. So he allows them only a light breakfast of "*Coffee and Bread and Butter,*" and, though one would naturally expect them to be ready for something more sustaining at mid-day, their meagre luncheon of "*Tea and Cakes*" shows that they are still holding themselves in reserve for a concluding and triumphal orgy of alimentation, the approach to which they further prepare by total abstinence from refreshment at tea-time. At last comes the cumulative reward of self-denial:—

Dinner	*Thick soup*
with stout	*Eggs and Bacon*
	Games
	Roast Beef
	Potatoes and Bread
with Bourgogne	*Salad*
	Cheese

In spite of this effort their restraint during the day has still left them in a condition to accommodate a supper consisting of:—

Clear Soup
Beef-steack
Cabadges
Pudding
Chocolate Cream

After the "*Chocolate Cream*" we hear no more of their appetite, and I for one don't wonder at it.

Number Four, however, is the lad of the party, a man who is evidently accustomed to thinking big. This is his menu for the day:—

Breakfast	*A cup or two of coffee with milk* *Bread with butter* *Ham in Eggs* *Marmalade*
Lunch	*Hors d'œuvre* *Oisters, with a good dry Chablis* *Cold Sausages* *Bread and butter* *Lobster* *Entrée: Sole* *Roast: Game ad libitum* *Partridges with Bruscls Cabadges* *Sweet: Cream* *Desert: Fruits, apple and pear* *Wine: Chablis, Champagne, Liquors.*
Tea	*Sandwiches: Tea: Cake*

(There is no dinner, which perhaps is not surprising.)

A Supper after the theatre	*Clear soup* *Oisters* *Welsh Rirebit* *Extradry Champagne*

Yes, without a doubt Number Four is a man of large conceptions, one who should go far, and I cry greedily with the poet:—

"O wad some power the giftie gie us
To feed oursels as others feed us!"

At the moment, however, I am merely anxious to learn from what barracks he originally got his ideas; for I know at least one Mess Secretary who ought to go over to France and learn something. Particularly that bit about the "*Extradry Champagne.*" A. A.

More Hippophagy.

From the catalogue of a provision merchant in N.S.W.:—

"Horse de Ourve, 2/6 jar."

"EASTER HOLIDAYS—Stay at the —— for every comfort and good food (overlooking the sea)."—*Advt. in Daily Paper.*

Far better than a hotel which overlooks the good food.



Married Daughter from London (on a visit to her mother in the country). "WHAT! LEGS!"

THE YOUNG VISITOR.

HAIL, little guest of a
Bard in his hall;
Hail, little jest of a
Butter-fat ball;
Hail, boy, and welcome,
Though some people *do*
Say that you 're Hell come
And Tommy thereto!

New from the nursery,
Dumped on the mat,
Just the most cursory
Glance tells 'em that
You 'll be the artful
Young fellow, my lad,
You 'll be the cartful
Of monkeys gone mad.

Yet, Mister Packet of
Catch-as-catch-can,
You in the jacket of
Motley and tan,
Welcome to-day, boy,
For all of their talk—
Dog-puppy Playboy,
And Foxhound at walk.

P. R. C.

Leap Year Again!

"HAIRDRESSERS.—GENT'S HAND required immediately; permanent situation."
Advt. in Jersey Paper.

"FOR SALE—2-3 seater CAR, with large dickey."—*Advt. in Jersey Paper.*

A trailing aviary could easily be attached.

MR. MAFFERTY HAS A HAIR-CUT.

"THE hair 's a little thin, is it? " said Mr. Mafferty, taking his head out of the basin. "Well, maybe it is thin, Mr. Barber. An' what way would it not be thin, an' you diggin' in the roots of it with your sharp fingers, an' tearin' it out with your fierce machines, an' frettin' it with your rough towels, an' washin' it away with your cascades of water, like a Chinaman tormentin' the sands of the river for a few grains of gold? It 's the wonder of the world, I 'm thinkin', if there 's one hair clingin' to the poor crown of me head, an' it swollen and sore with the great buffetin' it 's had this day. It 's not thin the hair is at all, Mr. Barber, but sensitive itself. It isn't a doormat you have in front of you, or a frayed rug, or a piece of a carpet is hung in the back-yard on a Saturday mornin' to be beaten by an old woman, an' she chokin' with the dust. It 's a human head, an' it tender as a little child. But maybe it 's in the stable you worked as a boy, Mr. Barber, an' you mistakin' the top of me skull for the back of a horse, the way you 'd be scrapin' an' scrubbin' it with your steel brushes to make a shinin' surface a girl could see her face in, an' she lost in the wood on a dark night. There 'll be a grand shine on me head, surely, after this mornin's work, but it 'll be the shine of nakedness and the glory of a bald crown. Will you wait now while I chase the soap out of me eyes, for there 's a longin' in me heart to be lookin' in the glass an' takin' a peep at what 's left of me.

"That 's better now. I can see with one eye. Let 's be viewin' the remains.

"So that 's it, is it? The Holy Popes! did you ever see the like of that? Let you cast your mind back now, Mr. Barber, to a piece of a talk an' conversation we had a great while ago, an' I throwin' out a small kind of a hint I 'd have a little off the top an' divil a hair off the sides. You mind that, is it? Then it could be that you might have a note made in your capacious memory of the great oaths you let that time to be watchin' me wishes as careful as a young bride, an' she not wedded a week of days. An' if it 's the truth I 'm sayin', will you throw your tired eyes in the glass, Mr. Barber, an' see the wreck an' havoc you 've made of me noble head, an' it clipped an' shaven from ear to ear like a parson's lawn or a bagatelle-board itself? *Thin*, is it? If it 's thin that it is, what word would you use for a man had no hair at all? There 'll be no welcome any place for me from this out, I 'm thinkin', unless it would be Portland prison or the county jail. An' it 's a hard thing, Mr. Barber, to take an' honest man an' turn him into a burglar with a pair of scissors an' an electric brush between the sittin' down of him an' the risin' up.

"But it 's me own blame, surely, for it 's meself was engrossed in the flow of your conversation, the way I 'd not be noticin' what you were at, an' you charmin' the ear with the fine tales of your family, an' your prognostications of rain, an' your brother that keeps the chickens, an' your wife's sister has the asthma an' went to America itself. It 's lost I was in the story, Mr. Barber, an' half in love with your wife's sister already, an' she rangin' the ocean an' the countries of the West to be makin' her fortune in the movin' pictures. Half-way to Hollywood I was meself, an' it 's a fierce thing for a man to be brought back from America in the flick of an eye to find his own head is like a football made out of the skin of a wet seal, an' it piebald. But it 's not I would be blamin' you, Mr. Barber, for we 've great trouble in this world, every one of us, an' when a man has his wife's sister in his mind, an' she coughin' on the high seas, he 'd have a right not to be frettin' himself will he be cuttin' a hair here or a hair there or maybe an ear itself. But it 's not meself will be takin' a shave of the face this day, an' you distracted thinkin' of your brother's hens an' the fall of the rain.

"Is it a small bottle of lotion I 'll be buyin' now, Mr. Barber? It is not. It 's a quare, fine, gratifyin' liquid, that one, I 'm not denyin'. There 's some kind of a magical oil in it isn't oily at all, the way the hair will never be greasy. An' there 's some kind of a powerful astringent in it isn't astringent at all, the way the hair will never be dry. An' there 's some kind of a supernatural glue in it, the way the hair will never fall out. An' there 's some kind of an exceptional fertiliser in it, the way ten hairs will be growin' where one grew before. An' there 's some kind of a miraculous polish in it, the way the hair will glow like the skin of a tiger, an' he preenin' an' prowlin' at the time of matin'. An' there 's some kind of a juice of the hyacinth in it, the way the hair will curl like the fingers of a flower, an' it rollin' across the brow like the billows of the sea. It 's a tonic it is, an' a stimulant, an' a brain-food, an' if you gave half a drop to a man with one leg it's two he 'd have at the dawn of day. It 's like the wine of Juppiter himself, it 's what they drink in the Moon, it has the rose beat for scent, there 's never a flower could stand up to it at all, an' if you take one smell of it you 'll not be lookin' at a lily again on this side of the grave. There 's all the perfumes of Arabia an' India an' the United States in one small tea-spoonful.

"But no, Mr. Barber, it 's not meself will be buying a bottle. And I 'll tell you for why. I had a bottle the last time, an' by a quare sort of an accident I spilled a little drop of the liquid on me old Persian prayer-mat lies before the fire. Believe me or believe me not, Mr. Barber—for it 's all one at the end of Time—but in the half of a day, Mr. Barber, that same small prayer-mat had grown so large it was fillin' the whole room, the creature, the way I 'd not be openin' the drawin'-room door at all for fear it would be spreadin' over the hall-place an' maybe creepin' up the stairway itself. An' after that, for the sake of Science, I let fall a drop or two on the bit of a croquet-lawn I have, an' it as bare as the south face of a billiard-ball. Well, if it 's a lie I 'm tellin' you, Mr. Barber, let you poke me with a razor between the stomach an' the midriff, but that same lawn grew up so thick with weeds an' the like it broke down me neighbour's wall, crash, in the midnight, the way a man would swear it



Mother. "DON'T WASTE 'ER ON 'IM, EMILY."



Spoilt young Genius (to hostess who has upbraided him for his rudeness to her guests). "WELL, DARLING, IT 'S YOUR OWN FAULT. WHY DIDN'T YOU ASK SOMEONE TO MEET MEH?"

was an explosion did it, and he comin' fresh an' ignorant from the Isles of Bute or a far place entirely. So it 's in dread I was to be puttin' it on me head, Mr. Barber, an' I thinkin' I 'd be flowerin' cabbages or burstin' out with a great mop of black hair like the natives of Australia, to be trippin' the feet of me an' I walkin' the wood. It 's not meself, Mr. Barber, would take much pleasure goin' about the city with a long trail of hair behind me hangin' from the head, an' maybe furred like a rabbit from me top to me toes. Let you keep silence then, Mr. Barber, for it 's never a word I 'm sayin' against the agricultural properties of your rare lotion, but the contrary altogether.

"An' now, Mr. Barber, if you 'll find me bowler-hat it 's away I am out of this place for ever. What 's that? Is it a bill itself? Is it money you have in your gross mind? Away now, Mr. Barber, I 'd be ashamed breathin' the same air with you! Is it *payin'* I 'd be to have me grand head destroyed, an' I the mock of the city from this out? I wouldn't pay a tailor to cut great holes in me trousers, an' I wouldn't pay a doctor to cut off me right hand, an' I askin' for a soothin' medicine. An' why would I pay you for an Eton crop, when all I looked for was a little kindness an' to be tidied round the ears? It 's yourself will be payin' at the latter end, I 'm thinkin'. I 'll not ask you for a contribution an' damages this moment, Mr. Barber, but it 's me own solicitor will be rampagin' at your doors before the moon rises on the city this night, an' he makin' the heart of you a jelly with writs and the like. Good-mornin', Mr. Barber, an' misfortune follow you from this day to your life's end!"

A. P. H.

Unfortunate Fatality at Walton Heath.

"In the foursomes the Oxford couple (Mr. Oppenheimer and Mr. Bradshaw) were literally swamped, losing by 8 and 7."
Daily Paper.

"Sad they bore her corpse away,
Seven up and six to play."

In a breach of promise case:—

"NO LOVE LETTERS.
£30 Damages for Gilted London Girl."
Daily Paper.

Perhaps if there had been love-letters the jury would have gilted her more heavily.

A COMING SPLENDOUR.

[The latest scientific theory is that plants can talk.]

I WILL learn with an earnest endeavour
The language of lilies and such,
Convinced that their chatter must ever
Abound in the personal touch;
Whatever their ages and sexes,
Like us in our garrulous moods
They prattle about their complexes
And favourite foods.

And thus I shall shortly be hearing
Full many a gardening hint
More helpful than any appearing
On Saturday mornings in print;
Shall gather what dressing will nourish
The young oleander, and note
On what the fritillaries flourish,
The dahlias dote.

I will list to the poppy descanting
On why it is drooping its head,
And learn if the peony 's banting
Or being improperly fed,
And my pleasaunce shall cause a sensation
By means of its glorious show
When, gaining inside information,
I get things to grow.

TRAVEL NOTES.

BLETCHLEY JUNCTION.

BLETCHLEY JUNCTION, standing queen-like in the valley of the Great Ouse, almost equi-distant from Oxford and Cambridge and possessing a superb railway service to the North and South, has, in spite of being neither the seat of a university nor a cathedral town, an attractiveness of its own which causes many a visitor to loiter spell-bound in its precincts, and some even to make a prolonged stay.

There are travellers indeed who have found in it a charm and quaintness which outrivals the terraced grandeur of Willesden and the lofty spaciousness of Crewe.

The principal architectural feature is the fine * *Footbridge*, constructed of wood and supported by a metal underpinning, which spans the whole width of the permanent-way from the splendid * *Hotel* to the beautiful outlying branch-line platform, and constitutes the favourite promenade of visitors and inhabitants when they weary of the tour of the *Four Transverse Boulevards* running beneath. These are arcaded, the roofs being supported by graceful steel columns and lighted by numerous stained-glass windows of a subfusc colour let into the actual vaulting itself. In this way a not unfitting canopy is created for the impressive and picturesque * *Fast Train Ceremonial* peculiar to Bletchley Junction, which no visitor should miss.

Rapt in contemplation of the architectural magnificence which we have endeavoured to describe above, he will be startled from time to time by the frenzied shout of a uniformed official—

"*Stand back, all on this side, please!*"

and, obeying the injunction, almost immediately afterwards will obtain a fine view of one or other of the * *Down Expresses*, which, aided by a drop in the gradient and the lowness of the vaulting, travel through the midst of this lovely little haven like the crack of doom.

Should he disobey the injunction and stand too near the edge of the platform, he may be almost as certain of remembering for one brief moment the blacker sins of his past life as of losing his second-best hat.

Some have compared this strange warning cry to that of the muezzin from a Mahommedan mosque, and many have likened the passage of the North-bound trains through Bletchley Junction to a mixture between a severe landslide and a sirocco.

Returning for a few minutes to the glorious ** *Hotel* for recuperation, we may set out thence to examine in detail the buildings of the main boulevard, which include:—

(1) *The Bureau of the Chef de Gare*, a fine specimen of mid-Victorian Depôt architecture unsurpassed by those at Blisworth, Watford, Leighton Buzzard and even Tring.

(2) * The magnificently-appointed *General Waiting-room*, open to visitors at all hours without payment of a fee.

(3) * *The Bookstall* (see under).

(4) * *The Wire Cage.* This is used partly for the storage of mislaid mail-bags and other archives, partly for the incarceration of restive travellers.

(5) *The Ladies' First-class Waiting-room*, containing fine example of nineteenth-century tumbler and carafe, open at all hours (to ladies only).

(6) *The Gentlemen's First-class Waiting-room*, in which should be noticed the * *Senior Inmate* asleep in front of the



METAL URN, RECENTLY DISCOVERED CLOSE TO NUMBER FOUR PLATFORM, BLETCHLEY JUNCTION, NOW FORMING PART OF THE NATIONAL COLLECTION AT TRING.

excellent *Fire* and occupying the sole *Armchair*.

(7) *The* * *Musée Lapidaire*, containing early examples of cereal art reposing beneath glass covers, and specimens of local glassware. (This is partially closed to visitors during certain hours of the morning and afternoon.)

The Bookstall mentioned above, besides displaying the usual novels and periodicals, has been enriched during the early part of the present century by fine specimens of

Household Fun
Jolly Days
Father Hippo's Humorous Annual
Mother Rhino's Weekly Jinks
Ha! Ha!
Giggles
Merry Times
The Butterfly Hunters' Fortnightly
The Jester's Journal and
The Joker's Bag;

and a visit to this remarkable edifice may be recommended to those who are weary of active sight-seeing and desire to spend a few moments in meditation on the literature of our age.

The * *Automatic Machines* in Bletchley are second to none in any station of the same size in Great Britain, producing in great abundance chocolate, nuts, fruit, cigarettes, matches, biscuits and scent. None of them yields antimony, oil or wine.

The faubourgs on the whole are uninteresting, but by walking to the extreme end of the main boulevard we may remark a buttress bearing the inscription, as yet undeciphered—



and catch a glimpse of the beautifully-equipped * *Engine-shed.*

We are now ready (unless perhaps our local train has arrived) to return to the magnificent *** *Hotel.*

N.B.—As a guide to the beauties of Bletchley Junction I am aware that these notes would be more useful if the details were slightly less inaccurate.

The fact is that the notion of writing about Bletchley Junction only occurred to me later in the day while I was really waiting at Crewe.

I might have gone back to Bletchley Junction again, I suppose, and verified my facts; but I did not. Often, I think, the golden dream-memory of a place we have known and lingered in has more spiritual truth than a mere statistical record.

All lovers of Bletchley Junction will know exactly what I mean. EVOE.

UPLIFT.

GIRAFFES evolved from small and fat
To something long and rather flat
Because—as the Idealists teach—
They craved the things beyond their reach.
Their lower natures cried "Enough!
This grass is near and not so tough."
But something nobler made reply:
"We 'll eat the twigs against the sky;
We 'll eat the twigs we can't digest,
Because the highest things are best."

Giraffes have a philosophy
Which centres in an Abstract Tree,
A Tree so infinitely high
They cannot reach it till they die.

National Candour.

"The Jockey Club must enforce regulations to get rid of the big undesirable elements that have made British racecourses a by-word for rightful criticism and shame. . . . When the King of Afghanistan has seen the sporting crowds at the Grand National . . . he will realise what kind of people we Britishers are."
Sunday Paper.







THE LAVENDER GOWN.

In the old oaken chest is a lavender gown
With ruffles of lace at the hem and the crown,
And as I unfold its soft flounces with care
The fragrance of rosemary steals through the air.
Such delicate fabric! So lovely a sheen!
How dainty a maid must its wearer have been!

From the mists of the past comes a coach into sight;
There 's the crack of a whip through the cold frosty night,
A rumble, a jolt, and she 's off to the ball,
Her eyes wide and shining with joy of it all,
And even proud footmen in powder bow down
To welcome the maid in the lavender gown.

Her little white throat is encircled with pearls,
Her face softly framed by demurest of curls,
And under silk flounces and ruffles of lace
There peeps out a foot of such lightness and grace;
Why, none of the ladies of rank and renown
Compares with the maid in the lavender gown!

Wherever she moves there 's a stir and a sigh
And a languishing glance from a masculine eye,
And many 's the heart that she plunges in woe
By the shake of her head and her whisper of "No";
For all the young gallants and beaux in the town
Are courting the maid in the lavender gown.

The proud and the great seek her favour in vain;
She smiles on the humblest of all in her train;
Yet none bear her malice or speak of her ill,
While even the tongues of her rivals are still,
And Fortune herself is unable to frown
When she meets with the maid in the lavender gown.

I wonder what poets will think of to say
A hundred years hence of the frocks of to-day?
Though time lends enchantment, I freely allow,
Their task will be harder than mine, and I vow
No picture of us can they ever set down
As sweet as the maid in the lavender gown.











MANNERS AND MODES: THE HIGHER GASTRONOMY.

Customer. "THE MENU, PLEASE, WAITER."

Waiter (with dignity). "THERE ARE NO MENUS AT THIS ESTABLISHMENT, SIR. OUR *CHEF* IS AT PRESENT STUDYING YOU, AND HE WILL CREATE ESPECIALLY FOR YOU IN ACCORDANCE WITH WHAT IS SUGGESTED TO HIM BY HIS REACTIONS TO YOUR PERSONALITY."

MORE JACKDAW IN GEORGIA.

FROM A DEANERY WINDOW.

(After the Very Reverend Dean INGE.)

I.

I REFUSE to say in a parrot-like incantation that every day in every way I am happier and happier. We are civilised moderns pursuing wrong ends quite contentedly, but we have not yet, I hope, come to the strange pass of worshipping the Mumbo Jumbo of Coué-ism when we have indigestion through eating green apples. I cannot make truth by imagining it and I cannot make a worn abdominal tissue young and whole by a chattering repetition of abracadabra prescribed by fashionable mental quacks. I would rather be ill with reason than imagine I am not ill with no reason. *Fortis imaginatio generat casum*, but I would rather have a decayed tooth extracted than delude myself in a sing-song jargon that all is for the best in the best of all possible jaws.

(*From "The False and the True."*)

II.

In matters of education the Bulgarians can give us points. The culture of English youth is bounded by the Americanised cinema on the one hand and cup-tie football on the other. We are barbarians who cheerfully assume the instruction of the world. We grow our own Goths and Vandals and call them an Enlightened Democracy. If Birth-Control could be retrospective what a field of operations the Old Country presents!

(*From "An Alternative to Democracy."*)

III.

That the English-speaking races will roam the stellar spaces at will within a measurable span of time is, I think, certain. But that will not be until we discover potential opponents on the other planets. If the ingenuity of man has so far failed to conquer space and exploit it the reason is that there was nobody to fight. When we can demonstrate the presence of beings on Mars half again as big as Grenadier Guards we shall up and at 'em in radio-atomic projectiles.

(*From "Pugnacity and Prejudice."*)

IV.

In common with other people whose vocation brings them into the public eye I find that I am the victim of a legend. The legend is that I am gloomy and, like most legends, it is a lie. If I have not yet been heard to sing in my bath and the fact duly reported it is because, in an age of publicity, the Deanery is still a private house staffed excellently with discreet servants. But if so flimsy a legend has an origin it lies, I suppose, in the general conviction that a cleric must be a sentimentalist with a blind eye. I have dared, it appears, to approach human problems with something of the impartial detachment of a man of science; and since the deductions have not always been favourable I have been labelled "the Gloomy Dean," a dismal fellow without a sense of humour. But, bored as I am with this particular legend, I am more bored by the opposite attitude of awed solemnity which would be shocked if the "dear Dean" said or did anything funny. Thus I am assailed from two sides. I am derided for being gloomy and I am praised for this defect by those who believe that clerics should be dismal Jimmies. Time will assuredly dismiss the personal legend, but the

larger question of the inadvisability of mirth in ecclesiastical persons may well be discussed here and now.

I have never been able to discover why it should be considered derogatory to the dignity of a Dean to impute to him a sense of humour. In journalists, actors, bankers, grocers, taxi-men and bargees a sense of humour is regarded as a healthy and useful possession. But not in a Dean. It is true that the garments characteristic of his calling would ill become a man congenitally addicted to loud and public expressions of mirth in and out of season. We must, I think, concede that anything more than an orderly slow smile of tepid and restrained amusement would nullify the effect of the attire which is the badge and emblem of his rank. But an outward and visible constraint need not be taken to indicate an inward gloom. A Dean cannot, any more than a Scots piper, be expected to have his native spirit constricted by his gaiters. Because he wears an apron he need not decline to entertain those genial impulses and impish promptings which pour into the lap of humanity. I should consider it far more derogatory to whatever dignity I possess to suppose that I have *not* a sense of humour. Yet that apparently is the delusion of friends and foes alike, and it affords me more frequent amusement than any other secular thought.

To be the Dean of a great cathedral during a period of building restoration requires a considerable sense of humour. It means that one's journalism is always being interrupted by engineers and architects; it means turning from the Foundations of Reason to discuss foundations of rubble; it means putting the Dome of St. Paul's before the Doom of the Empire, a thing no weekly publicist could stomach, even under an apron; it means being Christian and charitable when pilgrims from U.S.A. peregrinate about the crypt and ask if it is the Whispering Gallery or are curious about the make and price of the concrete we are injecting into the sacred pillars. Our own provincials are disconcerting enough as they drift from tomb to tomb in lack-lustre procession or stand on the steps estimating the "homing" possibilities of the pigeons; but the strident nasalities of Chicago and New York, echoing through the edifice and penetrating even to the Dean's study, are indicative of an age of charabanc vulgarity which replaces churches by cinemas. More than a tepid smile for these things will not do, though the heart may ache with that sinister laugh of contempt which is the last asset, and the least, in a clergyman's balance-sheet.

(*From "A Sense of Humour"*)

W. K. S.



Salesman. "YES, I THINK YOU 'LL FIND THIS QUITE A GOOD RACQUET, MADAM. IN FACT I WOULDN'T MIND PLAYING WITH IT MYSELF."

A VOCATION FOR GORILLAS.

I HAD not seen Wetherbell for—let 's see, it must be twelve—no, fourteen years. He had not changed much. He was still broad-shouldered, with the long arms which at school had won him the cricket-ball-throwing for three years in succession and the playful sobriquet of "Gorilla." His step was jaunty and his atmosphere was one of prosperous goodwill.

"Hallo, Gorilla," I said brightly.

"Hallo," he returned; and then, as he recognised me, "Why, it 's old Pieface! How goes it, old man?"

"*You* look as if you were doing all right," I remarked rather coldly. I object to people addressing me by ridiculous nicknames.

"I am," Wetherbell answered. "I 'm always busy."

"That 's good," I said. "What are you doing now?"

"I 'm in a house-agent's office," said he. "Remember how good I was at throwing the cricket-ball?"

"Yes," I replied; "but I don't see what that has to do with your job."

"Tut-tut, Pieface!" reproached Wetherbell. "You 've surely seen those advertisements which say 'stone's throw from the station,' or 'stone's throw from the sea,' or 'stone's throw' from something or other?"

"Well?"

"Well, *I* throw the stones!"

"FOR SALE WITH VACANT POSSESSION. Slough, in central position.—Pre-war built villa containing four bedrooms, two reception, bath."—*Bucks Paper.*

Anyhow, it 's not a hornets' nest.

"WHAT DO YOU KNOW COMPETITION? Name the poem and give the author of:—'Lochiel! Lochiel! Beware of the dog.'"

The poem is entitled "The Lay of the Last Mongrel." Its author rightly preferred to remain anonymous.

SIMPLE PEOPLE.

The Gambler.

Once there was a gambler who used to play at cards for a lot of money, and he liked to be honest if he could because he had once heard a clergyman say in a sermon that it was the best policy, but if he was losing he generally cheated.

Well once when he was having a holiday at the seaside the clergyman he had heard preach was staying in the same hotel, and they made rather friends and used to go out shrimping together. And one day the clergyman said to him what do you do for a living? because you must have plenty of money or you wouldn't be able to afford to stay in this hotel which is rather expensive.

And the gambler said well what about you? And he said oh I had an uncle who had a factory for making boots, and when he died he left me quite a lot of money, so I am richer than most clergymen and I could afford to stay at a much more expensive hotel than this one if I wanted to.

Well at first the gambler thought of saying that he had had an uncle who had had a factory for making hats and had left him his money, but he didn't like to tell lies to a clergyman so he said well I don't do anything for my living except gamble, but I make enough money by that to be able to afford to have a nice holiday sometimes.

And the clergyman said I don't care much about people gambling and I shouldn't have thought that you could have made enough money out of it to live on comfortably unless you cheated sometimes.

And the gambler said well I do cheat sometimes, but not unless I'm obliged to.

So then the clergyman told him that it was wicked to cheat at all and he hoped he wouldn't do it any more, and he said he wouldn't, because he liked the clergyman and wanted to please him. And he said I know honesty is the best policy because I once heard you say it in a sermon, but if I didn't cheat sometimes I know I couldn't make enough money to live on comfortably, so what can I do?

And the clergyman said it doesn't matter what you do as long as you are honest, I would rather sweep a crossing myself than cheat.

And he said oh would you? and he said yes I would.

And the gambler said but I couldn't live comfortably on that could I? And the clergyman said well perhaps you couldn't, but we can't all live comfortably, I couldn't myself if my uncle hadn't left me quite a lot of money, because I don't get paid much for being a clergyman and I only do it because I like being good.

And the gambler said I should think it must feel nice to be as good as that, and the clergyman said well it does rather.

And the gambler said do you think I should feel like that if I swept a crossing instead of gambling?



"I SHALL NEVER GO SHRIMPING WITH YOU AGAIN."

And the clergyman said well I can't say for certain because I have never done it myself, my uncle might not have left me his money if I had, but at any rate you could try it.

So the gambler took to sweeping a crossing, and the clergyman used to come and see him sometimes and encourage him, and he always paid him a penny for his crossing even when it was quite fine.

And the gambler was quite poor now, but he didn't mind that because he felt so good.

Well that went on for some time and then the summer came, and one day the clergyman came to him and he said how are you getting on, I am just going to have a holiday at the same hotel where we used to go shrimping together, I wish you could come too but I suppose you can't afford it now.

Well it was a very hot day and the gambler was tired, and he hadn't been given many pennies that morning because his crossing was quite dry and people didn't see why they should pay him for it, so he suddenly got very cross and he said to the clergyman no I can't afford it now and it is all your fault that I can't stay in a nice hotel and go shrimping.

And the clergyman was quite surprised, and he said why?

And the gambler said why because I left off gambling to please you and took to sweeping this crossing instead, and all you can do is to come and talk about going shrimping and you don't mind it a bit that I can't do that, I shall give up sweeping this crossing and I shall take to gambling again, and I shall cheat as much as I like so that I shall make enough money to go and stay in a nice hotel but I shall never go shrimping with you again, it is too bad. And he nearly cried he was so angry.

Well the clergyman was sorry for him, and he thought perhaps he hadn't been quite kind, but he had been so looking forward to his holiday and going shrimping that he hadn't thought much about anything else lately except his services. So he said well I will tell you what I will do, I will pay for you to have a nice holiday at that hotel, and I will buy you a new suit, because the one you have on is very shabby and I shouldn't like people to see me with you when you are wearing it except perhaps when we go shrimping, but you must promise me not to tell anyone you are a crossing-sweeper in private life because I shouldn't like that either.

So the gambler promised, and he and the clergyman went to the seaside together and enjoyed themselves very much. And one day the clergyman said to him I have been thinking about you sweeping a crossing and I am very pleased with you for doing that when you could have made enough money out of gambling to live on comfortably.

And the gambler said well I am glad you are pleased with me, I hoped you would be, and it is very kind of you to pay for this holiday for me and for my new suit.

And the clergyman said well I like to be kind, how would you like to come and be a verger at my church? You could show people into their pews and



"REALLY, MY DEAR, EVERY TIME I LOOK AT THAT NEW HAT OF YOURS I CAN'T HELP LAUGHING."
"CAN'T YOU? THEN I'LL PUT IT ON WHEN THE BILL ARRIVES."

blow the organ, and on weekdays you could sweep out the church, you have had practice at that and it would come easy to you.

And the gambler said how much wages would you pay me?

And the clergyman said well I should have to think about that and see how much of it I could get out of the congregation, because I don't see why I should spend the money my uncle left me on paying wages to vergers, but I would pay you as much as I could and at any rate it would be better than sweeping a crossing.

So the gambler said he would try it and he did, and he quite liked being a verger, and the congregation grew quite fond of him because he was always polite to them when he was showing them into their pews. And the clergyman liked him more than ever, but he said he couldn't be exactly friends with him while he was a verger because the congregation might not like it.

And presently the gambler married quite a rich lady in the congregation who was only a little older than he was, and he left off being a verger because she had enough money for both of them. So the clergyman could be friends with him again now and they used to have a holiday every year at a nice hotel at the seaside and go shrimping. A. M.

SOCIETY NOTES.

MANY well-known people performed at the concert given in aid of Decayed Noblemen at Mrs. Gloaming's charming house in Park Mews last Thursday. Lady Nostalgia Blete sang a delightful selection from her *répertoire* in a mezzo-fiasco voice, and was most warmly received. Lady Nostalgia is the daughter of Lord Lammas and, of course, Lady Lammas. * * *

"Not at all," said the Hon. Billy Champing when offered a cocktail in the interval. This catchword is now quite the rage among the Young Bright Set, where the Hon. Billy is well known for his *esprit*. * * *

Ran into the Tipsy Sisters in Piccadilly yesterday. They are at present starring in *What About It?* at the Oddity. "Baby" Tipsy's favourite hobby is making beads out of candle-grease, whereas her sister prefers water-billiards. * * *

The Hon. Hope Fishing was wearing a fascinating poker-worked tulle shawl at Lady Ribald's dance last week. I noticed she was looking unusually lovely and danced more than once.

* * *

Daring Sickeley, whose recent novel caused such a stir in Glyn-speaking circles, tells me that he is at work on another book that will appear in May under the title of *Megalomania: An Autobiography*. * * *

Sir Harold Hotstoffe will to-day read a paper on Mr. KIPLING'S poem *If* to the Society of Young Backbones of Empire. Sir Harold, who was of course educated at several of our great public schools, is a famous Nimrod, and has ridden to all sorts of hounds all over the world.

Solo Community Singing.

From report of opening of a Bazaar in Sheffield:—

"An omnibus resolution of thanks was voiced by Mr. ——."—*Sheffield Paper.*

Another Glimpse of the Obvious.

From an account of a pianoforte recital:—

"At the conclusion one had the feeling of a finished performance."—*New Zealand Paper.*

A Non-Stop Solo.

From a report of a "Blue Ribbon" Jubilee Celebration in Birmingham:—

"Dr. ——, who presided in the afternoon, said that most great movements, like individuals, grew old and had to be re-animated about every thirty years. King John, he said, had to keep on singing Magna Carta over and over again."—*Weekly Paper.*

While the nobles shouted "Encore!"



Mother (discussing the new baby's name). "I'D LIKE HECTOR; IT'S SUCH A MANLY NAME."
Pamela. "OH, MUMMY, I WANT JACK; IT'S SUCH A BOYLY ONE."

THE CONTROVERSIAL "GOOD-NIGHT."

THE lifting of the "no-controversy" ban from the B.B.C. has been welcomed by all who love the play of intellect and the pitting of keen wit against keen wit. But many to whom controversy is the breath of life must be asking themselves whether the B.B.C. is likely to make the fullest use of its new privilege.

At present the last words of the evening are deplorably non-controversial, and listeners switch off their sets with a bitter sense of frustration and resentment. "Good-night, everybody," or even "Good-night to you," are expressions which in themselves stifle argument. They do not make us think; they have no educative value. In many cases they produce upon the listener such a state of mental torpor that all he can do is to stagger upstairs to bed.

Sometimes, it is true, they stimulate the more frivolous to retort "The same to you, old fruit," "Bung-ho!" and so forth; but these comments can hardly be regarded as having any real controversial value. No, the B.B.C. must face up to its responsibilities and give us a "Good-night" that will keep the embers of argument glowing through the still watches.

Writing as the owner of a crystal set I suggest something after this style: "H 20 is now closing down. We begin to-night the first of our series of aggressive 'Good-nights,' further particulars of which will be found in this week's issue of any of our publications. It is our intention from now onwards to exclude a number of our listeners from our 'Good-night.' During to-day we have received two thousand perfectly absurd letters from stupid listeners. Is it reasonable to expect that we can wish them well? It is computed that at least five thousand of those listening to me at the moment have not purchased their wireless licences. For these we have no message of goodwill. Following the adverse vote which resulted from the recent debate on the subject 'Are Oscillators Fit to Live?' we naturally cannot include any oscillator in our 'Good-night' wish. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER informs us that one hundred thousand listeners have disregarded his last application for income-tax and he desires us to express the hope that all such may be kept awake by uneasy consciences until they pay up. At their own request we withhold our greeting from a number of prominent individualists who object on principle to being included in a general 'Good-night.' Finally, speaking for myself, I can only say that I do not wish positive harm to those I have mentioned; I merely exclude them from my nocturnal benison. To the rest (if any) I express a cordial desire for their repose. Go-ood ni-ight!"

"Says the Lord Mayor . . . 'I generally take only a little fish and some poultry or a cutler at dinner, and fruit.'"—*Evening Paper.*

We could have excused it in Sir ROWLAND BLADES.

From the official record of a Bishop's duties:—

"On the 21st he ordained two priests and made them deacons in St. Peter's Church, East Maitland."—*Australian Church Paper.*

Can the Australian Church be anticipating a reversal of the orders of the ministry in the new Prayer-Book?



HALF-MEASURES.

FIRST PLAYER (*Mr. CHURCHILL*). "I HOPE WE HAVE REFORMED THAT INDIFFERENTLY, SIR."
HAMLET (*John Bull*). "OH, REFORM IT ALTOGETHER."—*Hamlet*, Act. III. Scene 2.

[It is to be hoped that the proposed new betting regulations, which Mr. CHURCHILL has supported, will soon be followed by fresh legislation dealing with those anomalies and inequalities of the present betting laws which lay the country open to the charge of class-prejudice and hypocrisy.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, March 19th.—The ZINOVIEFF letter debate was intended by its promoters to cause acute discomfiture to Mr. BALDWIN and followers. Instead it resolved itself into a massacre of the MACDONALDS, a massacre that at one moment became so intense that the clan, taking advantage of an assault *a tergo* by Mr. SAKLATVALA, held a hasty party meeting outside to see what could be done about it.

As always with the ills we deliberately bring upon ourselves, nothing could be done about it. Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD in particular had brought it on himself. He may have asked for a day for the debate against his better judgment; he could still have dissociated himself, on the plea of being a witness in the case, from the actual onslaught. Instead he chose to double the *rôle* of witness with that of leading counsel for the prosecution. The result was that his speech was a *mélange* of party assault and personal apology and in no time at all Mr. MACDONALD found himself adding to the other two a third *rôle*, that of the accused.

As witness he had explained, with a great show of dates, that the ZINOVIEFF letter and his note to the Soviet Government had been published with commendable promptitude thirteen days after the letter first reached the Foreign Office. All very true, said counsel for the defence-turned-prosecution, Mr. BALDWIN, Sir DOUGLAS HOGG and Sir AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, but *what had you intended to do?* Was it your intention to publish the letter then or at all if your hand had not been forced by *The Daily Mail?*

To this penetrating question Mr. MACDONALD had merely evasive replies to offer. As a result he left the witness-box-become-a-dock under deep suspicion of having been saved by *The Daily Mail* from practising a little diplomatic concealment on his own.

Mr. MAXTON'S assault on the Government was a more determined affair. At one part of his speech he depicted himself as being, by reason of his personal appearance, the Conservatives' *beau idéal* of a truculent extremist. Admitted that no other man in the House so smacks of red shirts and bombs, it is equally true that no inner man in the House, as the House well knows, is so full of the milk of human kindness.

Curiously enough the person who was to be completely smothered in well-merited obloquy as the result of the debate—the former Editor of *The Daily Mail*—came out completely exonerated. Mr. MACDONALD and Mr. MAXTON had both been at pains to read into Mr. MARLOWE'S letter to *The Sunday Times* an admission that he had "scrounged" the text of the ZINOVIEFF letter from



MR. MAXTON, AS HE THINKS THE GOVERNMENT SEES HIM.

some unfaithful civil or other public servant. But Mr. BALDWIN produced a statement volunteered by a highly reputable City man with no political affiliations to the effect that he had secured the copy of the ZINOVIEFF letter



THE WELSH RABBIT LIES LOW.

from a Communist and passed it on to *The Daily Mail*.

That left nothing further to be said, and to Mr. J. H. THOMAS fell the thankless task of saying it. It is a long, long way to Takoradi, but even if Mr. THOMAS had not been preoccupied with the imminent business of getting right there, he could hardly have done more than gather together the bones of the ZINOVIEFF bogey, give them a last perfunctory rattle and fling them back into the grave from which they should never have been exhumed. The Division inflicted a severe defeat on the Labour Party, most of the Liberals—but not including Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, who, like *Brer Rabbit*, "said nuffin"—taking sides against them.

Tuesday, March 20th.—The Lords talked foot-and-mouth disease, and derived no satisfaction from the news that there are two varieties of the disease, and that a beast which has become immune to one is still an easy prey to the other. It also (through Lord HALDANE) bewailed the absence of a "comparatively young man who would devote himself exclusively to research into the foot-and-mouth disease bacillus."

Lord STRADBROKE replied rather non-committally that the services of any one specially qualified for such work would be made use of. Obviously if our young men are to abandon promising careers as diplomats or piano-tuners and take up agricultural biology they will require some more definite offer than that.

The Report stage of the Army Estimates exhibited Mr. TINKER in the *rôle* of the ruthless efficiency expert. Away with the cavalry, said he, for it is useless. This brought Brigadier-General CLIFTON BROWN to his indignant feet.

> "I 'listed at home for a lancer,
> *O who would not sleep with the brave?*
> I 'listed at home for a lancer,
> To ride on a horse to my grave"

was the burden of his speech. Had not the cavalry produced more than its share of the big leaders in the late war? Then it would do the same in all future wars.

Mr. LAWTON said his party were desirous for an efficient army but still more concerned with disarmament.

> "O stay with company and mirth,
> And daylight and the air;
> Too full already is the grave
> Of fellows who were good and brave
> And died because they were"

was the burden of *his* song.

Miss WILKINSON also is all for staying with daylight and the air, and under the Ten-Minute Rule she had introduced a Bill compelling girls in city offices to be given a reasonable amount of both. The House having given leave for the Bill to be introduced, Miss ELLEN, her oriflamme of hair falling lower over

her left eye with every obeisance, bowed her way to the Table, a diminutive but, in the eye of any determined feminist, surely an heroic figure.

Air estimates found Sir SAMUEL HOARE declaring that he had never, never, never been sick in the air, though at sea his experiences had been painfully otherwise. To this splendid advertisement of the pleasures of aerial travel he added the more practical reminder that air travel had come down in cost from 4*s.* 3*d.* to 1*s.* 10*d.* per ton mile.

Wednesday, March 21st.—While the Lords discussed British Guiana, which, Lord OLIVIER said, had the worst Constitution in the world, the Commons bent its mind briefly to the delicate question of women diplomats. Miss WILKINSON asked the FOREIGN SECRETARY if he was aware that in France women were admitted to certain diplomatic posts.

Sir AUSTEN thinks a woman diplomat's place is the home, and said so.



Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD (to Mr. THOMAS). "LUCKY FELLOW! I WISH I WERE FREE TO MAKE MY OWN PORT INSTEAD OF ETERNALLY WALLOWING IN THE RED SEA!"

Did he think British women behind foreign women in diplomatic qualifications? asked Miss WILKINSON. "No, Sir," replied the FOREIGN SECRETARY. Did he not think that if a woman was fitted for a position sex should not stand in her way? asked Lady ASTOR. "No, Sir," replied the FOREIGN MINISTER, adding diplomatically, as Lady ASTOR seemed to take umbrage at the "Sir," that he was addressing the Chair.

"Should not a woman who takes a man's job maintain an unemployed man instead of spending the money on herself?" asked Mr. BATEY. Sir AUSTEN, belatedly mindful perhaps of a certain imminent Bill, committed himself no further.

Mr. ROSE having introduced a Bill to regulate theatrical agencies, the House, on the motion of Sir HARRY BRITTAIN, discussed the thesis that a Socialist Government would be a source of danger to the nation. The speeches, like the motion, smacked somewhat of the college debating society. Sir HARRY bent his powers to depicting the lack of intellectual cohesion in the Labour Party. Mr. W. GRAHAM, in support of the Labour Amendment, advanced the blessings of public ownership. Mr. SAKLATVALA, for once the only real contributor to the House's enlightenment, declared that the only real Socialist was the Communist.

Thursday, March 22nd.—Lord DANESFORT, an ardent apostle of the principle that fine feathers should be allowed to make fine birds and not fine ornaments for the gentler sex, moved the Second Reading of the Importation of Plumage (Prohibition) Act, 1921, Amendment (No. 2) Bill. The 1921 Act, he explained, prohibited importation but not sale, with the result that large quantities of plumage were still smuggled into the country. He cited a case of a hundred-and-thirty-six thousand grebe skins, but did not attempt to explain what anyone would use a grebe skin for if he got it. Certainly not to wrap the *Baby Bunting* in.



"I am never known to quail
At the fury of a gale,
And I'm never, never sick in the air!"
H.M.S. Pinafore (revised).
SIR SAMUEL HOARE.

The Duke of SUTHERLAND rather poohpoohed the idea that this "detestable trade," as Lord BUCKMASTER called it, existed at all, since fashions had changed. Moreover he objected to the Bill on the ground that it put the onus of proving his innocence on the vendor of the plumage, which was contrary to the spirit of our laws. Lord ARNOLD thought the Bill would help British trade, but did not say how; and the Archbishop of CANTERBURY thought the Duke's reply "pitiable." Lord SALISBURY suggested that they should accept the Second Reading of the Bill on the understanding that, before going further, the Board of Trade should ascertain whether the contention that plumage was entering the country could be sustained against the considered opinion of the Customs authorities.

The Commons, having touched on various minor matters, such as health in silk factories, fire precautions in schools, tetra-ethyl, the recent wireless and cable merger, *Royal Oak* court-martials and the Easter recess, took up the report stage of the Naval Estimates. It was Mr. LEES SMITH who should have taken it up first but seeing no Mr. BRIDGEMAN *in situ* he moved that the debate be adjourned. That motion being duly defeated, Mr. LEES SMITH rose to say his say, only to be told by the SPEAKER that he had already said it.

But what does a trifle like that matter to a Party which possesses a Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY? The Member for Hull offered to "present the case which his honourable friend would have presented" with an alacrity that touched the House. He pressed the FIRST LORD to explain Lord CECIL'S statement (in *The Times*) that three separate proposals for armament limitation in agreement with the United States had been turned down by the Cabinet, though both Lord CECIL and the FIRST LORD himself had endorsed them. Mr. BRIDGEMAN replied that he could not discuss what happened at Cabinet Meetings, but said that Lord CECIL failed to explain that none of the three proposals in question was acceptable to the Americans.



ENTERTAINMENTS AT WHICH WE HAVE NEVER ASSISTED.

A DANCE GIVEN BY THE WORSHIPFUL COMPANY OF PATTEN-MAKERS.

THE INN ALBUM.

I WENT for a tramp on Surrey roads I 'd tramped in years gone by;
The hills were stiffer, the miles were longer, the bills were twice as high.
I stopped for a night, as I 'd stopped of yore, at the "Bull" at Farthing Tye.

And as I sat in the coffee-room and mused on the age of gold
I heard the sound of a swinging step and a lusty voice that trolled
"Wrap me up in my tarpaulin jacket," a chant I had sung of old.

And into the room with its fusty air and its dim and smoky light,
Bringing the breath of the woods and fields and the wind of a starry night,
There came a traveller lish and young, whose rig was a curious sight.

A lad in tweeds of a chess-board check, with a stick and a hefty pack,
With breeches buckled tight at the knee, and perched on his curls, good lack!
A thing that was called a deerstalker half-a-century back.

He doffed his gear and sat him down to a most prodigious tea,
Including a quart of shandy-gaff and bacon and eggs for three;
And when he had finished he filled his pipe and yarned away to me.

He 'd found the Surrey roads that day the best he had struck by far;
He 'd covered his thirty miles, it seemed, with never a yard of tar,
And never a whiff of a motor-bike and never the hoot of a car.

He boxed a bit, he was keen on the Turf, he rode eleven stone;
He knew FRED ARCHER and MORNY CANNON, but not, it appeared, TOD SLOAN;
He 'd never played bridge, nor listened-in, nor jazzed to a gramophone.

He didn't take any stock, I judged, in CHESTERTON, SHAW or WELLS;
He 'd wholly escaped the siren lures of the ORCZYS and ETHEL DELLS;
Music for him was the magic worked by the old Savoyard spells.

For all he knew no Cubist crank had ever monkeyed with Art;
For him the Drama was IRVING and TOOLE, and HARE in a favourite part;
There was a MARY, in *Galatea*, very deep in his heart.

And while I listened it came to me that I was once like this,
With all his silly-ass knowingness and all his ignorant bliss,
Before I woke to the world of change the boy had managed to miss.

He scribbled his name in the visitors'-book and took his candle at nine;
And when he had gone I turned the page to the place I 'd seen him sign;
The ink was yellow with forty years and the name he 'd written was mine.



Artist (soliloquising). "AND THE DAY AFTER TO-MORROW IS SENDING-IN DAY. MOST INCONVENIENT!"

"BEES IN AMBER."

"HULLO!" I said, adding with the foolishness that is so difficult to control, "Are you here?"

"It looks like it," George replied. "Just for a week, and then I'm off again. I sail on Saturday."

"Have you a free evening?" I asked.

"Only to-morrow, Friday," he said, "or lunch to-day."

"I'll take to-morrow," I replied. "Where would you like to go? There's a very good new play at the Quality—*Bees in Amber.*"

"No," he said firmly. "Not that. Anything but that."

"But why?" I asked. "It's really amusing. Some character-drawing in it at last; no crooks. It's not musical, you know. No male chorus. Surely you can trust my judgment?"

"Of course," he said. "Only I have three of the best of reasons for not wanting to see it."

"Tell me. What's the first reason?"

"I've seen it."

"And the second?"

"I've seen it twice."

"And the third?"

"I've seen it three times."

"Good heavens!" I cried. "How extraordinary. Tell me."

"Well, my first evening was Monday, and I was asked to dine with the Hustler-Smiths. I feared the worst when I was asked for 7.30. 'We've got a great treat for you,' Mrs. Smith said. 'There's a wonderful new play called *Bees in Amber.* We've taken a box.' Well, I liked it.

"The next evening I dined with the Rustler-Browns, and again I realised that it was a theatre-party. 'There's a new play you must see,' said Mrs. Brown. 'I'm sure you haven't seen it because it's only a week old and can't possibly have got to New York yet—*Bees in Amber.*'

"What can one do when a hostess puts it like that? What kind of a man would say, 'Oh, I saw it last night?' Not I, anyway: I haven't that kind of courage. And so I went again. This time the box was on the other side, so I saw it from a different angle, but it was the same play."

"My poor," I said.

"And then," he continued, "last evening I dined with my firm's London chief, and of course there was no question of not doing what he had prepared for me. 'I've got a smashing good show for you to-night,' he said, even as he met me by chance in the hall. 'I'm told it's the best play for years—*Bees in Amber.* Brand new. We went through the whole list, Annie and I, and decided that there couldn't be anything better than this; and Annie's wild to see it too.'

"That was bad enough, but what do you think he said next? He said, 'You haven't been to it, have you?'"

"Yes, that was awful," I said.

"Awful!" George echoed. "And what would you have replied?"

"I?" I said. "Oh, I'm a coward too, a coward and a liar."

"Shake," he said. "And so I saw the darned thing for the third time. This time I was in the stalls and got it full in the face. It's extraordinary to go to a play three evenings running and see how the people do exactly the same thing—get up and sit down, cross to the fireplace and back. Wonderful training! And that's that."

He lit a cigarette.

"Well," I said, "don't worry. We won't go to *Bees in Amber.* We won't go anywhere. We'll dine at 8.30 and sit over it; which is what I like best."

"Me too," he said and, having made our engagement, we parted.

On my way to lunch I met Mrs. Warrington, the arch-bore.

"Did you know George was in London?" she asked me.

"I've just left him," I said.

"Really!" she exclaimed. "Where is he staying?"

I told her.

"How long for?"

"Only till Saturday."

"Do you think he has a free evening left?" she asked with all her horrible eagerness.

I may be a coward and a liar, but I am also capable of great kindness. "I fancy he's free to-morrow," I said. "And I know he's longing to see *Bees in Amber*. Write quickly and invite him. He'll be delighted."

And delighted I found him when we met the next evening and, just as the curtain was rising on that play, sat down to our quiet protracted meal.

E. V. L.

THE HYGIENIC TUCK-BOX.

"Do you realise," demanded Barbara, "that we have loaded Reggie's tuck-box with cakes, jam, sweets, and even pastries?"

"And why not?" I asked.

"Because," she said impressively, "they are deadly poisons."

"He seems to have absorbed a fair amount of poison during the holidays."

"Don't blame me," protested Barbara; "I've only just read the article in the paper. Of course Reggie has an iron constitution, but these insidious poisons are bound to undermine it in the end. Haven't you noticed how quiet he's been this week?"

"My dear, boys are always depressed just before term begins."

"Oh, no, it isn't only that," she insisted. "It's because he hasn't had enough vitamin B."

"Sweets are good for growing boys," I asserted. "Heaps of calories in them."

"My good man, you are dreadfully behind the times. Calories went out after the Great War. What Reggie needs during his growing years is the anti-scorbutic vitamin."

"And what is that?"

"I don't know quite what it is. But scientists have proved that rats deprived of their anti-scorbutic vitamin——"

"My dear, do not let us discuss rat-food. The young man must have his tuck-box as usual."

"I didn't suggest he should be deprived of his tuck-box; merely that we should not pack any of this starchy cellulose trash."

"Imagine the poor little beggar going to his tuck-box for something tasty and finding nothing but bottles of vitamins!"

"They're not bottled. They're in fresh fruit. We have only to pack him plenty of apples——"

"Then why can't you call them apples? He loves apples."



FROM THE AMOUNT OF "GENUINE" ANTIQUES THAT ONE SEES FOR SALE NOWADAYS WE CAN ONLY PRESUME THAT OUR ANCESTORS LIVED LIKE THIS.

"He must," said Barbara firmly. "And oranges—plenty of oranges. They prevent scurvy. It would be dreadful if he took the disease to school. I've noticed spots on him."

"At his age," I insisted, "all boys have spots."

"But these spots look different. Oranges should put that right. Of course lemons are much more anti-scorbutic. But I don't trust him to eat lemons unless I'm there. Perhaps the house-master—no, I don't suppose the house-master would be helpful. Pedagogues are so hopelessly conservative. But we don't seem to have any anti-rachitic vitamin."

"And what does that do?"

"It prevents rickets. Of course his legs look indecently strong, but we ought to take no risks. Cod-liver oil is the best——"

"Cod-liver oil cannot go into a tuck-box. It would smash the public-school system. Waterloo," I declaimed, "was won on the playing-fields of Eton, not on a diet of vitamin C. If you stick to fruits I'll back you up."

* * * * *

"Topping!" exclaimed Reggie when he saw his box piled with apples. "But where are you going to put the cakes and jam?"

With a swift gesture I cautioned Barbara to maintain silence, but I was too late. Reformers simply will not do good by stealth.

"Cakes and jam are poisonous," she declared with the quiet dogmatism of one who has recently read the Health



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He lit a cigarette.

"Well," I said, "don't worry. We won't go to *Bees in Amber*. We won't go anywhere. We'll dine at 8.30 and sit over it; which is what I like best."

"Me too," he said and, having made our engagement, we parted.

On my way to lunch I met Mrs. Warrington, the arch-bore.

"Did you know George was in London?" she asked me.

"I've just left him," I said.

"Really!" she exclaimed. "Where is he staying?"

I told her.

"How long for?"

"Only till Saturday."

"Do you think he has a free evening left?" she asked with all her horrible eagerness.

I may be a coward and a liar, but I am also capable of great kindness. "I fancy he's free to-morrow," I said. "And I know he's longing to see *Bees in Amber*. Write quickly and invite him. He'll be delighted."

And delighted I found him when we met the next evening and, just as the curtain was rising on that play, sat down to our quiet protracted meal.

E. V. L.

THE HYGIENIC TUCK-BOX.

"Do you realise," demanded Barbara, "that we have loaded Reggie's tuck-box with cakes, jam, sweets, and even pastries?"

"And why not?" I asked.

"Because," she said impressively, "they are deadly poisons."

"He seems to have absorbed a fair amount of poison during the holidays."

"Don't blame me," protested Barbara; "I've only just read the article in the paper. Of course Reggie has an iron constitution, but these insidious poisons are bound to undermine it in the end. Haven't you noticed how quiet he's been this week?"

"My dear, boys are always depressed just before term begins."

"Oh, no, it isn't only that," she insisted. "It's because he hasn't had enough vitamin B."

"Sweets are good for growing boys," I asserted. "Heaps of calories in them."

"My good man, you are dreadfully behind the times. Calories went out after the Great War. What Reggie needs during his growing years is the anti-scorbutic vitamin."

"And what is that?"

"I don't know quite what it is. But scientists have proved that rats deprived of their anti-scorbutic vitamin——"

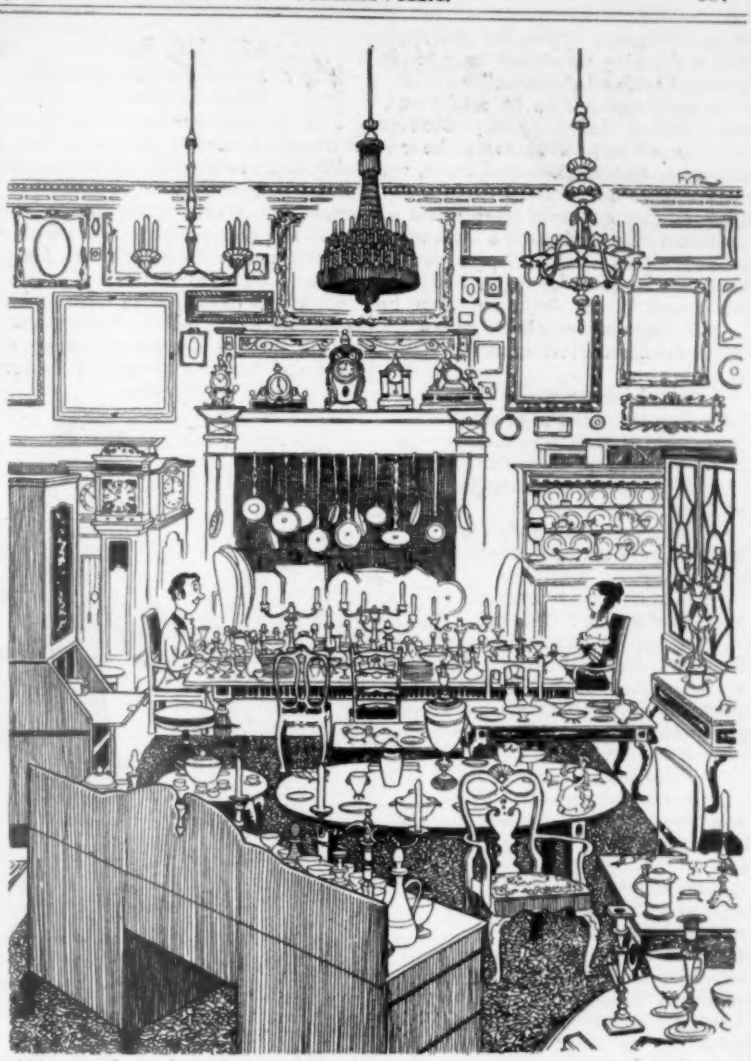
"My dear, do not let us discuss rat-food. The young man must have his tuck-box as usual."

"I didn't suggest he should be deprived of his tuck-box; merely that we should not pack any of this starchy cellulose trash."

"Imagine the poor little beggar going to his tuck-box for something tasty and finding nothing but bottles of vitamins!"

"They're not bottled. They're in fresh fruit. We have only to pack him plenty of apples——"

"Then why can't you call them apples? He loves apples."



FROM THE AMOUNT OF "GENUINE" ANTIQUES THAT ONE SEES FOR SALE NOWADAYS WE CAN ONLY PRESUME THAT OUR ANCESTORS LIVED LIKE THIS.

"He must," said Barbara firmly. "And oranges—plenty of oranges. They prevent scurvy. It would be dreadful if he took the disease to school. I've noticed spots on him."

"At his age," I insisted, "all boys have spots."

"But these spots look different. Oranges should put that right. Of course lemons are much more anti-scorbutic. But I don't trust him to eat lemons unless I'm there. Perhaps the house-master—no, I don't suppose the house-master would be helpful. Pedagogues are so hopelessly conservative. But we don't seem to have any anti-rachitic vitamin."

"And what does that do?"

"It prevents rickets. Of course his legs look indecently strong, but we ought to take no risks. Cod-liver oil is the best——"

"Cod-liver oil cannot go into a tuck-box. It would smash the public-school system. Waterloo," I declaimed, "was won on the playing-fields of Eton, not on a diet of vitamin C. If you stick to fruits I'll back you up."

* * * * *

"Topping!" exclaimed Reggie when he saw his box piled with apples. "But where are you going to put the cakes and jam?"

With a swift gesture I cautioned Barbara to maintain silence, but I was too late. Reformers simply will not do good by stealth.

"Cakes and jam are poisonous," she declared with the quiet dogmatism of one who has recently read the Health

Page, "whereas apples are positively full of vitamins, which will keep you in perfect health all the term."

Reggie's enthusiasm for apples suddenly waned. Green apples, plucked for preference from a forbidden tree, he considered to be the choicest of fruits, but apples to be taken three times a day after meals could only be regarded as medicine. He brightened a little when he found that a layer of oranges was concealed beneath the apples, but these too ceased to be desirable when he learned their anti-scorbutic properties. His box of assorted vitamins was corded in silence.

A week later he wrote to us informing us of his progress at footer and asking for another hamper of apples. Reggie's conversion to vitamins was apparently complete.

When I looked him up in a few weeks' time I inquired tactfully of his supplies.

"You wouldn't care for another hamper of apples?" I asked.

"No, thanks," he said; "the bottom 's dropped out of the apple market. Why, the Head started jawing about vitamins this week, and now a fellow simply can't trade apples."

"What does this commercial talk mean?" I demanded. "Have you been selling your apples?"

"Rather not. Well, not exactly. Trade, you know," he floundered; "the Lower Remove was short of apples this term and they cleaned me out in no time. I could have traded another hamper if I could have promised delivery."

"And what did you trade them for?"

He fished out his pocket-diary.

"Jam, biscuits, sweets, cherry-cake," he read; "more jam, honey, golden syrup, tin of sardines; more jam, pickles, fish-paste; more jam."

"Reggie," I protested, "your apples were intended to keep you in perfect health all the term."

"That 's all right, pater," he grinned; "they did me no end of good."

Maternal Solicitude.

"Strayed from 31 —— Street, grey striped cat, answering to Kitty. Return to Mrs. Mew."—*Advt. in Scottish Paper.*

"Auckland Amusement Park. During the winter recess the directors have given considerable attention to the introduction of new novelties and reorganising the ark on lines of the most popular American institutions."
New Zealand Paper.

They must have given it a Teapot dome.

AT THE PLAY.

"The Man Who Changed His Name" (Apollo).

It is the peculiar solace of Mr. Edgar Wallace to mystify us as to who is guilty and who is pious. There is something wrong with that sentence, but I cannot be bothered to alter it now. Let us consider the unprecedented case of the morning-room, Sunningbourne Lodge, Ascot.

This was one of those rooms which have a door (B) used for silent entrances by the butler, a garden entrance (C) employed for the arrival of visitors, corpses, etc., and a door (L) arranged by the builder to open noiselessly, so that conversations can be readily overheard. House-agents speak of them, I believe, as deception-rooms.



WAS THE WHISKY POISONED? AH-H-H!

Selby Clive . . . . . Mr. Robert Loraine.
Frank O'Ryan . . . . . Mr. James Raglan.

For a long time, I must say, I thought the butler had something to do with it. He was tall and excessively pale, and seemed to be always coming in to the deception-room when nobody had rung the bell. Why, I mean, should anybody engage a tall pale butler who behaves in that kind of way unless he wants him to murder somebody or other from time to time? Besides, he was called Lane. It 's a long lane that has no crookedness.

However, I was wrong. The real cause of the trouble—— But no; I had better begin all over again.

Here then was a man, *Selby Clive*, who had every reason to suspect that his young wife was being indiscreet (but how indiscreet?) with a young man to whom *Selby* proposed to make over a lease of some land in Canada which contained silver (or did it not?). And here were the more or less guilty pair, growing gradually convinced that *Selby* was the very same man (could he be?) who under another name (how doubt it?) had murdered a former wife and lover with the utmost *sangfroid* and had managed to dodge the rope. Every preliminary circumstance of the past affair proceeds to reproduce itself with a startling fidelity horrible to the lovers, humorous to the hard-hearted house. They hear all about the former case from a talkative and elderly K.C., who is writing a book about it. They know that the murderer warned his wife against taking cream, that she *would* take cream, that he poisoned her with cream. *Selby Clive* has laughingly removed the cream from the tea-table, after warning his wife against it, and laughingly brings it back again.

So it goes on. The lovers are terrified. Wouldn't you be? *Frank O'Ryan*, the young man, is reduced to a mere rag. Coincidence is piled upon coincidence. It scarcely seems possible to do or say anything in the deception-room without making it more certain that *Selby Clive* is going to murder *Frank O'Ryan* and *Nita* his charming young wife. In fact, when he comes in by the garden-door, having just shot a kestrel with a scatter-gun, and admits that he is a very good shot with a rifle too, at the same time pointing out to *Frank O'Ryan* than there are a lot of men about who are no better than birds of prey—well, there you are!

I have spoken previously of the K.C., *Sir Ralph Whitcombe*, who is collecting information about the original crime. He goes about with a number of newspaper cuttings and a bottle of vodka, to ward off chills, in a somewhat dilapidated attaché-case. I suppose K.C.'s are like that. Or, at any rate, they are like that when you compare them with men from the big open spaces, such as *Selby Clive*.

It is this chuckle-headed dotard who brings horror to the climax when in the Third Act, during a simply abominable thunderstorm, he falls in through the garden entrance, pallid as a corpse, with crimson smears on his face, his shirt-front and his coat. Difficult for the two young people to know what to do

then! Poor *Frank O'Ryan* takes a stab at running away through the thunderstorm; but he doesn't go very far, because, though his mackintosh and hat are copiously bedewed with fresh water when he returns, there is no mud on his patent-leather shoes. Why, Mr. EDGAR WALLACE, is there no mud on his patent-leather shoes? How would your strange countesses ever have been captured if you permitted discrepancies like that? I think there ought to be a little mud-box waiting for *Frank O'Ryan* in the wings.

All this time, however, beautiful *Nita* has apparently been getting fonder and fonder of her ominous (?) and sinister (?) husband, and more and more dissatisfied with his wormlike substitute, so that the *Watsons* in the audience are more mystified than ever. Blood, after all, is blood, and one cannot kill even a talkative and aged K.C. without provoking comment from the censorious. If, of course, the aged K.C. is really dead (?). But once again let me pause. The acting of Mr. ROBERT LORAINE is, I should think, as good as that of a man who may or may not be going to murder his wife and a man whom he may or may not believe to have been her lover can possibly be. It is a little difficult for the ordinary husband to envisage the situation, for all the time, you understand me, he is either (?) a bluff, honest, more or less self-made, hat-in-the-house-wearing, kestrel-killing, yet essentially tender-hearted magnate from overseas, or (?) the most cynically cold-blooded assassin imaginable. In the circumstances I think he behaved nobly, and I have every praise also for his friend *Jerry Muller*, a solicitor, coming like him from the daughter-lands. This part was played by Mr. HARTLEY POWER. If anybody could be a more natural and graceful solicitor from the daughter-lands than Mr. HARTLEY POWER, then I've never met one, and as a matter of fact I have not. He was richly dressed, he was perfectly at his ease, he smoked any number of cigars and he began an interrupted game of picquet by getting a thoroughly sound repique in the minor hand. I should have liked him to be on the stage all the time. Since I wrote this apparently he is going to be.

Mr. CLIVE CURRIE as the *K.C.* was also good. He was the comic turn in the deception-room, and he made the most of it. Garrulous K.C.'s ought to drink more vodka if it makes them as funny as that.

Miss DOROTHY DICKSON as *Nita* had a difficult *rôle*, for she had to be a heartless, flippant young wife, who later fell deeply in love with a husband about to put poison in her tea (?), and Mr. EDGAR WALLACE pays less attention to subtle changes of psychology than to a rapid succession of thrillful events. But few young wives could have acted as hostess in a three-doored deception-room more gallantly than *Miss Dickson* did.

Mr. JAMES RAGLAN as *Frank O'Ryan* the lover was condemned to lose his nerve at the start and not to recover it again. But he contrived to look elegant even when squirming on the floor.



AN INNOCENT POISONER OF THE MIND.

Sir Ralph Whitcombe . . . . MR. CLIVE CURRIE.
Nita Clive . . . . . MISS DOROTHY DICKSON.

May I say again, if only to include Mr. GROSVENOR NORTH in my list, that I think the play would have been subtler if the unravelling of the mystery had included the butler. EVOE.

"THE MONSTER" (STRAND).

The Monster is in effect an extremely crude Transpontine melodrama with West-End frills, which means no more than ampler financial resources. We begin with the kind of scene dear to the Elephant and Castle type of mind and mood, the sinister figure with the shaded lantern crouching doomfully near the bridge, the winking lights and faint honking of the approaching car, the swing round the bend (OFF), the full-size article out of stock rushing tactfully on to the stage and turning over with a rather woody crash, and the faint cry of the heroine partly crushed under the steering-wheel. The sound of heavy bestial breathing (we are told later) and the clutch of a hairy hand were added to the discomforts of the situation when in the nick of time *Michael Bruce*, the world's stupidest newspaper man, hurtled up to the rescue. Curious that at this very bridge three people had been wrecked and never heard of again. Curiouser and curiouser that, though rumour spoke of dark doings in a mysterious mansion near by, the police never made any inquiries into the concerns of the owner, *Dr. Gustave Ziska*, the Monster.

Rescuer and rescued take shelter in the fateful mansion. Doors that mysteriously open and are as mysteriously locked, shrieks and groans at frequent intervals, a skeleton in a green-lighted cupboard, a red-headed Scot of villainous aspect climbing through the window, a man without a face (our bright young journalist, examining the body in the chair and pronouncing it to be still living, did not notice this rather unusual detail; that was left for the quicker-witted *Julie*), a negro leaping from the antique chest in the hall or grinning from secret panels in the wall, and the final warnings of the host—none of these things can persuade the fatuous *Bruce* that this is not the sort of house to allow a nervous young woman to sleep the night in.

So we come to the bedroom, which the lady and her knight and the red-headed knave share for belated prudence' sake (arranged apparently by MASKELYNE AND DEVANT). The candles play strange tricks; soporific fumes appear to come from the fire (therefore let us keep near it and put our lady-love to rest on the couch with her head quite close to it). We discover in the cupboard a significant-looking sack smelling of iodoform, a sack just the length of a tall man. What matter? We have our strong right arm, our wooden head and our nickel-plated revolver.

And do not suppose we have not our wits about us. Wine is brought for us. Aha! Drugged, we say. It is just our sheer bad luck that this is the only innocent detail in this box of conjuring-tricks, as we ruefully discover when we see our host putting away a generous glassful of it. And so forth and so on till we find ourselves in an underground cellar

with an iron-barred gate, furnished with an electric chair, a trap-door over a dark running drain, and three more large sacks bulging awesomely in the corner.

Enter *Dr. Ziska* in immaculate surgeon's dress, and the man without a face wheeling in our beloved on an operating-table. *Dr. Ziska* is in fact our old stage and novelette friend the mad scientist with a great discovery which needs the torture of human flesh to establish its truth beyond dispute.

Well, well, *well!* Here obviously is the mere machinery, not the atmosphere of horror. A stupefying boredom, mitigated by a faint curiosity as to the lengths the abandoned author will run, steals over me. Will the negro bite off the lady's fingers and fry them on the electric chair? Will the man without the face turn out to be the lady's long-lost brother, who has only left his face on his dressing-table to deceive his captor, *Ziska*?

I felt sorry for everybody concerned: for Miss JANE WELSH, the heroine; for Mr. GEORGE RALPH, the journalist; for Mr. C. V. FRANCE, the doctor; for all except Mr. EDMUND GWENN as the dram-loving wastrel, "*Red*" *Mackenzie*, a character for which the author deserves full credit, and to the interpretation of which Mr. GWENN brought all the zestful humour and abounding energy with which he is endowed in such rich measure.

But if any human being out of the nursery expects to find here the titivating thrill of horror to cool his spine I am afraid he will be sadly disappointed.

T.

Save us from our Friends.

"Buenos Aires.

Officers and men from the British cruiser Despatch helped to quell a blaze at the Customs House, Valparaiso, Chile, causing damage to the value of £50,000."

Channel Islands Paper.

Extract from advertisement in Midland paper:—

"TO LADIES, GENTLEMEN AND PARENTS."

How snobbish these birth-control fanatics are becoming!

"In the wardroom of at least one bottle-cruiser a spirited sketch of the Eagle's solhouette undergoing 22 direct hits from torpedoes won much laughter and applause."

Daily Paper.

High spirits are only to be expected in the ward-room of a bottle-cruiser.

"Not since the day when the Church embarked on its fatal enterprise of revising the Prayer-book has any step so threatened to still further split it to pieces as the so-called Union of Benefices movement."—*Daily Paper.*

One threatened split, we notice, has already occurred.

THE FLUKER'S FAREWELL.

I DO not play billiards myself, but as a student of psychology frequent the billiard-room at our club. We have no really first-class players; most of them are elderly and none gives evidence of that assiduous early practice which inspired HERBERT SPENCER'S famous but seldom correctly quoted remark. When the officer ran out with his first break, the philosopher observed, "Moderate proficiency, Sir, I can respect and even admire, but skill such as yours is the sure sign of a misspent youth."

On the positive side, then, we have no great talent; negatively we are blessed with the absence of a marker. Markers are no doubt excellent people and possess all the domestic virtues; but they do not conduce to hilarity. Where the standard of play is low they perform their duties conscientiously, but with an air of depression and boredom. They seldom smile and generally suffer from colds, and in other ways show signs of low vitality. None of our players has ever expressed a desire that we should employ a marker. They are humane men and disinclined to subject a club-servant to the torture of witnessing their incompetence without being able to say what he thinks of it.

Of all our performers the most temperamental is Wetherley. His name is appropriate because he is rather like an old sheep, though he is destitute of ovine equanimity. He never touched a cue till he was well on in the thirties, and now in the seventies he is one of the worst players I have ever seen, with lucid intervals in which he brings off shots that would do credit to a trick-player, so there is some justification for his historic remark, "It 's a very strange thing that I never play up to my true form." But his actual form is sufficiently impressive. I once saw him attempt a red loser from balk, as the result of which his ball mounted the side cushion and ran all the way back to the middle pocket, into which it dropped. And he never turned a hair. He always plays too hard. You never can tell what will happen till the balls stop rolling. His "strength," as a friend of his once said, "is as the strength of ten."

Wetherley's scores are almost entirely due to unearned increment, and his best breaks are generally preluded by a fluke. Indeed as a fluker he stands alone as the nightingale sings. What is more, he has come to regard flukes as his perquisite and never apologises for them.

Another of his great sayings was: "I don't mind missing easy shots; what I *do* object to is missing my flukes."

And this leads me to the tragedy of our billiard-room—the final and apparently irrevocable decision of Wetherley to lay down his cue. He made the biggest break of his whole career a week ago—30—without a single fluke. After he had duly entered it in the score-book—his first appearance in that volume—he said in solemn tones, "Othello's occupation 's gone," and has not entered the room since.

THE MARTINET.

IF you were mine you wouldn't dare
to loll in easy-chairs,
Or ask for cake at tea or leave your
bone upon the stairs.
(Most dangerous!) If you were mine,
my lad, you wouldn't bark
At visitors, or go for strolls alone when
it was dark.
You 'd sleep beside the kitchen fire, and
if you liked to yell
At 3 A.M. or so because you didn't feel
quite well
You wouldn't find *me* coming down in
dishabille, my pet,
To hold your paw or take your temp.
or telephone the vet.
If you were mine (don't lick my face!)
you 'd jolly well behave;
I should be very, very strict and not
your willing slave.
If you were mine—well, what d' you
want? Oh, I 'm to bounce your
ball!
All right, how 's that? Look, over
there—it 's rolled into the hall.
Do it again? No, that 's enough. Now
I 'm to lift you up
To see who 's coming down the drive?...
Up with you—there, my pup!

* * * * *

This beggar 's rather quaint, old man.
What do you call him? "Jim"?
"A nuisance?" Nonsense! *Let me*
know if you get tired of him.

Durham Castle.

The Bishop of DURHAM, who appears on the opposite page as one of Mr. Punch's "Personalities," has been a prime mover in the recent appeal for the preservation of Durham Castle, the finest example that remains of secular architecture of the Norman period. Its stability is threatened by a movement of the soil that intervenes between the fabric and the rock that rises steeply from the river Wear. The work of saving it from destruction is estimated to require £150,000, a sum far beyond the means of the University which it houses. An appeal is therefore made to the public to preserve from ruin one of the most splendid of our national monuments. Contributions should be addressed to the Hon. Treasurer of the Durham Castle Preservation Fund, Bank of England, Newcastle-on-Tyne.



THE BISHOP OF DURHAM.

This is the man that rules the see
Whose prelates once held princely station;
A HENSON *he, but not to be*
Confused with LESLIE *(no relation);*
And with his Durham he will smile
If by your largesse you deliver
Her noble pile, of Norman style,
From tumbling right into the river.

MR. PUNCH'S PERSONALITIES.—LXV.



Polite little Girl (to golfer who has made many attempts to clear footpath). "I 'M VERY SORRY TO INTERRUPT YOU, BUT WE 'RE GOING OUT TO TEA, AND IT WOULDN'T DO TO BE LATE."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MUSICIANS are seldom attractive in cold print to the outside world, but Dame ETHEL SMYTH has significance for the ordinary man because the ordinary man has significance for her. Her most engaging advocacy is used to deliver him from the peaceful picketing of critics, and "Catchwords and the Beloved Ignorantsia," the essay in which this knightly devoir is undertaken, remains for me the most suggestive challenge in a book abounding in flung gauntlets. Dame ETHEL has your true creator's appreciation of the need for a well-trained popular audience, and she is justly contemptuous of the jargon so often employed to the confusion of that audience's sense of values. The phrase "old-fashioned," for instance—so useful to ensure the quick turnovers of commerce, so impertinent in the domain of art—how admirably she dismisses it! She has always been a gallant aggressor. How necessarily *A Final Burning of Boats, Etc.* (LONGMANS) proves. In no other art than music, painting perhaps excepted, would an Englishwoman have encountered the petty masculine hostility chronicled here. In literature the best man wins, even though the best man is a woman; and as literature is the most popular of all the arts in England it seems reasonable to conclude with Dame ETHEL that a popular art is all the more popular for the inclusion of women. For the rest, her plea for the concentration of English talent on Light rather than on Grand Opera is worth weighing, and the printed *libretti* of her own *Entente Cordiale* and *The Boatswain's Mate* are pleasant reminders of our excellence in this field. Two well-deserved tributes, "Henry Wood" and "Germany after the War," display their writer in what is really her most characteristic *rôle*—the happy eulogist of "hard work and noble music" wherever she finds them.

L. E. L.: A Mystery of the Thirties (THE HOGARTH PRESS) is a beautifully got-up volume with some charming reproductions of portraits by MACLISE. "I have sometimes," says the author, Mrs. D. E. ENFIELD, "used a narrative, sometimes a more dramatic form, and at other times have given the original material unaltered." This method has not proved altogether successful. I was prepared to find that her accounts of L. E. L.'s behaviour in the nursery were dramatic inventions, but certain much more important statements, given equally little backing by quoted authority, made me doubtful, particularly as I had already found Mrs. ENFIELD inaccurate on one or two points easily settled by a reference to the *D. N. B.* L. E. L., whose name was LETITIA ELIZABETH LANDON, was born in 1802 of a Herefordshire family much connected with the Church, soared into fame by way of *The Literary Gazette*, was a lesser lion known to everyone, and spent her earnings on helping her relations. Her engagement to an unknown gentleman, whom Mrs. ENFIELD usefully identifies by a quotation from MACREADY'S diary as FORSTER, the biographer of DICKENS, was broken by scandalous tongues, and soon afterwards she married Captain MACLEAN, Governor of Cape Coast Castle, went out with him, and was found, two months later, dying with a bottle which had contained prussic acid in her hand. Her latest biographer is convinced that she committed suicide and gives an account of the Poetess's emotions on

her last night on earth which rings curiously untrue. The great fault of the book is that Mrs. ENFIELD does not really show much sympathy with her subject. The L. E. L. who emerges could never have been so faithfully loved by her friends nor have inspired the fine wistful poem in which Mrs. BROWNING celebrated her.

And Others Came is the tale of a youth,
Not very likeable, raw, uncouth,
Who plunges, an unexpected guest,
Into the midst of a family nest
Which, before he had set his foot inside,
Was middle-class happiness typified.

The family numbers a pair of twins,
And it 's owing to them that the fun begins,
Though it cannot be strictly described as fun,
For he falls most fiercely in love with one,
While the other falls, such is Cupid's whim,
Equally fiercely in love with him.

You 'll doubtless notice that here 's a theme
Reminiscent of SHAKESPEARE's *Dream*,
But Miss M. GIBBON (unlike the "SWAN,"
Assisted by *Puck* and *Oberon*),
Works without any friendly magic
And gets a result that is nearly tragic.

Indeed in her story (which comes from BENN)
The wrong young women and wrong young men
Are mixed together in such a stew
That it 's almost more than she 's able to do
In the end to get them happily freed;
And I 'm not at all sure that she does succeed.

How far actual happenings condition Mrs. FLORA ANNIE STEEL's final romance of the great Mogul Emperors I cannot pretend to say, but the most vivid imagination could desire no fairer basis for its pinnacles than the ground plan of *The Builder* (LANE). This traces the declining fortunes of SHAHJAHAN THE MAGNIFICENT and his son DARA, who embody the graces and glamour of their dynasty, and the rise of DARA's younger brother, AURUNGZEBE, who exhibits its malignancy. The "strange cozenage" of life which DRYDEN noted in the career of AURUNGZEBE is here the hall-mark of his father and brother. Their virtues make common cause with their weaknesses to hasten their fate, and two noble wives become accessories in their downfall. Not content with raising the Taj Mahal to his Empress's memory, SHAHJAHAN refuses to marry again and seeks oblivion in debauchery. DARA loses his heart to a girl of a courtesan tribe—an idyll which, purified by her chastity and his own leanings towards Western chivalry, causes greater scandal in a Mohammedan Court than any amount of conventional excess. Meanwhile, on the frontiers of the Empire, AURUNGZEBE's pretended orthodoxy and strategic skill are building up his hold on India. Mrs. STEEL's novel, however, will be read less for its indications of seventeenth-century Oriental politics—skilful as these are—than for the charm of its setting, its thrilling adjustment of plot and counterplot and the humanity of its portraiture. The three Mogul princes, *Father Buseo*, genial successor of AKBAR's Jesuits, and *Gabriel Boughton*, the ship's doctor, who wins England her first trade charter, are all memorable figures. But most memorable of all is RANA-DIL, the ugly child who tumbles for cowries, the exquisite "bracelet-sister" of the heir-apparent, the heroic consort of a lost leader.



"MARY, WHAT *HAVE* YOU BEEN DOING TO YOUR FACE?"
"OH, IT 'S ALL RIGHT. THAT JACOB MAN HAS JUST FINISHED HIS PORTRAIT OF ME, AND I *MUST* DO MY BEST TO LOOK LIKE IT."

As the misery and ugliness and savagery of trench warfare

fade from the recollection there arises in their place a memory of beauty found amidst scenes of desolation. Even in that welter of blood and clay that was Flanders ten years ago, beauty was waiting silently to be described by those who had eyes to see. Among their number was to be found that artist in words, Mr. QUIGLEY, clad in the uniform of the Royal Scots Fusiliers, ready to set down what he saw in a few brilliant phrases. Hence I have now to thank him for a fine and moving diary of fighting days at *Passchendaele and the Somme* (METHUEN) during the summer and autumn months of 1917. As was to be expected of one with all a Scotsman's liking for metaphysics, Mr. QUIGLEY was more interested in the reaction of the mind to the brutality and apparent wastage of the War than in the actual details of the fighting. His thumb-nail sketches of men are marked by a sureness of touch and an insight into the twists and turns of human character that reveal the quick sympathy and broad tolerance of the artist. Only when he comes to speak of generals and politicians does his customary restraint desert him. Granted that his strictures were penned in intervals of the fury of battle, I nevertheless think that Mr. QUIGLEY might have remembered that those whom he accuses of "spreading an aureole round hell" were themselves fathers and brothers with loved ones whose lives might be forfeited at their command. What best pleased me were his landscapes, in which he has captured the ethereal loveliness of the play of light and shade over the Flemish sand-dunes, or the wistful charm of a shell-scarred tree seen from a trench parapet against a twilight sky.

I never remember coming across a more amusing travelling companion than Mr. CROSBIE GARSTIN, whom I gratefully remember as the author of *The Owl's House* and other West Country tales. No doubt there are some who would call him almost too determinedly amusing, for it is not as though he were merely dressing up some commonplace tour along a thrice-beaten track for the entertainment of the general reader. In *The Dragon and the Lotus* (HEINEMANN) he has something to tell us of places not too often visited by the tourist. First, it is true, he skirmishes merrily in New York, Chicago, Salt Lake City and San Francisco, on his way across the Pacific to Honolulu, Japan and China. But these are only the preliminary steps, though pleasantly leading to sufficient comic adventure. It is when the author leaves Hongkong that we begin to get off the beaten track. First he goes to Macao, and then boards a steamer for the coasts of Tonking. With him we are taken to Along Bay, Hanoi, Yunnan-Fu and other strange places in the less-known parts of China. Thence to Annam, Cochin-China, the ancient kingdoms of Cambodia and Siam, always meeting by the way a host of humorous companions, French or native. (*M. Valoir* is a perennial delight.) It is the most merry of peregrinations, a *tour de force*, done with the most remarkable flow of high spirits from start to finish. I admire Mr. GARSTIN'S talent for choosing the right phrase; he can shake a laugh out of you even when you begin to flag in the pursuit of comedy. And I admire too the end-papers, in the guise of an ancient map, and the author's own line drawings, with which his handsome book is profusely decorated. A decidedly good tonic for a rainy day.



Waiter (after listening to a storm of abuse): "YOU 'VE GOT SOME EGG ON YOUR MOUSTACHE."

In the vast field of sensational fiction *At the House of Dree* (SAMPSON LOW) deserves ample elbow-room. Dated in the years of War, staged in Scotland and put into the mouth of *Superintendent Catto* (a Scot with a not unbecoming sense of his own importance), this tale of spies and crime has been constructed by Mr. GORDON GARDINER with a skill to which I am moved to pay high compliment. On a long railway journey it made me so oblivious of the hours that I missed a meal, and having made that confession I do not propose to reveal in detail the reasons why Mr. GARDINER imposed this abstinence upon me. It is enough to say that men whose work in the War was to watch and lie in wait for spies suddenly found themselves up against criminals whose devilish motives had nothing whatever to do with European affairs. An ingenious story of its class, and almost horribly thrilling.

Even with the assistance of an abundant glossary it is not easy for an ordinary Englishman to make his way through *The Quarry Wood* (CONSTABLE) without feeling bewildered. But all the same, since Miss NAN SHEPHERD has taken these Scottish folk of humble origin as her study, she is no doubt justified in making them speak in their natural tongue, even though it appears to include such terms as "bog-jaavaled," "halarackit" and "legammachy." In spite of the regrettable ignorance which impeded my enjoyment of this story I can say that I was never slow to recognise its merits. *Martha Ironside* is its character-in-chief, and her efforts to educate herself under appallingly unfavourable conditions its main theme. Living in a tiny cottage, with parents who were far from helpful, *Martha* was additionally handicapped in her pursuit of knowledge by her mother's habit of collecting illegitimate children. The reek of that cottage lives in my nostrils. Later in the tale, when *Martha's* instincts of sex are aroused, Miss SHEPHERD continues to draw her with unerring skill.

An Antique Antiquarian.

"After not having been heard of for more than 100 years, in 1906 Captain Langton Douglas, later a Director of the National Gallery of Ireland, discovered the picture in a deserted palace of the Ricci family."—*Daily Paper.*

CHARIVARIA.

HENRY FORD says he has made the new Ford so that nobody will ever want another. We should never have dared to say that.

"Great Britain does not believe in reprisals," says a writer. No, but it would certainly be gratifying to be able to send a depression to Iceland.

Signor MUSSOLINI recently had an audience with Lord ROTHERMERE. NAPOLEON never had an opportunity like that.

In an article on orators an M.P. mentions "Sir John Simon, with his Balliol tradition." It is of course a tradition of which Wadham men are peculiarly proud.

The star Nova Pictoris is reported to have split in two. We knew something would happen if the B.B.C. carried on with their improving lectures.

Mr. EDGAR WALLACE has told a contemporary that the secret of his enormous output is that he has the fastest stenographer in the world, who writes shorthand quicker than Mr. WALLACE can think. This explains a lot.

Mr. ——, we are told, composes poetry with his head held tight between his clenched hands, groaning. We are not told what he does when he reads it.

A violin that plays itself has been perfected by two French engineers. We fear, however, that it will be very difficult to persuade violinists to give up the old-fashioned kind.

Sir ALFRED MOND prophesies that, with the production of synthetic food in chemical factories, there will ultimately be no need to till the soil. Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S Land Policy is expected to have the same effect.

The publication in an evening paper of a photograph of Tooting should have convinced sceptics that there really is such a place.

The Daily Express is giving tips in the form of verse, and it is rumoured that *The Daily Mail* is making arrangements for its racing selections to be set to music.

The number of passengers carried in and out of London daily by train, bus and tram is quoted in the L.C.C. statistical returns as evidence that more people are living in the suburbs. So it 's no use their pretending they aren't.

Covered arms, the latest fashion for evening-frocks, are of course a development of the recent startling innovation of covered legs.

A sensational rumour current in Fleet Street is that the other night, in a crowded railway-carriage, a reader of *The Evening Standard* noticed that the majority of the passengers were reading *The Evening News* and is going to write about it to *The Evening Standard*.

In a speech by Sir JAMES SCOTT, Liberal Candidate for West Aberdeen, he told the audience that under the Safeguarding Act their tombstones would cost them more. It is hoped that nothing will be done to add to the already high cost of dying in Scotland.

France is said to be the only nation without a national sport. In that case they might like to borrow our ZINOVIEFF letter.

The folding motor-car is America's latest invention. The collapsible pedestrian is of course no novelty.

With reference to the theft of cigarettes from a Bayswater shop the other night the culprit can hardly expect any sympathy. He should know that it is illegal even to acquire them honestly after 8 P.M.

It is claimed that the lower middle-class produces the best dancers. Much of the bad dancing that occurs amongst the Best People is attributed to a fear of being thought lower middle-class.

They say that it was only with the greatest difficulty that our Foreign Office prevented advertisements being displayed in Nice during the last week urging people to come to Margate for the sunshine.

Stalky has written a book about Mr. KIPLING. Some of our modern novelists will get a nasty shock if ever *their* characters start writing things about them.

Mr. J. T. CLIFTON reports finding some cannibals with distinct pretensions to literature. It appears that they won't eat anybody who splits his infinitives.

It is suggested that advertisements should be displayed in taxis. What about "Travel by Underground"?

An author reminds us that NAPOLEON said that when he wanted some work done he chose a man with a long nose. Well, he got one at Waterloo all right.

The fashion of wearing jewels in the gloves is the latest thing, and we hear of a heavy-weight boxer who wants to know if he can borrow the Koh-i-noor.

One favourite method of reducing is to roll all over the floor. It 's the beauty doctor who gathers the moss from the rolling twelve-stone.



American. "SO THIS IS A REAL OLD ENGLISH INN?"
Barmaid. "NO; BUT IT WILL BE IN A FORTNIGHT."

"120 Yards Hurdles.—G. C. Weightman-Smith (Cambridge) . . . Three years. 15 2-5 secs. A university record."—*Daily Paper.*

This of course would include Leap Year.

"In deference to the religious scruples of the principal guests, orange squash—King Amanullah's favourite drink—and demonade were served."—*Daily Paper.*

Was this quite tactful?

THE TRAGIC SIDE OF THE TOTE.

THIS is a truth the poet sings
(Though where I cannot say):
For each advance to higher things
Some innocent must pay.

When motors came the horse mislaid
The uses of his legs;
Nor can an omelette be made
Without a breach of eggs.

And, when the Tote on you and me
Its priceless boon confers,
That which is fun for us will be
Death to the bookmakers.

There may be some survivors who
Ignore the new machine,
But (even as angels' visits) few,
With dreadful gaps between.

To most the saying of the Seer
Comfort no more can lend;
"Of making many books," I fear
There 's bound to be an end.

So when we take the Epsom road
Do let us not forget
How much to them we all have owed,
And some are owing yet.

They gave the odds; they also gave
Freely—of gifts the best—
The hope that springs, as from a grave,
Eternal in the breast.

Remember too, when with the Tote
Long happy hours are spent,
What loss to them it must connote
Of unearned increment.

Then let our thoughts dwell kindly on
The bookie's form and face,
When into exile he has gone
From his familiar place;

Far from the scenes where ladies air
Their gossamer Ascot gowns,
Wandering lonely, like a bear
Upon the Sussex Downs. O. S.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"ANXIOUS."

I understand your difficulty. No sooner did your handsome suite of fumed-oak furniture, bought on the deferred payment system, come rolling up the road to "Sans Souci" than you received a note from the office of the Collector of Taxes, printed in red ink and containing the offensive words:—

> "I HEREBY GIVE YOU FINAL NOTICE that if the amount be not paid or remitted to me at the above address within SEVEN DAYS from this date, steps will be taken for recovery by DISTRAINT, with costs."

As you rightly observe, what about it? Does the insurance policy which you received with your fumed-oak furniture cover the risk of its forcible removal to the Treasury, and, if so, in what kind of vans?

The fault in the main lies with modern architecture. The merest glance at any book on mediæval fortress-building will convince you that ample provision in the way of barbicans, arrow-slits, oubliettes, and apertures for molten lead was made by our forefathers to guard them against contingencies like this. By putting a chain, however, on the door of "Sans Souci" and purchasing one of those pistols which projects, on being discharged, a quantity of soot into the face of the intruder, you ought to be able to defend yourself and your little house until the excitement about the 1928 Budget has blown over.

"ACCURATE."

The words of the quotation as you give them, "The flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the tortoise is heard in our land," are incorrect. "Tortoise" should read "turtle." Although the early spring does excite emotion in the breast of the tortoise, even causing it to move as much as three or four yards across the lawn on an exceptionally sunny morning, this creature has never been known to sing.

"SPORTING."

Oxford won the Halma in 1872.

"GEOGRAPHICUS."

With reference to my exceedingly interesting article on Afghanistan published two weeks ago, you are perfectly right in saying that the Safed Koh, which divides the Kabul from the Kuran, has no geographical connection with the Hindu Kush, and is not to be confounded with the range of the same name in North-Western Afghanistan. It is certainly not to be confounded, and I shall be very much annoyed if it is. So will KING AMANULLAH.

The words and tune of the Afghan National Anthem may be obtained on application to the India Office, or personally from Lord BIRKENHEAD.

"STOCKBROKER" (*Sussex*).

Yes. It was a bear.

"MOTHER OF FIVE."

It is impossible to say whether the Church is likely to make a promising career for your girls until the quarrel between the Dean of ST. PAUL'S and the Bishop of DURHAM as to the advisability of admitting women to Holy Orders has been settled, by personal combat or otherwise.

"LITERATURE."

The poem you inquire about was published in *Transition* in the issue of June, 1927, and is translated from the French of GEORGES RIBEMONT-DESSAIGNES by EUGÈNE JOLAS. The first six lines are:—

> "He put his hat upon the ground and filled it with earth
> And sowed therein a tear with his finger,
> Up sprang a large geranium,
> Countless pumpkins ripened in the foliage.
> He opened his mouth with its gold-teeth and said
> 'Oo—wii——'"

There is some more to it, but not so good.

I cannot recommend to you a better volume of memoirs than *Extractions I Have Made*, by an old Dental Practitioner (DIGGER AND PRODD), which records all the most famous molar removals of the last few years of the nineteenth century, together with many interesting anecdotes of the behaviour and conversation of great men and women in "the chair." It is profusely illustrated with reproductions of original drawings and is fairly certain to be one of the publishing successes of the early spring.

"THEATRE."

Who are the four leading English dramatists after Mr. EDGAR WALLACE? I don't know. What has he been doing now?

"MOTORIST."

The trouble about your nice new saloon model, so far as I can make out, seems to be as follows:—

> the looking-glass has come off,
> the gear-lever is stiff,
> the windscreen-wiper will not work,
> the roof creaks,
> the right rear window rattles,
> the speedometer makes a loud whirring noise,
> the clock will not go,
> the lamps keep lighting suddenly in the daytime,
> all the doors lock with one key, and you have lost it.

Never mind, "MOTORIST." Persevere! *Aequam memento rebus in arduis servare mentem.* Eat more fruit. Does the petrol-tank leak very much? As the long spring days lengthen out no doubt all your minor worries will right themselves, and you will be able to recapture the joy of the open road once more.

"AINTREE."

Nor did I. EVOE.

"Mr. ——, owner and trainer: 'My horse holds a good outside chance. He is entrusted with my modest bed on the race.'"
Midland Paper.

A heavy handicap, but a pleasant variation of the customary shirt.



THE SPLIT STAR.



"CONGRATULATIONS, MRS. TWINKELBORN! I HEAR YOUR DAUGHTER IS ENGAGED TO THAT NICE SAPPER MAN."
"YES, WE'RE VERY PLEASED. CEDRIC IS *SUCH* A DEAR, AND *SAO* CLEVER. HE PASSED *STRAIGHT* INTO WOOLWICH WITHOUT EVER GOING TO SANDHURST AT ALL!"

MY IDEAL AGENCY.

I AM shortly going to start a Literary Agency of my own, because I have an idea that there is an opening for a completely new type. Part of this idea came to me when I was talking to a young lady about railway accidents, and part—the better part—when I was in my bath; so you can see that the two brain-waves occurred separately.

Briefly my idea is this. The *Apple Ideal Agency, Limited*, will, in addition to the routine placing of its clients' work with editors, concentrate particularly on supplying local colour to those authors who through laziness, bad luck or lack of initiative cannot obtain it. The fees will be high; but then so will be the standard. This is how I picture it:—

I shall be sitting in a large arm-chair in my Agency's office. In front of me will be rows of electric buttons. A young woman with a wild eye will be ushered in, my first client.

"Oh, Mr. Apple, I am stuck completely in that instalment for the *Tale Teller*. My hero has got himself into a railway accident and I know nothing whatever about——"

"Excuse me, Miss Softe," I interpose gallantly as I press a button. "Allow me to introduce you," I continue as a young man enters with his arm in a sling, "to our Number Ten. He was in the great East-Western smash a few weeks ago. Forward, Number Ten! Show rail smash."

With a brisk air Number Ten will step up and begin:—

"All around were crumpled carriages, torn engines, spoilt luggage-vans piled wantonly as if by some giant hand. Clouds of steam rose about me, dimming my spectacles and obscuring the view. With trembling hand I lit a cigarette at a burning suit-case, for by great good luck, though I had started in a non-smoker, my head and shoulders now projected into the next compartment but one, in which by the legend on the starred window I saw that solace was permitted——"

"There, Miss Softe," I interrupt, "how will that line do you? My charge for this class of goods is a guinea per ten minutes. You will take a couple of guineas' worth? Certainly. The Local Colour Studios, each fitted out with writing materials, are this way. Thank you."

Quite possibly my next visitor will be old Mr. Mincing, of Tooting, the well-known writer of Far Eastern adventure stories.

"I'm afraid, Mr. Apple, I must be running a little dry. I've just had a story returned—quite respectfully, of course—by the Editor of *The Far Globe*, pointing out that the setting and descriptive passages are identical with those in a story I wrote for him a year ago. The plot too happens to be the same, but, as you know, that doesn't matter in the least, the great thing for magazine stories being to retain the same plot but to change the setting frequently."

"Exactly, Mr. Mincing!" I exclaim, pressing another button, which brings in a lean elderly man with a face like a fried shoe. "This is our Number Seven. Number Seven, Far Eastern colour, please."

"Swaying in the litter on my bearers' shoulders I looked over the sea of hostile ebony faces that surrounded me. *Assegais* were waved threateningly, *safaris* were brandished, the insistent throbbing of *tum-tums* was in my ears. Huge coal-black forms crowded in upon——"

"Something not quite so *dark*," murmurs Mr. Mincing.

"Certainly," I say. "A lighter hue, Number Seven. Show some beige."

"Very good, Sir. Draining my third *stengah* after *tiffin* and throwing the empty glass at my 'boy,' I strolled out of the Palang Club into the scented Eastern night. Suddenly from the hibiscus bushes a wanton brown maiden, who, though she must have been nearly sixteen, was clad only in——"

"I think," interrupts Mr. Mincing nervously; "you see, in Tooting I——"

"Oh, quite. Try something a shade lighter still, Number Seven. What about saffron or amber? They dress fairly voluminously in China, I believe."

"Out of the hot Eastern night, heavy with the scent of opium and smouldering *chung-ping-pong*, an impassive yellow face looked suddenly into my own——"

"Splendid!" cries Mr. Mincing. "I'll take some of that," and off he goes, to be succeeded, a moment later, by Miss Dulcima Duodenum.

Miss Duodenum has the face of a horse and the mind of a main-drain, and she writes openly about the Facts of Life.

"Damned hot, Apple, isn't it?" she begins in her spirit of friendly sex-camaraderie. "Heard the latest story about the barmaid who——?"

"Yes," I say hastily.

"Surprised at you, then. It's frankly not nice. Look here—I'm in the devil of a hole for a really good bedroom scene for the climax of my next novel."

This of course is where the Apple Agency will have to be careful.

"I'm afraid," I murmur. "You see we——"

"Oh, never mind about the *people*. They always carry on the same. What I'm bothering about is the room itself. I had sheerest purple pillows in my last, together with quite orange lights and absolute green silk hangings."

"Oh, I see!" I press a bell in a relieved manner and Number Eighteen enters. "Number Eighteen, Miss Duodenum, is late of Bollinghams, the bedmakers and furnishing experts——"

"Delighted, Miss! If I may suggest. . . . Have you ever used the idea of a bedroom upholstered in the most passionate red flannel——?"

And so Miss Duodenum goes off, and a moment later I am listening to Mr. Flacke, who writes with difficulty a monthly story based on the eternal triangle theme. Our Number Five deals with him. Number Five is a geometrical expert and introduces Mr. Flacke to a new world by explaining the uses of an eternal pentagon.

And so my morning will go on. I shall be prepared for every demand. I can even foresee Mr. Brille, the writer of detective stories, coming to my office and being shown our Number Twenty-five, just out of Dartmoor, who will hold him up and relieve him of his watch and spare cash (less agent's commission). For Mr. Brille may find he is unable to satisfy his public with what he can gather from mere verbal local colour.

But I have not yet started my agency; one thing is holding me back. I am afraid that with the present increasing demand for crook plays and crime fiction, Mr. Brille may go further and require practical illustration of something really new in the way of murder.

And I, poor slave to duty and my ideals, shall press a button and, when our Number Seventy-Eight (straight from the underworld of Chicago and quite unprejudiced) appears, may have to say: "Er—just murder me in a new way, will you? For our client, Mr. Brille."

A. A.



Maid (to Charlady). "THE GUVNOR'S 'AD THAT PICSHURE RANKLIN' IN 'IS MIND FOR WEEKS."

"CITY MEETING TUMULT.
HAREHOLDERS RUSH THE DOORS."
Headlines in Daily Paper.

Probably under the impression that the Greyhounds of the Law were after them.

NOTHING-IN-THE-SLOT.

The sea-front had an out-of-season aspect; but then it was the end of January, the most out of season of all the out-of-seasons. An elderly seafaring man was making lobster-pots of withies on the lee side of a boat, and in the roadway opposite the landward end of the pier two men had made a hole. I stood for a moment looking down upon them. But the one with the brown waistcoat had an unresponsive eye, and I feared to risk a pleasantry. I passed instead on to the pier—without paying, for there was no one to pay.

Under a shelter half-way along the pier I came upon a little nest of penny-in-the-slot machines. Involuntarily my hand went to my pocket—it shows how bored I was. And as it did so I was startled by a little man who rose from a secluded seat and hurried towards me, his hand uplifted.

"Don't do it, Sir," he said in a wheezy voice.

I stared at him. He had on the back of his head a bowler hat of about his own age but some three sizes too large for him; and he wore two seedy overcoats, the outer one so evidently smaller than the inner one that I longed to suggest that he should try reversing them.

"Don't you do it, Sir," he said again.

"Don't do what?"

"Don't go wasting your pennies. Them machines is mostly out of order; and even if they weren't. . . . 'Ere, if you want to put a penny in, you give it to me."

He held out his hand with so imperious a gesture that, before I knew what I was doing, I had placed a penny in it.

"Which one do you want?" he asked.

"But if they 're out of order. . . ."

"Which one do you want?" He spoke in the firm patient voice that one uses to an unreasonable child. I don't know why I didn't resent it. I pointed instead to the football-match.

"That takes tuppence," he said; "one for you and one for me."

He held out his hand once more. This was too much; I couldn't allow him to think me such a mug as that. Yet to refuse meant an end to the adventure. I have said that I was bored, and I didn't want the adventure to end. His assurance was so admirable; here, I felt, was a born financier. I handed him another penny.

"Now, if this machine was working, we should put the two pennies in and up 'd come the ball. Then you 'd press that lever and I 'd press this lever to make the figures kick; and the one as kicked the first goal would get 'is money back. But I dessay it isn't working, and if we was to put our pennies in"—"our" pennies was good—"we should lose them. So I 'll just tell you about it." With this he dropped the pennies quietly into his trouser pocket.



Wife (à propos of house-breaking noises below). "Here, George, take this. He won't know it 's not loaded."

"We 'll imagine," he went on, warming to his work, "that the ball 's come up. The yellow-and-black jerseys is yours; the red-and-blue jerseys is mine. Now you presses and yours kicks; now I presses and mine kicks. Now the ball 's your end. Now the ball 's my end." He was becoming quite excited. "Now it 's back your end again. Ah"—he turned to me, real regret sounding in his voice—"you pressed too soon then. Your man kicked backwards. Blowed if you ain't kicked it into your own goal. So I gets my money back." Solemnly he produced one of the pennies from his pocket, placed it in the tray on to which the machine should have ejected the winner's penny and picked it up again. "Nevermind; better luck next time," he said consolingly, and before I could remonstrate he hurried me on to the "Fire" machine.

"You 'll like this one," he said; "it 's great—when it 's working." He held his hand out without looking at me. I placed a penny in it.

"You puts the penny in. A bell rings, and that door there opens. See?"

I saw nothing but that the penny had joined my other two in his pocket. But he went on joyously.

"Out comes the fire-engine, or should do. Three men on it, there are, in 'elmets. Now, see that fire-escape? A fireman comes up it, and as 'e does so a red light lights up in the winder. Up the ladder 'e goes, and then down 'e comes again with the baby in 'is arms. Then the engine goes in, the door shuts and you 'ear the penny drop down inside the machine. There 's no money back this time," he added as an afterthought.

"So I guessed," I murmured.

"But this is *the* one," he cried, taking me by the arm and hurrying me up the pier to the far end of the shelter. "This really is *the* one for you."

Confronted with the one for me I felt a slight shock, not only at its subject but at its alleged connection with myself. Above the machine was the legend, "The English Execution. Last Rights," and the glass case contained a model of a repulsive building with two policemen on the balcony.

"Realistic execution, Sir; thrillin' spectacle. Penny, please."

"I 've no more pennies," I said.

"I can give you change," he cried. "You 've got a shilling?" He produced a handful of pennies as by magic and, reduced to impotence by this time, I gave up my shilling and had eleven pennies from him in return.

"When this machine is working"—he was speaking now in a sepulchral voice—"the lower door opens slowly. Prisoner 's there with a rope round 'is neck, and the chapling waving 'is arms like this. Ex'orting him," he added a little vaguely. "Then"—his voice dropped almost to a whisper—"the trap-door opens and the prisoner drops down. Recalistic." He shook his head. "Best thing they 've got."

We stood there solemnly together. Almost I took off my hat. Then, though



Bohemian (*entering with a rush*). "In a frightful—hurry—hair-cut and beard-trim—only got three minutes. Think you can manage it?"

Barber. "Most certainly, Sir. I'll put two men on to the job at once."

I did not at all wish actually to see the realistic and thrilling scene, I could not resist saying, "Is it certain that the machine really is out of order, do you think? As it 's so very good you might just try putting the penny in."

He turned to me and regarded me for a moment with a look suggesting sorrow rather than anger, then, tapping me on the chest with a grubby finger, he thus admonished me:—

"Now don't you go throwing your money away," he said. "It *may* be working; but, on the other hand, it may not. And you can't tell, not till it 's too late. You be content with what you 've got. See? Just a few pennies for a bit of amusement, that 's all right; but if you go too far it becomes gambling. You take a warning. There 's many a man. . . ."

All at once he stopped. Something behind me appeared to have caught his eye. I looked round and saw in the distance, coming along the parade, an official-looking person in a peaked cap. Turning again I found to my surprise that my friend was already ten yards on his way towards the mainland.

"You take a warning. So long," he called over his shoulder, moving away with ever-increasing velocity.

I would have wished him God-speed and good hunting, for I was beginning to have a real affection for him; but he was not within ear-shot.

I shook my head over one more ship that had passed in the night, and went sorrowfully to lean over the pier rails and contemplate the nut-brown ocean. Then an idea came to me. I returned to the automatic machines, and as a test case tried two pennies in the "Football Match." It was working perfectly. Likewise the "Fire" scene; and, though I could not bring myself to try it, I have no doubt the "Execution" was also.

Somehow I admired my friend in the old bowler and the two greatcoats more than ever. A. W. B.

Village Handicrafts.

"2 Newly Carved Cows."
Advt. in Country Paper.

ABSTRACTION.

The Jumbo has a crumply skin
Which he is always walking in.
At times he 'd like a moment's pause
To think about the Primal Cause,
Beauty and Evil, Death and Pain,
Or Life upon Another Plane.
He 'd like to stay in one position
And think right through the Inquisition.
But if he took the slightest rest
Immediately he 'd be undrest
And stand a mass of bone and meat,
With all his skin about his feet.

Man's skin, you note, is smooth and taut,
So Man goes in for Abstract Thought.

"Model Sorting Office.

The new postal sorting office at Plymouth, which comes into use to-morrow . . . is situated at Pennycomequick."—*Daily Paper.*

Instead of being situated, like some of our post-offices, at Pennyhalfpennycomeslowly.

WARWICK THE KING-MAKER.

"Easy enough
Is this king-making stuff.
Watch me," said Warwick;
"It 's half of it bluff.
Let 's begin
With Yorkists out and Lancastrians in.
A push in the dark, a well-timed whack,
Lancaster 's out and York is back!
Press on the button or pull the strings
And dead as mutton lie England's Kings,
Kings and Queens
And the Hopes-to-be and the Might-have-beens.
'Make-and-Break' is the tune I sing;
I 'm huge—I 'm historic,"
Said King-maker Warwick.

The King-Maker's parlourmaid knocked at the door,
"King Henry the Sixth—and he 's called before
But you weren't at home, and what shall he do?
And there 's Richard of York to see you too.
Queen Margaret 's here; she 's back from the North,
And George of Clarence and Edward the Fourth
(He 's been on the shelf for months, it 's true).
It 's ding-a-ding-ding,
A knock and a ring,
And it 's sure to be someone who wants to be king."
Said Warwick, "Oh, put 'em all back on the shelf;
I 've a very good mind to be king myself."
The King-Maker's parlourmaid shook her head;
"You haven't come down to *that*," she said.

FIRE-ENGINES.

"What shall I draw?" I said. Not "What *can* I draw?" but "What *shall* I draw?" In that bold question by one who had never attended an art school there was reflected all the optimism and most of the sheer determination which has made us Britons very nearly what we are.

"Draw a fire-engine," said Jack. He said it just as one might say to a doctor, "Diagnose something," or to an editor, "Edit."

So I drew my first fire-engine.

I looked at it, and it was a pretty good fire-engine as fire-engines go, although it didn't look as if it could. However, Jack, who is four years old, seemed perfectly satisfied. The other day some people had their house on fire as Jack happened to be passing by, and since then he has been presented with a fire-engine of his own about nine inches long. In one way and another he has got to know quite a lot about fire-engines.

"Now draw a railway-engine," he said, after studying the fire-engine for about four seconds.

I drew a railway-engine and, in response to fresh promptings added a tender and three coaches, the third of which reached to the edge of the paper. (In drawing a railway-train it is an axiom with some critics that the length of the train shall be equal to the length of the paper.)

"Now give the train chimneys and make it go on fire and draw a fire-engine—two fire-engines."

Chimneys—flames and smoke—two fire-engines.

"Oh, but you haven't got any firemen for any of your fire-engines."

A silly mistake. What, after all, is the use of a fire-engine without firemen? True, it may pick up some odd volunteers here and there. But still——

I added some indiscriminate firemen.

"But there isn't a hose."

Sillier and sillier. A fire-engine without a hose is so limited in its scope. I added hoses.

"Now what about drawing a house?" I suggested. I felt that three fire-engines made a pretty good beginning, and I rather wanted to see what I could do in the way of houses.

"Oh, yes," said Jack, "draw a house, and make it go on fire and have a fire-engine."

House—smoke and flames—fire-engine. I was careful also to provide several dubious firemen and a hose or two.

"Now draw two fire-engines going after each other."

This was a very difficult thing to do. In actual life I don't think two fire-engines have ever been seen going after each other except in rotary systems of traffic. However, I drew two fire-engines in file, and they were accepted.

My fire-engines were rapidly growing more and more careless as to their personal appearance. They had a loose look about them.

Jack suddenly squealed with joy. He had discovered a perfectly awful mistake in all my fire-engines. None of them had any engines to make them run along the ground. They were the kind of fire-engines that would be absolutely no use whatsoever in a fire. They would simply stay inside their fire-stations while the firemen got very worried and excited and went off to the fire in tramcars and buses, feeling very sorry about never having had any works fitted into their fire-engines.

I rapidly gave engines to a few of my fire-engines. I simply made a mark underneath each engine, midway between the front and back wheels. A vague smudge was quite sufficient to suggest the clock spring and everything else. As a matter of fact the difference between a steering-wheel column, a fireman and a clockwork motor is, on paper, practically nil.

"Now draw a fire-station with two fire-engines."

Fire-station with two fire-engines.

"There aren't any lamps on any of your fire-engines," said Jack. (I suppose you think I 'm rather a blithering ass when it comes to drawing fire-engines—missing out firemen and hoses and works and lamps and so on. But there 's more to a fire-engine than meets the eye. Anyway, every one of them from the very first had an excellent escape.)

I sketched in a few lamps, very like pieces of steering-wheel columns or firemen.

Then there were two more railway-trains on fire, with fire-engines, and another house with a fire-engine. Incendiarism began to bore me a little.

"I 'll tell you what," I said, "I 'll draw a swan. You remember the swans and ducks you saw in the park the other day?"

"Oh, yes," said Jack, "draw a swan."

I began to draw a swan.

"And make it go on fire."

I completed the unprecedented incident of a swan going on fire. I made a tired-looking fire-engine to put out the swan on fire. The fire-engine was the same size as the swan.

There followed a tramcar, a taxi and a charabanc, all on fire, with a fire-engine each. As I finished the last, Jack's mother insisted that he should leave me to have his bath.

"All right," said Jack. "Draw something for me while I 'm in my bath."

"What shall I draw?" I said.

"Draw some fire-engines," said Jack.

Our Encouraging Examiners.

Directions at the head of a Cambridge examination paper:—

"Each question must be given up separately."

This twentieth-century lack of perseverance! In our young days we were never allowed to say "I give it up."

Utopian Finance.

"Up the river there were falls which could be harnessed at a cost of £000,000. This would involve a loan of a like amount, which would be secured at a rate of .000d in the £ on the rateable value of £000,000,000 in the town. The revenue would amount to £00,000 per annum, and the scheme would pay from the very outset."—*Colonial Paper.*

This is the sort of dream that a Chancellor has the night before the Budget.



Customer. "Can I have a slop-basin, please?"
Superior Young Lady. "Oh, you mean a residue vaise."

RESOLUTE.

Now why are you acting the quitter, old fellow,
While yonder are riders still lobbing in sight,
While still the loud horn with its magical mellow
Bewitchment is mocking the march of the night?
And why are you here with such stubborn insistence
Pursuing a pathway apart from your troop?
Are you led by some beckoning scent in the distance
Of bones in the boiler or savour of soup?

Has the pace been too hot for an old 'un to follow?
Were you hung up in wire? Were you trodden or kicked?
Were you left by yourself when they wheeled in the hollow?
When they turned in the wood were you baffled and tricked?
Was it merely bad luck put you out of the running?
Is it softness that ails you or courage you lack?
Are you just an old reprobate chock-full of cunning,
Determined to cut it, contented to slack?

* * * * *

Why, bless me, it 's Resolute! Resolute, surely!
Old Resolute, muddy, with blood on his jaws!
And *he* 's not the sort to be plodding it dourly
Alone on the road without adequate cause.
Co-ope! Come away! If I know you, old stager,
Your task of the day has been duly fulfilled;
The huntsman 's away on a fresh fox, I 'll wager,
While *you* kept the line of the old one—and killed!

W. H. O.



Chief Bandit. "Hist, Alfonso! The Gold Coach from Dead Man's Gulch."

HAPPY MOMENTS IN THE U.S.A.

(After Theodore Dreiser.)

Sitting there and waiting, Harrison remembered very clearly the days of his early youth; how he had lived first in P—— and then in Ch—— and then in N—— Y——; and there was, it seemed to him, a great advantage in spelling the names of well-known towns in that way, putting in a blank after the initial letter, because it made the reader feel that the events recorded must really have occurred in those places, whereas a quite different impression (or so he fancied) would be left on the mind if one merely wrote Pittsburg and Chicago and New York.

He began to think first of the days before he had met Estelle, when he would walk about the streets, after his work at the cuspidor factory, with the crowd of flashy youths who were then his companions, asking them, "What do yuh know about that?" and sensing contacts under the bright lights everywhere.

Was that a blue-bottle fly buzzing in the room?

His mother had not liked him to go about like that in the evening, nor his father, a grim and austere trolly-wheel-greaser, who preferred to sit at home and read the Commination Service or the thirtieth chapter of the Book of Ezekiel, which he believed to have been written prophetically about the great cities of modern America. His mother also would look at him when he was going out in his brash street-suit with the flash tie in order to sense contacts, and say to him:—

"Why do you always want to go out sensing contacts? Why can't you sit down and read a good book like the poems of Ella Wheeler Wilcox or the works of Longfellow?"

But he never, he recollected, would.

How he hated that man's face over there!

Estelle! It was then that he had met Estelle and become intoxicated with her beauty, when he was only fourteen and she was only thirteen years old. Her eyes, which were blue and set far apart and deep back, and her lips which were red and set right forward and near to! And her hair, which was golden (or so it often seemed to him at that time), as the flakes of a predigested breakfast-food!

But she would have nothing to do with him, because he was not so rich nor so handsome as some of the other boys with whom she fugitively sought contacts at that time, especially H—— and Z—— and young T——, who understood how to flash their cuffs and swing their canes and make themselves agreeable, attractive in the eyes of a girl like Estelle, who always, so he felt, with that trig vigorous figure of hers tailored in the smartest way, had been predestined to fascinate men, and madden them, and pass from one of them to another.

The terrible striking of that clock outside!

And then he had come to Ch——. The trouble with his life, as Harrison now saw it, was that always he had wanted some such bright creature as Estelle, but because of his work and his worry and the difficulty of making a living he had sought other affinities elsewhere in the drab and commonplace environment in which he had found himself environed. And then little by little he had grown rich, through the invention of a patent sock-suspender fastening which had brought him renown and respectability and the praise of his world, so that now he was one of the principal directors in the largest Patent Sock-Suspender Combine in America, and had a mansion and a yacht and many servants and motor-cars. But before that, of course, he had married Julia.

How brightly probably the sun was shining now on the leaves of trees, and

the birds twittering as they flew from bough to bough.

Julia. But she had never been nearly so forceful, he thought, nor so gay and pretty, nor half so alluring as Estelle. In fact she had a face like a waffle. He had married her for her money and because she belonged to a set in Ch—— which seemed to him at that time to be far above the crowd in which he then moved, and into which he could only gain admittance by flattering her and paying court to her and pretending that he preferred a woman to have a face looking like that. And she, pleased with his flattery, because at that time, before his hair had come off, he was still handsome, and growing rapidly more successful in his business concerns, and her relatives not caring for the marriage but putting up with it because Julia seemed fascinated by him, though never being, he thought, the kind of woman who could give to a man like him the sort of love which (so it appeared to him, looking back at it now and in parenthesis) he craved——

And then the boat!

She not wanting to come out on the water with him that day because he looked so melancholy, and he having so much difficulty in persuading her! But perhaps it would not have happened at all if he had not fallen in again with Estelle during one of his visits to N—— Y——, and became infatuated with her beauty, which he fancied was now, after twenty years, greater than it ever had been.

"Only I am married now," he had told her. And "Nix on that" she had murmured, with her old charming yet evasive smile.

Julia in the boat! And he not meaning to hurt her really, yet unable somehow, he was never afterwards able to say why, to refrain from tying up her legs with a piece of rope and from fastening a stone to her feet, and then trying to hit her over the head with the boat-hook, and she resisting so that the boat swayed from side to side until it was in real danger of upsetting, and at last did actually upset. And he still not meaning to hurt her, but, by some impulse which he could not understand, thrusting her down by kicking her hard when she clung to him, and hitting her in the face with his fists, and then swimming to land and saying nothing about it, and hoping that no one would guess what had happened, but merely think that two unknown trippers had been drowned.

The dryness of his throat just now!

And then Estelle. Those few brief happy weeks in N—— Y——, happier than he had ever spent, so he was disposed to imagine, during the whole of his life, though never did it seem even then that Estelle was entirely faithful to him or could be to any man. But they had dined and lunched together, and he had showered presents on her, bracelets—what absurd symbols bracelets were really, as if human impulses could possibly be chained!—and flowers, and dresses, and even an ivory cuspidor, a toy set with diamonds, to remind her of the old days at P——.

What was it that made his seat so uncomfortable?

But Estelle. How delightful she had been! What a joy it had been, then as always, to take her about with him and feel that no one had on his arm, or could have, he believed, at the doors of theatres and restaurants, a woman so alluring, so provocative to the glances of other men! How well, too, his business had prospered! He had done during that period the greatest deal he had ever made in the Sock-Suspender Ring. Until the day when two chance acquaintances, two men, had come to see him and he had been obliged to go away with them and leave her there at the hotel, not even, he recalled, having sufficient money wherewith to pay the bill. And now here he was, sitting alone and without her, upon this chair. Perhaps if he had only——

He knew now why he felt so uncomfortable. This, of course, was the Electric Chair!

Evoe.



"Heard about my two at the thirteenth?"
"No, thanks!"

Three Generations Up and One to Play.

"Mr. J. H. Taylor, whose distinguished father journeyed to Sandwich to see the contest, took the wise precaution of giving the match in which his son was engaged a wide berth."—*Daily Paper.*

"Born. To Mr. and Mrs. ——, of ——, a song. Both well."—*Canadian Paper.*

We hope it was a him.

SIMPLE PEOPLE.

Mrs. Kittiwake's Baby.

Once when Mrs. Kittiwake was taking her baby for a ride in its pram a man sprang out of a hedge and he said to her I want your baby and I am going to have it.

Well Mrs. Kittiwake's father was a man who went in for performing geese and her mother was a fairy on horseback who jumped through hoops in a circus, and she had always lived in the circus and had jumped through hoops on horseback herself, but she hadn't cared much for the circus and when Mr. Kittiwake asked her to marry him she said she would be glad to, though he was only a clerk in an office, but she wanted a little home of her own instead of always going about with the circus and living in a caravan.

So having men springing out of hedges and saying they wanted people's babies and were going to have them didn't frighten her as much as it would other people because she was used to things of that sort in the circus, especially in Dick Turpin's Ride to York, and she didn't scream or anything like that but she said to the man what do you want my baby for, haven't you got one of your own?

And the man was rather surprised at that and he said well you're a cool one, and if you don't make a fuss I will tell you why I want your baby, a rich lady and gentleman called Ormolu want to adopt a baby because they haven't got one of their own, and as I did them a good turn once they asked me if I could find one for them and they said they would pay me plenty of money for doing it.

And Mrs. Kittiwake said what good turn did you do them? because she thought if she could make the man talk somebody might come by and prevent him taking her baby. And he said well I will tell you what I did, it was when I was making my living by taking people's suitcases out of stations and selling them to somebody else, and there was another gentleman who was making his living doing that too and we were rather jealous of one another. Well I saw him take a suitcase with Mr. Ormolu's name and address on it out of a station and I went and told Mr. Ormolu about it, and he got his suitcase back and everything in it except this pair of shoes which I have got on now, and the other gentleman was sent to prison.

And Mrs. Kittiwake said well I don't think it was very nice to go and tell tales like that, I have always heard that there was honour among thieves.

And the man was very angry at that and he said who are you calling a thief, if you are not careful I shall hit you on the head with my knuckle-duster, I have done that to plenty of people who have offended me and one of them never got any better from it.

Well Mrs. Kittiwake was rather frightened at that but she didn't show it, and she said well taking suitcases is thieving and you can't make it any different by hitting me on the head with your knuckle-duster.



"The chauffeur was stronger than he was."

And he said well at any rate it isn't like taking people's money, and she said yes it is, it is just as bad.

And he said well I should like to ask a clergyman about that because I don't believe you really know, and there is one thing I never would do and that is steal money, I promised mother I never would.

And Mrs. Kittiwake said well I am glad to hear that because the moment I saw you I thought you couldn't be as bad as you looked, there is something in your face but I don't quite know what it is.

Well the man seemed pleased at that and he said should you call me good-looking exactly?

And Mrs. Kittiwake said well perhaps I might if your nose hadn't been broken and some of your front teeth gone, and if you had shaved lately.

And he said ah that was a fight that I had, all except not shaving, and I should have won it only the other gentleman was a prize-fighter, so it wasn't really fair.

And Mrs. Kittiwake said what was the fight about?

And he said well it was about some beer, but I haven't time to tell you about it now, I can't stay here talking for ever, now give me your baby and don't make a fuss, because you know what will happen if you do.

So then Mrs. Kittiwake saw that it was no use trying to make him talk any longer, but she was determined not to let him take her baby and she was just going to try to poke her umbrella into his eye when a big motor-car came round the corner.

Well the corner was some way off, and the man had time to jump over the hedge again and run away, but he couldn't run very fast because one of his legs had been broken by a race-horse kicking it when he was trying to give it some poison, and the doctor had mended his leg crooked.

Well Mrs. Kittiwake stood in the middle of the road and waved to the motor-car to stop, and there were a lady and gentleman going for a ride in it, and when she told them about the man trying to take her baby the gentleman told the chauffeur to run after him and catch him.

And while Mrs. Kittiwake was telling the gentleman about the man, the lady was taking notice of the baby, and she said to Mrs. Kittiwake I suppose you wouldn't like to sell your baby would you, my husband and I are looking out for one to adopt and we know a man who said he could get one for us, but I would much rather have yours than any other because I have taken a fancy to it.

And Mrs. Kittiwake said are you Mrs. Ormolu? and she said she was.

Well just then the chauffeur came back with the man, and he was very angry at being caught but he couldn't do anything because the chauffeur was stronger than he was and he had told him if he tried to run away again he would hit him on the head with a spanner.

Well then it turned out that Mr. and Mrs. Ormolu had thought that the man was going to buy a baby for them, and

they were quite shocked at him trying to take one like that. But he said well I always do that when people want dogs, and I thought it was the same with babies. And they told him that stealing babies was even worse than stealing money and he would get himself into trouble if he went on like that.

And he said he had always liked doing right better than doing wrong because he had promised his mother he would, but it had been difficult for him to know the difference, because his mother was dead now and he had had nobody to tell him except once when he was in prison and a friend was there too, but he thought he had told him wrong. So they said they would forgive him this time, and Mrs. Ormolu gave him the address of a clergyman who would tell him whether a thing was right or wrong. And he said thank you and went away.

And of course Mrs. Kittiwake wouldn't sell her baby, but Mrs. Ormolu had taken such a fancy to it that Mr. Ormolu gave Mr. and Mrs. Kittiwake a house near theirs so that they could often see the baby, and Mr. Kittiwake was so honest that Mr. Ormolu took him into his business, and he did very well there. So it was a good thing that the man had tried to steal Mrs. Kittiwake's baby after all, especially as he hadn't done it. A. M.

TO A THAMES KINGFISHER

On a Grey Day.

Little blue boy,
Bright as a minute,
Made of a joy—
The jewel-flash in it,
Flip of a flame,
Sudden you shone;
Sapphire you came,
Turkis you 'd gone.

How you did burn,
Darkness adorning,
Down the grey stern
Stillness of morning;
Spark that is struck,
Sudden you flew—
Blue for Good Luck,
Happiness too.

Old Father Thames—
I 'd say that it is
He of his gems,
He of his pretties,
Dresses you up,
Robbing his boon
Days of Kingcup,
Days of Queen June.

Little Boy Blue,
Blue that 's amazing,
Bless us, how you,
How you went blazing!
Flip of blue flame,
Sudden you shone;
Turkis you came,
Sapphire you 'd gone.

P. R. C.



Small Delinquent. "Mummy, can I look at another corner? I'm beginning to know this one."

"Women to-morrow will celebrate the tenth anniversary of the extension of the franchise to women aged 30 by presenting a petition to Mr. Baldwin at Downing Street. . . . The letter declares that there are 3,000,000 coteless women under 3, including some of the most brilliant minds of the day."—*New Zealand Paper.*

This only confirms our impression that the Montessori product is a little unconventional.

Dog Days in Lancashire.

"Lancaster Beagle Vacancy.

The appointment of a new beagle and Town Hall attendant was the subject of discussion at Lancaster Town Council."

Lancashire Evening Paper.

"As an addition to our paragraph the other day, entitled 'A Weighty Argument,' the following report from New York seems apt:—A woman weighing 41 stones, Mrs. ——, has been fined for leaning against the door of her neighbour, Mrs. Link, and also on Mrs. Link herself . . . The door and complainant gave way."—*Liverpool Paper.*

Almost a Missing Link.



Host. "Professor, you must try this brandy—it 's something rather special."
Guest. "Thank you. But your glasses seem of somewhat liberal dimensions. I don't think I could allow myself a full one."

BALLADS FOR BROADBROWS.

A Song of the North; or, Dirge à Deux.

They 've stopped the band from playing
in the Park
On a Sunday;
They close the Public Gardens after dark
On a Sunday;
This town 's a tomb and no mistake;
The Borough Council wins the cake;
It seems a sin to be awake
On a Sunday.

Nowhere to go,
Nowt to be done,
Mustn't hear music,
Mustn't have fun;
The pictures are shut and we haven't no club,
The only thing open this evening 's the pub.
And Oh, my! we 're ready to cry
As we walk up and down
This nice pious town
On a dreary, drizzly,
Granny's own grisly,
Muddy municipal Sunday.

It 's difficult to court a girl, you see,
On a Sunday,
If her dear mother hides the parlour-key
On a Sunday;
Well, it 's not easy to be sweet
When a couple's only chance to meet
Is in a shower in the street
On a Sunday.

Nowhere to go,
Nowhere to kiss,
Mustn't do that
And mustn't do this.
But there 's the Museum, and there without fail
We hug in a corner behind the stuffed whale;
But, Oh, my! the keepers do pry,
And often I wish
There was some bigger fish
On a dreary, drizzly,
Granny's own grisly,
Mouldy municipal Sunday.

They 've stopped the band from playing
in the Park
On a Sunday,
For Mendelssohn seemed too much
like a lark
On a Sunday;
They 've stopped the music in the
Park,
They chase the couples after dark,
But dogs is still allowed to bark
On a Sunday.

Nowhere to sit,
Walk up and down,
Mustn't hear music
In this pious town;
The Mayor thinks Handel is bad for my soul,
But he 's playing golf—at the nineteenth hole;
And, Oh, my! I 'm ready to cry;
I 've blistered my feet
Walking the street
On a dreary, drizzly,
Granny's own grisly,
Moral municipal Sunday.

A. P. H.

Torture Up-to-date.

From a review of *The Monster* in Manchester paper:—

"She reappears in the last scene strapped to an operating table. The young man, fastened to an electric hair, is to see her vivisected, after which he will be electrocuted."

Assuming that "hair" is a misprint, we conclude that no greyhounds were allowed anywhere near the operating-table.

"School record for 100 yards was broken at Kingswood (Bath) School sports, when three boys, R. K. Brown, Victor Ludorum, and Tregunna dead-heated in 10 3-5 sec."
Daily Paper.

This fellow Victor must be a regular pot-hunter, as he seems to figure in most school sports meetings.



THE MOTE AND THE BEAM;

OR, THE PREOCCUPATIONS OF SCOTLAND YARD.

First Burglar. "WOT ABOUT THE COP, BILL?"
Second Ditto. "WE'RE ALL RIGHT; 'E'S TOO BUSY TICKIN' OFF THAT CAR TO NOTICE US."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, March 26th. — Colonel Wedgwood, like the *Skibbereen Eagle* of historic memory, has his eye on Signor Mussolini. He is concerned with the misfortunes of one Mahomed Ali, a British subject in Italian Somaliland, who, having failed at some critical moment to give the Fascist salute, was promptly presented with the order of the Fascist boot. Colonel Wedgwood learned from Mr. Hacking that the facts had been brought to the attention of the Italian Government. It seems rather a pity that he did not take the opportunity of showing Colonel "Josh" and his friends just how the Fascist salute should be given.

There is perhaps no more pathetic sight than the House of Commons discussing industrial distress in South Wales. Everybody is very sorry about it; everybody has a sneaking feeling that his own political activities or slackness have had something to do with bringing about the unhappy condition of affairs, and nearly everybody realises that as far as Parliament is concerned very little will be or can be done about it.

Even Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, who is a greatly improved Mr. MacDonald when he abandons spectacular oratory to deal with facts, could not rise above making remedial suggestions of a minor character.

Mr. Neville Chamberlain was scarcely more encouraging. He differed from Mr. MacDonald in thinking that private charity should be given every opportunity of exerting itself to the utmost before the taxpayer was called upon to intervene. He declined, not very convincingly, to admit that the South Wales coal industry was in a state of decay from which it could not recover.

Pressed by Sir Wilfrid Sugden, Lord Wolmer admitted that the Hartlepool telephone circuits have recently "given trouble." He did not specify the trouble, but probably the current has been refusing to go quietly. For a junior Minister who, having been publicly chastened by his Chief, has just been handsomely vindicated by a certain Report, Lord Wolmer bore himself with unexpected meekness.

Tuesday, March 27th. — Faithful to its *rôle* of protector of dumb animals, the House of Lords denied a Second Reading to the Public Health (Destruction of Vermin) Bill. Domiciliary deverminisation thus remains a subject for private enterprise.

Lord Lovat explained how the waters come down from Johore and secured



"SCOTS WHA HAE . . . !"
"Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty 's in every blow!
Let us do or die!"
Rev. J. Barr.

the Second Reading of a Bill annexing a fair half of the Straits of Johore to the Sultanate. It would make no difference, he assured Lord Glasgow, to the use of the naval anchorage.

Nine-hundred-and-thirty-thousand motorists have signed a petition to the Government to change the present motor-licence tax to a flat-rate tax on petrol. Colonel Howard-Bury marshalled these mute inglorious voices—about a quarter of a ton of them—before the Speaker and explained their simple need. And that doubtless will be that.

The House at Question-time waxed very commercial. Cotton, rice, tariffs, motor-cars, the British Industries Fair and coal were each canvassed. Mr. Macquisten, in his own milky and ingratiating way, denounced the Milk and Dairy Order and invited the Under-Secretary for Scotland to bear in mind that milk is got by dairy-maids and not by byres. The Speaker, well aware that Scotch milk is often made in quite another place and apprehending a possible controversy, reprimanded the hon. Member for making a speech.

Mr. Batey fell foul of the Secretary of Mines over a boy who had been worked sixteen hours a day for an odd day or so in a Durham mine, against the law and the statute thereto appertaining. Why had nothing been done about it? Commodore King said the colliery had been remonstrated with and would not let it occur again. Why did not the Secretary of Mines "have the law on" the offenders? demanded the irate Mr. Batey. The Under-Secretary replied, rather unconvincingly, that the coal-owners "would not repeat the offence," adding later, still less convincingly, "I make no difference between owners and miners."

The outcome of it was that about 7.30 p.m. Mr. Batey moved the adjournment of the House, which had to devote precious hours carved from the middle of the Ministry of Defence debate to watching a mass attack—and, but for the sentimentalities of Mr. Kirkwood, a powerful attack—on the Ministry of Mines by the mining members of the Labour Party.

The House, in generous mood, permitted Mr. Barr to introduce a Bill for the better government of Scotland for Scotland by Scotland. Then it settled down to a really interesting debate on the need of co-ordinating the control of the Military, Naval and Air Forces under a single Minister of Defence. Major-General Sir Robert Hutchison, opening the debate, claimed (and received from Mr. Baldwin) credit



Mr. Winston Churchill. "Personally I 'm all for a super-warrior with Unified Headgear. I think I 'd better go and see my hatter about it."

for raising the question, which the PRIME MINISTER said they had been desiring to discuss for several years. Mr. BALDWIN enumerated the objections to the plan. His main point was, briefly, that national defence continuously involves nearly all Government departments, not merely the three fighting services, and that the Cabinet is in effect the Ministry of Defence and the PRIME MINISTER the Defence Minister. Any one, he said, who is not a superman, which he had never claimed to be, would find the burden of supervising these three departments intolerable. What Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL must have thought of this confession is indicated by our artist.

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE declared that the PRIME MINISTER, with his catalogue of "a regular warren of committees, all breeding a numerous progeny of sub-committees," had himself made out the best possible case for unified control of the Services. In peace, said the right honourable Member, there is "a fight between Ministers as to who shall get the biggest share of the loot that is loft," the "forcible and crafty" Secretary for the Navy usually coming out on top. He was for voting one hundred million for the lot and letting a Minister of Defence divide it up between them.

Wednesday, March 28th.—Pending an appeal from the Sussex bear and the Berkshire eagle the House of Lords debated pit ponies. The amenities of the life of a pit pony strike the lay mind as corresponding pretty closely to those of a miner's. Lord STANHOPE would not, despite pamphlets of the Pit Pony Protection Society, admit that pit ponies are cruelly treated, but admitted that the Government is not satisfied with the high rate of mortality among Yorkshire pit ponies. He maintained that there were plenty of inspectors and that, while the Government encouraged the installation of mechanical haulage in coal mines, it was not possible to make it compulsory. Lord DANESFORT, content to have given little horses a canter, withdrew the Motion.

It is not often that Members manage to "put one over" on the SPEAKER, but Mr. HAYES managed to do so to-day. He was moving for leave to introduce a Bill to bring toy pistols within the scope of the Firearms Act, 1920. Suddenly producing a dangerous-looking "gat" from his pocket, he displayed it to the House. The SPEAKER hastily reminded the hon. Member that an ancient rule prohibited the introduction into the House of arms of any kind.

"But this, Sir," said Mr. HAYES, restoring the object to his pocket, "is not a weapon within the meaning of the Act. It is a toy weapon, and your very proper alarm at the sight of it is sufficient justification for asking the House to pass a Bill of this kind."

The Bill got its first reading.

Thursday, March 29th.—No mention was made to-day in either House of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL'S sudden elevation to the Woolsack, an appointment rendered urgent by the grave illness of Lord CAVE. Nobody doubts that Sir DOUGLAS, whose career could be described as meteoric if meteors were less unstable, will make an impressive Chairman of the House of Lords, but it is equally true that with his translation the Government loses its most formidable fighter from ranks none too well supplied with two-sword men. Braving the lion in his den is child's play, as opponents know to their cost, compared with bearding the DOUGLAS on the floor of the House.

Their Lordships discussed the disfigurement of the countryside by oil advertisements. Lord HUNSDON moved to add "and others," which seemed only fair.

Replying to Lord BUCKMASTER, who merely assailed "red and yellow petrol pumps of the most hideous kind," Lord DESBOROUGH declared that the internal combustion engine had "ruined the earth, made the air dangerous and the sea foul." The Resolution was superfluous, however, because "those horrible pumps" would be dealt with by the Petroleum Amendment Bill. This did not satisfy Lord CECIL, who wants the petrol-filling stations ("disgusting erections!") abolished altogether.

One hesitates to say whether posterity will bestow more praise on the HOME SECRETARY, the official champion of women's electoral rights, or on those gallant ten Conservatives, the Leonidases of the lost cause of manhood, who carried the Representation of the People (Equal Franchise) Bill into the Lobbies. Let us admit that Sir WILLIAM JOYNSON-HICKS had all the logic on his side; let us admit that he had all the Cabinet, and all the Labour Party, and all the Liberal Party and all the Conservative Party but ten on his side; the fact remains that the male champion of woman's rights is looked at askance by the he-men of his time.

The debate produced no new arguments but a certain amount of new humour. Sir GEORGE COCKERILL bestowed on the HOME SECRETARY an epitaph that will live. Lady IVEAGH neatly countered Sir GEORGE'S explanation of women's superior numbers—he ascribed it to the fact that the higher an organism the harder it is to rear—by pointing out that it was the result of a more fundamental law of nature, the survival of the fittest. Lady ASTOR, whose ebullient feminism permeated the debate, said that the opposition to the Bill was the Die-hards' swan-song, adding rather unnecessarily that they sang like swans but thought like geese.

Finally the debate elicited from Mr. BALDWIN one of those rare passages of simple and unstudied eloquence, stimulated, as often, by a classic allusion, that place him, as a public speaker, in a class by himself.



THE WATER-BABY.

SIR DOUGLAS HOGG TAKES CHARGE OF THE GREAT SEAL.

In place of "*The Sunday Times*" read "*The Observer*." This is not a gratuitous piece of advice, but a correction of an error which appeared in last week's "Essence of Parliament," where Mr. MARLOWE'S letter on the ZINOVIEFF affair was wrongly stated to have been addressed to *The Sunday Times*.



ENTERTAINMENTS AT WHICH WE HAVE NEVER ASSISTED.

A PLOUGHING LESSON AT AN AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

WASSAIL SONGS.

III.—Sugar and Sack.

At "The Mermaid" (A.D. 1598).

He was the wisest of ancient kings
Who lauded Wisdom above all things;
She were richer to win than a Spanish prize,
So what should he do who would fain be wise?
  Let him take heed that he hath no lack
  Of sack and sugar, sugar and sack.

These twain will brighten the dullest wit
Ever inurned in the skull of a cit;
So the would-be wise man had best repair
To our "Mermaid," her with the long green hair,
  And pass the cannikin forth and back
  For sack and sugar, sugar and sack.

Here men come stained with the sun and wind
Who have diced with Death on the seas of Ind;
Here lads come wise in Apollo's lore
(But who drinks with a poet must pay the score!);
  And the pewter winks and the oak-logs crack
  And songs are sung of sugar and sack.

To gaze on players in doublets pied
The fool will fare to the Southwark side;
But the wise man knows that after the play
Unto "The Mermaid" in haste come they,
  Cambyses and *Bobadil*, *Hal* and *Jack*,
  To dip their beaks into sugar and sack.

To seek a city of fabled gold
The fool will fare o'er the ocean cold;
But the wise man sits by "The Mermaid" fire
And sees a glory of dome and spire
  Through his half-shut eyes when he's spent a plack
  On sack and sugar, sugar and sack.

D. M. S.

SMILING THROUGH;

Or, Breaths from the Balmier Journalism.

By Orange, Lady Mothery.

I.—*Moving Stairs.*

I, like you, often join the happy crowds who go their ways by Underground. Are not the big junctional stations wonderful? I am always finding fresh surprises in them. And only yesterday I had such a delightful adventure on the moving stairs.

I was descending, scanning the ascending faces on my right, as is my wont, for good cheer from the joy of just being alive. Down, down I was borne, and up, up they. Later it would be my turn to come up and theirs to go down. How like Life!

While I was taking my fill of meditation from that little parable I saw a dear face I knew of old coming bravely aloft. I sent forth a message and the face was conscious of it. Our eyes met. Then, as we passed with the moving of the stairs, our hands touched in a brief clasp.

"A pleasant journey!" I cried, stepping back that we might be level, and "Good going!" cried my friend gaily, with a similar movement. Thus, stepping back each, we prolonged the greeting while the stairs rumbled relentlessly on.

Then others pressed behind.

But with stepping back we had made the rumbling stairs count for naught for a moment; and so, with kind remembrance, may we all not discount the moving stairs of Life that bear us apart from time to time?

Dear faces on the moving stairs! You are with us ever, as plain in memory as in reality!

"Torrential rains have fallen in North-Western and Southern New South Wales. . . . Settlers in low-lying districts have risen 20 feet in 24 hours."—*Daily Paper.*

Jack-o'-the-Beanstalks would seem to be a better name than Cornstalks for these New South Welshmen.



CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

Huntsman. "'AVE YE SEEN THE FOX, MISSUS?"
Cottager. "NOA."
Huntsman. "WHAT WAS YE HOLLERIN' FOR, THEN?"
Cottager. "WELL, MY CAT SHE 'AVE GONE UP ON T' ROOF, AN' T' OLD DOG HE BEEN BARKIN' THE 'OUSE DOWN, SO I KNEW 'E BEUN'T FAR OFF."

THE TRIALS OF A MELODRAMATIST.

Prendergast, whose old-fashioned type of melodrama, *Tremayne of Ours*, successfully tours the provinces, is apt to be too imaginative in conversation; nevertheless, remembering the increasing readiness of foreign legations to express official pain at representations of their nationals in our English drama, and remembering the recent instance of political censorship of a film in this country, I must say that for once what Prendergast has been telling me sounds very plausible.

I had thoughtlessly set him going by asking if he had any new plays on the stocks.

"No," he groaned; "all my time is taken up in coping with official interferences with *Tremayne of Ours*. Only today I have had to overhaul my overseas' character in Acts III. and V. because of prejudice in the Dominions against the use of the word 'Colonial.'

"I have had trouble right from the start," he continued. "*Tremayne of Ours* hinges upon the theft and last-act recovery of the highly secret plans of a super-submarine. The Government became apprehensive that my melodrama would stir up the U.S.A. Biggest-ever-Navy Party, and at the dress-rehearsal an official came down to make me alter the documents to secret plans of an improved method of scrapping battle-cruisers.

"Before *Tremayne of Ours* had been a week on the road I was rapped over the knuckles about the bearing of some of my naval and military characters. Owing to the Locarno spirit and the habit of holding Disarmament conferences, their traditional enthusiasm for active service appeared to the Government to be jingoistic and to the last degree provocative. Therefore through the Admiralty and the War Office I was made to water down my best lines. For example, to the Flag-Lieutenant's declaration, 'To me there is no music like the roar of salvoes,' I was compelled to add the words—'of blank ammunition;' and my grizzled Black Watch Colonel's line, 'I should be proud to lead such men to the hottest corner of a fight,' had to be amended to 'such men to a great moral victory.'

"And then," continued Prendergast, "there was trouble about a sinister Chinaman whom I had introduced in deference to modern dramatic custom. The Government sent down post-haste an important official from the Pencils (H B) Office demanding the immediate excision of this Oriental on the grounds that not only had eighteen Chinese Governments discovered in this character an insult to legitimate Chinese national aspirations, but Mr. EUGENE CHEN had threatened from Moscow that he would organise a boycott as a reprisal as soon as ever his supporters at Hankow would permit him to return.

"But perhaps my greatest difficulty was over my spy. As there were secret plans in the play I *had* to have a spy to steal them; and in melodrama, at any rate, a spy has to be an unsympathetic character. In my original version he was a Muscovite, with the immediate result that the Independent Labour Party broke into a full-throated chorus, Ogpu started a new round-up of suspects, and the Soviet Government broadcasted to the world that *Tremayne of Ours* was a forgery. In ad-

monishing me the Foreign Office laid it down for my future guidance that a spy in melodrama was not to be of any nation that—

(*a*) Fought as our ally in the War;
(*b*) Fought against us in the War;
(*c*) Remained neutral during the War.

Also they vetoed the idea of an Irish spy as likely to hurt public feeling in New York and Glasgow. It then occurred to me to make him a fellow-countryman, as nobody is supposed to worry about the feelings of the English; but it is difficult for melodrama audiences to credit an Englishman with the necessary talent for espionage, and so at present *Tremayne of Ours* is carrying on with a vaguely Latin-American secret-service agent until Senator Borah or Big Bill Thompson scents an affront to the Monroe doctrine."

"In your next play——" I began.

"In my next play," said Prendergast, rising to go, "I shall steer clear of high politics and stick to straightforward vampire and sex stuff."

SURNAMING TOWNS.

Though it cannot be said that England knows nothing of its best sellers, it does very little for them in the way of official recognition. They manage these things better in Russia. Maxim Gorky has recently completed his sixtieth year, and the Soviet Republic has celebrated the anniversary of his birth by a special issue of Gorky stamps—not to be confounded with the Gosky patties of Edward Lear. But this is not all. The town in which he began his chequered and chameleonic career as a baker's assistant is to be renamed Gorkio, a title at once sumptuous and sonorous. Maxim Gorky's present abode is at Sorrento, that romantic Italian town celebrated for its baths, donkey-rides and luxuriant lemon and orange gardens, the traditional site of the temple of the Sirens, and the birthplace of Torquato Tasso. It is not yet known whether Gorky will withdraw from these salubrious haunts and return to his native country. The question whether it is obligatory on a man to live in a town or district named after him is not easily to be decided. There is no evidence to show that Cincinnatus ever contemplated residing in Cincinnati.

The problem of residence, however, is a minor and negligible matter. The thing that counts is the admirable example set by the Russians. Hitherto we have confined ourselves to such niggling and paltry recognition as is indicated by the naming of streets after persons of eminence, mainly politicians, generals or admirals—John Bright Street, Palmerston Road, Nelson Avenue, Wellington Square, etc. Where literature is concerned the imagination of local authorities stops short with the Victorian age. The great lights of to-day are entirely overlooked.

Yet natural indignation must not blind us to the difficulties of the situation, foremost among which is the unfortunate prospective plagiarism displayed in the nomenclature of cities, towns and villages. As a result of a careful study of the Gazetteer I have discovered that there are already seven Chestertons in existence, though all of them are attached to small hamlets, parishes or villages. There are seven Shaws, to say nothing of Bernard's Heath, a battlefield which dates from the year 1461. Three Wallacetowns appear on the map, but they are all anterior in their nomenclature to the golden period of the "Scots wha hae their Wallace read." The plight of Mr. Bennett is nearly as bad, in view of Bennett's End and Bennett's Bridge; and that of Mr. Wells is positively tragic when one considers the appropriation of his name by (1) a seaport



The Owner. "But it *does* give you a feeling of movement?"
The Other. "Yes, horribly."

in Norfolk, where the principal industries are malting, rope-making and oyster fisheries; (2) a town in Somerset, whose associations are episcopal and agricultural. However, they might in time learn to live up to the distinction of having a seer as their eponymous hero, if one were called Herbert-Wells and the other Tono-Bungay (which sounds East Anglian).

When we turn to the ladies, we are confronted with the same difficulties. With a strange lack of consideration the inhabitants of the town known until the reign of EDWARD I. as Wyke, obtained a charter from him, in which the name was changed to Hull. Miss DELL is no better off than Miss HULL, for we find Delly End in Oxfordshire, to say nothing of the New Delhi in India.

The best hope for our authors seems to lie in the new garden cities which are springing up on every side. Where they have already been named, their rechristening could be accomplished with less of a strain than would be involved in towns founded in the hoary past. And, where they have not advanced beyond the stage of planning, the claims of GALSWORTHY, MASEFIELD and HOUSMAN leap to the ear as deserving of perpetuation.

One final point remains for discussion: whether the names of great authors should be applied to towns without any alteration, or subjected to a slight decorative treatment, as with GORKY and GORKIO. Personally I incline to the termination in -io as suggestive of exhilaration (*cf.* "Io Bacche!") and reminding one of "Cheerio!" It has also a distinctly Italian flavour, and its adoption might please MUSSOLINI.

Moreover it would be peculiarly appropriate in its application to any surnamed towns situated in the Cornish Riviera. NIETZSCHE, in an often-quoted phrase which occurs in his historic condemnation of WAGNER, declared, "*Il faut Méditerraniser la musique*," and it would only be carrying the process a step further if we Mediterranised the names of the authors selected for the new order of merit—Pozzuoli and Bellocchio, for example.

A Premature Appointment.

"Miss ——, of Somerville College, Oxford, has been appointed to a Rhodes Travelling Fellowship for 1928-29."—*West Country Paper.*

She need be in no hurry to pack.

AT THE PLAY.

"THIS YEAR OF GRACE" (LONDON PAVILION).

The COCHRAN-COWARD Revue at the centre of the world is a really brilliant affair. *The League of Notions* has hitherto held, but now loses, the record in this kind. A truly perceptive nation would thrust a barony with a grant upon Mr. COCHRAN (incidentally perhaps hanging on the lamp-posts of Kensington Gore the recalcitrant seatholders of the Albert Hall). If to make a burdened people laugh, to twist its Puritan tail without wrenching it off, to aim at the gold of beauty and hit it fairly while being thoroughly entertaining without pretentiousness, is not to deserve well of the republic I don't know what is. As to the almost unseemly cleverness of Mr. COWARD it is hard to know what to do about it. Segregation, perhaps, lest the feet of the young men be led astray by such Will-o'-the-wispish inducements to universal achievement. I don't know how good Mr. COWARD's music is technically, but he can apparently stand up to the professionals in their own ground and turn a romantic and/or mock sentimental ballad, a riotous dance-tune in the modern manner, or a parody of Russian folk-song or paulo-post-futurish cacophony, with the best. He has a pretty wit, sharp-edged with malice, and an apparently inexhaustible invention. Of twenty-four items he is responsible for all but four, and, though naturally they are not all of equal merit, there was no sense at the end of the evening that we had had too much of this sprightly paragon. A mere catalogue of the crowded programme must suffice:—



A BRIGHT OUTLOOK.

MR. SONNIE HALE AND MISS JESSIE MATTHEWS.



"UP, GIRLS, AND AT 'EM!"

MISS MAISIE GAY AS A CHANNEL SWIMMER.

Item (1) *A Tube Station.* Here we were castigated for our sheep-like attitude. A tolerable opening.

(2) Miss JESSIE MATTHEWS, with her authentic 1928 figure, her incredible skill in flinging her dainty legs into the flies, and her pretty airs and graces, a little over-*ingénue*ous, sings a tuneful *Mary Make Believe*, with Mr. COCHRAN's Young Ladies, a charming team, in reserve.

(3) *The Wrecker, The Silver Chord, Young Woodley*, potted into a line or two, and *Any Noel Coward Play*, showing that the author can laugh at himself and is hanged if he'll apologise for his rare failures.

(4) *Mad About You*, a tuneful ditty (SHEILA GRAHAM and WILLIAM CAVANAGH), with, as epilogue, a brilliant dance by a beautiful golden-tressed American girl, JEAN BARRY, apparently about eleven feet high and as light as a water-wagtail, with her serious and accomplished partner, JACK HOLLAND.

(5) *The Bus Rush*, a bright version of the well-known game played by the General Omnibus Co. of "Catch-as-catch-can," in which the bus always

wins—Miss MAISIE GAY registering social aloofness, grim determination, agony, despair.

(6) *Lorelei.* Miss LAURI DEVINE on an OLIVER MESSEL rock against the moon, twisting her beautiful body with the most unbelievable control of balance by way of luring the mariner to his doom. An unexpected ending.

(7) SNOWBALL, a tiny expert in banjo technique of uncertain age: fourteen—thirty?

(8) *Ignorance is Bliss* (1890 and 1928), being aspects of the delicate crisis of a honeymoon, with Miss JESSIE MATTHEWS as the entirely uninstructed 1890 girl (charmingly done), and Miss JOAN CLARKSON as the perhaps too-experienced young woman of to-day.

(9) Miss TILLY LOSCH, one of Mr. COCHRAN'S most intelligent discoveries, in a "Dance of the Hands," an interpretation of a RAVEL *Arabesque*, in which the brilliantly studied movements of the arms, hands and fingers produce a wonderful effect. A gem of bizarre beauty.

(10) *A Room with a View*—a charming piece of sentiment in music, words and appropriate playing (by Miss JESSIE MATTHEWS and Mr. SONNIE HALE).

(11) *It Doesn't Matter How Old You Are.* Miss MAISIE GAY as a blowzy grotesque char, bemused with drink and grossly sentimental memories. Rather a cruelly ugly business. Watch the trembling of her lower lip as a point of capable technique.

(12) *Teach Me to Dance like Grandma danced* (Mr. NOEL COWARD here disdains the counsels of Mr. FOWLER) to a most attractive melody, sung and danced by Miss JESSIE MATTHEWS—her dancing is quite admirable and consistently improving—and the lively young ladies. But not since LOPOKOVA in *La Boutique* has there been so delightful an episode as Miss TILLY LOSCH'S polka and mazurka. In just three too-brief brilliant minutes she proved her right to be placed in the narrow category of supreme artists. And, though her brilliance inevitably clouded somewhat the performance of the others, the whole affair of the dances of Grandma's period was admirably presented—with most enchanting dresses by Miss DORIS ZINKEISEN. Miss JEAN BARRY'S exquisitely graceful and athletic whirlwind waltz was a great performance.

(13) *The Lido Beach.* A bludgeoning of some of our notables of birth or wealth, with a pert quartet on the edifying theme:—

"We may be little women,
But we're not good wives."

(14) A savage picture of an English watering-place mitigated by the sound buffoonery of Miss MAISIE GAY as a Channel swimmer. The four depressed mothers were cleverly presented by Miss ANN CODRINGTON, Miss JOAN CLARKSON, Miss MADGE AUBREY and Miss BETTY SHALE.

(15) *Ballet*—"The Legend of the Lily of the Valley." Some withers in Bloomsbury will be wrung by the brilliant little speech delivered with excellent points by SONNIE HALE on the theme and treatment of the "bolleh," while the show itself was a lighthearted rag of the modernist adventures of the post-*Chout* school. The preamble was better than the argument.



A KALEIDOSCOPIC IMPRESSION.
"THIS YEAR OF GRACE" AND PACE.

(16) *Rules of Three*—the triangular theme, after BARRIE, LONSDALE and WALLACE. A soundly devised and compressed piece of fun.

(17) *Dance Little Lady*—a piece of bitter satire most brilliantly contrived with the aid of OLIVER MESSEL'S masks and dresses.

(18) *Chauve-Souris.* Mr. LANCE LISTER does that entertaining *blagueur* BALIEFF to the life, and the pleasant nonsense and music by Mr. COWARD is good fun.

(19) *Gothic.* A touch of real imaginative beauty. Miss TILLY LOSCH and Miss LAURI DEVINE in a duet of beautifully controlled posturing—two stained-glass saints stepping down from their cold window.

(20) *Try to Learn to Love.* An excellent tune, with Miss JESSIE MATTHEWS surpassing herself as a thistledown dancer and dainty high-kicker.

(21) Police-women in a rather crude satire.

(22) Another brilliant Spanish dance by JEAN BARRY and JACK HOLLAND.

(23) CASTLETON and MACK, step-dancers and grotesque gymnasts. Tip-top.

(24) Hurried *Finale* to a distinguished, intelligent, packed, hurtling, laughter-making show. T.

THE LUCKY GOLF-BALL.

"BUY a ball, Sir?"

I turned quickly and observed one of those unhappy beings that wander dispiritedly over our golf-courses, poking about among the clumps of gorse and heather that offer so secure a sanctuary to the hard-pressed golf-ball. To quote the words of Polcastle, one of our committee, it is in the worst possible form to purchase a foundling ball from one of these wretches; it simply is not done by members of a decent club.

"Certainly not," I said brusquely, turning to contemplate my lie, an execrable one.

"It's a very *lucky* ball, Sir."

I paused to regard more closely the depressing figure that had appeared as from nowhere without a sound. He was tall, lean and elderly, dressed in black from head to foot, in a threadbare tail-coat and a dilapidated bowler hat. His features were gaunt and lugubrious, but in his penetrating eyes shone a curious glint that checked the angry exclamation on my lips. For a brief instant a strange and eerie atmosphere seemed to hover about his lank form, and I felt an uncomfortable shiver run down my spine.

"What do you mean—a lucky ball?" I demanded.

"It is an exceptionally lucky ball, Sir," he replied. "I am sure you will find it brings you good fortune. Only sixpence, Sir—a tanner, as we commonly say."

I hesitated. A recollection of Polcastle standing with feet apart delivering a lecture to an eighteen-handicap man flashed into my mind and decided me. I hastily fished out sixpence.

"I shall expect something very extraordinary from this," I said with an uneasy laugh.

He gravely lifted his hat and bowed. "You will not be disappointed, Sir," he said. "Allow me to thank you, on my own behalf and for all my brother unfortunates who wander so miserably upon these links. Think kindly of them, Sir; think charitably of them, and good luck will not fail to attend you."

I heard Simpson calling impatiently from the other side of the fairway and, seizing my mashie, I played out; then I turned again to question the remarkable creature at my side.

He had vanished as silently and as mysteriously as he had come.

* * * * *

On the next tee I selected my newly-acquired ball. I am not a good, at least not a reliable, driver. I hit the ball forcibly enough, but the direction it takes not infrequently causes me surprise and disappointment. They tell me it is something I do with my left foot. I believe I lift it too high in the air.

I addressed the ball and drove. Straight and true it sped down the middle of the fairway—a superb, a perfect drive.

"Good *shot!*" exclaimed Simpson with ill-concealed astonishment.

I would like, if I had time, to describe the rest of the round to you stroke by stroke; to illustrate in detail how I did the short fourteenth in two after pitching on the roof of a shelter, and the long seventeenth in four. Enough to say that I won every remaining hole.

Next day I went round in eighty-one, and on the following Saturday I won the monthly medal with a net score of fifty-six. The great Heathcote, a scratch player, came and congratulated me personally.

It is difficult for me to describe my pleasurable sensations of the days that followed. The thwarted desires and vicious complexes that embitter the soul of the mediocre player were lifted from me. My personality seemed to expand and the world became a blither place; a livelier emerald twinkled, as it were, on the greens. Members nudged one another as I passed.

Only the objectionable Polcastle remained aloof and scornful. "Don't tell me," I heard him sneeringly remark, "that a man who waves his left foot in the air is a golfer. He 'll come a cropper before long; they always do."

My great chance came when I had to meet him in the final of the General Bufflethwaite Cup, the event of our club year. Polcastle was openly and contemptuously confident. For myself, I lovingly caressed my precious ball and smiled; with this powerful ally I would humble my arrogant opponent to the dust.

The final of the Bufflethwaite is played over thirty-six holes, but I have not the heart now to tell you much about the match. At the end of the morning round I was three up, and when we came to the tenth tee in the afternoon I had established the commanding lead of eight holes. My drive hummed crisply down the fairway; Polcastle sliced badly over a tree.

In grim silence we tramped together to look for his ball. Then, as Polcastle stood contemplating a peculiarly awkward lie, a weedy youth in a tattered jacket emerged from behind a bush and shuffled towards me.

"Buy a ball, Sir?" he whined.

Polcastle looked up with a savage exclamation. The vagrant's eyes sought mine appealingly. But the dominating presence of Polcastle overawed me and my courage oozed away.

"Certainly not," I snapped; "be off with you."

He slunk away without a word.

Polcastle recovered with an heroic effort and I went to play my second. But both my conscience and my nerve were affected and I pulled the shot. Nevertheless it cleared the obstructions and looked to pitch on open ground. If my good fortune held I might still win, or at least halve the hole. But when we reached the spot not a trace of the ball could be seen. There was not a bush, scarcely a tuft of grass, that could have concealed it. And suddenly, on a distant fairway, stark against the evening sky, I descried a lank figure in a black tail-coat hastening over the brow of the hill with swift determined strides.

I dropped my clubs with an exclamation of dismay. "Hi!" I cried. "Stop! Come back!"

"What the blazes is the matter with you?" demanded Polcastle.

"That man," I shouted, "look—he 's taken my ball."

"Don't be a fool," snarled Polcastle; "how could he possibly have touched your ball?"

Already the ominous figure had disappeared behind the hill, and I knew pursuit was useless. With despair in my heart I abandoned the hole.

From this point the match degenerated, as far as I was concerned, into a humiliating farce. Never have I played such abject golf or been pursued by such persistent ill-fortune. Polcastle won the Cup at the eighteenth after I had thrice driven out of bounds.

"You 'll never play golf till you learn to keep that left foot on the ground," was his only comment.

* * * * *

Morose and dejected I sat alone in a corner of the smoke-room. Simpson (somehow I had not been seeing much of Simpson lately) approached me. "Bad luck, old man," he said gruffly; "you struck a rotten patch. Walking down?"

Without a word I rose and together we left the club-house. Outside it was dark, and as we passed through the avenue of trees that leads to the road a shape of intenser blackness seemed to detach itself from the surrounding shadows, and I felt rather than heard a reproachful voice speaking in my ear.

"You disappointed me, Sir," it said. "I would never have failed you if you had not failed us."

Simpson struck a match to light his pipe, and in the flickering gleam I saw a lugubrious countenance regarding me from the shadows with dark accusing eyes.

I leapt forward to grapple with it, bumped into a tree and reeled back bruised and breathless.

"Hello, what 's up?" inquired Simpson.

"See," I cried, "the creature in black! Quick! Don't let him get away."

"Come, pull yourself together, old boy," said Simpson kindly. "You 've been having a couple too many at the nineteenth." He came up and took my arm.

C. L. M.

A BALLADE OF ADDRESSES.

What shall we christen our little home,
One of a hundred all in a row,
Lining a road that may lead to Rome
(That 's dragged in for the rhyme, I know),
Where the buses ply to and fro,
Hooting as demons that hoot for glee
Over their prey in the realms below?
Kozikot is the name for me!

Brave with gable and tower and dome
(Drains by "The Popular Plumbing Co."),
Flaunting curtains of mauve and chrome,
Say, shall we label it Mon Repos,
Sandringham, Belmont, Fontainebleau,
Victory Villa, Ben Machree,
Dolce Domum, or Felixstowe?
Kozikot is the name for me!

What do you say to Parracombe,
Bettws-y-coed, San Remo,
Chez Nous, Camelot, Happiholme,
Hythe, The Juggery, Winterslow,
Wywurrie, Abbotsford, Westward Ho!
Bella Vista, The Rosary,
But and Ben, or The Durdans? No!
Kozikot is the name for me!

ENVOY.

Prince, I envy no proud château,
Goguenard, Gaillard or Sans Souci;
One name alone sets my heart aglow—
Kozikot is the name for me!



COUNTY SONGS.

XXX.—Hertfordshire.

As I went down to Hertfordshire
To visit Hatfield Oak,
I met the prettiest girl, to whom
Courageously I spoke:
"'Tis liberty, no doubt, in me,
A stranger to these parts,
But may I woo, O Lady, you,
The lovely Queen of Herts?"

As I came back from Hertfordshire,
No longer was I gay,
For I had lost the prettiest trick
That ever came my way;
She did not chide nor turn aside,
But ere we could embrace
The King strode in his Queen to win,
And I—I lacked the Ace.

E. V. L.













Shipwrecked Mariner (*as it begins to snow*), "LET ME SEE—WASN'T IT ARNOLD BENNETT WHO SAID, 'NOTHING IS TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE'?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

IN collecting the views of eleven more or less youthful iconoclasts on ten elderly reputations and two literary topics, Mr. EDGELL RICKWORD has a preliminary note about the pleasures of disillusionment. Even if you don't know where you are going, he insists, it is an advantage to know where you are not going—a mulish attitude which I hope will not infect any intending reader of *Scrutinies* (WISHART). Not all Mr. RICKWORD'S company are as perverse as he makes out; in fact his own last sentence candidly admits that they have no particular bond between them. Mr. RICKWORD himself is annoyed with BARRIE'S fantastic atmosphere. Mr. EDWIN MUIR accuses ARNOLD BENNETT of overdoing mere matter. Miss DOROTHY EDWARDS twits G. K. CHESTERTON with his fool's paradise. Mr. DOUGLAS GARMAN explains why WALTER DE LA MARE is degenerate. Mr. D. H. LAWRENCE gives as sound a survey of Galsworthian passions as is possible in the language of the kennels. Mr. ROBERT GRAVES is amusing, and not particularly disillusioned, on KIPLING. MASEFIELD is denounced by Mr. BERTRAM HIGGINS for bluffing the public with a specious reading of life. Mr. THOMAS MCGREEVY applies Mr. JAMES JOYCE as "our standard" to GEORGE MOORE. A survey of BERNARD SHAW as the last of the rationalists hardly does justice to Mr. W. J. TURNER; and "H. G. WELLS," by Mr. JOHN HOLMS, hardly does justice to H. G. WELLS. Mr. ROY CAMPBELL on "Contemporary Poetry" discovers, like MATTHEW ARNOLD, but spontaneously, that man must begin where nature ends; and the intrepid Mr. HIGGINS, in a duologue between an Ancient and a Modern, gives, I'm afraid unwittingly, the final word to the former. A suggestion of other volumes to follow is only clouded for me by the thought that the present age is hardly providing idols enough for the future to shatter.

For a popular novelist a blinded ex-officer makes a dangerous hero, but Mr. IAN HAY at least can be trusted not to let sentimentality run away with him, and here is *The Poor Gentleman* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) in proof of it. I found it difficult, in fact, to feel even a decent pity for *Captain Barry Shere*, so capable is he and so splendidly self-reliant. One of his exploits left me gasping, acquainted though I am with the fact that the remaining senses of a blinded man become exceptionally keen. Kidnapped by a gang of ruffians in Hyde Park, he is driven away in a closed ambulance-van to a remote spot in Surrey and is yet able to identify the route mile by mile, aided by the various traffic noises, the "feel" of the tyres on the road-surfaces and the smells from occasional factories. It left me gasping, I repeat, but not incredulous. I refuse to challenge Mr. IAN HAY on this (or any other) point, as he is almost certain to produce a friend who performed the actual feat only last October; he is that devast-

ating sort of man. Arrived at his goal our hero finds himself, by a coincidence which seems to have astonished no one more than the author, in a secluded mansion of which every inch is known to him, and with this knowledge and the help of the girl he loves and a friend or two he is able to defeat his enemies and to avert the revolution they are plotting. A gallant hero, a really charming heroine, a youngster or two of the true Hay breed, some thrills, much sane and invigorating humour—what more can any reader want? At least fifty thousand throats will answer, "Nothing."

Oh, J. Brunton Blaikie, M.D.,
Has written—its vigour is vital—
As jolly a book as can be,
And *I Go A-Fishing*'s the title;
An issue of Arnold; and what's it about?
About? Goodness gracious, why, salmon and trout!

You like the dry fly at its best?
Clear water, bright beds of gold pebble?
Then come to the Mimram and Test,
Then come to the Lee and the Ebble;
And hey for May mornings—the hatch coming up,
And hey for green willow, blue sky and kingcup!

Or, haply, you'd liefer fare forth
To the streams that run dark and unruly.
Don, Dee? Nay, you'd go further north,
To the Uists and Ultima Thule?
Well, do, and, since Shetland is part of the show,
Stop and catch a sea-trout in a salt-water voe.

Yes, all these fine things can be done
In the pages of *I Go A-Fishing*,
And I've never a grumble but one
And it is that I cannot help wishing
Those paragraphs out where our fly-fisher states
Vivisectional views and, in argument, mates
The same with the use, or abuse, of live baits.



He. "Who's that man? I thought we were all celebrities here."
She. "So we are, Hubert. You forget that you've been away for the week-end."

Remembering the unpropitious nature of his legacy to France and Europe, his unnecessary and ruinous wars, his fabulous personal expenditure, his remoteness from the lives of his people and the phenomenal dulness of his Court, I consider *Louis XIV., King of France and Navarre* (Methuen), extremely lucky to have attracted a modern biographer with a tenderness for his subject. "He set several fashions which did no good, and he left a tradition which did harm," is Mr. C. S. Forester's verdict on *Le Roi Soleil*. Yet for all that one cannot help liking him in an underhand sort of fashion." The liking, I think, follows on a genuine understanding, and the understanding on an unusual capacity for sympathetic research into two very different worlds. These, the world of French politics, domestic and foreign, and the world of Court intrigue, are bestridden by one periwigged colossus, Louis. Mr. Forester too keeps a foot on each, and chapters on the finance of Fouquet and Colbert and the warlike genius of Louvois, Vauban and Tourville are intermingled with intimate accounts of the Mancinis, La Vallière, De Montespan and "Sa Solidité," Madame De Maintenon. The sterner material has been rendered so ductile and full of human interest that a little less, perhaps, of the shady side of Court life would have served to diversify it. The historian, where the machinations of women and ecclesiastics are concerned, is a trifle inclined to echo the conventional view. A close acquaintance with the gloomy tenets of Port Royal, for instance, would hardly bear out his claim that its "beautiful ideals" were extinguished

solely to oblige Madame DE MAINTENON. This, however, is but a side issue. The book as a whole remains an entertaining, picturesque and accomplished revision of an important page of history.

That harsh treatment in early youth is a better preparation for success in life than indulgence, and that a strong character succeeds where a weak one will fail, are propositions which are not entirely new. But Mr. PETT RIDGE, in *The Two Mackenzies* (METHUEN), has presented these themes with characteristic charm and humour in his study of the crucial months in the lives of a twin brother and sister. With his gentle but compelling smile Mr. PETT RIDGE tells the story of *Florence Mackenzie's* brilliant emergence from a state of slavery—against the long odds of her *Aunt Charlotte's* disfavour—and the sad decline and fall of her brother *Peter*, who starts with the advantage of *Aunt Charlotte's* approbation. The scene is laid for the most part in a general outfitter's shop in New Oxford Street; then, after two drop-scenes of the Continent, the grand finale is set in a great departmental store. *The Two Mackenzies*, which reflects the life and opinions of a shop-assistant and a retail tradesman, may possibly make the reader for some time a little self-conscious when making purchases, but it will undoubtedly give him a lot of fun.

The odd and by no means unattractive blending of the sordid and the picturesque, the dull and the bizarre, the grime of mean streets and the exotic smells and colours of the East, which is characteristic of Mr. THOMAS BURKE'S Chinatown tales, is to be found amply displayed in the story called "The Dream of Ah Lum," which stands first in his new book, *East of Mansion House* (CASSELL). It describes the sentimental yearning of a Stepney-born Chinaman for the East he has never seen, and the disastrous result of an effort on the part of well-meaning busybodies to translate his dream into reality. When, however, Mr. BURKE deserts—as he does in the majority of the tales which make up the present volume—the purlieus of Pennyfields for the Black Country, the effect is so hideously and unrelievedly depressing that it is earnestly to be hoped that his next book will see a complete return to his Limehouse manner.

Within limits I sympathise with *Felix Menzies*, but if many husbands behaved as he did in MICHAEL MAURICE'S *But in Ourselves* (HUTCHINSON) I think the difficulties of wedded life would be considerably increased. His initial trouble was that he had dreamed that on a certain day he would murder a man for suspected intrigue with his newly-married wife, and had told her nothing about it. So we are given pictures of an idyllic honeymoon, presently clouded by the intervention of the man who, so to speak, was booked to be murdered. This vain philanderer was, it must be admitted, given more than enough rope to hang himself, for *Felix* had, without proclaiming the fact, "flung a challenge to the universe, to God Himself, to prove the sanity of faith in goodness." A bold enough challenge, but, as it persuaded him to stand aside in moments of crisis and to rely entirely on his wife's intrinsic purity, I consider it a little hard upon her. However his policy of negation was ultimately justified and *Mrs. Menzies* proved capable of bearing the strain imposed upon her. A curious story, which both in theme and treatment seems more likely to appeal to women than to men.



Lady (to importunate tramp). "HERE, I'M GIVING UP ONE OF MY HOME-MADE CAKES, AND I HOPE I SHAN'T SEE YOU AGAIN FOR MONTHS AND MONTHS."

Tramp. "WELL, YOU KNOW YER OWN COOKIN' BETTER'N I DO."

Robes of Thespis (BENN), an interesting scrap-book of stage designs, edited for RUPERT MASON by GEORGE SHERINGHAM and R. BOYD MORRISON, is an attempt by a modern MÆCENAS to bring the work of the less-known younger theatrical designers before the notice of the men of the theatre and the public. The designs of the prentices are deftly sandwiched between those of such accepted masters as CRAIG, NORMAN WILKINSON, RICKETTS, NICHOLSON, RUTHERSTON, DULAC, SCHWABE, HAMMOND, NASH, DORIS ZINKEISEN and SHELVING. There is certainly much talent and much promise of talent, many excellent designs which are at once good theatre and also admirable drawings. It must in candour be said, however, that it is a poor piece of bookmaking to come from a firm with such high standards; the text from various hands is on the whole gossiping and casual rather than directed and informative, and there is no index, which is infuriating. However there is still the large collection of excellently-printed colour and monochrome plates to console the disappointed.

The Vista (CAPE) is a tale with real backgrounds. One is a country-house and associations, such as Mr. WALPOLE has drawn on a larger scale in *Wintersmoon*; the other is a great industrial undertaking. When describing these backgrounds and illustrating their influence upon his drama Mr. RONALD FRASER writes with a skill and firmness that are most commendable. Where I quarrel with him is over his picture of the principal character. With the best will in the world I failed to arrive at a close understanding of *Julian Verney*. I could believe in his power over business men and see his attraction for a certain type of woman, but he never seemed to me to possess the qualities which would gain for him the unvarying devotion of so exceptional a heroine; and his manservant, called *Smith*, is a type which even this frequent family would find it difficult to produce. Still, I discovered sound reasons for contentment with a story that is modern in outlook and deals with issues of high import.

CHARIVARIA.

"I BELIEVE that the soul can be corrupted by the mind," says the Editor of *The Sunday Express*. But not, of course, if the mind is chastened and uplifted by the popular Sunday Press.

According to a woman-writer it is not always the good-looking girl who makes the best wife. In these days beauty is so often only knee-deep.

We are authorised to contradict the rumour that there is some idea of converting the Grand National into a flat race.

An old lady writes to us expressing the wish that people would understand that Oxford's defeat in the Boat Race was entirely due to a mishap at the canal turn.

Efforts are being made to induce Italians to leave the cities and return to their mountains. The question arises: Does Italy need a LLOYD GEORGE?

Attention is drawn to the fact that Soho has broken its boundaries and spread to the north and to the east. We trust that the natives of the new territory won't suffer the experiences of the South Tyrolese.

Dr. JAMES D. WALSH, of Chicago, who has written a book entitled *Laugh and Grow Fat*, doesn't seem to realise why the modern woman hardly permits herself to smile.

Whispered singing is advocated as a beautifying exercise for the throat. Try it in your bath.

A motorist has driven from Paris to Tonking. His object in doing so is believed to have been to enable him to publish an account of his journey, under the title, *Honking to Tonking*.

The Greater Brighton celebrations are to be held at Whitsuntide, when it is hoped that anything in the nature of an anti-Thanet demonstration will be studiously avoided.

We hope that the formation of this new Commercial League of Nations will mean that no nation will be allowed another war until it has paid off the instalments on the last.

Dr. BARNES thinks it possible that other worlds are inhabited by beings to whom our wireless is a commonplace of the almost forgotten past. They are greatly to be envied.

A paragraphist who has seen a pretty roof-garden on the cabin of a barge wishes other bargees would follow this example. We agree that they should be encouraged to "say it with flowers."

A husband recently stated that his wife had not spoken to him for eleven months. And yet there are cynics who still say that there is no such thing as a happy marriage.



Rural P.C. (looking at licence of motorist who has exceeded the speed-limit). "HO! SO YOU 'VE KEPT US WAITIN' SEVEN YEARS AFORE WE COULD COP YER?"

The Stepney Guardians having made their own hot cross buns this year, a protest is anticipated from the hot cross bun foundries throughout the country.

When a motor-lorry got out of control at Salford and fell into the Irwell the driver and his mate jumped clear. We don't blame them.

This revives the old question of where the river Irwell ends. A good way to find out is to walk along it until you come to the end of the smell.

Part of the instruction in a new dance called the Sugar Step, runs:—"Take two slow steps, or four quick ones, to the bar." It depends on what sort of a thirst you have.

We have been asked to request all claimants to the ANGELL estate to form a tidy queue.

A New York policeman has invented a special camera for photographing crimes. All that is necessary is for the criminal to give twenty-four hours' notice of any murder he contemplates.

It is reported that last week a taxpayer got out of hand, rushed into the street and bit an Alsatian.

German addressing-machines are being used in the army because they are more efficient than our own, but when it comes to addressing a recruit on the subject of dirty buttons there is nothing to touch the home-grown sergeant-major.

Reports from Savile Row indicate that the new golf-suitings are to be much quieter. Hush-hush-fours, in fact.

The skull of a victim of the Great Fire of London has just been discovered with perfect teeth. Of course there were no cures for pyorrhœa in those days.

Strange to say, thimbles are still being sold. It appears that they measure just the right quantity of Angostura to put into a cocktail.

A German chemist has invented a method of turning insects into metal. We were nearly run down by one of these on Easter Monday.

So many film actresses employ a double for dangerous feats that some of them are thinking of employing one to take the matrimonial business off their hands.

According to an authority the life of the average popular song is only about four months. That 's what makes it so popular.

A live carp wrapped in flannel was a passenger in a Paris—London airliner. We doubt if it will ever be able to convince its friends that this is not just a very good fish story.

Another Impending Apology.

"EXPENSIVE RESTORATION.

"Lady ——, looking even prettier than usual in white chiffon, was one of those present.

Mr. and Mrs ——, the owners of —— Castle, in Kent, which they have restored at enormous expense, were two more."—*Daily Paper.*

PATERNAL PUNISHMENT.

Joyce wore the pretty air of severity which means that before digestion has done its beneficent work I must gird my loins and do some little job about the house.

"You must whip Peter," she insisted before I had tasted the soup.

"Why should I whip Peter?" I asked. "I would rather whip someone my own size."

"Because he 's been naughty," she said finally.

"And what has the little fellow been doing?"

"He told old Mr. Roberts next door that his head was like an egg."

"Topping," I remarked. "Peter is going to be a humourist. It 's been staring me in the face all these years, and I couldn't make out what his head reminded me of."

"Oh, but it 's rude," Joyce protested, "and he must be whipped for it."

"I can't whip Peter for telling the truth," I decided. "Remember GEORGE WASHINGTON and his little hatchet."

"What will he come to," she wailed, "if he 's like this at the age of five?"

"At thirty-five," I suggested, "he will be a successful editor. His passion for the truth——"

"But what am I to say to Mr. Roberts? I promised that you 'd whip him."

"Then you had no right to promise my services in that light-hearted manner. I wouldn't dream of whipping Peter. If Mr. Roberts wishes to conceal the truth, let him hide his dome under a bowler."

"Oh, well, if you don't mind Peter being rude——"

"Not rude, dear. Only tactless. Remember he 's very young."

"Yes," she sighed, "he 's very young."

"And look at the motive at the back of his little mind," I argued. "He knows no social insincerities. He does not treat Mr. Roberts as a kind-hearted elderly gentleman when he knows he 's a selfish old man who hides the balls and kites which happen to fall on his side of the hedge. We ought to be proud we have a son who tells the truth."

"I 'm so glad," she agreed, "that you feel like that about the truth. But don't you think, if he can tell the truth to Mr. Roberts, he ought to tell it to me?"

"Of course," I said uneasily.

"I don't so much mind Peter climbing up and stealing the raspberry jam, but he ought not to tell me lies."

"If you cornered him," I pointed out, "he was bound to get out of it. That 's human nature. It 's the will-to-live. Peter 's an Englishman. He never knows when he 's beaten."

"He 's going to be beaten this time," she said decidedly.

"Not by me. You shouldn't have cornered him."

"I didn't. I tried to coax it out of him," she explained. "I merely asked him who had taken the jam."

"And what did he say?"

"'Spects it must have been *Man Friday*. He was awful hungry.'"

"You know, that 's a charming fancy!" I exclaimed. "His desert island is so real to him. I begin to think Peter has genius."

"That means you won't whip him?"

"If you examine his mental processes, looking at the motives and not at the actions, he ought to have a special hug for to-day's good deeds."

"Wait a moment. There was another 'good deed' I must mention. You know Aunt Mary's Chinese vase?"

"Our wedding-present?"

"Yes. Peter 's broken it."

"Accidents will happen."

"But it wasn't an accident. He pulled it off its stand deliberately."

"And what reason did he give?"

"None. He merely said he hated it."

"He shall have sixpence to-morrow. I 've always hated it myself. But dare I touch a present from Aunt Mary? Not I. I lack the courage of my convictions. Depend upon it, Peter is going to be a great man—an iconoclast, a destroyer of idols."

"Oh, well," she sighed, "perhaps you will explain that to Aunt Mary?"

"You 're sure," I said evasively, "there 's nothing else against Peter?"

"No, there 's nothing else. Peter 's not all bad, you know. After I 'd talked to him about the vase and Aunt Mary's feelings he was as good as gold. You know your new patent pipe? He sat for an hour, contented as a king, making the most delicious bubbles——"

"What! With my pipe?"

"I thought it showed such initiative and resource," she said sweetly. "We ought to be proud——"

"My pipe!" I cried. "Fetch him downstairs. I 'll teach him a lesson."

"Poor Peter!" sighed Joyce.

"Just now," I protested, "you were urging me to whip him."

"Yes, but that was for telling Mr. Roberts that his head was like an egg. I promised Mr. Roberts that Peter should be whipped for that."

"If you like," I conceded, "you can say that he was. But that 's not the reason *I* shall give Peter."

"Then he 'll go on saying rude things to Mr. Roberts. Couldn't you tell Peter that you were whipping him for being rude to Mr. Roberts as well as for blowing bubbles with your pipe?"

"Oh, very well," I cried; "anything for a quiet life."

PHOTOMANIA.

"I AM sick of the horrible faces
Of people I do not know
All standing about in places
To which I shall never go:
Tall men with the beards of AARON,
Small men with the chins of eggs,
Old ladies with shingled hair on,
Young ladies with art silk legs.

"I am weary of titled laughter
And the boat at the harbour bar,
The house with the ruined rafter
And the ditch with the broken car;
And the lost girl's smiling mother,
And the jockey that takes a toss,
And the murderer's youngest brother
Inset and marked with a cross.

"Our human life is a rum one,
But it must have a better throb
Than looking at Mr. Someone
Embarking for Thingumbob;
And I think I have seen the features
Fixed in their anguished smiles
Of most of the mortal creatures
That breathe in the British Isles.

"Let us leave the pictured gapers
By the laid foundation stone,
And the diving nymphs of the papers
To drown, in pairs or alone;
I care not what they are doing,
And I care not who they be—
It 's the sky, and the stock-dove cooing,
And the open road, for me!

"We will take to the water-courses
And the elm-trees ringed by rooks,
And genuine people and horses,
And the babble of running brooks;
And would it were ours *in toto*,
After long grief and pain,
Never to look at a photo
Of anything ever again!"

It was so that the young man pondered
On a balmy morn in Spring
As, leaving the town, he wandered
And stood where the small birds sing;
And the flowers about grew thickly
And he cried to the maiden, "Now!
If you hand me the camera quickly
I 'll take that remarkable cow."

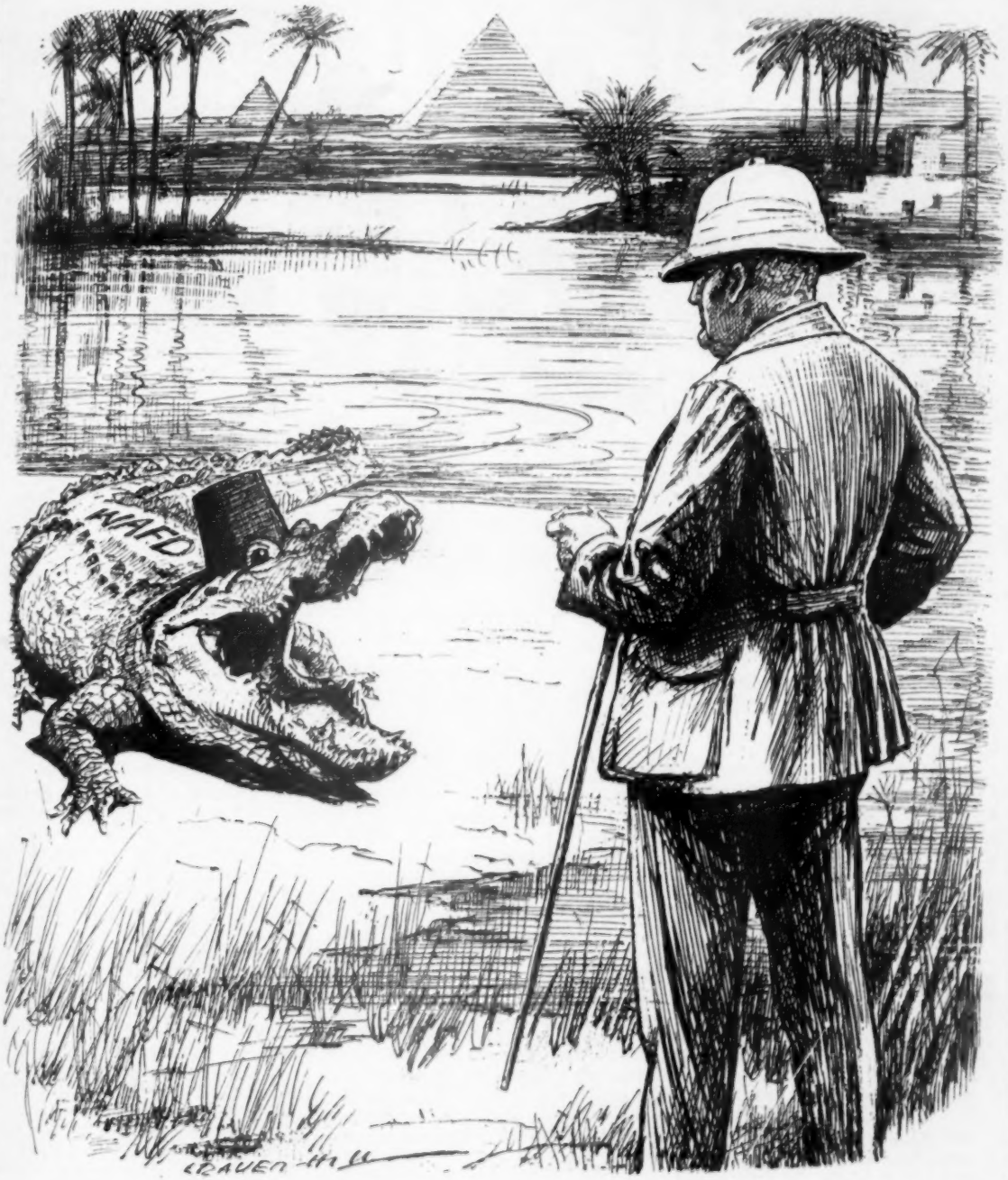
EVOE.

Our Emancipated Gentlewomen.

"GENTLEWOMAN offers share house, garden, with country lover."
Advt. in West Country Paper.

The Grand Climax.

"RUGBY NOTES.
ENGLAND'S PROUD RECORD.
ISLE OF WIGHT BEATEN."
Southampton Paper.



EGYPT ASKS FOR MORE.

John Bull. "AREN'T YOU OPENING YOUR MOUTH RATHER WIDE? YOU'VE ALREADY HAD AS MUCH AS IS GOOD FOR YOUR CONSTITUTION."



Ultra-Modernist (horrified at finding himself in contact with the beauties of nature). "I THOUGHT THESE GHASTLY THINGS ONLY EXISTED IN STORY-BOOKS."

THE ADMIRAL'S LUNCHEON.

Our Lieutenant Holster had an important letter at breakfast the other morning. I don't mean a pale pink thing smelling of *Quelques Choses* or *Ville d'Orient*, which is the kind he usually gets. Nobody except the poor fish himself calls those important—not even the Post Corporal, who takes such a close interest in Holster's impressionable heart that he is often able to tell the Mess Sergeant that "Young 'Olster's noo bit 'as written three blinkin' times this week."

No, this particular letter was from an Admiral, a friend of Holster's late father, and it read thus:—

"Dear Jack,—I shall be in town on Tuesday next and shall be glad if you would lunch with me. My own club, 'The Admiral and General,' is closed for repairs and we have been sent to a pot-house called 'The Junior Serving Officers,' but I suppose one can get a meal there. So I shall expect you at 1 P.M. No doubt you can obtain a day's leave, though, if the Colonel Howitzer down in the *Army List* as your Colonel is old 'Snouty' Howitzer whom I used to know in Hong Kong, you may have difficulty.

Yours sincerely,

T. Quarter-Deck."

Holster was naturally pleased with this letter. The fact that he himself had been for two years a member of a club to which the Admiral had in all innocence referred so disparagingly, did not worry him; he was far more interested in the revelation of his Colonel's nickname at Hong Kong and in the fact that he had been invited to lunch in London on a Tuesday.

Now when one is in the Army and stationed at Havershot one rarely lunches in London on a Tuesday. Sunday, yes, and Saturday, just; but not Tuesday, unless one is on furlough. Seeing, however, that the letter was from an Admiral, Holster thought it just worth trying. So he went about it tactfully.

He first ascertained from a Power Behind the Throne (Private Rifle, the Adjutant's clerk) that he was not likely to be Orderly Officer on Tuesday. Then he ascertained from the Mess Sergeant that the Colonel had had a good breakfast, and from the Colonel's batman that the Colonel had definitely sung in his bath that morning. Finally he asked the Adjutant whether his C.O. would be disposed to grant him leave to proceed outside the Command on Tuesday next; or, as he actually put it: "I say, what are the odds against my knocking a day in town off the Old Man?"

The Adjutant said one could but try, and ushered him into the Presence; and the Colonel promptly said "No" on principle. Holster therefore handed him Admiral Quarter-Deck's letter to read, after which the Colonel said "Yes" quite genially, at the same time trying to look as if he had never been stationed in Hong Kong in his life.

At 12.30 P.M. on Tuesday, Holster turned up at "The Junior Serving Officers." He had arrived thus early, both because it is bad form and dangerous to keep an Admiral waiting and because he wanted to write some letters. This he did at a table in the hall whence he could watch the front-door. Also he thought that the Admiral, not knowing that he was a member, would expect to find him waiting in the hall like a good little guest.

At ten past one the Admiral had not materialised, and Holster had a terrible thought. Suppose he too had arrived early to write letters and was doing it in the smoking-room. He at once looked into the smoking-room to see if his host were there. He did not find the Admiral, but he found two bosom-friends on furlough and sat down with them, keeping an eye on the door.

At three gin-and-it's past one Holster was saying, "No, really, old boy, I can't stop; it 's nearly twenty-five past and I

haven't seen my host yet, and anyway I know that one." From twenty-five past to twenty to he sat in the hall. He then conducted a search of the upper drawing-rooms, where Admirals quite frequently go in the early spring. At five to two, as the Admiral had apparently failed to appear and Holster's mind was beginning to dwell rather persistently on the "Special dishes this day," he decided his host had been torpedoed *en route*. So he crept into the dining-room, sat in an unobtrusive corner and ate a large meal.

He had just paid and emerged into the hall once more when he met Admiral Quarter-Deck.

The Admiral looked a little shaken, but recovered himself with that breezy bluffness for which the higher ranks of the Silent Service are so famous in fiction.

"Ah, Jack, my boy; been looking for you everywhere. 'Fraid I was a few minutes late. Were you here at one?"

"Well, yes, Sir," began Holster.

"Then that damned hall-porter is half-witted. I asked him directly I came in whether a stranger, my guest, had inquired for me, and he said 'No.'"

"Well, Sir," began Holster even more nervously, suddenly realising that neither the Admiral nor the hall-porter could have imagined that the expected guest was a well-known member of the club. "Well, Sir, you see I myself am——"

"I expect it's the bad organisation of this infernal pot-house that's responsible," continued Admiral Quarter-Deck genially.

Holster just stopped in time. It hardly seemed the moment, after all, to tell the Admiral he was a member.

"Well, my boy, I expect you're hungry," continued the old sailor, fixing him with a keen nautical eye.

With masterly control Holster checked a sudden treacherous sign of repletion and gulped out instead that he thought he was a bit peckish. Admiral Quarter-Deck thereupon led the way into the dining-room and ordered expansively.

He ate little himself during the meal, but talked widely on the poor quality of the food as compared with that at his own "Admiral and General." At intervals he broke off to reproach Holster with lack of enthusiasm for his food, and to remark that appetites were not what they were in his young days. Holster suffered tortures. He says he will never be able to look a steak in the fried onion again.

At last they rose and went out, Holster blindly groping his way from table to table. He sat in the smoking-room for a while in a state of torpor, only once rousing his sluggish mental processes to wonder (for Holster is superstitious and a believer in omens) whether there was a horse called Anaconda running in any race that afternoon.

Soon afterwards he took his leave, the Admiral having twice dropped off to sleep. As he was going a tactless waiter came up.

"Admiral Quarter-Deck?"

"Yes, yes, that's me."

"Please, Sir, the cashier sent this bill and asked if you'd mind settling it. It's for your first luncheon—the one you had by yourself." A. A.



Boy. "Dad, how far is it to the moon?"
Dad. "Oh, I think about two hundred odd thou and miles."
Boy. "Well, anyhow, Baby wants it."

Stuffing for Ducks.

"The Sage Society's adventures in production have ranged far in many directions."
Manchester Paper.

"Mr. Kolper has equalled Mr. Nayampalli in the display of strength and endurance by allowing a motor car to pass over him. We hope that our community will follow studiously this physical development pursuit."
Indian Paper.

This is the first intimation we have had that pedestrian-chasing is being encouraged as a sport in India. Does Sir John Simon know about it?

THE CONVERSATIONALIST.

He was always rather impatient, a natural failing in one so young, and this evening, almost before I could remove my hat and coat, he had poured out the following remarks like a torrent:—

"Ah! there you are Sir and how are you to-night and please pat me before I become hysterical and sorry I can't keep still on this beastly lino and when are we having that walk and I know where your slippers are and I have had a hard day too chased six cats away had a long argument with the butcher's boy and buried a bone without hurting your old roses and please Sir may I have a biscuit or two?"

More Commercial Candour.

"You are invited to visit Birmingham, where the Directors of the Firm are in daily attendance selling all arrivals."
Advt. in Market Paper.

"Mrs. —— has started on a solo flight from London to the Soudan. Mrs. —— is touching French soil, Italy, Malta and Egypt, and her stays will be of the shortest possible."
Malta Paper.

We had no idea they were worn at all.



Embarrassment of the Smythe-Brownes, who had told the Joneses that they proposed to go motoring at Easter.

OUR BURMESE TOWNSHIP COURT.

Unprinted Judgments.

IV.

The complainant Maung Shwe Ya prosecuted the accused for criminal misappropriation, saying I entrusted her Rupees 220 to be the intermediary for marrying a young woman, and thereby committed an offence punishable under section 406. The accused Ma Ngwe is the fair sex and was allowed on bail.

Complainant states my first wife died after three days of my wedlock; I do not remember the day. Two years ago, in month of Nadaw, I entrusted with Ma Ngwe Rupees 220 in the presence of Ma Thit in order that I may ask for the hand of a young woman. Ma Thit is the next witness, and she is related to me as my mother-in-law by my wife's side. Accused is also related to me as my cousin, but not a close blood only an adoption. I did not know a young woman at the time of entrusting. Soon after in that spring time I began tenanting Ma Thit's paddy fields, and when paddy is ripe I asked for the hand of one Ma E, daughter of Ma Thit. There was no engagement, but the wedding took place of a sudden and at once. I never requested her to buy things for the wedding out of my wages. I asked Ma Ngwe for the return of my money, and she told me that without yet knowing the character of the young it is best to keep the money with her, and she gave me a mosquito curtain and two rugs.

After thrashing, my wife agreed well with me, and I asked Ma Ngwe again for my money, and she denied that I never entrusted her. I do not know the numbers of the notes I entrusted Ma Ngwe, but they were by the sale of my buffaloes.

Second prosecution witness, Ma Thit, says I am not related to complainant. In cross-examination she says complainant's wife, Ma E, has great love for me but is not my daughter. As she is not related to complainant, witness is independent witness and corroborates complainant. She states in Nadaw two years ago I visited to accused for pleasure. Complainant came and entrusted her money. I did not see the entrustment as complainant called accused in the kitchen for the time of a rice-pot-boil. Accused then told me complainant entrusted the money to ask the hand of young woman.

In reaping time complainant and Ma E eloped from my field hut while I was setting fire to the buffaloes.* Then I married them after the paddy was fully reaped. Complainant reaped our paddy with himself and coolies; he could do so because they eloped back to our hut next day after, and stayed eloping till the time for marrying after reaping. Accused Ma Ngwe did not ask me the hand of Ma E; I think she kept the money through being angry to complainant because he did not after all make her to intermediate a lawful wedlock.

Third prosecution witness is closely related to complainant as his mother. She says I came for the wedding of my son and of Ma Thit's daughter as my son and the daughter eloped away. Accused Ma Ngwe said to me not to give silver yet while the wife is green, so I agreed for her to keep the trust of my son till he and the new wife suited to each other.

Fourth prosecution witness says I used to be the mother of Ma E, but I gave my daughter to Ma Thit to adopt her as her child without any salary. She states like last witness.

Fifth witness Ma E states only hearsay evidence of the words said to her by the husband, which cannot be allowed before the Court; besides the relation of husband and wife is not worthy of credit.

So there are four witnesses left; and there is serious discrepant statement as to Ma E, the adopted daughter. But I would charge the accused and hear what she can defend herself.

She denies to the charge all together, saying I am dealing in fowl and duck. Complainant came last Tagu month and bought fowl, but I told him, saying, Show me the money to pay the fowl; so I did

* Making smoke fires to protect them from mosquitoes.



Husband. "I see there's been an explosion at one of the big Stores."
Wife. "Ah!—that ought to mean remnants."

not sell him, and he abused by beating the house with an iron stick. So I said I could not bear and I would report. So he makes a false case against me.

The first defence witness states I was washing my teeth under my house in the full moon of Kason month, and I heard complainant buy fowl and abuse accused saying, You shall know: take care of false case. But this witness is discreditable by cross-examination, for she admits she is on bad terms with complainant's wife.

Second defence witness says, When I had to go and reach some fried rice to Ma Ngwe, on a day I do not know (et-cetera, as the first defence witness). But she says a different abuse by complainant saying "You shall know; *my cousin is a police sergeant.*"

There is discrepant statement in the abusing, and accused cites only two witnesses against the five prosecution witnesses of unblemished character, except complainant's wife. The case is fully proved, but the Court will be merciful to the female prisoner, who is a sort of kind woman and would help complainant if he did not elope too suddenly without her help.

The Court finds accused Ma Ngwe guilty of criminal breach of trust of Rupees 220 and directs that she do suffer imprisonment till the rising of the Court under section 406 and do pay fine of 40 Rupees, or in default rigorous imprisonment for one month, half of which shall be given to complainant for compensation.

DIET AND DECADENCE.

(By a Student of Nutrition.)

The athletic decadence of Oxford has prompted an interesting discussion as to its causes. Some attribute this degeneracy to an enervating *camaraderie* with the "undergraduettes"; to an excessive indulgence in coffee and cigarettes at eleven A.M.; to an undue addiction to dancing and the drama. But a more penetrating investigation has revealed a more serious cause—the loss of fibre due to change of diet among the undergraduates and their increased consumption of fish at all meals. Chops and steaks are no longer eaten at breakfast as they were fifty years ago. The theory that fish is the best brain food, however, has of late been seriously shaken by the most enlightened authorities on nutrition, and I am glad, with the consent of the writer, who veils his distinguished identity under the pseudonym of "Nolo Piscari," to print the following protest, at once a self-revelation and a warning to the rising generation:—

Eels, whether fried or in a pie,
Inspire me with a wish to cry;
Cod, boiled or grilled or in "emulsion,"
Inspires me with acute repulsion;
The hake's beyond the reach of boosting;
The mackerel soused is most disgoosting;
The smelt is but a sorry dud
Suggesting slightly-sweetened mud.
Few fishes are more uninviting
Than the absurd tail-biting whiting.
I 'd just as soon devour my slipper
As breakfast on the dismal kipper.
I shun with instinct quite unerring
The bones of the eternal herring,
And always have with equal dread
Regarded mullets, grey or red.

Let plutocrats and sons of Mammon
Dine richly upon trout or salmon,
Me rather fowls and greens arride
And what my orchard fruits provide.
I do not care for turnip-tops
Or parsnips; I delight in chops;
I have not taken any pledge
To live exclusively on "veg.,"
But I would rather feed on snails
Than slimy things with fins and scales.

THE STORY OF ÆGLE.

NAIADS they were called, those good little sisters of the Golden Age who were part and parcel of the waters of Cephissus and his hundred blue and kindred streams, and who played, tumbling over each other as pretty and slippery as so many otter cubs, in his pools and golden shallows, or lurked pale as Lodden lilies among the green rushes.

And Ægle was the prettiest of them all. Her eyes were as blue and dancey as rivers seen through beechwoods on a blue May morning and, all amber shadowy, her bright hair poured about her gleaming little body. So pretty was she indeed that when the Sun saw her all early, as she sat on a stone to dry herself, he of a sudden fell in love with her; and I for one can but admire his very good taste.

But Ægle, smoothly as an otter, slipped off her stone into the river again and was gone. Not because she wasn't rather flattered but because she didn't want to have to make up her mind about anything before breakfast. At least let us think so. But the Sun was inconsolable and kept looking for Ægle from different angles all the day long; and all the next day and the day after that. And Ægle kept peeping at him from under a lily-pad, and she thought what fun it was to be loved by so fine and splendid a young gentleman, "*and*," she added to herself in a little small voice, "to love him back again." But still she didn't want to make up her mind about anything before breakfast, and, if you think in that way, you can put off the making up of your mind for ever so long, for you can always pretend that you mean *to-morrow's* breakfast. Besides Ægle, you see, only had water-melon and water-biscuits for breakfast anyhow, and perhaps that isn't having breakfast at all. So don't let 's blame her a bit.

But the Sun—he was young then and impetuously impatient—said fiercely, "I 'll show her," and then he added fatuously, "the darling!" And show her he did, for he was both powerful and a personage and precious inconsiderate of others when he wanted anything. But there—so are lots of good people, people too who have not got the excuse *he* had of wanting so lovely a thing as my Ægle. So he shone—for days he shone, till the skies were hot and blue and hazy and never a raindrop fell. And Ægle said to herself, "I see what he 's up to," and she was frightfully frightened but frightfully happy at the same time.

But the trout and the chub and the caddises and all the funny little creatures that live in rivers were not happy a bit. How could they be when they saw their home gradually getting littler and littler? And so they gathered, huddled in a dark cloud, under the shrunken splash of the falls, just as you saw the trout huddle in that drought of a few years back; and there they held a council, all their tails and fins fanning at once, faintly but in the most agitated fashion.

"It is all Ægle's fault," they said, for gossip on her affairs had of course been quite unavoidable; "how *can* she put us in a position of so much discomfort and danger?"

"And yet," said a handsome old trout whom Ægle had guided out of a fisherman's drag-net only recently, "Ægle has a heart of gold; why not appeal to it?"

"You wish to make a *sacrifice* of me?" said Ægle, trying hard not to dance about and clap her hands; for can anything be more satisfactory than to be implored to do just what you are simply dying to do and then to be hailed as a heroine for saying "Yes"?

For, of course, "Yes" is just what Ægle did say.

"I told you that the child had a heart of gold," said the old trout importantly.

And so the next morning, when the Sun, who had got up earlier than ever because it was Midsummer Day, came tip-toe and golden through the big oaks and down to the river, there sat little Ægle on the rock under the fall, her blue eyes dancey and her bright hair glancey, and a nibbled little bit of water-melon beside her to show that she 'd had her breakfast at last.

And the Sun took her in both his burning arms, and together they stood a minute, he and she, one with the joyful dazzle of water before he caught her up with him into the morning.

And did Ægle never come back to her trout at all, at all? Why, of course she did, and every day when the sun shines you 'll see her and her lover in any Thames weir pool; for, when sun and water were blent all those years ago, they, with the dancing blue eyes of Ægle and with the brightness of her gleaming hair to help them, made, in their moment, a rainbow in the whiteness of the fall—the same little occasional rainbow that you saw this sunny afternoon under the weir at Mapledurham. And when the great arc of glory stands across our valley and we know that it stands for The Promise of the continual kindness of sun and water, may we not still say that therein little Æg'e and her lover go riding down to the river again with the sunny showers—the singing showers which make the running rivers which were and are her home?

P. R. C.

"ARMA VIRUMQUE . . ."

FIREARMS AND THE GENTLEMAN.

"Do you know," said Edith, "that there is a letter for you from the police?"

"I know. Been running over anyone lately?"

"Not that I can remember," replied Edith sweetly. "But open it quickly and prepare for the worst."

My fears were unfounded. The Commissioner of Police merely begged to remind me that it was now necessary to renew the firearms certificate held by me in respect of one revolver, Colt, ·455. I was to call at the nearest police-station.

"My dear," cooed Edith, sweeter than ever, "your unspoken apology is accepted. Run along and look for the certificate and when I 've finished breakfast I 'll come and find it for you."

* * * * * *

It was still early when I entered the police-station and discovered the sergeant and a constable seated at opposite ends of a trestle-table partaking of a cold collation. After a preliminary cough or two I was observed by the constable. Might I, if the day were not too young, have my firearms certificate renewed?

The constable looked me up and down, mentally comparing my features, no doubt, with a missing murderer or two. If so, I evidently fell short of the required standard, for with a sweeping motion of his bread-and-butter he indicated the sergeant.

"The gentleman over there will attend to you."

The gentleman over there detached himself from his meal and scanned the certificate. H-r-r-m, h-m-m, and did I know that it should have been renewed over a fortnight ago?

I professed ignorance, but unbelief and menace were in his eye as he proceeded deliberately towards the fireplace, over which were hanging several pairs of handcuffs.

Surely he hadn't the power, for a mere technical offence, a bare fortnight. But there could be no doubt about his actions and my heart stopped beating as he lifted a pair from their nail. What would Edith say when she heard? And the neighbours? More particularly the neighbours. And then the sergeant reached for the key of his desk, which had been hanging on the same nail, and replaced the handcuffs. By the time I had recovered he was writing on a pink form.

"Reason for wanting a certificate? Possession of a revolver. H-r-r-m, h-m-m. Reason for possession of a revolver? None. What? Why none?"

At this point the sergeant looked up rather irritably and his eyes seemed to



Proud Mother. "Of course with such a voice, dear, there were two careers open to him—the Church and the Stage; and his legs were too short for the Stage."

be travelling once more in the direction of the handcuffs. I thought it well to explain that the weapon formed part of the useless kit with which every inexperienced officer encumbered himself in the early days of the Great War, that to dispose of it to a "person of intemperate habits or unsound mind" was a contravention of the Firearms Act, 1920, s. 1 (6), and that to sell it to a "registered firearms dealer" was impossible, since it had been regularly used as a tent-mallet. Inability to dispose of it was therefore the only reason for possession.

The sergeant, slightly mollified, quite understood; but unfortunately the form had to be filled up. Some gentlemen gave "household protection" as a reason. I suggested that we lived too near to the police-station to require any other protection.

"If you put it like that," replied the sergeant, obviously gratified, "how about protection of stock?"

"Stock?"

"Yes, stock-in-trade."

I think he saw from my pained expression that one gentleman should not accuse another of being in trade, for he hurriedly suggested "personal protection" as an alternative. I looked doubtful.

"You work for a living?" he inquired, to which I replied that I was in the Civil Service. As he seemed to regard this as somewhat ambiguous, I added—

"In fact I am the new Inspector of Taxes here."

There was a tense silence. Then the sergeant made up his mind.

"New Inspector of Taxes, are you?" he repeated, handing me the completed form. "See, I've put down 'Personal protection.' Very suitable, I call it."

GUSHINGS OF THE GREAT.

V.—THE DRAMATIC CRITIC—NEW STYLE.

I OFTEN wonder why it is that authors and actor-managers do not know a good critic when they see one.

I have received shoals and shoals of abusive letters (seven and a-half shoals to be exact) from friends of the author and producer of *What Now?* the new play at the Minerva, because I said it was tripe, whereas all the other critics praised it. I happen to know that the other critics were either intimidated or suborned (I do not, of course, accuse them of having received cash down) in order to mislead the general public into supposing that *What Now?* was not tripe.

Observe what followed. Amidst the usual demonstrative reception, unrestrained cheering and loud calls for the author, I alone had sat unmoved, making a gargling noise to indicate deepdisdain. The next night there were only seven people at the Minerva; the night after that, three. On the fourth night I went up to Teddy Blogg in the vestibule and said to him—

"What about *What Now?* now?" and he replied, "You were right as usual, Squiff."

This only shows.

Naturally I do not mind receiving shoals of abusive letters. I merely open them with a silver fruit-knife and fling them with a snort into the shoal-baskets. But it would surely be better for all concerned if producers said to themselves during the preliminary rehearsals—

"Will Squiff like this play or will he gargle at it?"—and so save themselves trouble and expense.

* * *

One of the things that annoyed me particularly about *What Now?* was the notice in the programme, "Men's Hosiery and Underwear by Bullfinch and Co."

Why should critics be asked to take an interest in these details of sartorial economy? Probably far more of the public are interested in knowing where I get my socks (Bunting and Son) than in knowing where the male Chorus of *What Now?* get theirs. I have told Teddy Blogg that if he has anything like that written on the programme next time I come I shall get up and bark. He is fairly certain to listen to me, as a bark from me does more towards making a frost set in at the box-office than a round of applause from the set of senile sycophants who usually sit near me does towards putting a revue on its feet.

I have often seen little Delia Danscombe look at me apprehensively during the course of a scene because she thought that one of my eyebrows was being lifted rather quizzically; and where possible I give a reassuring smile to this genuine young comedy-artist, whose triumph I predicted in *The Sunday Omelette* when she was only fourteen and played in *Ghosts* at the Kindergarten Theatre.

* * *

Many people were surprised to see the difficulty that Dennis Wetherby had in pressing the siphon-trigger in the Second Act of *Double Crossed* at the Melpomene on Tuesday night; but I was not amongst them, for I knew very well that he had strained the top joint of his thumb badly in a ping-pong tournament only a week before, and he had told me that he would probably have to stay out of the cast. But, though I might have given this information to the readers of *The Sunday Omelette* more than a week before the play began, I restrained myself, partly for fear of embarrassing the management and partly in order to have the pleasure of explaining my quixotry afterwards.

Julia Jarvis for a long time refused to appear in this play unless she got the part of *Tillie Ransome*, the ex-Channel swimmer turned crook; and James Mutt, being in despair about it, asked me what to do.

"Talk to her, Squiff," he said.

I had only met Julia Jarvis once before in my life, but I promised to do it, and when I told her that I would be sitting in front on the first night, and that her future reputation depended on what I said, she consented almost tearfully to take the minor *rôle* of *Antoinette*, who is poisoned in Act I.

When Mutt thanked me for this I offered to repaint the drop-curtain for him, if he liked, pointing out that the one at the Melpomene was about the nastiest in London. He declined my offer, but when the play came on I noticed that a new curtain had been obtained.

Only a few weeks previously I had objected to the red hair of the double-bass at the Megatherium, and he was instantly provided with a blue-black wig.

* * *

I find that a great many untrue rumours are being circulated about me in the West End of London and the Dominions Overseas. It is said, for instance, that I met Mr. Carol Courage in Chicago last year and said to him, "Carol, how do you do?" and he said, "How do you do, Squiff?" After which I am supposed to have proceeded, "I like your face better than your fun, Carol," and he is alleged to have rejoined, "Sorry, Squiff, old man, but I can't say the same about you."

The actual truth is that the only time I met Mr. Carol Courage it was in the presence of the Bishop of LONDON, and we all three of us discussed the categorical imperative.



"WHAT PROFESSION WERE YOU THINKING OF FOR THE BOY?"
"WELL, WE WANTED TO MAKE HIM AN INTERNATIONAL CROOK."

* * *

Another absurd *canard* that is going the rounds about me is that when I was pitched out of the Majestic Theatre by Mr. Willie Cohen last month I hit the pavement with my head, whereas as a matter of fact it was exactly the other way round. And instead of remaining perfectly silent for some time, as I am supposed to have done, I got up, brushed my trousers, went straight back, looked him in the eyes and said, "Do you know what I am going to do to you now, Willie?"

"No, I don't, Squiff," he replied.

"Well, Willy," I said, "I 'm going to give you the very worst write-up you ever had in your life in *The Sunday Omelette*." Which I did. EVOE.

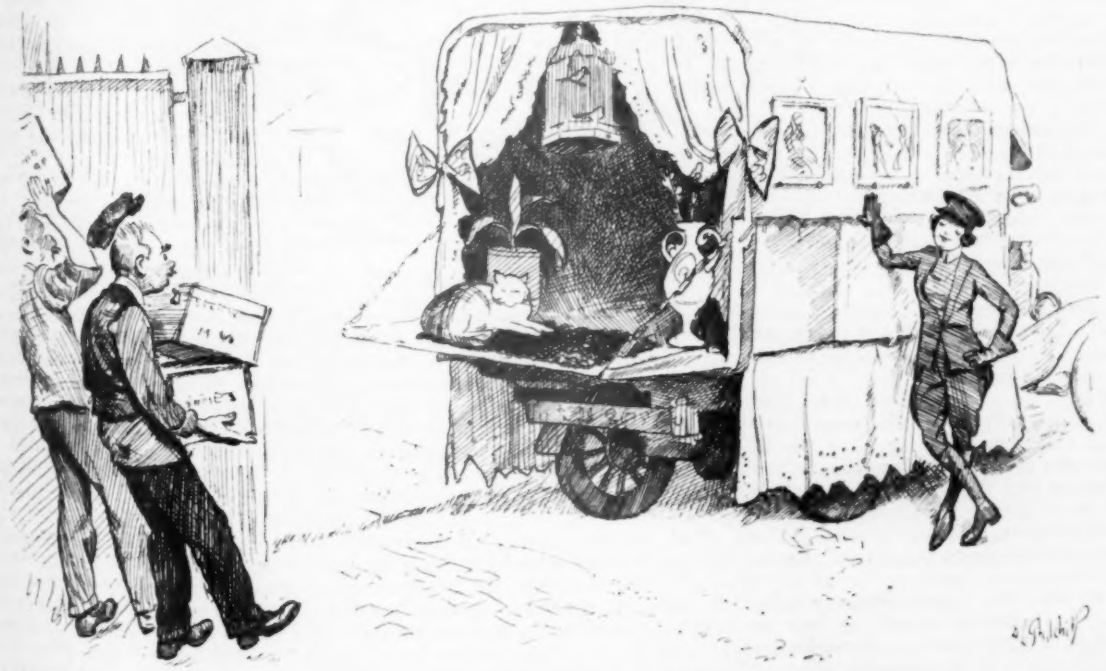
Melting Strains.

"WANTED ENGAGEMENT by hot Trumpet Player Gigs."—*Advt. in Bedfordshire Paper.*

THE TOUCH OF A WOMAN'S HAND.



For the Dry Goods Storage and Delivery Contractors Co., Ltd., the daily round was just a drab utilitarian affair—



till they changed their lorry-driver.

SIMPLE PEOPLE.

THE BRIGAND.

ONCE when Mr. and Mrs. Rivulet were having a holiday abroad they were taking a walk on a mountain when they were captured by brigands.

Well the head brigand was very polite and he could talk English quite well, because his father had been a brigand too and he had found it inconvenient not to be able to talk English when he captured English or American people, so he had sent him to London to be a waiter. And he said he was sorry to have to spoil Mr. and Mrs. Rivulet's holiday but he would make it as comfortable for them as he could and directly they paid him a thousand pounds he would let them go.

Well first of all Mr. Rivulet tried to brave it out, and he said he shouldn't pay the brigand anything, and when the Government knew that they had been captured they would send a lot of soldiers and rescue them.

And the brigand said oh no they won't, I am very good friends with the Government and when I get ransoms for people I always give them some of the money, besides the soldiers wouldn't do it, they like me too much. And he said it 's no use trying to brave it out with me, I like to be polite if I can but if people offend me I am more like a devil than anything else, once when I was a waiter and a gentleman told me his soup was cold I poured it over his head and he found it wasn't so cold after all, so you had better be careful.

And Mr. Rivulet said what shall you do if I don't pay you a ransom?

And the brigand said ah now you are talking sensibly. Well I will tell you what I shall do, if the thousand pounds isn't paid to me in a week I shall cut off one of your fingers, and then I shall want a hundred pounds more. And that will go on until you have lost all your fingers and both your thumbs and owe me two thousand pounds instead of one, and then I shall begin on your wife's fingers, so I think you had better pay me a thousand pounds and say no more about it.

So then Mr. Rivulet began to think he had better do something, and he talked it over with his wife, and what he offered to do was to go to England himself and leave his wife behind with the brigands, because he said he wasn't very rich and he couldn't possibly pay a thousand pounds without making arrangements with his bank.

And the brigand said oh very well, I don't much like the look of you and if you stayed here I might want to cut your throat or something like that, of course I know quite well that you will try to get out of it directly I let you go, but I shall be posting you one of your wife's fingers every Saturday to remind you, so if I were you I should send the thousand pounds before you try anything else.

Well Mrs. Rivulet didn't much like being left behind with the brigands, but her husband said it was the only way, and he didn't suppose the brigand would really cut off any of her fingers because the British Empire would see about that, and at any rate she mustn't worry more than she could help. And he left her their thermos flask, though he said he didn't know what he should do without it.



"YOU ARE JUST THE SAME AS EVER."

Well perhaps Mrs. Rivulet would have made more fuss about being left behind with the brigands, but there was one thing she hadn't told her husband and that was that she remembered the head brigand when he had been a waiter in London, and it was before she had married Mr. Rivulet and she had been rather beautiful. And she had thought that perhaps the waiter had fallen in love with her, but she had had to go away and be a governess the next day so she had never seen him again, but she had always remembered him. And she was rather disappointed that he didn't seem to remember her, but she was a good deal older and not nearly so beautiful as she had been, so she supposed it was only natural. But at any rate she thought if she reminded him he couldn't possibly bear to cut off any of her fingers.

And she did remind him and he remembered her quite well, and he was very much upset that he hadn't recognised her before because he said he had never married anybody else because of her.

And she was very pleased to hear him say that, and she said oh well it can't be wondered at because I was rather pretty twenty years ago and now I am quite different.

And the brigand said oh no you 're not, now I come to look at you you are just the same as ever, and if you like I will send one of my men after your husband, and when he has cut his throat we could get married.

And Mrs. Rivulet said I would rather you didn't do that, I have never loved him very much and I only married him so as to leave off being a governess, and he is rather selfish, but as I have made my bed I must lie on it, but I do hope you won't cut off any of my fingers. And then she began to cry, because she was rather upset.

And the brigand kissed all her fingers and he said he would rather cut off one of his own than hers, and she felt very much comforted and she loved the brigand more than ever because he had never married anybody else and was so nice to her. And she said well at any rate we can have a nice time together now my husband has gone away, and I shouldn't have minded even if he had taken the thermos flask with him I am so happy.

Well the brigand was happy too being with Mrs. Rivulet, and he was so nice in his feelings that he didn't even kiss her because she was married to somebody else, though he often wanted to. And they couldn't help hoping that the ship Mr. Rivulet was going to England on would sink and he would be drowned, but they never told each other that, and they didn't mention him more than they could help when they were talking together. And while Mrs. Rivulet was



"WHY DON'T YOU GET ONE LIKE IT, AUNTIE?"

"OH, MY DEAR! PERHAPS IF I WAS TWENTY YEARS YOUNGER. BUT YOUR OLD AUNTIE WOULD LOOK RIDICULOUS IN A GIRLISH FROCK LIKE THAT."

there the brigand didn't capture any more people but he gave his men a holiday, and they just wandered about in the mountains together and picked flowers and enjoyed themselves.

Well presently a letter came from Mr. Rivulet enclosing five hundred pounds and saying he couldn't pay any more than that not even if the brigand sent him his wife's fingers, so he hoped he would be sensible about it and let her go.

And they had one last walk on the mountains together by moonlight, and then the brigand did kiss Mrs. Rivulet, but only on the forehead, and she cried and said she would never forget him and the lovely time they had had together.

And the next day the brigand took her down to the ship and saw that she was comfortable in her cabin, and he told the captain that if he didn't look after her properly he would cut his throat when he came back. And just as they were going off he gave her the five hundred pounds her husband had sent him, because she had told him that he kept her rather short, and he said I couldn't possibly take his money and it will be something for you to spend on yourself.

Well Mrs. Rivulet never saw the brigand again but they used to write to each other on their birthdays, and when Mr. Rivulet boasted to people about being captured by brigands she said that brigands weren't as black as they were painted. A. M.

WOMAN'S LOGIC.

["The spirit of London," says a contemporary, "takes control of all of us. Men who are lethargic in their homes become ant-like hustlers directly they reach town."]

GOOD wife, when you hit on our present demesne
And longed to acquire and be in it,
You said it was close to the bus and the train
(Not more than a house-agent's minute),
And yet so removed from the Town and its noise
We should, you were pleased to aver, be
Enabled to taste all the manifold joys
Of *rus* (as you called it) *in urbe*.

But, now you've persuaded me into the place,
You can't find it easy to pardon
The slackness I show when commanded to face
The task of creating a garden;
My leisurely methods by making you wroth
Have led to a series of crises,
And you charge me with lethargy, laziness, sloth
And several synonymous vices.

Although up in London I hurry all day
And bustle in every direction,
Believe me, that isn't my natural way
But due to the City's infection;
And, frankly, I find you illogical, sweet;
In bidding me dash like a fury
About the terrain of your chosen retreat
You are asking for *urbs* in your *rure*.

Our Convertible Clergy.

"A young parson desires a situation as a nurse-girl."—*Daily Paper.*

"She has seen the moonlight on the Acropolis at Rome."—*South African Paper.*

A lady of some vision.

"Lost, White Jenny Donkey (Jones), from Lower Hades Farm."
Advt. in North-Country Paper.

A bray from the abyss.



Guest. "I SUPPOSE YOU HAVE TO KEEP A GOOD MANY GARDENERS?"
Host. "A TIDY FEW. THEY 'RE PLAYIN' A FOOTBALL MATCH THIS AFTERNOON IN THE 'OME PARK AGAINST OUR CHAUFFEURS."

SMILING THROUGH:

OR, BREATHS FROM THE BALMIER JOURNALISM.

By Orange, Lady Mothery.

II.—*The Pictures.*

I am afraid we are not all moved quite as we should be when we go to the pictures. We are thrilled, yes. We are amused, I think. But the underlyingness of the message of the films is not rousing the majority of us with its truth.

It is such a noble truth. Do we realise, I wonder, how much honest toil, with glad hands wiping the perspiration from brows, goes to the fashioning even of the crude celluloid—that you and I may watch the living screen?

Then there are the actors and actresses and the producers working, working, working so far away and with no audible applause to hearten them. Do we think of that? On the contrary we leave the comfortable hall, as a rule, without having understood really what the producer and the actors and actresses have done.

It is uncharitable of those who point to the great incomes made by film-actors and say, "Well, they are paid for it." It is not worthy to point like that—not worthy of us who pay for a trip to fairyland at the cinema doors.

And what is money to film-actors and actresses, to those good fairies? Nothing, I am sure, but the alimony received under protest from the worldly material selves they have divorced in order to be wedded to their true love—Art.

It is an Art which the grosser of us often wound with indifference. Do not let you and me make it more of a bleeding Art than it is.

ELIZABETH'S BEDTIME.

At a quarter-past six there 's a tap on the door,
And up we must jump from our games on the floor,
And we mustn't cry "Bother!" or "Five minutes more!"
When Elizabeth's bedtime has come.

Though often we 're busy pretending we 're bears,
Or climbing Mount Everest over the chairs,
We have to give up such exciting affairs
When Elizabeth's bedtime has come.

And, even supposing we 're both in the train
Which oughtn't to stop before Scotland again,
It 's perfectly useless to try to explain
When Elizabeth's bedtime has come.

So we pick up the cushions we 've tumbled about,
And put back the books and the toys we 've had out,
And we race up the stairs with the loveliest shout
When Elizabeth's bedtime has come.

And we talk of the wonderful games we will play
Directly "to-morrow" turns into "to-day,"
And oh! there 's so much that we think of to say
When Elizabeth's bedtime has come.

But Nurse is complaining the bath will be cold,
So we whisper "Good-night" or we know that she 'll scold,
For even her mother must do as she 's told
When Elizabeth's bedtime has come.



THE INCONSTANT NYMPH.

Mr. Punch (*to Easter*). "YOU 'RE ALWAYS WELCOME, MY DEAR; BUT IT WOULD BE A GREAT CONVENIENCE IF YOU COULD CONTRIVE TO COME AT THE SAME TIME EVERY YEAR."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

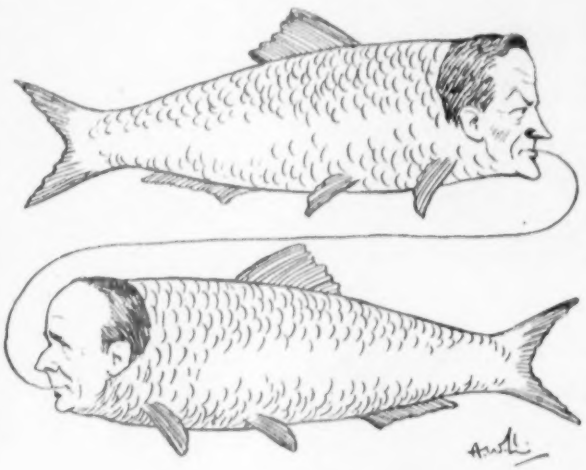
Monday, April 2nd.—When is a Censor not a Censor? The answer, according to Mr. AMERY, is "When a Press message is held up by the High Commissioner in Mesopotamia in order that he may acquaint the correspondent with the true facts."

This explanation was not kindly received by Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY and Colonel WEDGWOOD, who roundly declared that the taxpayers wanted unbiassed messages from Mesopotamia, not Government "dope." Mr. AMERY explained that the Press correspondent "still remained free to send whatever he desired." Apparently the High Commissioner has the power to lead him to the Well of Truth, but cannot make him drink.

More explanations followed from two Members, Major OWEN and Mr. KELLY. Having asked Questions in the House about the Commonwealth Trust, they had come under the displeasure of Mr. LIONEL CURTIS, who apparently has no hesitation in branding anybody who says anything he does not like as the mercenary hireling of the rival show. Meanwhile Colonel WEDGWOOD, one of the alleged hirelings, audaciously asked if the Government, which proposes to repay the capital of the Commonwealth Trust, with a bit over for luck, would find out why the great hall at Winchester House had been hired for a meeting of thirteen shareholders and a six-column advertisement at seventy-five pounds per column inserted in *The Times*.

The PRIME MINISTER, replying to Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY, declared that he was still favourable to the idea of giving a day to discussion of the Estimates of the three Fighting Services together, but there were great practical difficulties in the way of carrying out the proposal. The Admiralty, the War Office and Adastral House are presumably three of them.

Mr. THURTLE, whose voice has not been heard in the land for some time and whose outer raiment exhibited a certain spring-like effulgence, asked the UNDER-SECRETARY FOR INDIA why Opposition Members of Parliament touring India should be kept under police surveillance, and why the police should take reports of their speeches. The Minister replied that he would not think of interfering with the Government of India's discretion in the matter.



"PISCES."

MR. GUINNESS AND MR. RUNCIMAN.

Perhaps the Government of India collects speeches.

Mr. WOMERSLEY comes from Grimsby, and so does fish. What more natural than that he should invite the House to "view with concern" the present condition of the deep-sea fishing fleets? Motions of this kind are interpreted somewhat widely, and Mr. RUNCIMAN did not require an amendment to enable him to put in a word, as he expressed it, for the "small fry," the inshore fisherman.



THE SILVERTOWN STAR PRODUCES A RED HERRING FROM HIS HAT.

Mr. WOMERSLEY and Major PRICE, who seconded the motion (coupled with the name of Milford Haven), pleaded for more research into the habits and customs of fish, into the best ways of preserving and canning fish, and discovering new fishing grounds. They besought the Government usefully to decrease unemployment by building new docks at the fishing ports and to give a retainer to all trawlers kept up to a certain standard of naval efficiency prescribed by the Admiralty.

Mr. RUNCIMAN had much in common with the trawlers, but made it plain that their interests and the interests of the inshore fishermen were far from identical, one of the most pressing desiderata of the latter being protection against the inroads into bays and inshore fishing-grounds of marauding trawlers. Mr. WOMERSLEY rose to protest that never, never would a Grimsby trawler do such a thing; but Mr. RUNCIMAN soothingly suggested that there were others. Mr. RUNCIMAN'S inshore fishermen, it seems, want as much or more assistance as the trawlers. They want credits, they want some remission of the instalments due on boats and gear which they bought with State aid when the price of such things was very high; they want their little fishing ports resurveyed and rebuilt, and they too want research into the mysteries of the mackerel and the arcana of the herring.

Mr. JACK JONES also made a speech about herrings, of which, it seems, Silvertown is, as Mr. H. G. WELLS would say, "aware." The gist of his somewhat rambling remarks seemed to be that if a herring and a half costs a half-penny it is high time the poor downtrodden working man got enough wages to buy salmon.

Mr. GUINNESS, replying for the Government, was most soothing, intimating *inter alia* that eftsoon two brand-new research vessels will be scouring the seas for fresh baking grounds and fishing banks new.

The House then turned to cotton; Mr. SHAW wanting more investigation, Sir P. CUNLIFFE-LISTER maintaining that the BALFOUR Committee had done all the investigating that could be usefully undertaken. The general run of speeches seemed to indicate that the cotton

industry, like the coal industry, suffers chiefly from an ingrowing inability to put its own economic house in order.

Tuesday, April 3rd.—The POSTMASTER GENERAL is a Christian Minister who repays good for evil. While we have all been handing him kicks in the shape of acidulated footnotes to the Report on the Inland Telegraph Service, he has been arranging to give us half-pence in the shape of a more comprehensive cash-on-delivery system. This, he explained in answer to Mr. SMITH-CARINGTON, will, after the 30th of this month, be extended to registered postal packages, while arrangements have also been made with the railways that they shall deliver goods c.o.d. at their usual rates.

Sir P. CUNLIFFE-LISTER said that the Government would be represented at the International Illumination Commission, to be held in America next September, through the Department of Industrial and Scientific Research. If there is more to be learned about the art of getting lit up, America is the place for our scientists to garner it.

Sir LEOLIN FORESTIER-WALKER, the Forestry Commissioner, discovered to-day that to deprive a Scots smallholder of his grazing is about as easy as robbing a wild-cat of its whelps. Mr. MACLEAN had asked for and received information about certain sheep-farms to be taken by the Forestry Commission for afforestation. Mr. MACPHERSON sprang upon him with every tooth bared. Had not one of these farms been given to nine smallholders with a promise of security of tenure? The COMMISSIONER repeated soothingly that it was not the present intention of the Commission to "apply for resumption." That did not propitiate Mr. MACPHERSON. It merely drew Mr. MACQUISTEN, hostile and growling, from the underbrush. Mr. MACQUISTEN wanted to know if the Commission reserved the right to turn and break the guarantee given to these men. The COMMISSIONER made no reply. The SPEAKER said the matter could be dealt with on motion to adjourn on the following night, as intimated by Mr. MACPHERSON.

Mr. MACQUISTEN wanted an answer right away. Probably he would not get a chance to speak on the motion to adjourn. Mr. MACPHERSON chimed in here and said if there was not time to raise the matter to-morrow night he would raise it on Thursday. More Questions about other deer forests followed, and the COMMISSIONER admitted that they might be going to turn off some sheep-farmers, but they believed afforestation was more profitable than grazing. When nothing more remained to be asked, Mr. MACPHERSON, with a final growl about resentment against the Government, disappeared among the rocks, and Sir L. FORESTIER-WALKER turned and was lost in the gloomy forest depths.



Severe Mistress. "UNDERSTAND, MARY, I WON'T HAVE ANY FOLLOWERS."
Maid. "I CAN QUITE UNDERSTAND THAT, MUM."

Scotland continued to absorb most of Question-time and got little satisfaction out of it. The abysms were plumbed when Lieut.-Colonel GAULT indignantly drew the FINANCIAL SECRETARY TO THE TREASURY'S notice to the fact that Scotch whisky is cheaper in New York than in London.

National Health Insurance is more important than exciting, and Mr. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN'S statement, that the National Health Insurance Bill, of which he moved the Second Reading, was largely concerned with the simplification of machinery, probably justified the thinness of the House. On the other hand there was nothing, the SPEAKER insisted, to justify Mr. THURTLE in referring to Sir K. WOOD'S speech as "Pecksniffian cant," and the offending, if classic, phrase was withdrawn.

Wednesday, April 4th.—Mr. BALDWIN'S announcement, in reply to a question by Mr. BROCKLEBANK, that the Government had decided to remove all restrictions on the export of rubber from British Malaya and Ceylon on November 1st of this year, produced a more startling repercussion outside the House than in it.

Mincing Lane, with its eye on the tape and its ear to the 'phone, received the news with every symptom of excitement. The House remained calm. Mr. KIRKWOOD asked why there should be any restrictions on rubber, to which the PRIME MINISTER replied rather optimistically that that would take at least a quarter-of-an-hour to explain. Answering Sir FRANK NELSON, he said the restrictions could be removed without the sanction of the House. Sir FRANK asked for an opportunity to debate the matter, and Mr. NEIL MACLEAN asked rather pertinently what was the use of debating the matter if the thing could be done without the House's consent? Evidently Mr. BALDWIN thought it was no use at all, for he made no attempt to reply to Sir FRANK NELSON'S request. Nevertheless the matter *is* likely to be ventilated, for Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY said he would raise it on the motion to adjourn, and, anxious as Members are to be about buying their Easter eggs, they will hardly let so drastic a step go undebated.

THE MACPHERSON COLLECTION FUND.

Mr. Punch begs to offer his best thanks to those of his readers who contributed to this Fund in response to his appeal. Through their generosity he has been able to hand to its Treasurer a cheque for £3,249 4*s.* 0*d.*

Television.

"DUNEDIN.

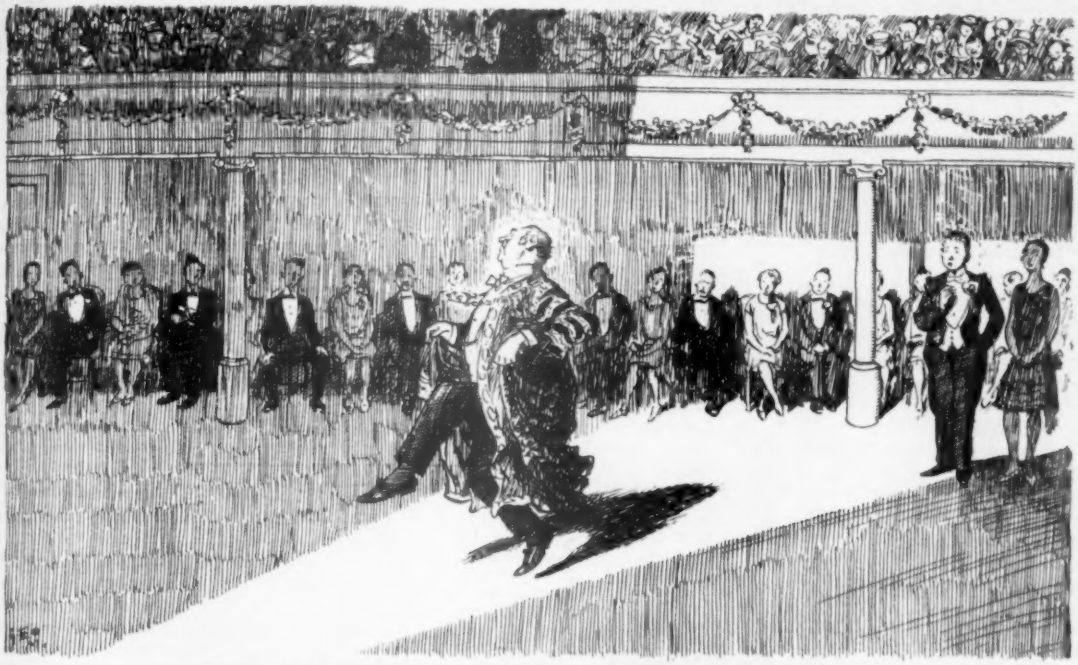
The second and final Test match of the Australian cricket team in New Zealand began to-day.

King Amanullah, Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin and the Bishop of London were among the spectators."—*Evening Paper.*

Financial Candour.

"We are carrying on money lending business in Bombay."

Extract from letter from an Indian bank.



ENTERTAINMENTS AT WHICH WE HAVE NEVER ASSISTED.

Opening of a new Municipal Academy of Dancing. The Mayor performing the ceremony of "Cutting the First Caper."

SPRING.

The trees were in their winter dress,
The fields were in their winter mess;
The cattle huddled in the byres,
The cottars stoked each other's fires;
The Parson at the parish meeting
Said, "Seven-and-six this week for heating,"
When, with a new-learnt madrigal,
Tripping beside the hedgerows, all
At once
Came Spring.

She took the turn by Hobson's Lane,
Through the woods and out again;
She danced along the bending reeds,
She skipped across old Dibden's swedes,
She called the sheep, she called the cows,
The buds came breaking from the boughs,
The flowers looked up, the birds looked out,
They shouted one collective shout,
"Hul-*lo!*
Here 's Spring!"

She splashed her way across the rill,
She danced a tango by the mill,
She kissed her hand to Farmer Jolly,
Put out her tongue at Whining Molly;
She climbed across the eight-foot wall
Into the grounds of Bigwig Hall;
The hunting Squire let out a yell;
"Be off with you!" he shouted. "Hell
To you!"
Said Spring.

Up through the village street she walked,
And all the people stopped and talked,
And said "Good day!" and "How are you?"
And "Come and see me soon—now do!"
And Martha Binns paid Mary Flack
Sixpence she 'd borrowed four months back,
And Gaffer Giles woke up and said,
"Well, now, I 'll eat my blinkin' 'ead
If tha-a-at
Bain't Spring!"

And Binks, my dog, began to prance
And dance a kind of Russian dance;
The frightened sheep said, "Please don't do it!"
But Binks replied, "It isn't you; it 's merely
Spring!"

While Parson, chanting the Litany
To all the folk on bended knee,
Heard the young resilient tread,
And lost his place and, dreaming, said,
"Good Lord,
Here 's Spring!"

Our Literary Livestock.

"Sale, Registered Shorthand Cow."
Advt. in Irish Paper.

"Dr. —— gave away the bride, who wore a mediæval rope of parchment-coloured satin, covered with exquisite Honiton lace."
South of England Paper.

Modern brides are given, we think, a little too much rope.

AN APRIL HAREBELL.

Having made up my mind definitely and finally that I would not go to the Olifants' dance, I poked the fire into a blaze and was reflecting cheerfully on the fog outside when Frank barged in. Frank, a moderately repulsive specimen of the well-known modern youth, has rooms above mine, and, though I am older and much wiser, he is sometimes kind enough to ignore both facts. His appearance is ordinary, his weight thirteen stone, and his intelligence so-so.

"Ready, old chap?" he asked breezily.

"I 'm not going, Frank."

"But you arranged to go."

"A man can change his mind, I suppose?"

Frank said I was a blighter and, dropping into a chair, disarranged with his feet the stuff on my chimney-piece.

"Time you were pushing off," I suggested.

He looked at me grievously.

"Time and tide and so forth," I added.

He got up and stared into my mirror; he appeared to disapprove of what he saw.

"I agree with you," I said. (A rapier thrust this!)

Frank groaned as one in pain, walked to the door, opened it, changed his mind and shut it. In returning he tripped over a footstool and upset a

small table on which I keep odds and ends.

"Good," I said. "Now we tidy up."

"I 'm a clumsy fool," said Frank from his knees on the floor. "Fact is I 'm a bit on edge, old boy."

I assured him that nobody would have guessed it.

"I simply must tell someone," said Frank.

"Don't tell me; tell her."

"But I have, several times."

He got up.

"Tell her again, Frank. Keep on telling her. Women are very patient."

"If you knew who it was."

"I don't want to know."

"It 's Joyce."

"What—Joyce Olifant?"

"Of course."

I pointed out that there was no of course about it. "It might have been Joyce Bidgood, or Joyce Hemsley, or the ginger-haired Joyce."

"Well, it isn't," said Frank shortly.

"Joyce Olifant is older than you."

"She 's twenty-four. You can't call that old."

"I don't, but I call it older than you."

"Well, what of it?"

"And incidentally younger than I."

"What 's that got to do with it?"

"It 's about time we staggered along," I said.

"But you said you weren't going."

"A man can change his mind, I suppose?"

"Right-o!" said Frank.

* * * * *

I know the house fairly well and the particular pitch I had in view proved to be unoccupied. At last then I was alone with Joyce. (Young Frank, indeed!)

"What 's the matter?" she asked.

"Nothing."

"Oh, rot! What is it?"

But I wasn't quite ready. "The fact is——," I began, and stopped.

"Yes?"

Joyce is a pretty girl. She stands out from the ruck. A nice girl too. I took what I thought was my cigarette-case from my pocket, and I saw at once I was on a loser. It was an old dinted case, and it wasn't mine. I opened it. It contained nothing but a withered flower. Yet it contained a great deal. I realised at once that the loser had become a winner—a potential one at all events. I perceived an excellent opportunity for strategy. Joyce had once given me a flower. I hadn't kept it. But it would be quite easy to pretend I had, and that was where the strategy came in.

"Oh, damn!" I said.

"Have one of mine," Joyce suggested.

I did, and while I was lighting it she took the case from me and examined it with great interest.

"How like you to bring an empty case."

This was excellent. "It isn't empty, Joyce."

"You mean this?" She extracted the dead flower.

"That and memories; it 's full of memories."

"But how interesting!"

"It was your birthday," I went on thoughtfully. "That 's one reason why I remember it so well. Three—no, four—yes, four years ago."



CRAZIER PAVEMENT: THE LAST SUBURBAN NOTE.

"Five," she said after a moment's pause.

"Five years ago on the eighteenth of April."

"The eighth."

"Don't you remember the little copse and the sunset? You were wearing a grey dress."

"Coat and skirt."

"And a soft sort of hat with a little feather thing stuck in it."

"Memories indeed."

"You were a nice girl then, Joyce."

"You even remember that."

"I kissed you, old thing."

She laughed queerly and twiddled about the flower between her finger and thumb.

"The harebells," she said.

"Rather; splendid little chaps—blue as your eyes. Dozens of them."

"Hundreds."

"Thousands."

"And you 've kept it all this time?"

I sighed gently.

"Five years, or four, or three," said Joyce.

"A long time, anyhow—a long, long time."

She carefully replaced the harebell in the case, which she shut with a click.

"Harebells don't bloom in April," she said. "They don't bloom until September. Oh, yes, I remember. It *was* my birthday, and you *did* kiss me, and I *did* give you a flower. But it wasn't a harebell; it was a primrose. Where is my poor pale primrose? Have you kept it all the time—the long time anyhow, the long, long time?"

Evidently strategy was wasted on Joyce. "This conversation must now cease," I said.

* * * * *

I left the Olifants' at once, went home and poured out a second-mate's nip. On the whole I felt obliged to Joyce. The incident nevertheless had affected me. Like a locomotive with steam up, now that Frank had opened the throttle I was bound to go somewhere. Nor was my destination in doubt. Barbara, of course—Barbara.

Barbara stands out from the ruck. She has a wonderful neck and shoulders. I found a photograph of Barbara and put it on the chimney-piece, neck, shoulders and all. There was not the least doubt about it. Joyce was not in it with Barbara. Barbara was in a class by herself; Barbara was the goods.

Then young Frank barged in again and I realised to the full the capacity of the human countenance for registering foolishness.

"Old chap," he said, "I took your advice. I 've done it. I 'm engaged."

"To whom, Frank?"

"Why, Joyce, of course, you ass."

"Loud and prolonged cheers."

"I shouldn't have come up to scratch if it hadn't been for you," said Frank, his voice vibrant with gratitude. "It 's all due to you."

"Some of it, Frank—some of it."

"What a girl!"

"You may well say that."

"I believe you 're dippy," said Frank. "I say, I could throw back a drink."

He threw one back and helped himself to another.

"And the world went very well then," I remarked.

Frank said he certainly felt consider-



Visitor. "I WONDER, LYDIA, IF IT CAN POSSIBLY BE TRUE THAT THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER INTENDS TO MAKE THE DEATH DUTIES PAYABLE IN ADVANCE THIS YEAR."

ably braced. He snuggled into his chair and shut his eyes; a fatuous smile took possession of parts of his face; he gloated.

"This your cigarette-case?" I asked.

He opened his eyes, yelped, jumped up and slapped his pocket.

"Where on earth did you get *that*?"

I pointed to the table he had upset some centuries before.

"Ah!" said Frank sagely. "I must have dropped it. I wouldn't have lost it for a thousand quid."

He took the case and opened it.

"It 's empty," I said.

"No, it isn't."

"You mean this?" I extracted the flower.

"Joyce gave it to me," explained Frank with great solemnity. "She gave me the cigarette-case too. In fact she gave both of 'em to me—years ago it was—on my birthday it was."

"In September it was."

"Certainly it was—though how you know——"

I twiddled the flower between my finger and thumb.

"Harebells don't bloom in April; they don't bloom until September."

"I call that dashed clever," said Frank, "though what April has to——"

"Neither do I," I said hastily.

"And she 's really loved me ever since."

"Tosh!" I said. "Absolute tosh! You carted about that ridiculous case complete with dead flower in an unworthy attempt to revive the extinct ashes of a past she had mercifully forgotten."

"Good stuff that," said Frank approvingly, "though I don't believe she had forgotten. However, I needn't have worried. She was quite different to-night, you know—sort of outside herself, if you know what I mean."

"In melting mood," I interpreted.

"And what a girl!"

"Quite, quite."

"Quite what?"

"Quite a girl."

"I believe you *are* dippy," said Frank. "I say, I could throw back a drink."

While he was throwing it back he caught sight of Barbara's photograph.

"Hullo!" he cried. "That 's Barbara."

"A true bill."

"Funny," said Frank.

"Very funny."

"What I mean to say it 's funny old Barbara's going to get married. Jack Smith told me to-night."

"And who 's old Barbara going to get married to?"

"Jack Smith."

"Never mind, Frank," I said. "You mustn't be greedy, and you can't marry both of them."

"And you can't marry either," he retorted, and shook with unseemly laughter.

I flicked the faded harebell into the fire, where it vanished without so much as a protesting crackle.

"Frank," I said, "I 'm going to bed."

The Judge who went back to Methuselah.

"The record prison sentence in Berlin—211 years—is held by Herr Buchmann, aged thirty-seven, who was a music-hall artist before he became a burglar."—*Daily Paper.*

Advertisement in a Nottingham shop-window:—

"1914 LANDAU. £7 10 0.
Only requires Ignition."

Anyone got a match?

AT THE PLAY.

"HAROLD" (ROYAL COURT).

THE worst of blank verse of the blanker sort is that it is very difficult to stop, and for every stirring or lovely line in *Harold* there is an intolerable deal of fifth-form prize-poem padding, like this:

> "And after those twelve years a boon, my king,
> Respite, a holiday: thyself wast wont
> To love the chase: thy leave to set my feet
> On board, and hunt and hawk beyond the seas;"

and besides, we are less tolerant of "Wardour Street" than when the Eminent Victorian plied his ready pen. Let it be granted that he has suffered an undue decline in favour, and that, though perhaps his diffuse historical dramas are not the matter that will restore him to his honourable niche, he does here contrive often to rise to the height of his argument when deeply moved by the legend of his chosen hero's valour in war, wisdom in council, and passionate English nationalism and Pope-baiting cisalpinism.

The chronicle is well put together and we are given clearly the sequence of events and the play of motive from the time when *Harold* begs hunting-leave of his ailing *King*—a not very plausible motive this, by the way, for leaving so potentially disturbed a kingdom at so inconvenient a time—till the fatal Norman arrow pierced the eye of the last of the Saxon chieftains and the way was open for the making of a united kingdom of England.

The pageant was interesting and the relation generally, undistracted by critical emendations of our original schoolboy impressions, flattered the memory. The outline of the character of rebellious *Tostig* was indeed filled in with some plausible effect of explaining his treachery as an affair of temperament. *Harold* remains the patriot demi-god—a noble figure, well interpreted by Mr. LAURENCE OLIVIER (perhaps a little too young for *Harold's* forty stormy years), whose proud carriage and admirable elocution gave great pleasure. Mr. RALPH RICHARDSON'S loyal imperturbable *Gurth* seemed to me a sound piece of work, and so too was Mr. CLIFFORD MARQUAND'S *Stigand*, though his description of the battle of Senlac lost its effect from being largely inaudible. Mr. SCOTT SUNDERLAND'S clear and fiery elocution was welcome, though he seemed to fail to give us an impression of any depths in the stark, ambitious, capable Norman.

Miss GWEN FFRANGÇON-DAVIES, after her charming prologue as a DU MAURIER beauty of the mid-seventies, performed her pale part of *Edith* with a wan melancholy and faint sweetness which faded tactfully into the background.

Mr. PAUL SHELVING has generously indulged his pretty and effective mannerisms. HALLEY'S bloody comet sways upon the back-cloth; a leaf from a Book of Hours inspires the background of the decorous wooing of *Edith* by *Harold* in the convent garden while (something out of key with this convention) there is a duet between a gramophone record of a nightingale in a Surrey garden and Miss FFRANGÇON DAVIES, presumably Anglo-Saxon music for her having been tactfully inserted by Mr. ERNEST IRVING while the bird is taking breath; South Down mutton in the Bayeux tapestry mode browse calmly on strange vegetables under a flaming sun what time *Harold* and *Tostig* have words. *Harold* is wrecked on Ponthieu's rock-strewn coast against a black night symmetrically patterned with stars—all very highly stylised and, to tell truth, very agreeable; and competently painted by Miss HILDA BLACKMAR DASH. The costumes were effective. Gayer, I should judge, than the fashion of their supposed day; and indeed the general air of tidy splendour in the interiors consorts ill with the franker kind of social historian's record of our Anglo-Saxon domestic technique. It was perhaps a pity to clothe the passionate intriguing vamp, *Alduyth*, in Mephistophelian red and so tempt Miss EILEEN BELDON to a rather tiresome over-elaboration of her villainy.

In summary: *Harold* may be said to have antiquarian rather than dramatic interest. There were undeniable streaks of dulness; but there were at least occasional flashes of true fire; there was always something pleasant to look upon, and there were two jokes.

An intelligent programme, with a genuinely informative introductory note by Mr. ALAN BLAND, laid us under renewed debt to Sir BARRY JACKSON'S intelligent management.

T.



Miss 1876. "ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE YOU TO 1066."

Count William of Normandy	MR. SCOTT SUNDERLAND.
Miss 1876	MISS GWEN FFRANGÇON-DAVIES.
Harold	MR. LAURENCE OLIVIER.
Stigand	MR. CLIFFORD MARQUAND.

"GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES" (PRINCE OF WALES).

A diary, whether composed by PEPYS or by the lady in the present case, can hardly be expected to offer the best possible material for conveyance into dramatic form. For one thing it is impossible to do full justice to the literary qualities of the original. In *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* (the book) the happy and careless inconsequence of the diarist's illiterate style, and in particular her total disregard of the value of conjunctions, were at least as great an attraction as her story and her self-revelation. Here in the play, though we get occasional lapses from grammar, this attraction has been largely sacrificed. On the other hand we gain something from the visible presentation,

enforced by an authentic American accent, of a type not very easy for Englishmen (it is one of the few things we have not yet imported from over there) to realise on paper; and we gain even more from the greater prominence given to the contrasted character of *Dorothy*, the brunette. The brutal candour of her devastating interventions, which not only help to explain the preference that the "gentlemen" of the play have for a blonde, but serve as an excellent foil to the disingenuous innocence of the heroine, gave us the best fun of the evening.

The other diversions were of a lower order, being for the most part frankly farcical, though I should have been sorry to miss the episode of the French lawyer and his son. (*Lorelei*, with a true sense of American proprietorship, couldn't understand what a Frenchman should be doing in a hotel like the Paris Ritz.) The constant use of such diversions—I shouldn't care to say how many knocks occurred on the door of *Lorelei's* apartment—was needed to mitigate what tended to be a certain monotony in the general conditions. For the scene, though it changed from the royal suite on an ocean liner to a sitting-room, scarcely less royal, in the Ritz at Paris, remained in all essentials the same, serving continuously as *Lorelei's* happy hunting-ground. Nor was there much variety in her method, though towards the end the exposure of the early stages of her career called for a finer exhibition of persuasive art to defeat it. As with the book, the end came just when our powers of enjoyment were on the verge of exhaustion. I doubt whether we could have borne another Act of it.

There are one or two rather ugly features—the gratuitous episode, for instance, of the improper (or risk*ay*) picture-postcards and the rejuvenation of the amorous old dotard, *Spoffard père*; and one line must have escaped the vigilance of the Censor; but if generous allowance is made for the leading motive of the play its humour may pass as sufficiently permissible.

Miss JOAN BOURDELLE, who had the heaviest task, did all that was humanly possible to realise a type of hypocrisy developed to the point of self-deception. Almost she persuaded even us that there could be nothing inherently vicious in so "refined" an *ingénue* of vice.



NON-PARTICIPATORY PREFERENCE.

Dorothy Shaw . . . . . MISS EDNA HIBBARD.
Lady Beekman . . . . . MISS HELEN FERRERS.
Sir Francis Beekman . . . . . MR. MORTON SELTEN.
Lorelei Lee . . . . . MISS JOAN BOURDELLE.

Miss EDNA HIBBARD, as her "chaperon" *Dorothy*, had an easier part. She just stood around and threw off cynical comments, many of them audible, or loyally obliterated herself when *Lorelei* required privacy for her interviews.



STAGE FRENCHMEN.

Robert Broussard . MR. GEORGES ROMAIN.
Louis (his son) . . MR. ADRIAN ROSLEY.

Mr. ERNEST THESIGER as *Mr. Spoffard* had a rather poor allotment of fun. He may have been in his own element, but made little attempt to be in the American picture. Mr. GEORGES ROMAIN and Mr. ADRIAN ROSLEY were extremely diverting as two Frenchmen extracted from an immemorial past of stage tradition. But the best of the smaller sketches was Mr. NICK ADAMS' *Gus Eisman*, the hyphenated gentleman who had provided *Lorelei* with the wherewithal for acquiring that higher education which he had himself missed. A pathetic figure, he won our sympathies alike by his magnanimous appreciation of her advance beyond his control and by his quiet acceptance of the irony of fate. *Sic vos non vobis.* The very generosity which had enabled *Lorelei* to expand herself by travel had made it possible for Another to supplant him. I wish we could have seen more of Mr. NICK ADAMS. He arrived on the scene far too late.

I cannot judge how much more—or less—I should have enjoyed the play if I hadn't read the book. But it is certain that there are many features in the printed page which, however improbable, may, by the doubtful light of one's imagination, be accepted as intelligible fantasy, but in the fierce glare of the stage become preposterous farce. For this reason, and because we lose, as I said, the very distinctive quality of *Lorelei's* literary style, I must for myself come to the conclusion, though the play made me laugh a good deal, that the book 's "the thing." O. S.

"Office Furniture, Dentist's Equipment, Stock-in-Trade of a Ladies' Outfitter, and a large quantity of Easter Eggs, comprising:—Gent's Spanish mahogany wardrobe, antique tallboy chest of drawers, Spanish mahogany secretaire, etc."—*West-Country Paper.*

Connoisseurs will agree that Spanish furniture reached its zenith in the Oolitic Period.

EPPING FOREST.

ONE WILLINGALE of Loughton—blessed be his name!—
Stood beside a hornbeam, lopping of the same;
The lord of Loughton Manor bidding him begone,
WILLINGALE said several things and WILLINGALE went on;
And when I stand by Loughton Camp and look on Debden Slade
I think upon one WILLINGALE and how his billhook played;
For WILLINGALE, a labourer, by lopping of a tree
Kept houses off the Forest for men like you and me.

A man who lived by Woodford, he found upon a day
A fence up in Lord's Bushes across the bridle-way;
He went to no solicitor nor Counsel of the Crown,
But, being of the manor, he pulled the fencing down;
And out beside Fox Burrows, breathing of the Spring,
I will still remember the man who did this thing;
For Great Monk Wood and Little, and Copley Plain were trim
And narrow streets like Walthamstow except for men like him.

Before you climb Woodredden Hill to reach the Verderer's Ride
I bid you mark how London would not be denied,
But, holding Wanstead graveyard, claimed common for a cow
And, champion of all common rights, thrust into the row;
How like a noble city for three long years she fought,
Till JESSEL, Master of the Rolls, gave judgment as he ought;
And nine miles out from Aldgate Pump she kept the Forest free,
Untouched, untamed, a pleasant place for men like you and me.

WANTED—AN ESCORT.

THE box of primroses came from Devonshire, that much I know for certain because of the postmark, which bears the name of one of those quiet little towns which nestle so confidingly among the gentle slopes of that most engaging of counties.

I believe I should have known in any case, for there are no primroses like the Devon primroses, with their fair pale faces as big as penny-pieces. Compared with them the primroses of the Midlands and of the easterly counties are but poor weak things. Why, I've seen a bank in a Devon lane so thick with them that you could see no green at all. There was just a carpet of unbroken delicate yellow. . . .

But at the moment I knew of no one in that part of the world likely to have sent them to me.

The writing was strange too. There was indeed no clue of any kind.

I didn't notice at the first minute that the box contained anything beyond the flowers and moss. When I did I rubbed my eyes in sheer amazement.

But I think almost anyone would have done. One hardly expects to see a fairy sitting in the corner of a cardboard box on a table in a London flat.

We stared at one another for a second or two without making a sound. I noticed that she looked exhausted and as it were *mazed* a little.

"Can I do anything for you?" I said at last. "I'm afraid you're rather done up."

"I've had a terrible time," she said, and gave a tiny shudder—"terrible! I've never been so shaken. If you could give me a little drink of water——"

I hastened to get it for her, feeling a little troubled as to how I should offer it. She was so very small. A glass seemed out of the question. Finally I decided on a teaspoon as the most suitable receptacle.

She drank eagerly while I held it and seemed to revive a little.

"Can you tell me where I am?" she asked presently.

"You're in London," I said.

She turned wide horrified eyes upon me. "London?" she said. "*London!* Oh dear, oh dear! How shall I ever get back?"

I tried to reassure her. "We'll find a way," I said. "I'll see that you get back all right, somehow. But how did you get here? How did you come to be inside that box?"

She shook her head. "I can't think," she said. "I suppose someone must have picked me while I was asleep on a primrose and put me in there"—she looked at the box—"without noticing. I feel as if I've been shut up for weeks. I suppose it wasn't really weeks. But the noise—and the bumping. If it hadn't been for the moss and the darling primroses I should never have come out alive, I'm certain."

It did seem indeed a marvel. She was such a frail little thing, not really much bigger than a butterfly. She must have been in the post all night, and when one remembers the way they throw the parcels about. . . .

She has been with me two or three days now. I've made a little home for her in my velvet-lined jewel-case, but she's not happy. She's pining to get back to her Devonshire home.

I took her out into the Park one day, tucked into a bunch of anemones, which I carried carefully wrapped up in tissue-paper. I undid the paper when we came to the flower-beds, and she peered out.

She thought it very pretty, "but not like Devonshire," she said. She was afraid of the people and she thought the soil looked rather dirty, and the glimpses she had had on the way of the tall houses and hurrying streets had terrified her.

And she wanted to know where the sea was, and when I told her that there was no sea anywhere near she was very much puzzled.

"I'm sure I can hear it," she said. "Listen." And I had to explain that the noise she could hear was not the noise of the sea but the noise of the traffic and business of the town.

That frightened her even more. "I want to go back," she said, clinging to my finger and weeping tiny tears. "I shall die if I don't go back. Can't you take me back? This is such a dusty place, and the birds don't seem to know me at all. And I haven't seen a single rabbit. Aren't there any rabbits here? And are there no larks? Are there only people—people and sparrows?"

I'm really very much worried about her. I do all I can to make her happy, but, although she is quite touchingly grateful, I can see that she is miserable. She just mopes.

And the trouble is, I don't know how to get her back to Devonshire. It is quite impossible for me to get away at the moment, and the post is of course unthinkable after her last experience.

I've been wondering whether any kind reader of *Punch* who happens to be travelling down that way shortly would be willing to take charge of her. She wouldn't be the least bit of trouble, I know, and she really is the dearest little thing. She would be quite comfortable in a small basket with a few flowers in it, and not at all noticeable. (I know some people might feel a little shy about being seen with a fairy.) It would be an immense kindness, it would indeed. I don't think the railway people would require a ticket for her, but in any case it would only be a half, and I would gladly pay for it.

I do hope someone will be able to help in this matter. After all, it isn't every day one gets a chance of doing anything for a fairy.

R. F.



MR. PUNCH'S PERSONALITIES.

LXVI—MR. GEORGE ROBEY.

TRUST not the fellow's high-brow air;
As soon as ever he releases
His devastating wit, beware!
He'll break your ribs in *Bits and Pieces*.



Guest. "ANGEL, MAY I USE YOUR TELEPHONE? I WANT TO HEAR HOW BABY IS. THE PAPER-HANGER SAID HE'D GIVE HIM HIS BOTTLE."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

AN Italian FROISSART, a chronicler who is also a picture-maker, in these terms GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO describes Signor UGO OJETTI, the author of *Cose Viste*. A selection in English of some forty sketches and essays from Signor OJETTI's delightful three volumes has now been prepared by Mr. HENRY FURST, himself one of D'ANNUNZIO's foreign legionaries and linguistic disciples. The essayist, nominated by MUSSOLINI two years ago as the editor of the *Corriere della Sera*, approaches life rather as a connoisseur than a thinker. Of an old Roman family, he has dedicated himself almost entirely to letters and art, lived in Paris, travelled in America and Asia, and done yeoman service in the War zone as conserver of national art treasures. Many of these experiences, reacting on a highly sensitized and emotionally acquisitive temperament, are reflected in the present book, the writer's method being that of a literary impressionist, a verbal *pointilliste*. In this manner a score of notable Europeans are put on the canvas. KING VICTOR appears, and QUEEN MARGHERITA, MOMMSEN and BOITO, MAETERLINCK and BARRÈS. PUCCINI figures in his villa among the Tuscan stone-pines, busied with the score of *Turandot;* RODIN carves a beef-steak as big as a flag and talks about sculpture as a hedger might talk about hedging; ZOLA arrives in Rome to investigate the POPE and is tactfully diverted to a secular prince. Less illustrious figures are handled with equal distinction, the most memorable being the postman of shell-swept Rheims anxiously peering through his spectacles for the numbers of the surviving houses. Mr. FURST's translation, entitled *As They Seemed To Me* (METHUEN), is most capably done; and he deserves an extra good mark for translating the raciest idioms literally and giving the Italian in brackets.

Maps of the Spanish Main and the names of DRAKE and FROBISHER and GRENVILLE enrich even the covers of their books for those fortunate authors who write in "The Golden Hind" series of biographies. Mr. MILTON WALDMAN, in his *Sir Walter Raleigh* (LANE), has known well how to make use of his matchless opportunities, and if occasionally he does incline, as historians will, to belittle one's dearest idols, yet when all is said the figure he presents to us is placed more nearly where I for one would have him than some earlier authorities have allowed. The writer, not shirking the admission that RALEIGH could be as merciless on occasion as he was reckless of his own safety, or that he was as vain and overbearing towards others as he was spiritual in his philosophic conceptions, finds him almost incredibly versatile in an age of varied accomplishment, scientist no less than statesman, soldier as well as courtier, at his greatest as a man of letters, and only rather incidentally, because it was the fashion of the time, a sailor. This coloniser of a New World, believing that dreams and gold pieces were both alike worth dying for, united with the most far-sighted patriotism the coolest calculations of personal interest, and with the self-sacrifice of a martyr a never-failing consciousness of the in-

stantaneously effective pose. He enriched himself beyond measure, something at the public expense, only to risk all his winnings at the call of romance, and throughout his long years of imprisonment he is shown as declining oblivion, and rather living to his last hour full-coloured in the vividness of his day and generation. Mr. Waldman's great success in this volume consists in revealing how marvellously in Sir Walter insincerity and heroism, greatness and littleness, were mixed together in the making; while at the same time justifying their faith for those who have held that he was the last gallant embodiment of that age when the world suddenly had grown large and luminous.

The average wireless aunt or uncle
Is not as lively as *John Buncle*,
  But gallant "Uncle Mac"
Indulges in no tedious schooling,
And for high-spirited good fooling
  Has an engaging knack.

I do not say the verse of Derek
McCulloch has the charm of Herrick,
  But *Nonsericks* (Methuen),
By Ernest Noble illustrated,
My soul has vastly titillated
  And wings my grateful pen.

Highbrows and earnest-minded psychics
Will doubtless deprecate these high-kicks,
  But *Punch*, who sagely thinks
No harm can come of hearty laughing,
Commends to all his readers' quaffing
  This fountain of high jinks.



Income-tax Official (to resolute lady who has absolutely declined to complete schedule). "But, Madam, I don't think you quite understand the impor——"
Resolute Lady. "Excuse me, I understand quite enough to know that I wish to have nothing whatever to do with it."

Deserting the charming *Jeremy* and such eccentrics as the red-headed gentleman who has lately been startling theatre-goers, Mr. Hugh Walpole has resumed that series of "London Novels" which it must be nearly twenty years since he started. People one remembers meeting in the *Duchess of Wrexe* and *The Green Mirror* reappear in *Wintersmoon* (Macmillan), but for all that it is a self-contained and independent story—a long leisurely story, moving with a suave stateliness appropriate to its theme, which is interwoven with strawberry-leaves and records the ways of the remnant of a ceremonious society. Not that it is without incident. There is a suicide in it and quite a lot of "scenes." But by its general effect it ranks with what Tennyson called "those large still books." In addition to its universal title—which is the name of a great house mellow with age and steeped in the glamour of history—Mr. Walpole describes his book as "passages in the lives of two sisters, Janet and Rosalind Grandison." These two young women are nicely contrasted, *Janet*, the elder, being dark, stately but rather plain, and quite pre-jazz, while *Rosalind* is a golden beauty with a tendency to social futurism. They are very poor but of "Red Book" status, and *Janet*, marrying *Wildherne, Marquess of Poole*, heir-apparent to the dukedom of Romney, steps easily into an exalted world. It is a marriage of something very like convenience. *Wildherne* and *Janet*, old and good friends, are frankly not in love with one another. *Wildherne's* heart is hopelessly engaged elsewhere, and *Janet's* belongs entirely to her sister. But *Wildherne* wants a son to carry on the great Purefoy line, and *Janet* wants security—for *Rosalind* rather than herself. The son is born and dies; and *Rosalind* cannot breathe in the rarefied and rather musty Purefoy atmosphere. She turns her back on Wintersmoon and seeks a more exhilarating air. The rocks of tragedy are obviously near, but we leave *Wildherne* and *Janet* sailing into calmer waters. Of *Rosalind* one expects to hear more. She is something of an enigma, and it is up to Mr. Walpole to explain her.

Mr. Arthur Paterson is in an unusually happy position to give a sympathetic account of *George Eliot's Family Life and Letters* (Selwyn and Blount), wholly apart from the fact that he has secured a quantity of hitherto unpublished letters for his venture. His mother was one of a select feminine jury characteristically convened by Harriet Mar-

TINEAU to discuss the righteousness or unrighteousness of the LEWES *ménage*. His sister, Mrs. ALLINGHAM, painted her friend the novelist's Surrey home in her graceful stipple, and here it is for a frontispiece. Mr. PATERSON himself has heard the LEWES grandchildren describe their visits to "The Priory"—the number of armchairs furnished for distinguished guests, the jellies and rag-dolls provided for themselves. He has discovered that before MARIAN EVANS decided to face the world with LEWES she had a personal interview with his wife; that Mrs. LEWES refused to return to her husband, and that Miss EVANS thereupon took over not only LEWES but her predecessor's three sons. The zest and tenderness she imported into these ambiguous relations, her undoubted measure of sentimental and practical success in them, are Mr. PATERSON'S pleas for their justification. Personally I seem to recognise a note of pathetic bravado in the motherliness of GEORGE ELIOT'S letters to the LEWES schoolboys, though it is only fair to add that the lads themselves seem to have fallen easily into their *rôle*. They receive, either from father or "mother," accounts of everything that is doing. Pug grows fatter and more fascinating, but his intellect does not develop. *Adam Bede* has outsold all its contemporaries save *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and *The Mysteries of Paris*. Mr. PATERSON unfolds his own share of the story with a simplicity that is never mawkish and a quiet effectiveness of illustration and comment.

Whether you prefer the earlier pages of *Stalky's Reminiscences* (CAPE), in which Major-General L. C. DUNSTERVILLE writes of Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING and of the United Services College, Westward Ho! or the later part that treats of the author's experiences elsewhere, you will find him a most good-natured and exhilarating companion. No one can write with more authority about the school that inspired *Stalky & Co.* Of Mr. KIPLING'S hero we are told that he represents, "not an individual—though his character may be based on that of an individual—but the medium of one of the prevailing spirits of this most untypical school." Untypical it very certainly was, and anyone who reads these reminiscences and then dares to accuse Mr. KIPLING of exaggeration in his classic school-story must be bold to fool-hardiness. The greater part, however, of these recollections has to do with the writer's career in the Indian Army, and he gives them with great good-humour and a frankness, in regard to his own failings, that is extraordinarily attractive. Really of its kind a model volume.

The episode of the *Emden* is undoubtedly one of the brightest chapters in the whole history of the Great War at sea. From start to finish the famous cruiser's dashing career was disfigured by none of those uglier characteristics upon which, in the interests of international goodwill, it is wiser not to dwell; and her captain, the doughty VON MÜLLER, commanded the ungrudging admiration and respect of the British people, however great the damage he might do to British shipping. For that reason many will no doubt be glad to read the recital of her exploits in full, as recounted in *Emden: The Story of the Famous Cruiser* (JENKINS), by Prince FRANZ JOSEPH OF HOHENZOLLERN, her second torpedo officer throughout her raiding career. The narrative is one which cannot but make interesting reading, despite the fact that the famous raider has not been specially fortunate in her biographer. The stiff humourless Prussian habit of mind, from which his commanding officer was so refreshingly free, sticks out rather aggressively more than once in the course of Prince FRANZ JOSEPH'S story; and it is particularly regrettable that he should have gone out of his way to repeat a piece of propaganda fiction, as discreditable as it has been long since thoroughly discredited, about the carrying of munitions of war in British hospital ships.



Old Club Member. "WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY ADDRESSING ME, SIR? I DON'T KNOW YOU FROM ADAM."

New Member (serenely). "BY JOVE, NO! AND I DON'T KNOW YOU FROM ESAU—WHAT!"

Patricia Lacked a Lover (JARROLDS), and so, in the opinion of her friend's husband, *Norman Hythe*, she had no business to run away from her husband. And *Patricia* herself finds it difficult, under *Norman's* cross-examination, to put forward any adequate excuse for her conduct. Why then did Mr. JOHN NORTH, who wants his readers to regard *Patricia* sympathetically, not provide her with a reasonable motive? Was it because he wanted sympathy also for *Robin*, the outraged husband, and because the more inadequate the motive the easier it would be to bring them together at the end? Possibly; but more probably it was just because Mr. NORTH writes comedy, and the best way to write comedy, as may be proved from the example of some of its most successful practitioners, is to make your characters behave rather preposterously and talk quite naturally. So with the characters in this gay and diverting story, *Robin* and *Patricia* and *Norman* and *Florence* his wife, and the millionaire with whom *Patricia* seeks employment, and the other millionaire whom *Robin* chases to Paris—they are all convincingly alive, and yet you wonder how any of them came to be there at all. Those who liked *Girl or Boy?* and *A Comedy of Women* will enjoy this book. It is just as amusing and it shows an even surer touch. And those other readers, to whom Mr. JOHN NORTH is at present unknown, should repair the omission at once.

We welcome the publication in book form of A. P. HERBERT'S *The Trials of Topsy* (T. FISHER UNWIN), which has recently been appearing in *Punch*.

CHARIVARIA.

WITH reference to the announcement that Dunkery Beacon, immortalised in *Lorna Doone*, is for sale, we can only express the hope that it will not be allowed to leave this country.

Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL is reported to have been seen strolling, hatless, about the grounds of his country house. When he is busy with a Budget he seems to have no heart for hats.

It is proposed to have a newspaper for night-club patrons. We understand that the Stop Press of the Final Supper Edition will contain half-time results of the latest raids.

Miss MERCEDES GLEITZE claims to have swum the Straits of Gibraltar with seventy Spaniards following her. Enough to make her swim the Atlantic.

According to a political writer Sir N. GRATTAN-DOYLE was seen in the House of Commons wearing a light-brown collar with a morning-coat. We understand that, upon hearing of this by cable, Mr. J. H. THOMAS decided to hurry back from the Gold Coast.

A new idea at weddings is to have a best girl. She sees that the bride doesn't mislay the groom.

Dancing on the toes, says an expert, is one of the male dancer's commonest faults. Our suffering lady-friends support this view.

Dr. ROSENBACH, who has spent two millions on books in the past twelve years, seems without a rival as a best-buyer.

According to an astronomical article there is an element of sport or chance in comparing photographic records of the motion of stars. We understand, however, that there is little betting on it.

Mr. MAXTON wants to abolish the distinctive status between master and servant. Does this mean that under Socialism a man will be as good as the people who work for him?

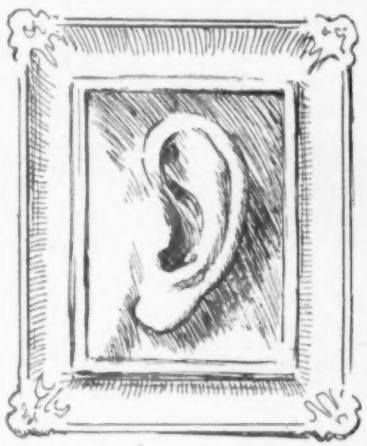
The Southend resident whose trousers were removed from the bed-rail by a burglar in order to prevent pursuit must agree that the custom of laying them under the mattress has its advantages.

The motive of Count BETHLEN, the Hungarian Premier, in spending Easter in Venice, when it was infested with trippers, is the subject of conjecture. A possible explanation is that he is preparing for an official visit to Thanet.

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE has declared his preference for films of the Wild West type. He is believed to take the view that the provision of cowboy costumes for British farm-labourers would check the drift to the towns.

A *Daily Mail* reader has announced that, unless the *Royal Oak* sentences are quashed, she will not allow her son to enter the Navy. This places the Admiralty in a very awkward quandary.

The author of a book about the Fall advances the theory that ADAM and EVE got drunk. Yet he fails to produce the evidence of anyone who saw them in that condition.



WHAT 'S WRONG WITH THE R.A.?

We understand that the above picture by a Wimpole Street amateur has been rejected. In his own circle it was regarded as *The* Picture of the Ear.

Mr. ST. JOHN ERVINE admits that when he first arrived in London he was disappointed. It is only fair to remind him that he was not expected.

Dogs of various breeds, it seems, have long been raced in Germany. It takes a smashing dachshund to win by a length.

A demonstration of unbreakable eggs produced by special feeding of hens has been given at Ohio State University. The disadvantage of this scheme is that it increases the difficulty of making an omelette.

The price for a murder in Chicago is said to be ten pounds. Owing to the competition it won't be long now before you will be able to get one on the instalment system.

Our fear is that the success of *Baby Cyclone* will result in a plague of stage-struck pekes.

Among candidates for special election to the M.C.C. a cricketer, now at Oxford, is mentioned as likely to win his spurs before long. The significance of these accoutrements at Lord's has often mystified the public.

We read of a young man being ejected from the public gallery of the Willesden police-court for smoking a cigarette. There is always something interesting going on in the Willesden police-court.

A party of journalists' wives recently visited the House of Commons. As the House was not sitting it was impossible to show them what their husbands in the Press Gallery have to put up with.

According to an essayist you can always tell how old an Egyptian woman is by walking behind her. In our own country you can't even tell if it is a woman.

It is reported that, because of unsuitable court accommodation, several magistrates of Whitland, Carmarthenshire, have threatened to strike. There is no indication at present as to whether the local burglars will down jemmies in sympathy.

According to a statistical return the birth-rate shows a steady decline in Mexico. We are not surprised. After all it is no joke being born in Mexico.

It is being claimed that a child can learn to spell better on a typewriter. But then who wants a child to spell the way most typewriters spell?

Two Frenchmen recently flew to Timbuctoo. It is said that the older missionaries hid themselves under the impression that the aeroplane was a new kind of cassowary.

Reports from Cannes state that girls are taking strange pets into restaurants, such as monkeys, snakes and lizards. But surely the lizard is no novelty.

A toad at the Zoo is said to eat worms at the rate of sixty-six per second. The early bird will have to get up earlier still if it wants any breakfast.

It seems that the surprise in the coming Budget will be that it isn't going to contain any surprises.

THE CHASTENING OF "BIG BILL."

["The defeat of Thompson . . . is the work of an outraged citizenship resolved to end corruption, machine-gunnery, pineapplery ('pineapples' is *argot* for 'bombs') and plundering."—"*Chicago Tribune*," *quoted in* "*The Times*."]

KNOW ye the land where the pineapple's laughter
Breaks out of a blue sky and blows off your head?
Know ye the Eden of gunman and grafter,
Where no one can tell you how soon you'll be dead?
'Tis the land of the West (and the Middle of that),
Where THOMPSON—so far—has secured all the fat;
O weird as the weirdest of WALLACE's plays
Are the tales of its thugs and the hell that they raise.

But a change has arrived with the recent election
(Entailing the usual orgy of blood),
And the Terror's attachés have suffered rejection,
"BIG BILL" and his minions are chewing the mud;
O sharp as the tooth of a serpent, he feels,
Is the sting of the blow that Ingratitude deals;
It is more than the biggest of WILLIAMS can bear,
And he 's threatened to throw up his job as the Mayor.

If so deadly a blight should occur to Chicawgo
And menace the shambles of Michigan's shore;
If the bodies of those who abide by the law go
Immune from the pineapple's flavour of gore;
We too, we shall miss him, "BIG BILL" and his crooks,
And the fables he forged in the history-books;
And our world will be duller when he is suppressed
With his Middle-West humour gone hopelessly West.

O. S.

THE LAWYER-JOCKEY.

THE legal fraternity, as is well known, has recently been passing through a very lean period, and, owing to the insidious competition of accountants, estate-agents, trade protection societies and the like, solicitors are finding it more and more difficult to turn an honest penny. These circumstances have forced the profession to search for fresh fields to conquer, and a striking example of this is the success of a solicitor in this year's Grand National. Unfortunately the *Encyclopædia of Forms and Precedents* contains no example of a Bill of Costs for steeplechase services. Mr. Punch therefore hastens (without prejudice) to place the following specimen bill at the disposal of the profession:—

43, Parchment Buildings,
Lincoln's Inn Fields.
1st April, 1929.

SIR WILBERFORCE THRUSTER

To JOHN SCRIVENER.

1929		£	s.	d.
March 1st	On receipt of your letter inviting me to ride your horse "Sligo Sam" in the Grand National Steeplechase, perusing same		3	4
" "	Writing you to inquire if your said horse had ever before run in and/or won the Grand National and/or any other steeplechase and/or hurdle race and if so which		3	4
" 3rd	On receipt of your answer enclosing schedule of races in which your horse had competed, perusing same		3	4
" "	Writing you with numerous further requisitions regarding the breeding, stamina, miles per hour and/or per gallon of your horse		13	4
	Carried forward	1	3	4
	Brought forward	1	3	4
March 5th	On receipt of letter from you asking me to "take it or leave it" by return post, perusing same		3	4
" "	Taking it		3	4
" 7th	On receipt of letter from you asking me to proceed to training headquarters to interview yourself and your trainer, perusing same		3	4
" "	Writing you and accepting your invitation		3	4
" 10th	Long interview with yourself and your trainer at headquarters	3	3	0
" "	Long interview with "Sligo Sam"	3	3	0
	Inspecting hocks		3	4
	ditto fetlocks		3	4
	ditto pasterns		3	4
	Patting neck		3	4
" 25th	Attending at Aintree on the day of the race	10	10	0
" "	Attending your trainer and receiving his final instructions to stay on back of "Sligo Sam" whatever happened	5	5	0
" "	Mounting "Sligo Sam"		3	4
" "	Attending the jockey riding "Leaping Leonard" while crossing Becher's Brook and on his inquiring what the —— I thought I was riding and where the —— I thought I was coming to, telling him where he could go and generally making a suitable rejoinder	5	5	0
" "	When "Sligo Sam" nearly slipped up at Valentine's Brook, giving him a long and exhaustive opinion of himself and his ancestors	3	3	0
" "	Winning the race	105	0	0
		138	2	4
	Add 33⅓% as authorised by the Solicitors Remuneration Act, General Order, 1925	46	0	9
		184	3	1
" "	*Paid disbursements as under:*—			
	Railway fares £3 10 0			
	Beer for stable-boys 15 0			
	Champagne for friends and self 14 6 0			
	Sugar for "Sligo Sam" 2	18	11	2
		£202	14	3

With compliments, JOHN SCRIVENER.

THE ADVENTURER.

I CLIMBED to the top of the fir-tree (nearly the top, I mean),
And there wasn't a nest in that great big branch where really there ought to have been;
And it wasn't so easy climbing down, for fir-trees are tricky things,
And I *think* that I fell for a hundred feet, and I wish we were born with wings.
And I heard Nurse say, "Thank God he was spared, but really it served him right;"
And I've got such a lot of lovely bruises to show in the bath to-night;
For I fell with a simply terrible crash, but nobody ought to cry
Who 's got such a lot of lovely bruises without having had to die.



THE CHINA SPRING OFFENSIVE.

"IN THE SPRING A DRAGON'S FANCY LIGHTLY TURNS TO THOUGHTS OF WAR."

After "Locksley Hall."



Constable (checking what he has written). "MONICA DAPHNE CARMICHAEL HADDINGTON. IS THAT RIGHT?"
Fair Culprit. "QUITE RIGHT—AND JUST 'TOOTS' TO MY FRIENDS."

THIS MS. BUSINESS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—The following correspondence has passed:—

To the Collector of Taxes.

DEAR SIR,—Referring to your various communications, the big yellow form with the white enclosure, the little blue form with the soft insinuations, the little red form with the curt threat of recovery by distraint in default of payment within seven days, your letter RA 349 of the 8th, your call on Friday, and the words we had on the telephone, I have a proposition to make to you, as follows:—

It is definitely inconvenient for me to meet your demands in actual cash or even by cheque. In fact we may as well dismiss that idea from our minds at once. Further—if you will pardon the remark—the whole business of Income Tax has become distasteful to me. I have never understood why a subordinate Government official should be permitted (1) to put to me such questions as "Are you living with your wife?" or "Do you support a female person, and, if so, state for what purpose?" (2) to go behind my back to my employers and inquire from them the humiliating rates of my remuneration, and (3) in general to pry into the secrets of my private life. The whole thing is un-English.

I am anxious, however—or shall we say 'ready'?—to make some contribution to the national revenues. Now, in old times the harassed husbandman or peasant unable to support the State by money payments was permitted to render tribute in kind from the fruits of his labour, to meet his income-tax with a mangel-wurzel or pay the Death Duties with a live sheep. Some such system, I have often thought, would be applicable to my own case. I should be happy to place my pen at your disposal for a week, and could, I think, impart a new polish to your prose, adding a sweetness to your preliminary communications and a touch of vigour to your Final Notices which would be worth a lot of money to the State. Big Business has long ago realised that literary quality has a value in advertisement, and even a university education is no longer considered to be a discreditable thing. And in the end your ignoble Department will be forced to follow suit. I will undertake to compose for you a FINAL NOTICE in rhymed couplets which will bring in the last few millions quicker than all the bailiffs of London.

But the recent sale of original MSS. and first editions of famous books has given me a new idea. I have never myself understood the attraction of MSS. or even first editions. The chief feature of the average MS. is that it is illegible; and the chief feature of the average first edition is that it is full of misprints. Were I so foolish as to buy one of my own books I should not rush for the first edition but for the third (if any); and in the works of certain "detective" writers the principal errors are not corrected till about the thirtieth. And the anxiety to possess a book which cannot be read or is imperfectly printed is to me mysterious. It is like the insane craving of certain persons to see the first—or worst—night of a play.

But there are such persons, and, as you may have read, the original MS. of a single book, called *Alice in Wonderland*, has just been sold for over fifteen thousand pounds. A single poem scribbled on a single sheet of paper fetched a thousand pounds. We may be very sure that the authors, at the time of writing, put no such value on their work. But the point is that *one can never tell.*

Now I, Sir, have written one or two books which in the opinion of some of my friends are every bit as good as *Alice in Wonderland.* I think myself

that they are better. My godmother thinks they are *much* better. And the original MSS. of most of these masterpieces are now available. They are *quite* illegible, which must add to their value; they are covered with quaint drawings, sums, telephone numbers, addresses and appointments. I have no doubt that a few years after my death they will sell for twenty thousand pounds each. I see no reason why all this money should go to my descendants, though I have no objection to the MSS. going to America. If they are likely to brighten the declining years of an American millionaire I am glad. But better, far better, Mr. Collector, if they go to you in trust for the nation and as a life-discharge of my obligations to the revenue. I could let you have at once the MSS. of two or three novels, numerous light operas, a tragedy in five Acts and blank verse and any number of delicious poems.

As to first editions, I am in a position to make you an exceptional offer. Of my *Whips of Sin* two thousand copies were printed, and I could put my hand on as many as fifteen hundred first editions (uncut, and one of them inscribed by the author to his favourite niece). All these, with the MSS., are at your disposal for, I suggest, a round figure of £100,000. I do not ask for cash; give me a discharge from all direct taxes for the remainder of my life, and the State may make what profit it can. This transaction will relieve me—and you—of much tiresome correspondence, and is likely in the long run to be far more profitable to the State than the painful extraction of much smaller annual sums, for, like all the best authors, I have no real hope of making a fortune till I am dead.

It is a gamble, of course, but a gamble, you will observe, in which the State has everything to gain and very little to lose. I beg that you will forward my suggestions to the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Yours faithfully,

Albert Haddock.

To Albert Haddock.

Sir,—I am asked by the Chancellor of the Exchequer to say that he is unable to accede to your proposals. In default of payment within seven days proceedings will be taken for the recovery of the sum named in my previous communication by distraint.

Yours truly, X.

What a country! A. P. H.

Potted Mate.

From a notice of a forthcoming article:—

"Next Week: Crushed Husbands! By——." *Weekly Paper.*



Lady of Fashion. "My dear, I kept *all* my good resolutions *all* through Lent, and it's done my figure *so* much good. I've simply lost *pounds*. *So* gratifying, isn't it?"

THE FARMER.

(*A Client of the Writer*).

Starvation stares him in the face,
His straits are plaguey sore;
He should, of course, have sold the place
Many a year before;
There 's naught of him but skin and bone,
He only weighs some sixteen stone,
And tells you in a peevish tone
He used to weigh much more.

His bullocks cost a pile to keep,
He sells them for a song;
Prices are poor for pigs and sheep;
His feathered world 's gone wrong.
"Don't look to farming for your bread,"
His father (and grandfather) said,
"The farming industry is dead";
He knew it all along.

The Government have used him ill,
He tells us in the bar;
He cannot meet his wages bill
With wages as they are;
Yet, grimly sticking to his guns,
He baulks all creditors and duns,
Especially the needy ones,
Me in particular.

THE WILD GARAGE.

THE Wild Garage, or Traveller's Acrimony, is found in almost every English field or lane, most especially in the precincts of a farm. It is supplied to visitors by friends who have no garage of their own or who have selfishly filled their garage with their own car.

The Wild Garage was not built for a garage, nor can any say why it was ever built at all. It contains in one corner what appears to be the remnants of an old British chariot with scythed wheels. There is a large hole in the roof.

The Wild Garage is found by inquiring at the post-office or at the "Red Lion," and it is three-quarters of a mile away. It is approached by a difficult gate at a difficult turn in the road.

When you enter the playing arena, usually full of hummocks and hens and decorated with cart-wheels and worn-out tins, the Wild Garage is not to be distinguished immediately from the other cromlechs and Druidical remains in the field. The peasant however to whom the Wild Garage belongs, emerging after a few moments from a neighbouring byre or barton, utters loud shouts, guffaws, and rallying cries of "No, not that way, Zur! Yonder be the hen-house. You don't want to put her with the hens, sure*ly*?" or "Thiccy be the mangel-shed," according to the local variations of dialect and agricultural produce; and the driver, persevering, discovers at last, in the extreme corner of the enclosure, a ruin more dilapidated than any he has previously beheld.

The word has by this time gone forth that there is one about to enter the Wild Garage, and boys, men, and here and there a maiden, have begun to conglomerate on the tilting-ground. They take their seats on the cart-wheels and stones, and the proprietor of the Wild Garage, standing in front of what purports to be the door, begins to issue instructions for entering it, garnered from long experience of old combats and former disasters.

"Yeou keep 'er six inches from thiccy stone," he says (assuming once again that he is a man of the West Land), "and nearby to thiccy post, and then take 'er over straw; and now on the other lock so quick as yeou may, and mind and not touch thiccy rake."

Let the traveller deviate by a hair's-breadth from the code and he is informed that the whole task is now hopeless and he must back her down again.

And now comes the moment in the assault on the Wild Garage for which the whole congregation has been waiting. With cries they rush upon the doomed car. Some seize the steering-wheel from the hands of the driver; some labour behind; others lay hold of the tyres or, leaping on the running-board, busy themselves with turning this way and that any convenient switches that they may find. These in the main are the younger amongst the peasantry. The ancients content themselves with recounting adventures of other cars which have attacked the Wild Garage—how this one fared, and this; how one strove mightily half a summer afternoon and yet was repulsed in the end. They show the notches and deep wounds cut in the gate-posts, the stone that has crumbled from the walls.

A moot is held to discuss the probability of her entering on this lock, and now on that, if so be as Bill pushes her here and Tom pulls her there at the moment when Jarge gives the call. The proprietor of the Wild Garage, a kind of reeve or ealdorman (in virtue of his special experience), admits that it took him several years to learn the trick of steering his own car—a smaller car than the visitor's—into the Wild Garage. The first day he tried it he bent the left fore-wing; on the second he dented the right running-board.

A long humorous interlude now occurs while it is being pointed out to the visitor that these were market-days, and lest he should think too lightly of local skill he is assured by a wise elder that the hay-barn, to which the proprietor of the Wild Garage has now transferred his own car, is even more difficult to enter than the Wild Garage itself.

Reminiscences are dragged up of another visitor who was never able to enter the Wild Garage at all, except with his two front wheels, and had the rest of the car draped with a tarpaulin. But the tarpaulin is not now procurable. It has gone downalong to Westover, or up over to Westalong. And no tarpaulin can be obtained in the village at all, though Mr. Tom Burnett might have a piece of sacking that was large enough to cover her; but Mr. Tom Burnett is up in the seven-acre, or downalong to meet the milk-train, or over to Upaway with a calf.

In the meantime the wheels of the visitor's car sink deeper and deeper in the mire, the late afternoon sky changes from pearl to grey, and a melancholy cock perches on the top of the saloon and crows for evensong.

Finally it is decided to make one last effort, and, with loud cries, men, women and boys assisting as at the harvest-home, and some six or eight pairs of trusty hands to every tyre, the car is gathered in and safely garnered at last, and the Wild Garage owns defeat once more.

The visitor spends most of the next day jousting with it, and if he should happen to stay as long as a week at the village, by about the middle of that time he thinks (poor fool) that he has the Wild Garage fairly tame. On a dark night he enters it, for the first time in triumph at a single onrush, unattended and alone. He switches off, turns out the lights, and lingers a few moments breathing a prayer of thanksgiving, when the proprietor, coming along with a lanthorn and perceiving only that the doors are open and the car safely interred, closes the Wild Garage from the outside noisily and departs with the strong purposeful footsteps of an Englishman, to end the day at the "Red Lion."



Stickler for Imperial shopping (buying food for her pets). "WERE THESE EGGS LAID BY *EMPIRE* ANTS?"



Riverside Critic. "BAH! THE RHYTHM OF THEIR STROKE IS APPALLING."

There is no means of opening the doors of the Wild Garage from the inside, and for many a long hour the visitor must sit there pressing the button of his electric-horn or the bulb of his hooter, making loud reboant noises, answered only by the antiphonal moo-ings of the stabled kine, until there shall come one to release him from captivity. Or if he likes he may amuse himself from time to time in working the various gadgets on his car which he has so far had little reason to employ, such as the anti-dazzle rear window-curtain, the ventilator for cooling the feet, the speaking-tube; or wind up the strike of the cuckoo-clock on the dash-board, while rats rustle mysteriously in the straw of the Wild Garage and bats detach themselves from the rafters and circle eerily around.

Such and such is the Wild Garage in a country village, and not lightly does it submit to the proud foot of a conqueror. EVOE.

From an account of the Sussex bear-hunt:—

"Once the buglar sounded something as near to Tally Ho! as the King's Regulations permitted."—*Daily Paper.*

Evidently a bear-buglar.

ZOOLOGICAL ADVERTISEMENT.

I HAD gone into the draper's to buy a birthday present for Pamela. As I entered the hosiery and glove department I was surprised to see a macaw perched on a chair by the counter and apparently contemplating the idea of making a purchase from the assistant.

After some hesitation I joined the bird and asked for some gloves. The young woman pulled out a drawer. The bird meanwhile shifted his weight from one foot to the other and regarded me with an expression of icy disapproval.

I addressed him tentatively in the conciliatory manner which I adopt towards strange parrots. He made a grating noise. His beady eye conveyed not only a profound distrust of his surroundings, from the approaching shop-walker to the dangling cami-knickers that had replaced the giant lianas of his native forests, but abysmal depths of boredom. His heart, I divined, was not in the haberdashery business.

"I don't think that sort talks much," said the assistant.

I learned that he and six of his fellows were travelling the country, staying a week at each draper's shop they visited, and by their presence attracting attention to a certain article of female dress (I will not go into the question of the association of ideas) and that their next destination was Ealing.

I bought Pamela her six pairs of gloves and departed, wondering rather uneasily if, on my next visit to a shoe-shop, I should find a more or less tame crocodile wandering about the fitting-room or a live bear pushing the sale of Russian boots.

I am not unusually timid, but I feel that the zoological touch might be over-done; and if it ever comes to this, that we must risk an encounter with a boa-constrictor touring chemists' shops to advertise the merits of a digestive tabloid, or take the chance of being butted by a real llama in the underwear department of the stores before we can buy all-wool vests, I for one shall take to shopping by post.

Another Impending Apology.

"Mr. Henry Ford got busy first thing on Saturday morning. Quite early, a large saloon can drew up in front of the . . . Hotel."
Daily Paper.

"The new Ford car will soon be on display in Vancouver . . . It is capable of doing sixty miles an hour on end."—*Canadian Paper.*

What might it not do on all four wheels?

SMILING THROUGH:

OR, BREATHS FROM THE BALMIER JOURNALISM.

BY ORANGE, LADY MOTHERY.

III.—*Falling Hair.*

MEN-FOLK are in my thoughts to-day, and of those men-folk I am thinking more especially of the ones who are beginning to grow, as I believe the barber says, "just a little thin on top, Sir."

Life is a succession of losses, yet is it not also a succession of gains?

But what, says the bald man, have I gained to compensate me for my vanished locks?

Listen, bald man; you have gained dignity, freedom from a vanity, an ease of outlook. That say I to a bachelor bald man. And to a man who has gone bald since marriage I can say so much more that is a sheerness of glory. You, married bald man, have gained another love.

Yes, that is true. Your wife did not marry a bald man. She did not fall in love with a bald man. And she loves you now: is not that rather wonderful? For it means that she loves two men. She cherishes the memory of you, brave and handsomely-haired in the courting days, and she loves you as you are.

So do not be cast down, married bald man. Try unguents and washes if you will and, when you arrest the falling hairs, I will be the first to laugh with you. But if no success attends your efforts you can reflect that each hair as it fell was a fresh seal on the constancy of your wife.

Yes, you have lost your hair, but you have kept your wife. There was no such expectation as that in your heart when you married.

A ROUNDABOUT TURN.

A TOAD that lived on Albury Heath
  Wanted to see the World.
"It isn't that I dislike the Heath,
It 's a perfectly charming Heath, of course—
All this heather, and all this gorse,
All this bracken to walk beneath,
  With its feathery fronds to the sky uncurled—
It 's as jolly a Heath as ever was found,
But it 's flat, and the World, they say, is round.
Yes, fancy," he said, "it 's round, they tell me,
And wouldn't I like to go and see!
But there—it 's a long way down the road
For a fellow that walks as slow as a Toad.
If I had a horse, I 'd go," said he,
  "If only I had a horse!
Who 's got a horse," he cried, "to sell me?"
Well, nobody had, you see.

But horses came to the Heath one day,
Mettlesome steeds in brave array,
With prancing legs and staring eyes,
And crimson saddles that fall and rise
As round the galloping squadron flies,
And tents, and swings, and cokernut shies,
And a hoop-la stall with many a prize,
And races, and a band, and cheering.
"Hark!" said the Toad, "what 's this I 'm hearing?
It must be the World arrived, by the sound;
Now I 'll see if it 's really round!"

Off he crawled to the thick of things,
  And the crowds made crawling rather tiring.
"Dear me," he said, "I wish I 'd wings!
  If this is the World," said he, perspiring,
"It 's inconveniently full of Feet,"
When a sudden voice said, "Look—how sweet!
Mummy, a toad! Let 's give him a treat.
It 's not very safe for him on the ground,
So I 'll put him up on the merry-go-round."

And before the Toad could answer the floor began to slide,
The horses started prancing, and the riders settled to ride,
And they all moved faster, and the band began to play,
And away round he went with them, away and away and away.
Hooray! . . . . .

  So the Toad rode the Roundabout
Round and round and round;
No one minded him, he sat without a sound:
He rather liked the movement, he rather liked the tune,
  He just rode the Roundabout
All the afternoon.

When the time to pay came
What did he do?
"Tuppence a ride! Tuppence a ride! How much for you?"
Some had ridden for one ride, some had ridden for two—
  "*Seventy-nine*," the Toad cried;
The Boy said, "Coo!"
  "But never you mind," the Toad replied,
"Here 's an I.O.U.

"And now," he said, "I 'll go, thanks,
  I want to get home to tea.
Another for nothing? *No*, thanks,
  Not any more for me."

Home, holding the grasses,
  Crawling a crooked road,
Slowly there passes
  A very unsteady Toad.

* * * * * *

"Well, and what have you found, dear?
  And what have you seen and heard?
Is the World really round, dear?
  "*Round*?" he said. "My word!
Round?" said he; "you should feel it spin!
Roundest place I ever was in!—
    Round!" he chuckled; "it 's that!
But it 's rather," he said with a knowing wink—
"It 's rather a *giddy* place, I think.
Give me a drop of the dew to drink,
    And give me the Heath; it 's flat!"

"The road to success in the theatrical profession is a long and difficult one to hoe, and for those who have to rely solely upon their qualifications and ability courage, too, is an essential factor. In these circumstances the achievement of a young Stockton artiste is notable."—*Provincial Paper.*

Hoe to be in Stockton!

A Santa Barbara, California, Church notice announces:—

"Monday, 11.30 A.M. to 8.30 P.M. Rain or shine. Pancake luncheon and supper under the auspices of the Friendly Society. Pancakes and maple syrup. All the pancakes you can eat!

Thursday, 7.45. Choir Rehearsal. There will be no meeting of the Friendly Society this month on account of the Pancake luncheon and supper."

This should be a warning against a surfeit of pancakes.



Chatty Charlady. "I TOOK TO YOU FROM THE VERY FUST, MA'M, YOU 'AVIN' THE SAME NAME AS THE UNDERTAKER WOT BURIED MY PORE 'USBAND."

THE REAL CHINESE RESTAURANT.

SOME while ago I told you about a visit I paid to a Chinese restaurant with a friend called Henry, who happened to be a Chinese interpreter. We made several discoveries there, among others the fact that the Chinese manager could only speak American. Since my public statement of this I have had many indignant letters, the gist of which have been the same, namely—

"What do you expect if you go to a so-called Chinese place like that? You might as well expect to find Emperors at the 'Imperial' or Grandees at the 'Grand.' You should go to a *real* Chinese restaurant and stop writing tosh about fashionable fakes."

Though, as a matter of fact, I think they put it a little more politely than that, it was what they meant. And now I come to think of it they were right. That restaurant insisted too much on its outward Chinese character to be genuinely Chinese. The waiters wore Oriental blue tunics, but said "Yessir" smartly when you called. The menu had dishes like "Wun-Wing-An-Tung" in flowing letters on the front, and "Plate of Tongue and Chicken (wing)" in small print on the back. And though there were chopsticks scattered over every table like the third chukka of a spillikins match, the only implements we or anyone else used were a spoon and fork. In fact the restaurant was really quite an ordinary one, with a mere Oriental veneer for the benefit of those who like to talk about it afterwards.

So I set out the other day to dis-



AN ECHO OF SENDING-IN DAY.

Agent's Carrier (*calling at studio of ultra-modern Artist*). "PLEASE, SIR, THE GUV'NOR SAYS THERE AIN'T NO NUMBERS ON THESE 'ERE PICTERS CORRESPONDIN' TO THE TITLES IN THE LIST, AN' 'E WANTS TO KNOW WHICH IS 'THE POET'S DREAM' AN' WHICH IS 'LOVE IN A MIST'?"

cover something really Chinese, and I took Percival with me.

We found it; and we did not go down to Limehouse either. The pseudo-Chinese place had been overwhelmingly Oriental from the outside; this one, following the same unknown law, was distressingly English. It was called simply

DINING ROOM
Propr. P. PONG

and the one small waiter was ninety-per-cent English too. The *clientèle*, however, were Oriental to the last man. On every table were little piles of chop-sticks, each pair neatly sealed up in a paper-envelope, with the Chinese maker's name printed thereon. There was no doubt that the place was genuine.

Our table was something like a dressing-table, fitted with toilet bottles and powder boxes, except that it also had a gas-ring and a frying-pan, which you do not find in the best bedrooms. From the waiter we gathered with some consternation that we were supposed to cook our own food. This was a nasty shock; neither Percival nor I are *Cordons Bleus*, though during the Great War my fried bacon *sur* army biscuit was held to be quite fair, if one had not eaten for some while.

We were even more appalled when we saw the food we had to cook, even though we had ordered the simplest thing on the list. In addition to a plate of raw meat and a saucer of pickles, there was a dish, piled several inches high, of mixed vegetables, and only three out of the score or so varieties did we recognise. The waiter, when questioned, further pointed out bamboo-shoot and sections of palm-leaf, and I think something called a Taiping mud-marrow; but even he said, "Blest if *I* know, Sir," to one or two of the more improbable ones, which looked like *mésalliances* between East Wind and Green Dragon in a Mah-jongg set. He offered to call up Mr. Pong, the manager, who would explain, but we were too shy. Besides, for Mr. Pong to name everything we didn't know in the dish would take too long.

"Well," said Percival glumly, "I suppose we'd better begin. I hope nobody is watching us."

Glancing furtively round we saw we were unobserved. So Percival tried to light the gas-ring. There was an enormous explosion, no flame and an overpowering smell of escaping gas.

We were no longer unobserved. The other clients at once turned amused eyes upon us, for, whereas a European may be excused for poor chopstick work, lighting a gas-ring should be his subject. The only one who didn't smile was our Next Table, who had had a nicely-poised and promising bit of bamboo-shoot blown into his toilet vinegar.

We got the ring going and looked about for lard to put in the hot pan. We found it on the vegetable dish, but discovered almost immediately that it wasn't lard after all. It looked like it, but was really a lump of unexplained vegetable. Probably it was a bit of Tidore sea-pineapple or even a stray trepang. Anyway it began to jump about, popping loudly at intervals like a machine-gun. By the time that, playing alternate mashie shots with our

chopsticks, we had got it out on to the table-cloth, our Next Table had had himself moved to the far end of the room with every indication of Celestial alarm.

After this we didn't fare so badly, though I have never before realised what peculiar things vegetables can do under the influence of heat. A flat slice, like an exhibit in a forestry exhibition, split up into several score concentric rings; and believe me, if anything is hard to eat with chopsticks it is a ring of food which suddenly slides down on to your wrist as in a game of nursery quoits. Then the Taiping mud-marrow when heated up slowly dwindled and dwindled, at the same time taking a gradually deepening violet hue till at the end it disappeared altogether—apparently, I should say—into the invisible or ultra-violet portion of the spectrum.

It took us a long while to cook our meal, and even longer to eat it. We conducted the business, however, to the manner born, except when Percival, deceived by the way in which his chopsticks had originally been encased in tissue-paper, inadvertently put one end of them into his glass and sucked for some while at the other under the impression that they were straws.

Pausing but to massage our wrists occasionally, we ploughed through the mounds of food to a triumphant conclusion. At last we lay back exhausted. We had finished everything, except two long slivers of paper-like vegetable which neither of us could do anything with.

We eventually gave them up, but the discussion as to their identity persisted till we rose to depart, Percival maintaining it was a shaving of the dried pith of the areca palm, while I put it down as Pling-plung, or native marsh-salsify.

At this point Mr. Pong, the manager, appeared, to bow us out, and we put it to him. He studied it and was equally puzzled for a few minutes. It almost seemed as if it was an unauthorised interloper. Then a grin creased his face, and, not having English enough to explain, he pointed silently to one end of the unknown sliver. There, faintly showing through the brown of prolonged frying, was the word "Ah-Wong."

At first we did not understand; to have an autographed vegetable seemed unusual. Then Mr. Pong grinned again and pointed to the same name elsewhere. It was printed on the end of the small paper-covering in which the chopsticks were each put up. Our uneatable vegetable was simply our carelessly discarded chopstick envelopes. We thanked him politely and left. A. A.



SCENE—*The Zoo at Khartoum.*

Tourist (encountering the whale-headed stork for the first time). "IS THIS LIVER, A TOUCH OF SUN, ONE TOO MANY LAST NIGHT—OR FACT?"

VERSES FOR EVERY DAY.

BREAKFAST.

GIVE me a little ham and egg
And let me be alone, I beg.
Give me my tea, hot, sweet and weak;
Give me *The Times* and do not speak.

Let it at once be understood
My night was very far from good;
I say, I did not sleep a wink
Till half-past five or six, I think,
And then, of course—another cup?—
The birds began and woke me up.
At any rate, till after ten
I shall not love my fellow-men.
Till then it will be much the best
If no one here attempts to jest;
And do not let my lusty young
In my vicinity give tongue.

If Baby has to throw his ball
Then let him throw it in the hall.
Let none with hearty tones enthuse,
But let me wallow in the news—
Distress, divorces, fire and flood,
Foul murder, bigamy and blood—
Such grim events befit the meal,
For it 's exactly how I feel.

Address me softly after ten,
I shall be conscious, dear, by then;
But now my tea, hot, sweet and weak—
Give me *The Times* and do not speak.

A. P. H.

Commercial Candour.

"—— CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY LIMITED.

Spring is Coming. Oh! the Cleaning!

What are you worrying about? Do not kill yourself with overwork, let —— Products do it for you."—*Berkshire Paper.*

SIMPLE PEOPLE.

Mr. Carmine.

Once when Mr. Carmine was staying at the seaside he went for a walk on the sands, and it was nearly lunch-time so there weren't many people there because most of them wanted to be in time for lunch, but he saw a young lady bathing all by herself. And he said to himself now my dear if you don't hurry up you'll be late for lunch. And he often used to say things to himself like that because he was too shy to say them out loud. And just as he had said this the young lady began to drown, so Mr. Carmine waded into the sea without waiting to take his shoes off and he saved her.

Well she was very grateful to him for saving her and she told him her name which was Elsie Dabble, and Mr. Carmine thought she was quite pretty and he was glad he had saved her from drowning because now he could talk to her, and he liked talking to pretty young ladies but he didn't get much of it because he was too shy.

Well Elsie Dabble went behind a rock and dressed, and when she was dressed she was prettier than ever because she had some nice clothes on and she had brought a little looking-glass with her so that she could see what she looked like in it, and Mr. Carmine fell in love with her. And he had brought his lunch with him, and he told Elsie Dabble that if she liked she could have some of it because there was enough for two.

Well there wasn't really enough for two and Elsie Dabble was rather hungry. At least she was hungry when they began lunch but Mr. Carmine was hungry when they had finished, but he didn't mind that because Elsie Dabble looked so pretty while she was eating his lunch and he wished he had brought a better one for her.

And while they were both eating Mr. Carmine's lunch Elsie Dabble told him a lot about herself. And she said her father wasn't very kind to her and that was why she generally didn't go home to lunch, because she would rather be hungry than have people be unkind to her. And she cried a little and Mr. Carmine was dreadfully sorry for her, and he wished he hadn't eaten any lunch at all so that she could have had all of it.

And he comforted her, and she said I wish everybody was as kind as you, I thought you looked one of the kindest people I had ever seen when I saw you going out for a walk yesterday, and I thought you were very handsome too.

Well Mr. Carmine had never been called handsome before, and he wasn't very, but he was pleased at Elsie Dabble thinking he was handsome, and he asked her if she would like to marry him and she said she would, but she asked him not to tell her father yet because she was really engaged to somebody else and she would have to break that off first.

Well Mr. Carmine didn't quite like



"And he saved her."

that and he asked her about it, and she said her father had made her be engaged to somebody who was very rich but she didn't love him at all, she only loved Mr. Carmine and she didn't mind him being poor at all.

And Mr. Carmine said well but I am rather rich myself, and she said I didn't think you were because your suit is so shabby, I would much rather you were poor.

And Mr. Carmine said he would give away most of his money if she liked, because he didn't mind being poor himself as long as he could marry her, and she said she would think it over but he must promise not to do it without telling her first.

Well it was rather convenient Mr. Carmine being rich because he could take Elsie Dabble for motor-rides, and he went shopping with her which was one of the things she never got tired of if she didn't have to pay for what she bought, and he bought her a very expensive ring with rubies and sapphires and emeralds and diamonds in it, and she said she would much rather wear it than the one the gentleman she was engaged to had given her but she couldn't because of her father. And Mr. Carmine began to get a little jealous of the gentleman, but she said it would be all right if he would leave it to her.

Well at last Mr. Carmine said this is all very well but why can't I see your father? If I told him how rich I was perhaps he wouldn't mind you marrying me instead of the other gentleman.

So Elsie Dabble introduced him to her father when they were all listening to the band, and Mr. Carmine didn't like him much, he thought he looked rather grubby, but he wanted to please him because of Elsie, and when he asked him if he would lend him five pounds he said he would be glad to, and he lent him five pounds twice more after that. And he seemed to like Mr. Carmine very much, but Elsie Dabble wouldn't let him tell him about them being engaged yet.

Well one day they had a little quarrel about that, and Mr. Carmine stayed in the hotel for lunch instead of going out with Elsie Dabble. And after lunch when he was sitting and having his coffee a gentleman who was staying in the hotel came in with his trousers all wet, and he said to Mr. Carmine I have just saved a young lady from drowning, and she is so pretty that I asked her if she would like to marry me, and she said she would, I haven't spoken to you before but I am so pleased that I wanted to tell somebody and I hope you won't mind.

And Mr. Carmine said no I don't mind, what is the name of the young lady you saved from drowning?

And he said well it is Elsie Dabble, but please don't tell anybody because her father has made her be engaged to somebody just because he is rich, and she must get out of that first before she can be engaged to me, but when I have changed my trousers I am going out to buy her a ring, and she has promised me to wear it when her father isn't there.

And Mr. Carmine said well I think there must be some mistake, because I saved Elsie Dabble from drowning my-



"If I was you, George, I should put that bit of money your aunt left you into these Daylight Savings Certificates."

self. and she promised to marry me too, was she wearing a ring with rubies and sapphires and emeralds and diamonds in it, because if so it is the one I gave her.

And the gentleman said she was, and Mr. Carmine said well then I don't think it is fair, and I shan't have anything more to do with Elsie Dabble and I should advise you not to either.

But the gentleman said he must, and just then Elsie Dabble's father came in to the hotel, and he asked Mr. Carmine if he could possibly lend him another five pounds, because they wouldn't let him have any more gas until he had paid what he owed them for it.

And Mr. Carmine said well I only kept on lending you five pounds because I wanted to marry Elsie, but now she says she wants to marry this gentleman instead of me because he has just saved her from drowning, so I don't see why I should lend you five pounds any more and you had better ask him for it.

But the gentleman said he couldn't possibly lend Mr. Dabble five pounds because he wasn't very rich and he could only just afford to buy a nice ring for Elsie. And Mr. Dabble was very angry at that and he said he would talk to Elsie when he got home, because she ought not to go on like that and let so many gentlemen save her from drowning.

Well Mr. Carmine said he didn't want to be engaged to her any longer, and the other gentleman thought he had better not be either if she was like that. So they subscribed together to give Mr. Dabble five pounds to get rid of him, and they both went back to London together that evening, and made friends in the train.

THE PHILANTHROPIST.

"Here we are on Tom Tiddler's ground
Picking up gold and silver."—*Old Song.*

Tom Tiddler keeps no tally,
He knows no "can't afford,"
But up and down the valley
He 's lavish as a lord;
And left and right he throws it,
As largesse he bestows it,
And blows it, blows it, blows it—
His gold and silver hoard.

Tom Tiddler is the fellow
To make the counters clang,
He dashes down the yellow,
His sixpennies go bang;
And if the coin he pays is
The craziest of crazies,
Called buttercups and daisies,
I 'd never care a hang;

For could you call it finer,
More splendid to discuss
If every single shiner
Shone milled, armigerous?
And how could you attack it
That Tom, who stands the racket,
Spends all this April packet
On us, on us, on us?

So would it be surprising,
Or any sort of bomb,
If, presently uprising,
The Monarch, with aplomb,
Before we 've got much older
Or silverer or golder,
Should tap Tom on the shoulder
And bid him be Sir Tom?

P. R. C.

Apotheosis.

"The incidental music has been composed by Mr. Gustav Holst; and the principal chorus, the Heavenly Holst, is being trained by the composer himself."—*Daily Paper.*



Newly-Affianced Young Lady (who is never going to forget the dance she has just had). "CAN YOU TELL ME THE NAME OF THAT LOVELY TUNE YOU JUST PLAYED?"

Member of Orchestra. "CERTAINLY. IT 'S CALLED 'I *DO* LIKE MY LITTLE DROP OF BEER.'"

ELIZABETH WRITES TO HER ROYAL NAMESAKE.

"IT is Princess ELIZABETH's birthday on Saturday," I said to Elizabeth, who was on her knees engaged in tidying the toy-cupboard.

"Why Saturday?" said Elizabeth, pausing in her efforts to disentangle a confused medley of Noah's Ark animals, doll's tea-cups and bricks.

"Because it is the twenty-first of April and she will be exactly two years old then," I explained.

"If I was a princess I 'd have a birthday *every* day," said Elizabeth. Then hastily, "Shall we send her a birthday-card?"

On her last birthday Elizabeth was given one of those shiny postcards which are decorated with gaudy flowers and an inscription in gold, wishing the recipient many happy returns of the day "With Greetings Warm and True, And Cares and Troubles Few," and she looks upon this card as the last word in Art and Literature.

But somehow I didn't think this was a very good idea.

"Well, we 'll have to send her *something*, won't we?" she insisted. "When you know it 's a person's birthday you can't not. Besides, she 's so very special, and both being called Elizabeth makes us seem almost friends, doesn't it? I'm afraid I haven't got much in my money-box, though."

She rose from her knees and, standing on tip-toe, reached down from the mantelpiece the battered tin frog with its wide-open mouth which does duty as her savings-bank. She shook it violently, but there was no sound of rattling coins.

"I 'm sure there ought to have been one penny," she said with disappointment. "But I s'pose I must have spent it. It makes it a bit awkward, doesn't it?" She thought for a moment, then went on anxiously, "Perhaps we 'd better send her Muff."

Muff is a woolly dog and the darling of Elizabeth's heart; he is also considerably the worse for wear, but we are far too fond of him to notice that.

"Oh, not Muff," I cried. "I couldn't bear to part with him! Do you really think we ought to?"

Elizabeth gave a little sigh of relief.

"We won't if you 'd rather not," she replied. "But what *shall* we do?"

Then suddenly she had an inspiration. "I know! Why shouldn't we write her one of our own verses—like on my birthday-card, only longer?"

"Why shouldn't we?" I echoed, not very enthusiastically.

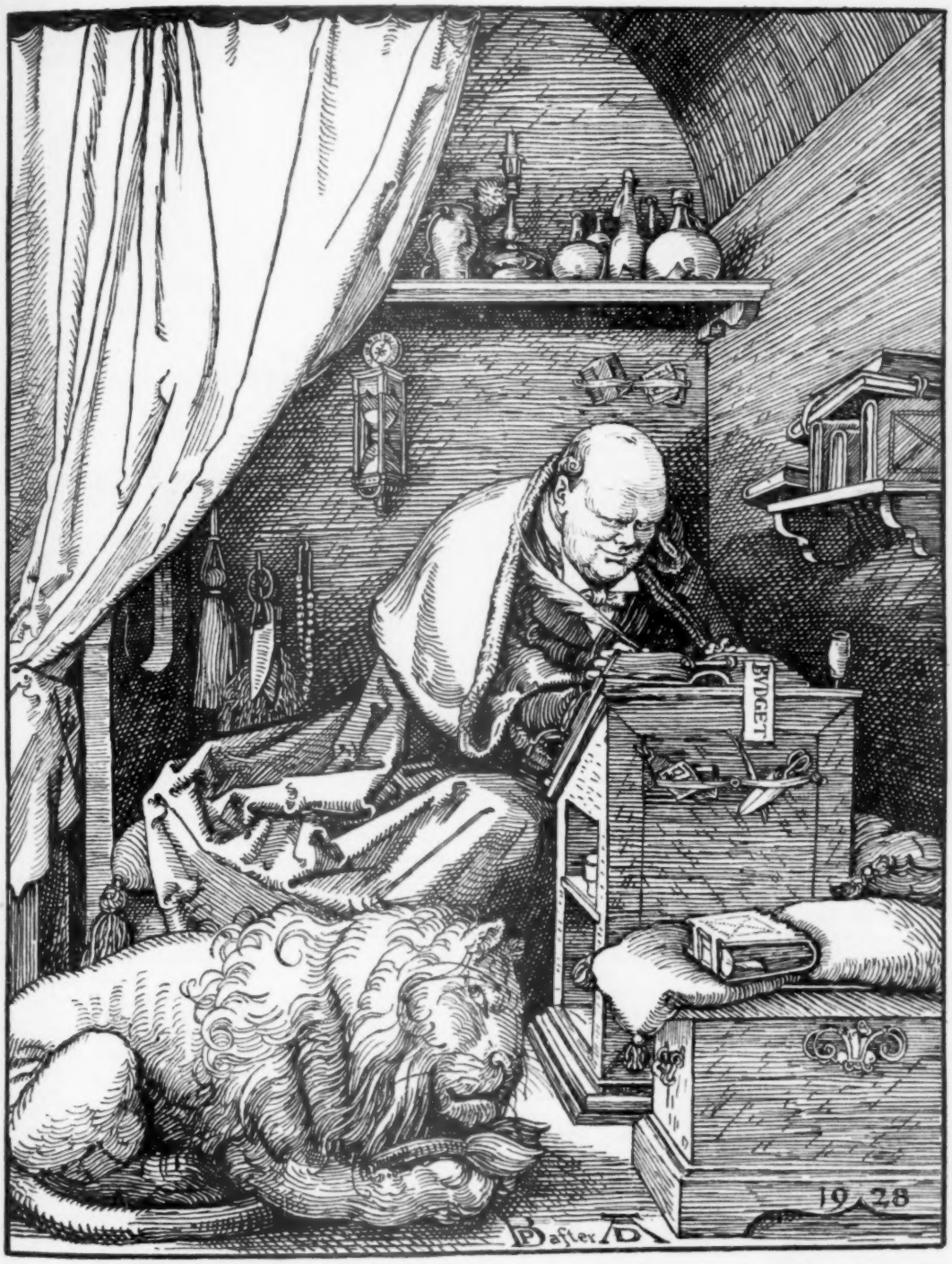
We often write verses, Elizabeth and I, but we had never before thought of setting ourselves up as poets to the Royal Family, and the idea made me nervous. But Elizabeth had no qualms. She fetched me a sheet of paper and a pencil, pulled up my chair to the table and, having settled me comfortably, went on with her own work. This is how we usually write our verses.

"You haven't finished yet, I s'pose, have you?" she asked after a short time, coming to look at the result of my labours.

"I 'm afraid I haven't," I admitted. "It 's rather difficult, and I don't seem to be getting on very well. But the beginning is quite nice, I think. I'll read it to you:—

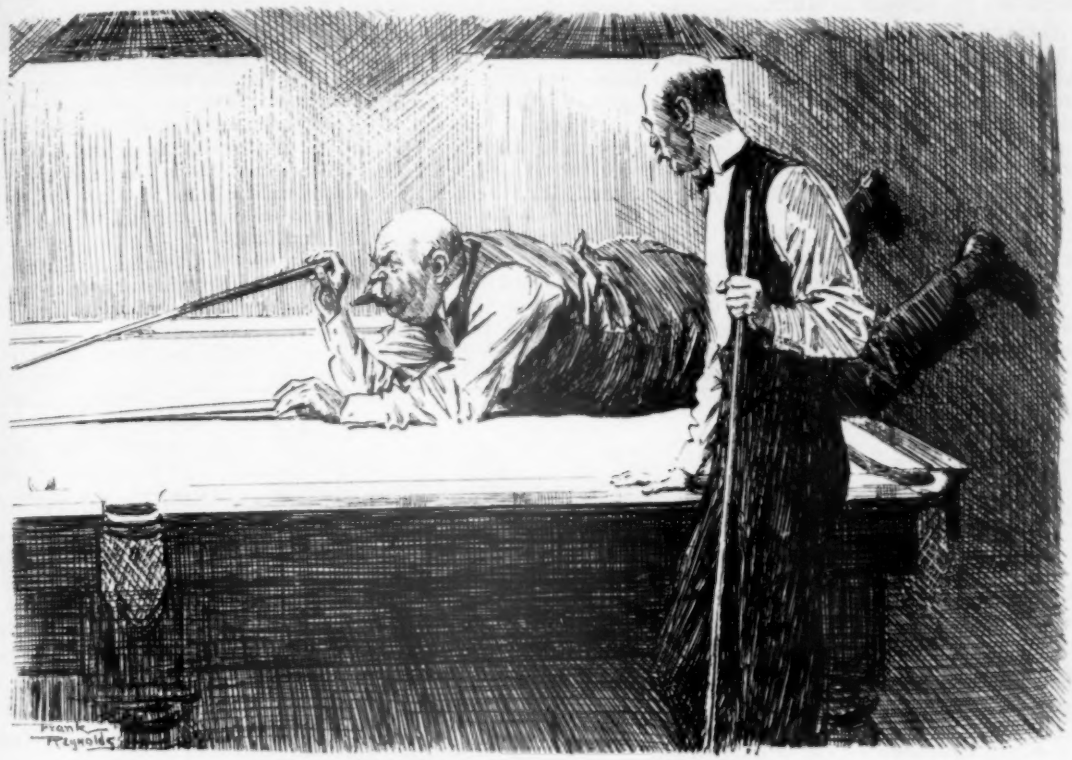
'Sing a song of birthdays
'Neath the April sun,
What a lot of presents
For a little one!'"

(Continued on page 437.)



ST. WINSTON AND THE BRITISH LION.

MR. PUNCH PRESENTS THE ABOVE CARTOON IN CELEBRATION OF THE FOURTH CENTENARY OF THE DEATH OF ALBRECHT DÜRER.



Guest. "HOPE YOU DON'T MIND MY GETTING ON THE TABLE?"
Host. "NOT IF YOU CAN GET OFF IT."

"But will she have a lot of presents?" interrupted Elizabeth.

"Oh, she 's sure to," I answered confidently.

"It would be awfully disappointing for her if she didn't, wouldn't it?" said Elizabeth; "like thinking I had that penny when I hadn't."

"I go on to describe the presents," I said eagerly. "Listen to this bit:—

'Here 's a dainty eiderdown
Fashioned out of dreams;
Sparrows from the London streets
Sewed the tiny seams.'"

"What did they sew with?" asked Elizabeth with a sudden thirst for knowledge.

"I don't know—pine-needles, I expect," I replied patiently.

"Did they find them in the London streets?"

I sighed. The life of a royal poet is evidently not an easy one.

"It doesn't really matter," I explained. "You see, the whole thing 's only imaginary. It 's not a *real* eiderdown."

Elizabeth pondered this for a little.

"I think we 'd better leave out all the parts about presents," she decided finally. "I don't think 'maginary presents are much fun—though, of course, it 's very nice," she added politely.

Sadly I put a line through all my efforts and started again, forsaking all ambitious ideas this time.

"How about this?" I asked after some interval:—

"'Somebody's birthday; somebody 's two:
Princess ELIZABETH, greeting to you!'"

"Ought you to call a princess '*somebody*'?" objected Elizabeth.

"Perhaps not," I answered doubtfully. "I daresay it does sound a little rude. But I 've never written to one before, and I 'm not quite up in these things. Oh, dear, I do wish she were staying at Buckingham Palace! I could do quite a nice verse then:—

'To Princess ELIZABETH, care of the KING,
All our good wishes and greetings we bring.'

Doesn't it go well? But I can't fit in York House anyhow."

Elizabeth looked at me pityingly and just a trifle reproachfully. Then she returned to the toy-cupboard, while I wrote and re-wrote and then crossed out all I had written.

"It 's no good," I announced at last, giving up in despair. "I can't write anything nearly nice enough. As you said, she 's so *very* special."

"Oh, well, you couldn't hope to write lovely things like the birthday-card people, could you?" Elizabeth said consolingly. "I expect they 're used to it. Perhaps"—she looked at me longingly—"perhaps it would be better to get a birthday-card after all, and just put 'With love from Elizabeth' on it."

My spirit was broken.

"Perhaps it would," I agreed humbly.

But I should like Princess ELIZABETH to know how hard we tried.

The Afghan Magnet.

"GIBRALTAR, Mar. 12.

The Channel swimmer, Miss Gleitze, left Tarifa at noon on March 11 on an attempt to swim the Straits of Gibraltar, but gave it up a mile and a quarter from the Afghan coast."
Indian Paper.

Soles not worth saving.

"TO-DAY IN THE GARDEN.—Resinous crops such as mint and grass will flourish without much attention. Old boots should be left in the air to decompose."—*Weekly Paper.*

"In the long jump (under 16½) Kent was only half a minute under the record."
Southern Paper.

This seems to be a case where the word record should be put in quotation marks, as in *The Times*.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"HOLIDAY OVERCROWDING."—I do not know that you have any remedy. You say that after being stifled, with sixteen others, for an hour in a railway-carriage you were trodden under-foot on the platform of Pebbleborough station, your coat torn, your hat destroyed, your ham-sandwiches rendered uneatable and your money, with the return half of your excursion ticket, forcibly removed. Later you were arrested under the Vagrancy Act for wandering up and down the Sultana of our Southern Watering-places without visible means of subsistence and placed in jug until you could communicate with your solicitor.

Why these complaints? You left your home of your own free will at the season of Eastertide revelling. The Railway Company undertook to transport you for a merry holiday by the silver sea and, as I understand, did so. The price of your return half ticket will probably be refunded, if you can recollect the number.

If poetry comforts you at all, let me quote to you the following lines, which I have recently read:—

"O days, O shining days
punctuated by stars;
twilight parentheses
of silver evenings;
O shining days upon
the highway of forever;
time's monotonous army
of occasional trumpets:
tuesday was like friday,
but when friday came
it was like saturday."

They are by CHARLES NORMAN. Or these, by M. G. SHELLEY.

"Go to hell yes no yes no
Goodmorning hello hello
How do you do yes no yes no
Goodbye go to hell."

Both quotations are from the March number of *transition (sic)*, which I recommend for your reading.

At any rate your case is not so heartrending as that of the recently-divorced holiday-maker who ran into another car near Dorking and found himself on Easter Monday in the next hospital bed to that of the co-respondent. Never forget the proverb, "*Il faut souffrir pour être gai.*" A picnic party I heard of, which went out into a meadow to pick primroses, was chased for three-quarters of a mile by an infuriated cow and finally took refuge in a quagmire.

My own remedy for what the newspapers call "the holiday exodus" is the abolition of London, but I have failed so far to find any M.P. patriotic enough to lend his name to the proposed measure. I presume therefore that the Easter and Whitsuntide festivals will continue to cause a stampede of toilers similar to that occasioned by the Great Plague or the Black Death.

"PARENT."—You are probably right in supposing that the yearning to apply for free samples by post is ineradicable from the hearts of the young. It may seem strange that boys all over England should be writing letters demanding Infant Food and Extract of Beef, and beginning with the words "DEAR SIRS,—I am anxious about the condition of my three-weeks-old child. It appears to suffer from rickets," and signing themselves "ANXIOUS MOTHER." But the boys seem to like it, and the advertisers, apparently, do not care. The best punishment is to insist on the consumption of all samples that arrive, except in the case of tonic wines.

"NAUTICUS."—The rumour that the actual words used by the Rear-Admiral were—

"If music be the food of love, play on,"

is entirely unfounded.

"DINER-OUT."—Your best course, if you are threatened with the prospect of sitting next to a foreign diplomat or the wife of a foreign diplomat, is to make a brief but accurate study of the history, geography, literature and art of the country which your neighbour represents, at the same time trying to indicate that the interest you are simulating is the result of a life-long devotion and care.

Failing this you should learn up three humorous stories, which will in all cases be about an Englishman, an Irishman and a Scotchman, or an Irishman, a Scotchman and a Jew, and transmute the nationalities in such a way as to make a special appeal to your fellow-banqueter.

Thus—"A Lithuanian, a Latvian and a Czecho-Slovene were once walking along the Nevsky Prospekt, when the Latvian said——"

Or "A Hungarian, a Rumanian and a Yugo-Slav made a compact that whichever of them died first should send back a message to say how he was getting on in the other world——"

Another way is to make a loud noise with your knife and fork all the time and pretend to be deaf. After all, the League of Nations is not here, but at Geneva.

"INQUIRER."—The Limerick you mean is—

"There was an old man of Tobago
Whose wife was a perfect virago;
But why should we care
For this foolish old pair?
They both of them perished longago."

"TROOPER."—The command, "Make much of your tanks," will not be used in the new mechanised regiments. EVOE.



MORE SPEED, LESS MOTION.

"The Red Queen went so fast that it was all Alice could do to keep up with her; and still the Queen kept crying 'Faster! Faster! Don't try to talk!' But the most curious part of the thing was that however fast they went they never seemed to pass anything."—*Through the Looking-Glass.*

MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD AND MR. MAXTON.

Where Men are He-men.

"Miss —— and all other chairmen have accepted an invitation extended them by Supt. —— of Crater lake to spend three days as guests of he and Mrs. ——during the summer."
Oregon Paper.

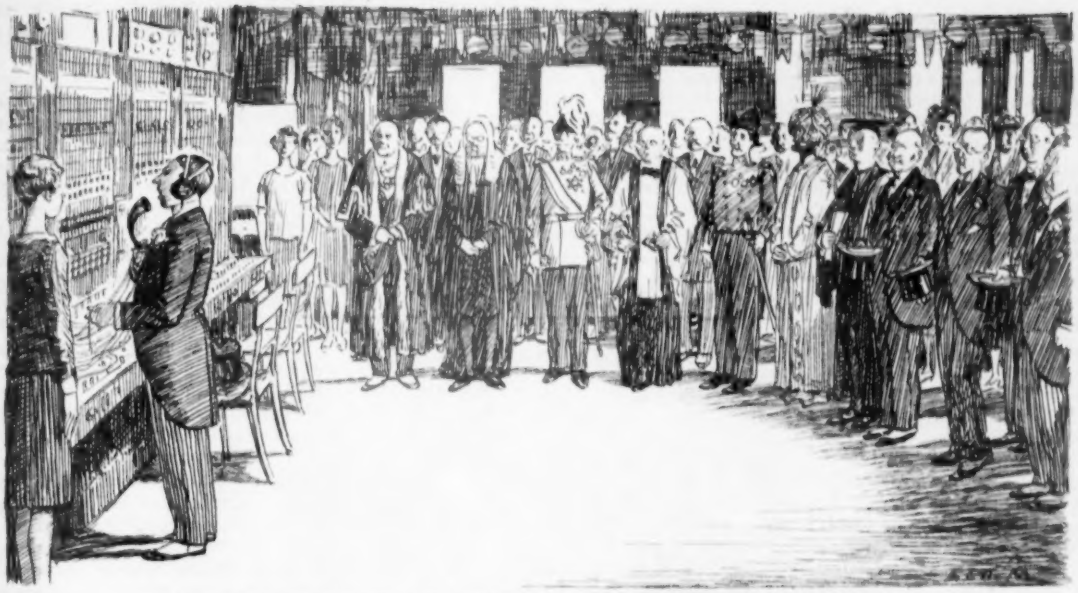
"Mr. M——'s part in the orchestra playing the double ass contributed largely to the success of that part of the entertainment."
New Zealand Paper.

We always like to hear people playing the buffoon. It is our favourite instrument.

"RECORD.

The bride was a daughter of one of Mrs. ——'s mothers. We wish bride and bridegroom every blessing in their new life."
Parish Magazine.

The bridegroom should be more blessed than the husband of Mrs. ——, who seems to have a number of mothers-in-law.



ENTERTAINMENTS AT WHICH WE HAVE NEVER ASSISTED.

The opening of a new Telephone Exchange. The Postmaster-General giving the first wrong number.

SMOKING FOR SCHOOLS.

["The law about smoking in schools will have to be reconsidered . . . Perhaps the days will come when smoking will be a Sixth Form privilege, and then there will be much less smoking in Public Schools; the Sixth Form boys will see to it that their privileges are not assumed by those who have no right to them."—Mr. C. H. P. Mayo, in "Reminiscences of a Harrow Master," *Cornhill Magazine*.]

When I was very young I went
Or, to be more correct, was sent
To a Prep. School, a grim establishment,
Where smoking was a fearful joy
To the Victorian human boy,
And where the use of pipes
Invariably led, upon detection,
To penitential stripes
And, if repeated, ended in ejection.

(The school, I may remark, is now no more.
It prospered, failed, and in the War
Was turned into a prison camp,
Then, derelict, dismantled, draughty, damp,
A dump for pitching everything you scrap,
It gradually vanished from the map;
But to this day I can recall the boom
Of "old P's" voice, and his stentorian tones
Demanding of Brown, Robinson or Jones,
When anything was done amiss,
"Would you do this
In your good Christian father's drawing-room?")

Surviving two years of this Spartan rule
I then migrated to a Public School,
Where, very far from being pampered—
The food was vile—but generously "hampered"
From home, I watched a mutinous minority
Warring against tobaccophobe authority.
They suffered doubly: from the strokes
Inflicted on them for their smokes
And from the weed itself, which caused convulsions
Internally; but there were no expulsions.

Autres temps autres mœurs: the point of view has shifted,
The ban on smoking has been lifted,
Or very soon will be,
When in *The Cornhill's* pages,
Long consecrate to sane and sapient sages,
A master, late of Harrow-on-the-Hill,
With cogent and persuasive quill
Puts forth the plea
That smoking, which the spirit of the times
Declines to reckon among heinous crimes,
Should henceforth be allowed
To Sixth Form boys, but not the common crowd.

The views expressed, it cannot be denied,
Are by prudential motives fortified.
The Sixth, to guard the privileges yielded
To them and them alone,
Will, he opines, take care that they are shielded
From trespassers on the tobacco zone,
And this, as anyone endowed with gumption
Must recognise, will limit its consumption.
And yet I personally think,
Judging from the analogy of drink
And from the application of the test
Of Prohibition in the wondrous West,
That the best way to curb
The taste of youth for the Nicotian herb
Would be to punish abstinence
From smoking as a cardinal offence,
And thus appeal to the eternal passion
Which makes forbidden fruit the sweetest fashion.

The Slings of Fortune.

"He arrived on board with a live pig and jaguar in his boat, these animals having been slung into it by the kindly donors, just before the boat had shoved off."—*Daily Paper.*

We don't think we are altogether lacking in urbanity, but we must admit that when people sling live pigs and jaguars into our boat we never call them "kindly donors."

THE DEVOUT PLOVERS.

"IT 's very odd," said the first plover, "but no one seems to be after my eggs this spring. I used to go away convinced I should never see them again, but this year they seem to be as safe as flints. Have you noticed it?"

"Of course I have," said the other. "It 's most mysterious. I can't understand it at all. Do you suppose They 've soured on us? Is there something better They 've found to eat?"

"I don't like to think that," said the first plover. "Of course one was fearfully bored by having to keep on laying afresh, but all the same it was a kind of a compliment, you know; somehow one misses it."

"And there 's another thing," said the second plover. "If no one takes our eggs there 'll be a terrible lot of children. Overcrowding, you know. There 's not too much food to go round as it is, and some of our friends—I won't mention names—really oughtn't to lay eggs at all. They 're not eugenic."

"That 's only too true," said the first plover. "I see mentally and physically deficient birds on all sides. But that doesn't worry me half so much as this way They 're giving us the cold shoulder. I always understood—there 's a London sparrow used to come down here on flying visits now and then who told me—that there was no delicacy like our eggs in all his city. He said that the swell poulterers had rows of little green nests in their windows with our eggs in them. Absurd, of course—just as though we were ordinary birds who built in trees. But never mind about their ignorance. The point is that our eggs used to be in such demand that as much as half-a-crown was asked for them. Apiece, mark you. And another thing, he told me that wherever the KING was—the KING, mind—whether he was at home or hundreds of miles away, the very first of our eggs that were found were always carried to him by a special messenger."

"You don't say!" exclaimed the second plover.

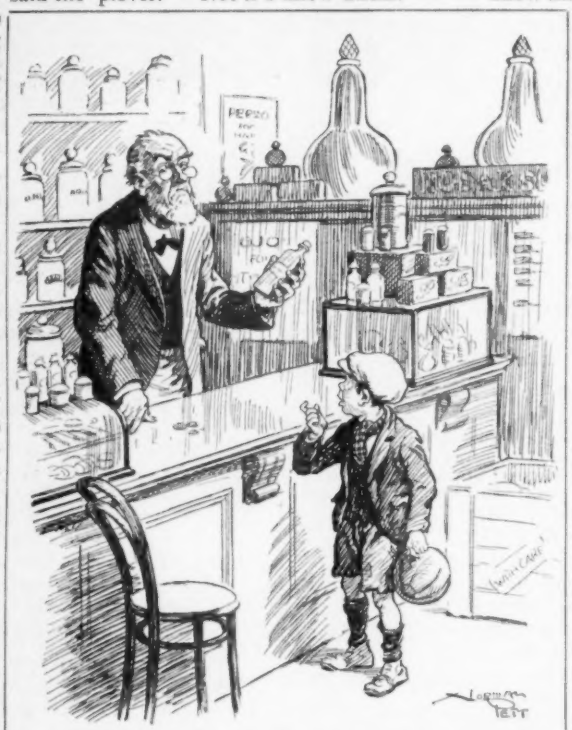
"Yes; and now there 's not a soul after us. Of course it 's nice to be safe and know that we only have our ordinary difficulties to contend with, such as stoats and jays and clumsy ploughmen's and horses' feet, and later on hawks and foxes; it 's nice to look forward to the dear little people about us, and all that; but still I 'd give anything to know what 's happened and particularly if They 've chosen some other birds' eggs instead. That 's the fear that rankles."

"Well," said the second plover, "it isn't rooks, anyway."

"How do you know?"

"I asked a rook and she told me. They 're not taking their eggs, and it wouldn't be pheasants or partridges, would it?"

"Not on your life," said the first plover. "Not if I know Them."



Chemist (to boy who has come for mother's medicine). "THERE 'S TWOPENCE MORE TO PAY. YOU 'D BEITER RUN HOME AND FETCH IT FIRST."

Boy (anxious to get to football match). "I 'LL TELL YOU WHAT, MISTER—YOU DRINK TWO PENN'ORTH OF IT. THAT 'LL MAKE IT JUST RIGHT."

At this moment who should appear but the little London sparrow on his annual spring holiday.

"Just the very person we wanted to see," said the first plover. "Tell us what 's happened in the world. Why don't They take our eggs any more?"

"You don't mind?" the sparrow asked in bewildered tones. "How funny to be aggrieved about it! I thought, as good mothers——"

"No, of course not; we 're delighted. But one does like to know, you know. One—well, I suppose it comes to this: one hates to be unpopular, doesn't one?"

"Never having been popular myself, I can't say," said the sparrow, "but I expected to find you all in ecstasies about it."

"About what?"

"Why, this new law They 've passed, forbidding your eggs to be eaten any more. In London They 're furious about it, especially the chorus-girls who are taken to the swagger restaurants."

"That 's consoling," said the first plover, raising his crest and preening a little. "And of course it 's pleasing to know that there had to be a Law passed. Very exciting. But what have they done with the ridiculous little green nests you told me about?"

"Oh, they 're still there," said the sparrow, "and as full of eggs as ever."

"Yes," cried both plovers together, "but what eggs? Whose eggs?"

"Hens'," said the sparrow.

"Just hens!" exclaimed the plovers, again in unison, and, with a profound sigh of relief, "Heaven be praised!"

E. V. L.

THE SHOCK-ABSORBER.

Mrs. Burdock-Jones pounced on me at the corner of Sycamore Avenue.

"You really must come round and hear our new five-valve set," she urged.

"Thanks awfully," I answered politely; "I 'd love to look in some evening——"

"Oh, no," she interrupted quickly, "you must come when there 's something good on. Something really good. Most of the programmes are so tiresome. Of course the poor B.B.C. has to try to satisfy everybody, and those of us who are passionately fond of chamber music have to wait our turn. You love chamber music, of course?"

"I adore it!" I exclaimed fervently. Mrs. Burdock-Jones is so overwhelming that one is forced to be fervent. I might have been still more fervent if I had had the slightest acquaintance with chamber music.

"RAVEL, DUBUSSY, DVOŘÁK, and CÉSAR FRANCK," she recited enthusiastically, "all in one evening."

"Splendid!" I cried. "And when is this delightful programme?"

"To-night," she said impressively. "You *will* come? We 've a splendid loud-speaker—not too loud, of course—and one can listen-in with absolute comfort. The set is at its best now. My husband hasn't had time to improve it

yet. When he's changed the circuits we shall get lovely atmospherics and the most delightful oscillation. So come to-night by all means. He can't very well take the set to pieces before your eyes when you've come specially to hear it. You'll be a sort of shock-absorber. Now, promise you'll come?"

I promised.

"At half-past seven then. Good-bye."

* * * * *

Outside the station I ran into Burdock-Jones.

"Just the man I wanted to see!" he exclaimed; "I've got a new five-valve set."

"Any good?" I asked.

"It will be when I've tuned it up. You must come and hear it then."

"Thanks," I replied; "I'd like to drop in. What's the trouble?"

"I fancy I'm using too large a choke, or a transformer not suited to the circuit. I shouldn't be surprised if the connection of a variable grid leak across the secondary of the L.F. transformer will cure the trouble. What do you think?"

"Probably," I said, wondering what a variable grid was.

"I'll try the transformer first," he went on. "Transformers are a bit tricky. The number of turns of wire on the primary depends upon the voltage of the mains to which the primary is connected, the periodicity, the magnetic flux density of the core material, and upon the cross-sectional area of the core. That's plain, isn't it?"

"Quite," I lied.

"Suppose the voltage of the mains is 220, the periodicity 50, the material of the core capable of carrying 30,000 lines flux density per square inch——"

"Quite," I said. "But I must run. There's my train coming in."

"I'll come as far as the platform," he volunteered. "The subject's awfully fascinating."

"I see that," I admitted.

"You ought to be with me when I tune-up the new set."

"I'd love to," I answered mechanically.

"Well, why not?" he demanded. "Two heads are better than one. And, to tell you the truth, my wife doesn't like me to tinker with it. What's a wireless set for, I should like to know. She likes to listen-in to a lot of fiddle-scraping with no tune in it. Chamber music, she calls it. So if you'd look round to-night——?"

"But isn't there a chamber music concert to-night?"

"Oh, that!" he exclaimed scornfully. "You won't miss much. In fact it's a priceless opportunity of putting the set right. And my wife won't carry-on so much if you are there. You'll be a sort of shock-absorber. Won't you blow in?"

I promised to blow in.

"Seven-thirty then. So long."

* * * * *

At seven-thirty I stood outside The Laurels. Through the windows filtered the sound of domestic atmospherics. I proceeded no further. I thought the shock might be rather bigger than I could absorb.



Facetious Gentleman (at Charity Bazaar). "How much are the sixpenny tablets of soap?"

Helper. "Half-a-crown each, or two for seven-and-six."

More Commercial Candour.

"We are specialists for all descriptions of patient fuel for domestic boilers . . ."

Coal Merchant's Advt.

Goldsmith Revised.

"A Pension for a Poor Preacher, of the yearly value of £30 . . . is vacant."

Official Notice in Church Paper.

Our Rector should stand a good chance; his yearly value is hardly in excess of the figure mentioned.

"Dispatches from Vienna have it that the Alps are on the move. The outcome of research is the conviction on the part of scientific persons that the Australian and the Bavarian Alps are bearing down on Munich at the rate of four-fifths of an inch in the last ten years."

Indian Paper.

Another proof that Australia is advancing.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE STRANGER IN THE HOUSE" (WYNDHAM'S).

IT is so great a relief to sit under a play of serious intention after such mad orgies of blood (to the odd accompaniment of laughter) and crookery and elaborately-manufactured horror which mostly fails to horrify that perhaps one is rather too ready to put one's critical faculty to sleep. *The Stranger in the House* has a sound central idea, the effect of the tyranny of the pre-occupied male on the neglected partner of his house that fails to be a home, with, as secondary theme, the outcrop, in the children of such a union, of callous selfishness. The father, tyrannical, obtuse and obstinate and essentially weak and indulgent; and the mother, a pale wraith of a woman, with deep affections but no courage or strength of will—these are the protagonists.

John Withers, with his absorbing pride in his family business and his blustering autocratic method brought back from the office—this is in Durham, where the business-man may be supposed not yet to have learnt the tact in the handling of work-people which the southern industrialist has more generally learnt or assumed—breaks the spirit and breaks down the health of his wife, *Rosamund*, who had been impressed into this marriage with the prosperous *John* by her worldly-minded mother. Her heart was really with his cousin *Ian*, who, once something of a ne'er-do-well, has made good in South Africa and has been appealed to by *John* to take in hand his young cub, *Robert*, and put him through the discipline of a South African farm.



WITHERS WRUNG AND UNWRUNG.

Ian (to John). "I 'M OFF TO SOUTH AFRICA WITH YOUR WIFE. IT 'S TIME SHE HAD A CHANGE OF AIR AND HUSBAND."

John Withers . . . . . MR. FRANK ROYDE.
Rosamund Withers (his wife) . MISS SYBIL THORNDIKE.
Ian Withers (his cousin) . . MR. NICHOLAS HANNEN.

John has told his wife nothing of his cousin's return. It is supposed in the family that some bitter quarrel has been kept alive by these two. The experienced will not be surprised that when *Rosamund* meets the entirely unexpected *Ian* she falls into his arms, and, instead of *Robert*, it is *Rosamund* who goes back to the veld with *Ian*, with the blessing of *Rosamund's* mother, who, recognising how "the world has changed," thus tries to heal the wounds caused by her former interference.

Our authors have simplified their theses and demonstrated them by a much too mechanical and formalised characterisation.

John is all bump and bluster—there 's nothing human or lovable about him. *Rosamund* is a ghost gey ill to live with, I should imagine, and I can see our faithful *Ian*, who for her sake has remained a lonely man for fifteen years, getting a little restless on the prickly veld. *Jill*, the daughter, is a selfish little beast, *Robert* an impertinent little pip-squeak. There is nothing in either on which the most indulgent father could build affection. *Sir Blayden Coote*, suing for *Jill's* hand, is a crude heiress-hunter with a perfunctory gloss of respect for tradition and the grand old inheritance of the *Cootes*. *Ian* is our old friend the strong faithful lover. It has all, in fact, rather a machine-made air.

Miss SYBIL THORNDIKE plays with a pleasant reserve the part of the distraught pale mother. No playing could make this bloodless female interesting. Mr. NICHOLAS HANNEN is the noble *Ian*, and has opportunity for the display of one of his especial gifts, a power of conveying an impression of deep sincerity in his tender passages and of avoiding sentimental heroics. Mr. FRANK ROYDE's forthright *John* was as well-made a picture as the subject allowed. Miss MAISIE DARRELL was effective as the inhuman little vixen, *Jill*; Mr. WALLACE GEOFFREY cleverly put across the insufferable little cub, *Robert*, and Mr. MAURICE EVANS did well with the uninteresting baronet, *Coote*. The greatest personal triumph of the evening was the *Granny* of Miss MARY ROBERTE. This was indeed a part that tended to play itself; but there was a graciousness and ease in the presentation that I found very delightful to watch. A sense of fundamental unreality in the situation largely deprived a distinguished cast of a deserved triumph, and the well-intentioned authors of an unqualified verdict of Not Guilty. T.

"THUNDER IN THE AIR" (DUKE OF YORK'S).

I rather think that the finest compliment one can pay Mr. ROBINS MILLAR, the author of *Thunder in the Air*, is that it is an intensely interesting and promising failure. Not a failure from the point of view of the playgoer. It certainly should draw the town, for, whatever the appearances to the contrary, we are all immensely interested in death and not loth to indulge in superficial discussions of the deep mysteries that lie behind it. The failure is, I should judge, a failure of inexperience, of inability to handle an idea that is too big for the author's powers. But to have an idea that is too big for one, and to illustrate it with a real sincerity and occasional passages of real beauty of thought and language (as when the girl who has been loved and forgotten by the dead soldier tries to tell what her lover means to her) is to have succeeded far beyond the measure of most successes of our contemporary stage, and some at least of the causes of our disappointment were due, not to the author at all, but to errors of tact in the players and the producer.

Ronny Vexted has been through the dark adventure of war; has been captain and decorated for saving (when drunk with rum) the life of a brother-officer who now is wooing his betrothed, *Pamela*; dies as a corporal on the eve of Armistice. He has been drunkard, seducer, thief, forger and filcher of a poor man's savings.

In the house of his stern unforgiving soldier-father those who have loved him—his mother, his betrothed, his aunt, his Vicar, one of his mistresses (the Vicar's wife)—try to get into touch with him. The *séance* is broken by the arrival of the man he has saved—a

sceptic who maintains that the dead live only in the memories of those who have known them. By each, then, the dead boy is seen through the film of the imagination and memory of each. The process is not clear nor always plausible in the actual working out, but it is clear in intention. And the play is well worth re-writing. The best in it is as good as anything we have seen recently upon our stage. But a stage-play founders more easily than any other vessel launched upon the difficult sea of art.

Mr. FISHER WHITE (*Major Vexted*) has not for some time been provided with a part that gives such opportunity for his fine talent. The stern abrupt manner, the apparently unrelenting attitude towards his dead son—these present no difficulty; but when the reserve was broken down by his vision of the poor boy's last despairing moment the actor could show the deep feeling and the tenderness that lay beneath the elaborate camouflage of his bitterness.

Mr. ROBERT HASLAM'S study of a callous wastrel seemed to me admirably done, and certainly Miss GRIZELDA HERVEY'S *Pamela* was a sincere and deeply moving performance. Mr. A. S. HOMEWOOD'S suggestion of the intense hatred which the defrauded butler cherished towards the dead boy was most effectively conveyed.

Two performances were very definitely out of key: Mr. ALEXANDER ONSLOW'S *James Harding*, with the make-up of a film-villain and an under-current of, as it seemed to me, quite uncalled-for sinister malevolence; and Miss VIOLET VANBRUGH'S strangely artificial mother. As for the idol's mask, whose eyes flashed green what time the lights went out and a yell of demoniacal laughter was heard—this was unquestionably a futile piece of business altogether out of the picture. And I am not at all sure about the thunder, even though it gave occasion for a theatrically effective passage by Mr. FISHER WHITE. These were both stagey tricks that had wandered out of another *genre*. Or does the thunder hint that the whole of the ghostly action was an illusion induced by an oppressive sultriness? I cannot resist the feeling that the author himself is not quite sure.

A very interesting and imaginative piece of work. T.

"OTHER MEN'S WIVES" (ST. MARTIN'S).



TRYING TO BURKE DE BRETT.

THE SLEEPING-DRAUGHT AND THE WIDEAWAKE DETECTIVE.

Reginald de Brett . . . . . MR. ROBERT HOLMES.
Femme de Chambre . . . . MISS FAY COMPTON.
Anthony Peel . . . . . MR. LESLIE BANKS.



AMATEURS OF SERVICE.

THE LADY-WAITRESS AND THE CHEF-GENDARME.

Angela Worthing . . MISS MARION LORNE.
Gendarme . . . . MR. BORIS RANEVSKY.

Mr. WALTER HACKETT is an extremely ingenious and entirely shameless person. It is a relatively easy matter to weave complications out of deserted hotels with sinister managers and waiters, obviously spurious chambermaids, cries and gurgles and the heavy thud of falling bodies in adjoining rooms, unofficial honeymooners, stolen diamonds and private detectives; it is quite another matter to resolve these complications in a plausible manner. Mr. HACKETT shirks the difficult and interesting part of his task and deprives himself (and us) of the satisfaction of a job carried through conscientiously.

Which is not to say that he fails to entertain us. On the contrary, this piece has for two Acts at least the genuine excitement of the theatre in this particular artificial *genre*.

The characters too are entertainingly contrived. They are of course unhampered by any necessity to act as human beings may be supposed to act in given circumstances. They can make love and jokes in a room adjoining that in which a horrible murder has just been committed—a murder of which it is not altogether improbable that they may be accused. And as to love, they can conduct their affairs with a precipitancy which is to say the least unlikely: while an amiable and gentle person like *Anthony Peel*—the hero, if there be one—may, by the mere fact of being left alone with a beautiful woman at night, be so wrought upon as to belie his character and endeavour, apparently, to bite a large piece out of the shoulder of the desired one, who makes emphatic and pitiful protests. And, this notwithstanding, all will end happily for him.

A slick production—the author-producer is a master of this craft—helps to cloak these extravagances from the uncritical. But it was almost more than I could bear to find out that the lady in question, who had been masquerading as the chambermaid and seemed quite at home in this atmosphere of murder and theft and intrigue, was a paragon of all the virtues, going through fire and water to save the honour of a sister by the recovery of the diamonds which in some way not

clear to me had to be returned to prevent her husband divorcing her.

Miss FAY COMPTON can scarcely be said to have been wasted on so unlikely a character, because she made so charming a thing of it, and the little touches of genuine sincerity in the hurried love-passages (however impossible) were very delightful to watch. Mr. ROBERT HOLMES' *Reginald de Brett*, private detective—an original and amusing version of an old and often tiresome puppet for which the author deserves every credit—was a very competent, well-studied piece of work. Mr. LESLIE BANKS (*Peel*) exploited his engagingly abrupt manner to good effect, but the part was not one that gave scope for the best of his talent. No one can express comic dismay so effectively as Miss MARION LORNE—here the conventional wife betrayed into a situation for which "unconventional" would be a mild description.

Nowadays we specialise so much in stage realism that persons of foreign birth are frequently played by authentic representatives of the nation indicated. Mr. DINO GALVANI gave us a clever sketch of the villainous *maître d'hôtel*, and Mr. BORIS RANEVSKY made good fun out of the gendarme who had been a *chef*, elaborately alternating the two characteristics of those who stand and wait, the sleek subservience towards the patron and the truculent asides to the assistant. Mr. JAMES DYRENFORTH also scored with a very intelligent five-minute sketch of a minor character. T.

POSTAL CHESS.

IT was only on the very last day of David's leave that the idea of a Postal Chess match occurred to me as a possible solution of the problem of our trans-oceanic correspondence.

Hitherto our promises and resolutions, so freely made at the moment of departure, had only resulted in a course of correspondence which, having expended its initial frenzy within four months, then entered upon the postcard or penultimate period, very soon to fade away completely.

I had therefore for some time been seeking to create an incentive which would serve to keep our correspondence alive for a much longer period and now confidently thought to have discovered it in the idea of a chess-match carried on by post.

As I explained to David, equality and continuity of correspondence would be assured if we were constrained under pain of suitable penalties to communicate to each other our alternate moves.

David agreed, and on the way down to the boat we drew up the following regulations:—

(1) Each move to appear clearly and unambiguously on the top left-hand corner of the first sheet of the letter.

(2) Each player to be allowed, but not encouraged, to miss one mail between receipt of opponent's and despatch of own move.

(3) The move to be otherwise forfeit, entailing loss of match.

(4) The winner to be given a dinner (*premier ordre*) at the loser's expense.

By the time we had drawn up these rules and attended to the immediate details of David's journey the moment of our separation was imminent, and the boat, impatient to be off, was already beginning to make rude noises at the non-passengers.

We tossed for first move and I won.

"I shall employ the RUY LOPEZ gambit," I announced as airily as one can who doesn't know what he is talking about.

At this moment hooters and bells broke forth clamorously and there was a loud cry of "All visitors off the boat."

"To save time," I said as we shook hands, "I might as well tell you now that my first move is King's Pawn to King's Fourth."

"What did you say?" asked David hoarsely as the din of the noises off increased.

"King's Pawn to King's Fourth," I repeated at the top of my voice, stepping backwards on to the gangway.

"King's what to where?" shouted David.

"King's Pawn to King's Fourth," I screamed, painfully conscious, just as I finished fortissimo, that the din had momentarily ceased, rendering my last remark rather more audible than I had intended. I walked down the gangway an object of the gravest suspicion.

"Better write and confirm it," yelled David cheerily, and a few minutes later the boat sailed majestically away.

In practice the scheme did not prove an unqualified success. Our first three moves, it is true, were accomplished within four-and-a-half months, well under the maximum period, and had the rest of the game proceeded as tranquilly all would have been well. Unfortunately a serious dispute arose at David's fourth move, the details of which were as follows:—

On July 10th, David posted a letter containing his fourth move. On July 12th, suddenly realising that he had placed his Bishop in a somewhat precarious position, he cabled, "Fourth move Knight to Queen's Fifth; disregard letter.—DAVID"—a thing I resolutely refused to do.

The legal question involved, as any lawyer will tell you, is one of some nicety and was only settled, after a great deal of controversy, by David's discovery that his first move possessed certain advantages which had hitherto escaped his notice, so that, although I won the argument, in the fierce exchange of men that followed I was a Pawn down.

During the following moves I became conscious of an inherent weakness in our scheme, for it seemed that the actual correspondence part of our letters tended to diminish in proportion to the increasing difficulty of our positions on the board; in fact, when David's ninth move arrived, one mass of crossed-out moves, with a hurried scrawl down the middle, "You 'll see the proper move at bottom of page; sorry you had 'flu.—DAVID," it was evident to me that he had quite lost sight of the *raison d'être* of our contest.

Nor did the actual game itself proceed as rapidly as I had anticipated. At the tenth move, for instance, David cabled, "Careless servant knocked over board; send whole position at once," and at the fifteenth he endeavoured to move a piece he had lost six months before. This delayed the game to such an extent that it was still unfinished when David arrived home again.

His first night back I escorted him to Benoni's, and at the end of an excellent dinner, Benoni, whom I had taken into my confidence, placed on the table a chess-board made of icing, on which were placed *petits fours* cleverly fashioned into a complete set of chessmen by Benoni's amazingly competent chef.

I arranged the board according to our positions, and once more the game proceeded.

I must have found the *poire Melba* conducive to clear thinking, for within a quarter-of-an-hour I was able to announce checkmate.

"Two coffees and your best liqueur brandy," I cried to the smiling waiter, while David in the bitterness of defeat ate his Queen's Bishop's Pawn.

"Mrs. —— is an Australian and was good enough to say that she found England a lovely place. She had, however, one reservation—that the weather in the old country is exacrable (*sic*). I apologised for it by saying that she had struck a bad spell."—*Provincial Paper.*

She had.

"Let the sailing ships with their white wings rest in the sea-weed of the Saragossa Sea of our fairy dreams."—*Daily Paper.*

Near the Sargasso City of our geographical nightmares.

"Martin Harvey brings to it the enchantment of genius that makes silk purses out of cow's ears."

Dramatic Criticism in Vancouver Paper.

He must be careful however not to cast his pearls before kine.



COUNTY SONGS.

XXXI.—Derbyshire.

The river Dove flows down its Dale
And ripples just as sweetly
As when good Master Walton hied
With Master Cotton by his side,
To angle there compleatly.

And sometimes Master Walton scored,
And sometimes Master Cotton;
But sometimes neither caught a fish,
When Izaak sadly murmured "Pish!"
And Charles said roundly, "Rotten!"

E. V. L.





Aunt (*visiting small invalid*). "SORRY I HAVEN'T BOUGHT YOU A PRESENT, OLD CHAP, BUT I DIDN'T SEE ANYTHING THAT I THOUGHT YOU'D LIKE."

Nephew. "WHAT DID YOU SEE THAT YOU FOUGHT I WOULDN'T LIKE?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING, in *A Book of Words* (MACMILLAN), goes far to lay bare the foundations on which his life-work has been built. Whereas in all his typical best writing there is something, half-hidden beneath the surface, that he means with all his force to make vital to his reader, here, in these selections from addresses delivered over many years and in many unexpected places up and down the world, he presents himself frankly as the teacher. It may be that he shows himself more reverently wise than when he was half-wizard, half school-boy, yet one cannot overlook the danger that the comparative simplicity of these utterances may mask their real value, even though here in very truth are set forth in almost unembroidered terms the conception of the relative values of matter and spirit by which *Kim's Lama* is immortalised, and the view of the just relationship between work and reward which glorifies *The Brushwood Boy*, and especially the feeling which permeates all his tales of the Services, that judgment in this world can only truly be rendered at the bar of a man's fellow-workers in his own craft. In one or two of the longer studies, such as "The First Sailor" and "The Magic Square," there is happily a good deal of the old delightful impishness of the *Just So Stories*, and in all, whether they are graceful compliments to our French allies, as in "The Trees" and "The Wall" and "The Virtue of France," or acknowledgments of honours bestowed, as in "Literature" and "Imperial Relations," or addresses to learned or philanthropic societies, or simple talks to groups of students, such as "The Uses of Reading"—in all there is something, in sudden turn of thought or magically illuminating flash of phrase, for which Mr. KIPLING alone of living English authors could have been responsible.

It is odd that no one has forestalled Mr. HILAIRE BELLOC in his task of substituting a portrait of *James the Second* (FABER AND GWYER) for a long series of caricatures. Odd, but not unfortunate, for Mr. BELLOC is obviously the man for the work, and the sobriety and grace of his study, the warmth and gravity of its colouring and a certain air of the domestic-monumental touchingly redolent of the period, are due, I feel, and overdue, to the memory of the last reigning STUART. The book is neither a biography nor a chronicle. It maintains that the Revolution of 1688 completed the work of the Reformation, dealt the final blow to Catholicism and the mediæval idea of kingship and confirmed the power of the ruling classes. JAMES was the man whose overthrow produced these results, and outstanding features of his disposition, circumstances, achievement and failure are studied in relation to them. Submitting that the mediæval idea of kingship had gone by the board before the Reformation—in France, where Protestantism was of secondary importance, monarchs of ST. LOUIS's type had been long extinct—I consider that Mr. BELLOC has proved most of the points enumerated. He has also succeeded in rendering his hero a dignified and sympathetic figure, and he has made amusing hay of popular conceptions of Derry and the Boyne. The King's own diaries leave no doubt of his almost pig-headed nationalism. As a youthful exile fighting for his hosts, the French, he exulted in the prowess of CROMWELL's sailors. He put the English Navy on a modern footing and beat the Dutch at sea, courting death on his own quarter-deck. In view of his war-record, his sub-

sequent lapses—rather from tact than integrity—might well be condoned.

Though M. J. FARRELL seems to know
  Far more than you or I could tell him
Of hounds and of the sort of show
  A fox puts up before they fell him,
And, though he 's little left to learn
  About the way a hare is harried,
Yet in *Young Entry* his concern
  Is getting two young women married.

He shows them fair and fancy-free,
  And all the countryside adore them,
And from the first it 's plain to see
  The mates whom he has chosen for them;
But all the same, before they 're fixed
  To suit his matrimonial mission,
He gets the parties all so mixed
  That they at least have no suspicion.

And while he does his best to sort
  Them out he gives us of his bounty
A taste of every kind of sport
  That 's going in an Irish county;
And thus before the bridal veil
  Is donned and joy-bells wake the welkin
We get a very jolly tale
  (From MATHEWS, not to mention ELKIN).

The Merton Professor of English Literature has written so apt and graceful an introduction to *Third Leaders from "The Times"* (ARNOLD) that subsequent critics cannot do better than start by pilfering from his preface. When defunct issues of *The Times*, he says, are given honourable burial—filed and put away to be henceforth "consulted, not read"—these animated essays refuse to stay in their graves. Thirteen years ago a series was successfully reprinted, and it is now high time for another. This, like its predecessor, is the work of a whole confederacy inside and out of *The Times*' office; yet the essays undoubtedly share a common note of classical modernity. You can draw (and Professor GORDON does draw) a composite portrait of the essayist ideally responsible for them; and having done this it only remains to exemplify his work by quotations. I do not blame Professor GORDON for having chosen to quote from most of the essays I should have selected for that purpose myself; indeed I suggest that two of the pieces thus distinguished have a quality, both of thought and expression, above their fellows. These ("Super" and "De Luxe") are obviously by the same hand. They are the kindliest, justest and merriest indictments of the world we live in, and far less "avuncular" in their depreciation (though here I suspect I part company with their editor) than the desperate complaisance of the essayist who professes to find beauty in arterial motor-tracks. Altogether there are over twelve dozen titles; London and the countryside, cats and crackers (I particularly commend "Russ" and "Pop, Bang!"), poke-bonnets and hot-water-bottles—all are worthily appraised. On his multifariousness as well as his unanimity, Professor GORDON's "Addison with a Fountain Pen" is to be heartily congratulated.



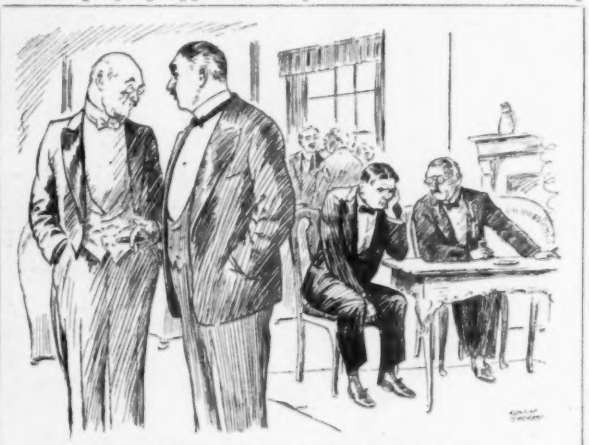
THE DEEPER MILLINERY.

Intense Female. "I REQUIRE A HAT."
Milliner. "CERTAINLY, MODOM. TO GO WITH YOUR COSTUME?"
Intense Female. "NO, TO GO WITH MY SOUL."

As I wandered with Mr. DONALD MAXWELL over what WORDSWORTH liked to style "smooth Quantock's airy ridge," through the Blackdown lanes, along the rich and sunny Vale of Taunton and in and around Frome, I could not but be grateful for so pleasant and discriminating a guide to the high-roads and field-paths of *Unknown Somerset* (JOHN LANE). Only when we came to the purple uplands of Exmoor did I experience a feeling of disappointment at my companion's seeming indifference to the haunting half-mystical atmosphere of that home of the wild red-deer. But always his eye was quick to seize upon and his brush and pen ready to set down with uncommon delicacy of touch the many and varied beauties of the country through which

we passed: the grey walls of Farleigh Hungerford rising against a green woodland background, the reds and purples and pale yellows of a sunset seen across the plain from the edge of Sedgemoor, or the cold greens and terra-cottas of the Porlock Woods in winter sunshine. How or when Mr. MAXWELL came to acquire his rich store of knowledge of the lesser-known events in the history of the places we passed through I cannot imagine. Unless indeed it were through his companionable habit of entering into conversation with his fellow-wayfarers—a good old custom much fallen into disuse and that might well be revived in these hurried and none too courteous days. Howsoever he came by it I am glad that Mr. MAXWELL wears, and imparts too, his learning lightly.

Miss ROSE MACAULAY was clearly born at the right time, both for us and for herself. For us, because contemporary satire, needing no annotation, is so much the more enjoyable; for herself, because our modern extravagances are a god-send and a goldmine even to a writer who obviously can satirise anything and anybody. In *Keeping Up Appearances* (COLLINS), Miss MACAULAY expands the theme of OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, that there are at least three different personalities in each one of us. She shows us *Daisy Simpson* as she knew, or feared, herself to be; *Daphne* (otherwise *Daisy*) *Simpson* as she liked the world to think her, and "*Marjorie Wynne*," who was *Daisy* as known to readers of the popular Press. We are left to guess which of these three projections of herself is nearest to the real *Daisy* "as known to her Maker," and I gather from Miss MACAULAY that it is just as likely to be one as another. But although you may guess you need not worry, for it really does not matter. You will read this book to be amused, silently or loudly according to taste, and you need not think it unkind to be joining in the laugh against others, because your own turn is certainly coming and perhaps on the very next page. But even as you cry "*Touché*" you will thank Miss MACAULAY for the hit. The more heartily because you know that one who laughs so gaily and shrewdly at others must often laugh at herself.



THE BOXER WHO NEVER CAME BACK.

"I'M AFRAID HE'S A BROKEN MAN. HE SPLIT AN INFINITIVE IN HIS LAST ARTICLE."

Man's Chief End (CASSELL) is a finely-conceived story, whose salient quality is its sincerity. *Peter Dowrie*, a Scottish lad of humble birth, is its leading actor. Aged ten when he appears on Mr. EDWARD ALBERT's stage, he is still young when he leaves it with years of war and experience behind him. So moving are the struggles of *Peter* and his numerous youthful friends to lift themselves from the slough of poverty and squalor into which they had been born that you will have to be stony-hearted indeed to read of them without sympathy. And to me, for some reason I will not attempt to explain, these struggles seem more pathetic because their scenes are placed in that home of great endeavour—Scotland. As a serious study of those handicapped in life from the start, but determined to "break their birth's invidious bar," I recommend this tale to anyone who looks for something more than amusement from fiction. But I shall not charge him with sinning against the light if he indulges in a little skipping, for I feel constrained to say that Mr. ALBERT's leisurely and deliberate method of telling a story invites a judicious use of that exercise.

The career of NATHANIEL BOWDITCH, the eighteenth-century Salem navigator, whose work, like that of his countryman, MAURY, half-a-century later, had such far-reaching effects upon the development of American shipping in particular and that of the world in general, is one especially suited for the purposes of one of those intimate biographies in the modern manner, in which the honours are about evenly divided between the art of the novelist and that of the historian. Mr. ALFRED STANFORD's *Navigator* (DENT) is a readable and interesting narrative woven around the incidents of BOWDITCH's delicate and precocious boyhood and his early struggles for recognition, for which the old New England seaport provides a picturesque setting; and the manner in which he triumphantly vindicates his theories by bringing the *Putnam* into Salem harbour on Christmas-Eve in a blinding snowstorm, while it is beyond question as historical fact, equally leaves nothing to be desired when regarded as an effective dramatic culmination.

If I have a complaint to make against Mr. SINCLAIR GLUCK it is that in *The Last Trap* (MILLS AND BOON) he is guilty of squandering the wealth of his imagination, as in addition to other law-breakers he gives us what the Americans call a "fire-bug," and his supply of people suspected of the main crime is extremely lavish. Further, after keeping me in a high state of tension from the start, he provides in his concluding pages so many surprises that, hardened as I am to the prodigality of sensational novelists, I was left gaping. Mr. GLUCK can rest assured that in the field of crime and detection he has set a pace that the fleetest of his fellows will be hard pushed to equal.

Will-o'-the-Wisp (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) ought to prove particularly attractive to flappers, for the heroine who has the title for one of her sobriquets (she is christened *Flora* and also called *Folly*) is a flapper of flappers. I got a little tired of her habit of beginning her reply to any embarrassing question with "'M—"; but on the whole I liked her and was not sorry when *David*, the young man of the story—which was all he seemed to be—rewarded her faithfulness and persistence with his hand. I found it odd that *David* should matter so little to me, for his secret marriage, six years before the story opens, his wife's supposed death in a shipwreck soon afterwards and the chain of mysterious happenings by which it is proved that she survived, form the backbone of the plot. Perhaps it is that Miss PATRICIA WENTWORTH is better at drawing women than men, for there are some excellent studies to set against the emptiness of *David*—his doughty grandmother and her satellites, and a very nice cousin, *Eleanor*, whom I rather wanted him to marry instead of *Folly*. *Will-o'-the-Wisp* seems a charming book while you are actually reading it, but it is charm of the sort that leaves you at the end wondering a little what it was that attracted you.

CHARIVARIA.

IT was estimated that if all the bottles of beer laid in at Wembley for the Cup Final were placed side by side they would stretch nearly three miles. They were therefore not arranged in that formation.

According to a sociologist, Americans suffer from a nervous dread of being in any way peculiar. A notable exception is "BIG BILL" THOMPSON.

Mr. HENRY FORD and Mr. W. R. MORRIS are to meet on May 2nd. Everybody is hoping it won't be a head-on collision.

A contemporary essayist wonders how some of our titled gossip-writers manage to write their Sunday pages. Others merely wonder why.

A special service for habitués of the bowling-green was held at a Lewisham church the other Sunday. This will come as a surprise to those who have always maintained that men who play bowls are past praying for.

Mr. J. H. THOMAS having arrived back from the Gold Coast, the Season may be said to be in full swing.

"The new Liberalism," says the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, "is really Socialism watered down." This would account for a pinkish tinge in the rising tide.

A Hungarian duellist has been sent to prison for tripping up his opponent and biting him while he lay on the ground. These exhibitions of ill-feeling on the field of honour are most regrettable.

Coloured clothes-lines, which are described as a novelty, are of course an outcome of the Brighter Back-Yards movement.

Mr. SIDNEY WEBB's failure as a Parliamentarian is ascribed to his having vast knowledge but no voice. What is wanted at Westminster is a vast voice but no knowledge.

In the Fascist campaign against snobbery the Italian police are to deal with those who boast of acquaintance with high personages. It will be especially risky to talk about "my pal Benito."

Among the onlookers at a recent point-to-point meeting, we read, was an eminent comedian looking very cold in a pair of plus-fours. Our feeling is that the comic side of these meetings should be left to the mounted performers.

It is rumoured at Cambridge that the film of Oxford life which is being made will show Oxford athletes in accelerated action.

With reference to the question of the propriety of Sunday billiards which has been raised, our own view is that the offence would be mitigated if players refrained from potting the white.

In Brussels the other day a woman alighted from a taxi, produced a revolver and demanded the driver's money, which he promptly gave her. A London taxi-driver would have kept her waiting while he slowly undid all his overcoats.

Experiments have shown that a typist used nineteen per cent more energy in exhaling a breath in a noisy room than in a quiet one. The application of similar tests to an office-boy is awaited with interest.

A football match was played the other day in the North without a referee in the second half. Northern teams should always carry a spare.

A Leicestershire clergyman states that, in order to sell a book of tickets for a prize-drawing in one public-house, he had to drink a pint of beer. It is the fear of having to face such hardships that keeps so many young men out of the Church.

A contemporary has an article on "What Mr. Churchill Wants." That is an easy one. The CHANCELLOR wants what we have left.

With reference to the mysterious man who goes about throwing coins at dogs in Bermondsey, we understand that quite a number of Scotsmen in London are learning to bark.

A cow seeing its reflection in a shop-window in the Isle of Ely dashed its horns through the window and smashed it. We have often seen cows with faces like that.

In making these new roads suitable for high speeds the Government hopes to get enough fines out of motorists to pay for them.

An escaped lunatic was recently recaptured while he was giving a lady his seat in the Tube. He certainly shouldn't have drawn attention to his eccentricity like that.

Old films, it is said, are used as varnish for motor-cars. The one we bought second-hand seems to have been treated with a "fade-out."

It seems high time something more was done by the police about motor-car thefts. A complaint has now been received by a jewel thief that when he emerged from the scene of his operations his car had disappeared.



Friend (studying artist's self-portrait which has been rejected). "TELL YOU WHAT I SHOULD DO, OLD MAN. HAVE A SHAVE AND TRY IT AGAIN NEXT YEAR."

"Claiming to be the oldest gipsy in the country, —— was 102 yesterday. He lives in a rough shanty made of canvas and corrugated iron at ——, and is still fairly active Manchester Ship Canal to Vancouver."
Empire Paper.

And still reasonably nomadic.

HERE ENDETH THE OXFORD DICTIONARY.

[With the appearance of the final instalment of W the Magnum Opus is completed. In postponing the publication of this volume till after the issue of X Y Z., the Editors have kept back to the last a letter, unpronounceable by most alien lips, which, as pointed out by *The Times*, is the initial of words that are largely of English origin.]

To the glorious shade of Sir JAMES MURRAY, originator and first editor of the Oxford Dictionary.

OH, somewhere on Elysian plains
Where the light breath of Zephyr stirs
The bosky groves and silvan lanes
Reserved for Lexicographers;
Where with your kind, in that long spell
Of peace which no intruder varies,
You couch on beds of asphodel
Gently discussing Dictionaries;—

I greet you, Master of my youth,
Whose heavy task it was to teach
My callow brain, as yet uncouth,
Facts that concerned the parts of speech;
Who not to LITTRÉ, no, and not
To JOHNSON'S self played second fiddle;
Who shared an honoured shelf with SCOTT
And likewise held your own with LIDDELL.

The happy news I here convey,
How Oxford, your adopted home
(*Alma noverca*), sends to-day
Hot from her Press your crowning tome;
No fear for what you left unsaid
(As felt for *Edwin Drood*) can trouble you,
For tardy in the wake of Z
Here comes the vol. that deals with W.

A letter chosen not amiss
To end in native English style
An English Book of Words like this—
So you will say, I think, and smile
And stroke your great beard's snowy crop
That once I knew as red as wine is,
And set on your prodigious *Op.*
The seal of consummation—FINIS. O. S.

A NEW USE FOR NOISE.

THE manager winced as the door was opened abruptly and winced again as another door farther down the passage slammed. From the adjoining office came an incessant metallic clicking of typewriters in action.

"Nerves on edge?" suggested the caller sympathetically. "I don't wonder. This is the age of noise. Hark at those trams clanging by. And when you go home you'll find the loud-speaker turned on, or a gramophone. I don't care if it's Bach or jazz, it's noise. And wasted—there's the pity of it! Wasted as Niagara was wasted before man discovered the use of running water as a motive power."

"Quite," said the manager wearily, "but I don't——"

"I have something here that will interest you," said his visitor. "It is not on the market yet but it soon will be. There's a fortune in it. A fortune! I have still to work it out in detail, but the idea is a device for making life easier. Meanwhile there is this little gadget which I would like to show you. I won't embark on technical explanations——"

"Don't," said the manager. "The fact is——"

"I know what you are going to say, Sir," said the other earnestly, "and I quite agree. But I won't keep you a moment. Hitherto a vast amount of energy has been expended on the mere production of sound, able-bodied men being paid considerable sums to scrape on catgut strings or blow through brass instruments, and still more energy has been devoted to the broadcasting of their efforts. There are also the incidental noises which have not been deliberately emitted but are the more or less inevitable accompaniments of our innumerable activities—the noise of sewing-machines and lawn-mowers, the noise we make brushing our teeth or winding up the clock.

"Now my invention is designed to utilise all this wasted energy. You see what that means. It will be a priceless boon to people with large families and small means. Coal is needed to make gas or generate electricity, and coal is dear; but noise can be and is produced in the humblest homes entirely free of charge. Is the baby crying? In future the mother, instead of exhausting herself in vain endeavours to soothe it, will switch on the vacuum-cleaner, the wringer or the toaster, and by the time her darling's yells have subsided into gurgles every speck of dust will have been drawn out of the sitting-room carpet, the washing will be half done, or the toast ready for breakfast, as the case may be. In fact, with this machine twins will be a positive asset, and the mother of three or four children under seven will have almost too much time on her hands.

"But children are not absolutely essential to my scheme. In childless households the husband will be encouraged to sing in his bath and to take up beaten copper work as a hobby, and the little dogs that yap a great deal will become increasingly popular. There is a great future for the saxophone industry. Of course the volume of sound required would vary. For instance, a record of the '1812 Overture' played by a military band might be required to work a service lift, but, if the tenant of the flat below happened to be having an altercation with the man who had come to read his gas-meter, this, combined with the twittering of your pair of amadavats, might suffice to propel a carpet-sweeper or press your dress-suit."

He paused for breath, but not long enough to allow the other to intercept his flow of exposition.

"You see the beauty of it? Noise. The supply costs nothing and is practically inexhaustible. At first we shall make our own as required, but I foresee that when the great possibilities of the thing are recognised pressure will be brought to bear on the B.B.C. to reorganise primarily as a power-station, and there will be early-morning programmes to enable housewives to switch on their labour-saving devices while to the microphone some hefty bass bellows 'Wotan's Farewell.' Massed choirs and band competitions will be broadcast for spring-cleaning purposes. All we need is financial backing."

"Yes," said the manager, "I'll think it over. You can leave your card. Good morning."

The inventor departed. Again a door slammed. The typewriters clicked on and the wail of a cornet-player giving an uncertain rendering of "I Want to be Happy" pierced through the roar of the traffic in the street outside. The telephone-bell rang.

"Practically inexhaustible," murmured the manager as he took up the receiver, in a voice that indicated that he was not referring to himself.

"Large Coach Pram for Sale; also one Baby sitting-up; very cheap."—*Advt. in Welsh Paper.*

No modern baby would take this sort of thing lying down.

"The players' wives will see the match and be guests of the club in London over the week-end, a party of eighty travelling from Blackburn on Friday morning."—*Evening Paper.*

The Huddersfield team, we understand, still adheres to the legal maximum of one wife apiece.



THE HAPPY MEDIUM.

SIR ALFRED MOND (*as Master of Ceremonies at Fancy-Dress Ball*). "I'D LIKE TO HAVE YOU MEET ONE ANOTHER."

[SIR ALFRED MOND has taken a leading part in the movement to encourage the investment of American capital in British enterprises.]



Girl. "AND WHAT ARE YOU LECTURING ABOUT, PROFESSOR?"
Professor. "PURITY IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE."
Girl. "WELL, I'M JUST DIPPY ON THAT SORT OF BUNK. I'LL COME AND COLLECT AN EARFUL."

BOTTLED SUNSHINE.

LET us have no more of this nonsense about vitamins. There are no such things.

Some people thrive on sunlight, and some people thrive on cold weather and fog and rain. Some people grow fat on sour milk. I know a man who eats China clay. He lives at Troon. When we were children we were always told that it was a good thing to be out in the rain, because it made us grow.

"Look at the dandelions," people said. Well, look at them. They don't seem to mind the rain. It is my belief that there are more vitamins in rain-water than in sunshine, and probably a good many in plain sleet.

Dissecting a large lump of hail in my laboratory the other day I found no fewer than seventeen thousand so-called vitamins in it, or at any rate not more. Unhappily they were swept up and destroyed.

Basic slag, according to my analysis, contains nearly as many alleged vitamins as malt.

The popular faddist is becoming a public nuisance with his notions about vitamins. The advertiser's article about any new nerve tonic or breakfast food runs generally like this:—

"What makes me smile, Daddy?"

"Joy, Billikins, joy!"

"Why am I joyful, Daddy?"

"Because, Billikins, you are well and strong."

"Why am I well and strong, Daddy?"

"Because, Billikins, Whiffwheat, of which you eat seven pailfuls every morning, is drenched with sunlight and teeming with sun-goodness and steeped in all the essential vitamins that the great glad golden sun brings to the harvest-field."

"Gor!"

This kind of thing doesn't take me in. The great golden sun has been ripening the harvest-field for centuries without producing any unusual type of Billikins, and so has the great glad silver rain.

We must have had a great deal more health out of rain than out of sunshine in England, if we have had any health at all. The really patriotic advertiser ought to conduct his breakfast-food dialogues like this:—

"Why am I so fat and well, Papa?"

"Because we feed you on Flickflakes, Heart-o'-Mine."

"Why do Flickflakes, of which I eat ten hogsheads at every meal, make me fat and well, Papa?"

"Because they contain the essential principles of the glorious rain-drenched English oat, refreshing the nerves and building the body tissues, Heart-o'-Mine."

"Gosh, Papa!"

The fact is that when we come to sun-drenching we are on very treacherous ground. Nothing gets much more sun-drenching than the grapes of Southern France and Italy and Spain, and it seems to me that if these sun-faddists were logical they would feed Billikins and Heart-o'-Mine on Chianti and claret and port, and make the little beggars so drunk that they could hardly stand.

So far as I can make out there are supposed to be two methods of drenching a breakfast food or a nerve tonic with sun. One is to let the sun get at the ingredients before they are mixed, in the same way as it gets at my golden sun-drenched tobacco or my golden sun-drenched tea.

The other method is to squirt vita-

mins into the stuff, and hope that they will not evaporate when the cork comes out of the bottle or the lid is taken off the tin. The benefits of this method are proved, so they say, by experiments on rats. A number of rats suffering from nerve-strain are collected and fed upon food steeped with tissue-building vitamins artificially manufactured by a vitamin-steeper. A number of other rats with no domestic or financial worry are placed in a separate pen and fed upon ordinary sun-steeped plum-cake, rain-drenched plovers' eggs and wind-swept *pâté de foie gras*, without any artificial vitamins.

The second lot of rats live an ordinary life and sink at last to an honoured grave. The first lot of rats become practically immortal, and cannot be destroyed except by letting them run away and try to cross the Haymarket.

But all these experiments prove to my mind very little indeed. I have known cases of the most anxious and care-worn rats which throve and grew extremely robust without getting any sunlight at all, or anything else, except coke. And I have been told on good authority of a rat which died of apoplexy in the sunlight after eating two ham-sandwiches and a cast of flies.

It is not yet proved that what is good for rats is good for the human race. I used to put down sun-drenched bread covered with air-cooled arsenic in order to discourage rats from removing eggs from a henhouse. The rats used to lick the arsenic off the bread, then take the eggs and go away. They seemed to regard the arsenic as a kind of ozone-filled anchovy-paste.

We come back, then, to the main question: *Are there any vitamins at all in the sun?* I say, No.

If there were any vitamins in the sun, and if they were necessary to human life, the inhabitants of Great Britain would have emigrated long ago.

Can artificial vitamins be manufactured? There is no proof of it. The tendency of medical science is to invent a new word for something which doesn't exist, and then allow people to put it in a bottle and say it is the elixir of life.

When I meet a person who prefers vitamins to duck and green peas and Château Lafitte, I will believe in the things. At present I hold that the best stuff to eat is food, and the best stuff to drink is drink, and that those persons who can't thrive on these won't get any nourishment out of vitamins.

If vitamins exist anywhere, they probably exist in the moon-soused mushroom and the dew-washed Brussels-sprout.

Finally, if there were any vitamins, they would probably be taxed in this year's Budget.

EVOE.



Excited Second (to sorely-stricken pugilist). "DON'T BE FRIVOLOUS ABAHT IT, 'ERBERT. YOU 'VE GOT 'IM BEAT IF YOU 'LL ONLY TAKE IT SERIOUSLY."

OUR LOCAL PRESS.

The Little Dithering Gazette
Is published week by week;
It gives us "Hints on Etiquette,"
"Notable People I Have Met,"
"The Hedgehog as Domestic Pet,"
"The Culture of the Peke."

It gives us information which
We've never had before;
See "Sewing Snips" by "Blanket-Stitch,"
"Musical Notes" by "Concert-Pitch,"
"Home and Hygiene" by "Dunmow Flitch,"
"Waterfalls" by "Lodore."

Its Editor abounds in brain,
In energy and grit;
If I were he, I know the strain
Would send me speedily insane
(The Editor, I should explain,
Writes every word of it).

"Another thing which you do not see nowadays were strings of horses at exercise in livery and top hats."—*Sunday Paper.*

Another sight that you never see nowadays was a well-groomed coachman curvetting down Piccadilly.

"Miniature two-roomed Suite de Luxe; kitchenette; garage; garden; minute shops." *Advt. in Daily Paper.*

Evidently a toy village too.

A BULL OF EXCHANGE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Last week I told you of my vain attempt to make the Collector of Taxes see reason. This week, as usual, the threat of DISTRAINT in red letters has prevailed and, although in my judgment the man is guilty of "demanding money with menaces," I have sent him a cheque.

My cheques have long been different from other men's cheques. I have drawn cheques in verse and cheques embellished with pictorial designs, a cheque on a menu-card, a cheque on a table-napkin and a cheque on a wine-bottle. All these have, to my intense disgust, been duly cashed by the payee, except the last, which, I suspect, was intercepted by one of these riotous bank-clerks.

Nearly always, Sir, my creditors enjoy my bright little cheques and place upon them a value over and above their actual money-worth, which compensates them for any delay there may have been in payment. And on this occasion, since my creditor was a Revenue official harassed by a protracted correspondence and entering with fresh hope on a new Financial Year, I thought to pay him a special compliment.

Sir, a female relative on holiday in France has left in my charge a white bull-dog of great age, vast intelligence and intermittent ferocity. This creature, Napoleon by name, has never been one of my favourite companions, and I thought that I could well spare him for a day, a week, nay, a month or two. I therefore stencilled on its smooth wide back (an admirable surface) a cheque in the usual prosaic terms for the amount demanded. Napoleon likes to have his back tickled and made approving sounds throughout the proceedings. I attached a twopenny-stamp to his collar and led him by his lead to the Collector's office.

The Collector's menials, as usual, tried to interpose all kinds of bureaucratic obstructions between me and my destination. They wished for the number of my assessment, the reference-number of the correspondence, my name, profession, number of children and convictions, colour of eyes and so forth.

I said firmly, "Take me to the Collector."

Napoleon is an imitative dog and generally takes his tone from his company. When he caught the firm note in my voice Napoleon growled firmly, and they took me to the Collector at once.

I said to the Collector, "I am sorry we have had all this bother, but let us now let bygones be bygones. Here is a nice cheque for you. Here is the cheque's licence and two days' rations. Be kind to it, and let it have a raw marrow-bone every second Friday. The cheque is reasonable if well treated, but savage if not. It sleeps in a basket or on the master's bed. Good morning, Sir. Good-bye, Napoleon. Rats! Rats! Bite 'em, then!"



Enraged Publican. "YOU CAN LEAVE 'ERE AS SOON AS YOU LIKE, AN' THAT'S FLAT!"
Customer. "I'LL STAY HERE TILL I FINISH MY BEER—AN' THAT'S FLAT TOO."

Encouraged by my concluding words, Napoleon approached the Collector, growling deeply, and I departed.

That day, I regret to say, there was a new outburst of telephonery between the Collector and myself. The Collector demanded thatI should remove the dog and pay my income-tax. I replied that I had paid or offered to pay my income-tax by cheque, which is "*an order addressed to a banker requesting him to pay to the person therein mentioned or his order the sum of money therein mentioned*"; that Napoleon was a Bill of Exchange drawn on a banker payable on demand under the Bills of Exchange Act, 1882; that, as it happened, I had no cheque-forms left and no paper in the house; that in these circumstances I had done the one thing possible to meet my obligations promptly; that if he did not care to demand payment on Napoleon he could do the other thing; that if he did not take Napoleon to the bank I should take Napoleon to the House of Lords; that my slogan was "No Dog—No Income-tax!"

I think that Napoleon must have recognised my voice on the telephone, for I could hear belligerent noises in the background, and the Collector rang off.

That afternoon the Collector did a cowardly thing. Cowardly yet courageous. He endorsed the cheque to a third party. Like a fool, I had made it payable to Order instead of to Bearer. Napoleon loves to have his tummy tickled, but he has never been endorsed by a stranger before, and I don't suppose that he took it too well.

However, he was duly endorsed to a Miss Marion Beige, an actress, who was entitled to a refund. Miss Beige adored Napoleon and the whole transaction, and took the cheque to her bank at once. I am told that she was careful to lead him down the whole of the Strand, where her bank is situated, in the hope of attracting the attention of the Press. What she did attract was the attention of the police, for a large crowd followed her. But Miss Beige, I gather, is one of those instantaneous fascinators who with a single smile can turn steel officialdom into a sentimental pulp. With one glance she satisfied the police that the crowd was not there, and that Napoleon was a promissory note and a normal item in the business of the City. The porter at the bank, where No Dogs Are Admitted, swung open the doors immediately. At the paying-in desk was the usual queue of clients anxious to extract the last penny of their overdrafts before closing-time. Miss Beige walked easily to the head of the queue and, with assistance from a gentleman, handed Napoleon over the counter.

There was some discussion, and one or two people at the head of the queue became almost impatient; but where you or I would be arrested or sent to a Home the Miss Beiges are often triumphant. The Paying-in Clerk would gladly have rolled down Ludgate Hill for one soft look from Miss Beige, and now he got a dozen. He was soon per-



A MECHANISED POINT-TO-POINT.

suaded that Napoleon was an ordinary negotiable instrument, and undertook to credit him to Miss Beige's account. (And of course he *is* a negotiable instrument. There can be no argument about it.)

The cheque's behaviour, I hear, was impeccable throughout. It is house-trained and was clean about the bank. It barked once or twice when entered up in the ledger, but more in pride, I gather, than passion, and in general went through the various stages of its career with a kind of dignified content, as if it knew that it was part of the National Revenue.

Where it is now, I am not clear—I believe at the Bankers' Clearing House; and I do hope that it is getting its marrow-bone. I warn the authorities there and at my own bank that they had better be careful. Napoleon has his whimsies, and I should not like to be the person who marked him "R.D." He might turn nasty. For the rest, I repeat, I am quite prepared to take the legal point to the House of Lords, and I should expect to win. But, if I lost, the apparition of Napoleon confronting the Woolsack at the Bar of the House would be almost worth it.

But there will be no difficulty, I fear. This is the one thing which saddens me, that I do seem to have paid my income-tax.

Next year I shall try an elephant.

A. P. H.

ULTIMI BRITANNI.

[An Australian on a visit to this country comments favourably upon the striking resemblances between Great Britain and Ancient Rome.]

SOME boast of sires who wended
Their way across the wet
Ere GODWIN'S power was ended
And HAROLD'S sun was set;
But more to me than these are
The men who flocked ashore
With General C. J. CÆSAR
In B.C. 54.

From them and later legions
That JULIUS never knew
Who ruled these savage regions
We 've kept a trace or two;
What though they vaunt, "these others,"
Their pages in *De Brett*,
Your blood and mine, my brothers,
May be much bluer yet.

De Vere, who "boors" may deem us,
What right to crow has he
If you or I from REMUS
Can claim our pedigree?
Shall a de Bracy thrust us
Beneath his social ban
If NERO or AUGUSTUS
Be forebear of our clan?

Mark too the manly creatures
One toils with, jowl by cheek—
Smith's Scipio-like features
Or Brown's Catonian beak;
Take Jones—his Celtic brogue a
Far different tale might tell;
But Jones inside a toga
Would look extremely well.

Nor dare I shun my duty,
For, plain to me at least,
Mid signs of Rome the Beauty
Are marks of Rome the Beast;
May we, her vices scorning,
Her virtues long recall,
And, mindful of her warning,
Flatly refuse to fall.

A. K.

A Castle in the Air.

"BROADSTAIRS. Furnished cottage, 1 minute sea and land."—*Advt. in Daily Paper.*

It is to be hoped the inventory includes a JACOB'S ladder.

"The Bishop has been in hospital for a few days for a slight nasal operation, but his engagements follow on with very little breathing space."—*Australian Church Paper.*

We understand that a Respiration Fund is contemplated.

WAR À OUTRANCE.

From a Far East Correspondent.

I am by nature a lover of peace. Like Hans Andersen's snail or the Poles in Vilna, all I ask is to be left alone. Ransacking my memory I cannot recall that I was responsible for the first overt act of war.

But there it is. Within a short time after entrenching myself in a provincial Japanese city that shall be as nameless as it is shameless I found myself the object of attack. The area of hostilities is at present, like my resources, strictly limited, but there are ominous signs of its spreading until probably the whole of Japan will be engaged in defending what it is pleased to call its honour against one frail and shattered Englishman.

Little did I suspect the diabolical plot when my neighbour (who is, false knave! one of my daily co-deceivers of Japanese youth) casually—oh, the art of it!—sent me a bottle of his country's native brew just to see if it might be pleasing to my palate. What else could I possibly do but show him that I liked it, and yet that my own country also knew something, by sending him a sample of what barley under divine inspiration could be brought to?

He was late next morning at the college. At the end of the day two or three of his students, solemnly curious, tried to make me understand that they wanted to know something more about a certain Scotch hero named Tameshantelu, who, it seemed, had staggered rather bewilderingly into their teacher's alleged lecture on Ruskin's *Sesame and Lilies*.

I devoutly protest that I had intended no more than drastic diplomatic action, but my insensate adversary understood only one kind of language. Soon his batteries were unmasked and with callous impartiality he opened fire, not only on myself but also on my innocent wife and child, with the juicy grape and a smoke-screen in the shape of boxes of cigarettes.

I retaliated with some tins of English tobacco. Regardless of the infamous price I had paid for them in this land of foes, I sent them hurtling through the sliding *shoji* of his house. That will end the war, I thought. But, instead of hoisting the white flag, he merely put it in his pipe and smoked it (the tobacco, not the flag), and then calmly set to work to bury us with flowers.

A renewed bombardment of fripperies, toys and various comestibles so shattered my nerves that even after a holiday all I could do was to return to my original weapon in somewhat larger quantities. This time he did not go to college at all for two days, declaring that at the earliest it would not be until morning.

Then began his corrosive campaign of propaganda. My young son was chosen as the victim, his own children as the treacherous means. My boy showed me a box of cakes, most beautifully tied up, and pressed me to interpret the writing on it. I struggled with the hieroglyphics and at last deciphered "Tommy Kun."

"Why do they call me 'Tommy Kun'? They always call me 'Tommy San.'" "San," I may say, is the usual Japanese way of saying "Mr." to all sorts and conditions of men, mountains, moons, women, children and other objects. But "Kun" is another matter altogether. "'Kun,' my son," I replied, with blanched face but with my jaw stiffly set—"'Kun' means that they have begun to call you 'Comrade.'"

I then resolved on a diversion, but with results that I hesitate to describe as diverting. Another colleague had proudly advertised the fact of an addition to the man-power of Japan. Here was my chance. I made my attack, adequately armed, as I thought, with a "woolly" for the infant and a bottle of *saké* for his father. Some hours later I staggered out (not *too* literally staggered, you know) with not only his but my own *saké* inside me and in my nerveless hand a valuable *kakemono*, which translated means "hanging picture." Further, he had filled my cup of bitterness to overflowing by insisting on the gift as a poor memento in honour of the first foreign visit he had ever received. That forsooth is the language of war as spoken here.

And when the original enemy crowned it all with a flaunting bowl of *gomokumeshi*, the Japanese *coup de grâce* in affairs where honour is deeply involved, I confess I advocated complete surrender. But there was a glint in the eye of the womanhood of England as she calmly devoured the dainty. Among the few things my wife doesn't know is when she is beaten. Mobilising the resources of her skill and cupboard, even to the last dregs of my son's favourite raspberry-jam (much to his unpatriotic disgust—young food-hoarder), she fired her shot in the tempting guise of what is termed a jam-sandwich-round. We await results.

Perhaps the enemy is beaten, but I have my reasons for fearing that he meditates a new attack in alliance with the German Professor, between whom and myself I did think there existed a decently friendly antagonism. It is no use my looking to the two or three Americans in the war area, for as usual they refuse to interfere where American interests are not directly involved.

OLD GEORGE EGG.

A Rustic Monologue.

[It would be a pity if the rare old Loamshire dialect, doomed to perish under the steady pressure of Savoy Hill, passed away without a few last tributes to its glorious memory. Here, then, be one.]

Did 'ee go to Nettleby concert?
They called un a moosicarl,
An' programme said 'twas sponsored
By big folk up at Harl;
An' brass was good, an' wind was good,
An' so was Nathaniel Underwood
Till he lets his paper farl;
An' lady as sang soprano,
An' lady as had piano—
They was all of 'em good, be it understood.
But old George Egg, he wur wunnerful,
He roared so loud as a roarin' bull;
He wur better than lad wi' cornet,
He was fur the best of arl.

Young Ottery hev some vine oats,
But he likes his glass of beer,
An' he don't be takin' high notes
So well as he did las' yeer;
An' Bill went wrong in middle of song,
An' fiddle, he don't sim over strong,
Bein' ninety-eight or near.
'Tis same as I said to Vicar,
He ought to be draain' it quicker
An' bringing it over an' down along.
But old George Egg, when it come to he,
It puts me in mind o' B.B.C.
Wi' wun o' they shiny funnels,
He shouted words so clear.

We clapped fer all of 'em hearty,
We clapped em' fer ivery tarn;
An' one o' the quality party
Recited a youmerous yarn;
But George was the bloke which got us woke,
They heard him down at "The Royal Oak"
So good as a motor-harn.
An' howsumever an' whatsumever
They put it about to be more clever
At Whitlingbury and Watlingstoke,
They haven't a bass not there around
Fer makin' a gurt rampageous sound
Like old George Egg; he wur like a bull,
An' he well-nigh busted barn.

Evoe.

"A well-educated young English gentleman of cheerful disposition wants a flat companion."
Advt. in South African Paper.

We ourselves never care for society in only two dimensions.

"Gentleman seek situation as useful companion or governess willing to goalcoad speak frensh, english, good references, experience of housekeeping, musical needlework."
Advt. in Brussels Paper.

A perfect gentleman.



Old Lady (who has just embarked). "CAN YOU TELL ME WHICH END OF THE BOAT GOES FIRST?"
Deck Hand. "WELL, MUM, ALL BEIN' WELL, BOTH ENDS GOES TOGETHER."

TASTING.

THE other day I took Percival to see an uncle of mine who is rather a special uncle, because he has something to do with wine. I would not imply that having something to do with wine in itself lends a man any particular *cachet*; there is not one of us who could not have quite a lot to do with a bottle of champagne and yet remain a fairly ordinary sort of person after it. No, I mean my uncle has to do with wine almost in an official capacity and therefore *understands* it. In a word he "knows wine." He is familiar with any kind of brand you care to mention. He will punch it in the cork, so to speak, and call it robust; he will pat its head and pronounce it nearly adult; or he will taste it and condemn it as a wine of no character, a weak incompetent wine with a receding chin. And he can tell that one vintage of port is ripe and forward and another delicate and refined, and behave correspondingly to each. A great man.

Percival and I sat in two armchairs and discussed glasses of port. At least I discussed mine, having picked up the correct actions; Percival merely drank his. The uncle talked familiarly about ports he had known in the old days, and once quite reverently about a senile burgundy his father used to admire. I made no remark except "Quite so"; the conversation wasn't in my class. If large men in shirt-sleeves in Kent tell me the hops are coming along nicely I know where I am; but to talk about a port of nice full body seems to me to verge on the indelicate. However, you know what men are when they get together after lunch.

Ten minutes or so later Percival casually lit up his pipe. Ten seconds or so later we were both being coldly shown out.

Percival was a bit indignant when I explained that a bare generation ago he would not have got away with his life, let alone with his pipe. He argued that his tobacco was good and that people could be connoisseurs in other things besides wine. He added that there were good tobaccos and bad tobaccos, to which I retorted—somewhat crudely, for the man had spoilt my hopes of a second glass—that he evidently couldn't tell them apart or he wouldn't be smoking that particular mixture; and then he said . . . Well, anyhow, a certain acrimony developed between us which finally led to our having a tobacco-tasting contest next day at my house.

Percival came round after dinner. He had several paper screws of the better-known tobaccos, labelled and numbered, which his tobacconist had privately selected for him. These we gave unexamined to Frances and asked her to arrange them on a table without the labels but with the distinguishing numbers.

"Bless their little hearts," said Frances. "What are they going to play at now?"

I told her rather stiffly that we were going to have a hard smoking-match that night, strong men puffing pipe against pipe to the very ash, tasting, testing, judging, till——

"All right, all right," said Frances hurriedly. "I only *asked*. Take care you don't make yourselves sick."

Women are so terribly maternal at times.

When she had arranged everything we entered and found eight numbered piles of unknown brown weed on the table. We each had a piece of paper to jot down our remarks and conclusions. Anyone, by the way, who so far forgot the respect due to tobacco as to drink a glass of port with it was to be at once disqualified. This rule was made by Percival.

"Ready?" I said, and borrowed his matches. "Go!"

We took half-a-pipeful of the first heap and lit up. With a supercilious smile Percival at once wrote secretly on his paper. I guessed from his rapid decision that this was probably his own pet mixture, the one he pretends he has specially made to measure for him. So with a malicious smile I wrote on my sheet:—

"No. 1. Percival's Own. A very poor brand of highly suspicious, not to say undesirable, character. The picking of the crop must have been hindered by climatic conditions (apparently a thick and acrid fog), with the result that the yield of leaf was reduced and had to be subsequently padded out with seaweed and chopped straw. Non-combatants should be warned in advance."

I then finished the pipe with some enjoyment. I felt I had had my revenge on Percival for his *gaffe* of yesterday. After which we moved on to the next pile.



TELEVISION.

Dignified Person. "YOU LITTLE WHIPPER-SNAPPER! DON'T YOU EVER DARE TO SAY 'HELLO' TO ME AGAIN WITH THAT EXPRESSION OF FACE."

At the end of three-quarters-of-an-hour my paper read as follows:—

"No. 2. Probably Tennessee Golden Shred. An over-fruity tobacco; somewhat damp, especially behind the ears; poor. If a good wine needs no bush, a good tobacco should need no forced-draught.

"No. 3.—Skipper's Plug. A strong vintage tobacco of robust character. Almost too robust for me. A pipe of this should be laid down at once.

"No. 4.—Perhaps Black African. A very dry mixture. On second thoughts may be Best Darjeeling?

"No. 5.—Jasmin d'Orient. An elegant smoke, with body (chiefly foreign). All the mystery of the East is in this vintage—or seems to be; though a dead lotus-bud and some strands of camel-fur are as much as I can identify. A remarkably interesting mixture and one that will no doubt repay further investigation.

"No. 6.—Unknown. Was apparently badly corked, but I did not realise this till I had used most of the matches trying to make the cork draw. Advise my successors, heirs and assigns to use paraffin when starting up from cold. It will not spoil this mixture.

"No. 7. Qy. Best hand-picked cakum."

No. 8 after one puff, I guessed wildly as Ploughboy's Shag.

Then we checked our papers. The result with the first seven was a dead-heat, three right each, though I consider myself the winner because Percival was so annoyed about my No. 1. No. 8, however, we could not judge, because neither Percival nor I nor Frances could find the label.

"And now we shall never know," I said, at which Percival, at once on his mettle, took another half-pipe of it. After a moment he admitted that it was unlike any tobacco he had ever known, but said it had a *cachet* of its own, a *je ne sais quoi*, a *quelque chose d'imprévu*. Finally he said it must be a mixture he had once heard of called Sultan's Bliss, much used in Turkey, though personally I should imagine that the Eastern potentates only employed it to stuff leaks in the harem hookah. On the other hand there certainly was a something about it which set it in a class by itself, a fragrance not of this world, as of a veritable "Imperial Tokay" of tobaccos. I too puffed out a wreathing cloud and thought dreamily of my childhood in my grandmother's garden, and in particular of the place behind the summer-house where they used to burn the rubbish. . . .

Then quite suddenly we both decided we didn't care what it was. . . .

Percival has not yet discovered the name of that mixture, and I shan't tell him just at present, because I can do more good with the information later on. And, anyway, I am still arguing with Frances about it. If a woman feels she *must* transplant daffodils she might at least be careful what she does with the fibre-compost. Though, mark you, I have a faint suspicion that she did it on purpose, because I once complained that she had given me for lunch a dish of steak and fried hyacinth-bulbs.

A. A.



SOME PEOPLE GET BORED WITH A LONG SEA-VOYAGE.



TO THEM THE COLOUR EFFECTS—



THE BURNING SAND—





THE DIFFERENT TYPES AT THE PORTS—



MIGHT AS WELL NOT BE THERE.



OTHER PEOPLE NEVER LOSE THEIR KEENNESS THROUGHOUT THE TRIP.

THE MAGIC CARPET.

When Mr. and Mrs. Periwinkle were married they had a nice little house but they couldn't afford to buy all their furniture at once. So they did without a dining-room carpet until Mr. Periwinkle had saved up enough money to buy one by not smoking so many cigarettes and being a teetotaler.

Well when they had enough money to buy a nice new carpet Mr. Periwinkle thought they might get a better one if they bought it second-hand. And Mrs. Periwinkle didn't like that, but they hadn't been married long enough to quarrel about it and she said well darling you do just what you like. And Mr. Periwinkle was pleased at that and he kissed her and said I don't know why people are always writing books and saying things about husbands and wives not getting on well together because we always do, and what is so nice about you is that you like me to have my own way.

So they went to a shop where they sold second-hand carpets, and there was a very nice one there which had been made in Turkey and it would just fit the dining-room, but it cost seven pounds and Mrs. Periwinkle said why you could buy a new one for that.

And Mr. Periwinkle said I thought we had agreed about that, don't let us begin to argue now. And Mrs. Periwinkle said oh I wasn't arguing, darling, perhaps the shopkeeper will let us have it a little cheaper if we ask him.

But the shopkeeper said he couldn't let them have it any cheaper because it was a magic carpet.

And Mr. Periwinkle said what does it do? And the shopkeeper said well it won't do it for everybody and it won't for me, but perhaps it will for you. We will all stand on it, and you wish it to take you upstairs to the floor above and we will see what happens.

Well they all stood on the carpet, and Mr. Periwinkle wished and nothing happened, but directly Mrs. Periwinkle wished they were upstairs on the floor above though they hadn't felt themselves moving at all.

And the shopkeeper was very surprised, and he said I was beginning to think that it was a swindle, because you are the first person I have ever known it do anything for, well I will let you have it for ten pounds.

And Mr. Periwinkle said but you said it was only seven pounds, and the shopkeeper said oh that was when I thought it was a swindle, you can't expect me to let you have it for seven pounds now, why look what it will save you in bus fares.

Well they argued and argued about it, and suddenly while they were arguing Mrs. Periwinkle wished the carpet to take them home. And directly she had wished she and Mr. Periwinkle found themselves in their front-garden, but the shopkeeper wasn't there and they thought he must have been standing on the edge of the carpet and tumbled off.



"They didn't think much of the North Pole."

Well they had the carpet now and the shopkeeper didn't know who they were or where they lived, but they believed in being honest so they sent him Postal Orders for seven pounds and wrote that it was for the carpet, but they didn't put where it came from so he couldn't do anything about it.

Well the carpet wasn't much use for the dining room because they were always wishing it to take them somewhere. And Mrs. Periwinkle used to take Mr. Periwinkle to his business every morning, and they could have breakfast half-an-hour later because it didn't take any time getting there. And on Saturday afternoons and Sundays they used to wish it to take them to the seaside or somewhere like that, and once they thought they would like to go to the North Pole to see what it was like, and it took them there and brought them back in time for tea and they didn't think much of the North Pole.

Well that went on for some time and everybody was talking about the Periwinkles and their magic carpet and how wonderful it was. And then one day the shopkeeper came to Laburnum Villa where the Periwinkles lived, because now he had heard about them having a magic carpet and he thought it must be the one. And he said he was going to have them sent to prison for stealing his carpet, and when Mr. Periwinkle said he had sent him seven pounds in Postal Orders he said he had never had them, which showed that he didn't mind telling lies.

Well it was very awkward for the Periwinkles and Mrs. Periwinkle began to cry, but Mr. Periwinkle said to her don't be silly, because they had been married nearly a year now and he didn't mind saying that to her. And then he said to the shopkeeper very well then I will pay you ten pounds for the carpet, because it is really very useful to us and quite worth that, but I haven't got ten pounds here and I must go and borrow it from a friend and you can stay here until we come back.

And the shopkeeper said oh no I must come with you, and Mr. Periwinkle had thought he would say that so he said oh very well, and he whispered to his wife what to wish and the next moment they were in the middle of the Desert of Sahara.

Well then the shopkeeper was very angry, but Mr. Periwinkle didn't mind that at all, and he said to him I 'm stronger than you are and if I liked I could push you off the carpet and leave you here and we would go back home, but I should think you would starve in this desert and I don't suppose you would like that.

So then the shopkeeper said if they would take him home he wouldn't do anything more about the carpet, and Mr. Periwinkle had his fountain-pen with him and he made him sign a paper saying that he wouldn't. So they took him back to his shop and then they went home to tea, and Mr. Periwinkle said he was sorry he had been cross to Mrs. Periwinkle and he kissed her and they made it up again.

Well soon after that a gentleman who



Wife (to Vicar chuckling at her old husband's humour). "LAUGH LOUDER, ZUR—'E BE MAIN DEAF."

was interested in magic carpets offered the Periwinkles a thousand pounds for theirs. And they thought they had better take it because they were getting rather tired of the carpet by this time, and they had a baby which Mrs. Periwinkle had to look after, so she couldn't spare so much time to go about on the carpet. And Mr. Periwinkle bought a two-seater with part of the thousand pounds and they used to go about in that and take the baby with them, and they liked it better than going about on the magic carpet because they could see where they were going to. A. M.

THE NELSON TOUCH.

OLD MASTERS, orchids, overdrafts—most of us collect something or other, though few, I imagine, go so far as a "valet service" I have recently observed advertising quite frankly: "We collect London and Suburbs."

Francis, perhaps, when he gets bigger, will be equally enterprising, but at present he is just four, and contents himself on our walks abroad with collecting, not the suburbs of London, but her statues—the many and the much-maligned. I do not mean, of course, that we go forth on iconoclastic expeditions and secrete our ill-gotten gains in the back-garden, for, apart from the principle of the thing, we should have no little difficulty in accommodating his more substantial favourites, like WATTS' *Physical Energy*. It takes us, indeed, most of our time to cope with that of Francis himself.

No, his is "the harvest of a quiet eye," celebrated, however, in tones that are anything but quiet:—

"Mother—mother, you'll never guess what! Daddy and I went and saw'd Peter Pan, and Albert Memorial, and John Hunter, only he hasn't got a red coat, and—and—" (a big breath) "Shakespearanmiltonanchaucer!"

Admittedly, then, Mayfair and Kensington have their good points, but for your statue-collector there is, of course, no hunting-ground so happy as the vicinity of Trafalgar Square, with its kings, its generals and, above all, its Nelson. No need to ask of *him*, as one does of certain of the others, "Is he very *awfully* brave?" Obviously he must be to stand up there so close to the clouds, without even a railing round him, and with no fewer than four large-sized lions to negotiate every time he descends at night to splash about in those delectable fountains.

Picture to yourself Dr. ROSENBACH clasping a newly-acquired First Folio to his bosom, and you have some faint idea of Francis on the morning that sees Nelson added to his collection. No sooner has he reached home than out comes his toy "admiral's set," and on go sword-belt, gilt-paper epaulettes, cocked-hat. Then a rush to scale his high-chair, and there at last, tip-toe on the seat of it, right hand hidden in his blouse, left hand on the pommel of his tin sword, stands Horatio Francis, flanked, for lack of lions, with two cart-horses, a rabbit and a teddy-bear.

But only, alas, a moment or two, for his sword slips, he stoops to retrieve it, he loses his balance.

* * * * *

We run to pick him up, to comfort him (our prostrate admiral, after all, is only just four), but he waves aside our ministrations, he chokes back his tears. "Nelsons," he admonishes us, and there is only a very slight tremor in his voice—"Nelsons *laugh* when they hurt their knees!"

Headaches for the Mathematician.

"It is almost certainly true that the total of the men in both the Association and the Industrial Union is smaller than the number of men in either."—*Daily Paper.*



"MUMMY, NURSE HAS BEEN QUARRELLING WITH ME."
"OH, NONSENSE! ANYHOW, IT TAKES TWO TO MAKE A QUARREL."
"WELL, THERE *WERE* TWO."

VERSES FOR EVERY DAY.

AT THE THEATRE.

To the Lady Behind Me.

Dear Madam, you have seen this play;
I never saw it till to-day.
You know the details of the plot,
But, let me tell you, I do not.
The author seeks to keep from me
The murderer's identity,
And you are not a friend of his
If you keep shouting who it is.
The actors in their funny way
Have several funny things to say,
But they do not amuse me more
If you have said them just before;
The merit of the drama lies,
I understand, in some surprise;
But the surprise must now be small
Since you have just foretold it all.
The lady you have brought with you
Is, I infer, a half-wit too,
But I can understand the piece
Without assistance from a niece.
In short, foul woman, it would suit
Me just as well if you were mute;
In fact, to make my meaning plain,
I trust you will not speak again.
And—may I add one human touch?—
Don't breathe upon my neck so much.

To a Late-Comer.

I know—I know how penitent you are;
You have had trouble with your awful car.
No fault of yours, but Circumstance and Fate,
Malign conspirators, have made you late.
You went and dressed in ample time, I know;
Your wife, of course; your watch as well was slow;
You left the tickets on the mantel-shelf,
And the self-starter could not start itself;
As for the traffic, this was hard to beat,
You took an hour from Sloane to Regent Street.
Your dinner seemed a simple one, but still
It took an age—they would not bring the bill;
And then the women vanished, I suppose,
And spent ten minutes powdering the nose.
Then round Soho you drove, round Leicester Square,
Policemen yelling: "You must not park there!"
Anchored at last at Kew or Chorley Wood
And trotted here as quickly as you could.
And now, poor chap, you crawl from knee to knee;
It hurts you just as much as it hurts me,
I know—I know—I know—I *know*—I KNOW!
But would you much mind getting off my toe?

A. P. H.

A Guidebook for Zionists.

From an antiquarian bookseller's catalogue:—

"'Travel' 929—Chesterton (G. K.). The New Jerusalem."

Diocesan Indiscretion.

"There was a very good congregation considering that the Bishop preached at the church on the previous Sunday."—*Local Paper.*

"Partnerships.

Lady desires gentle partner enlarge confectionery business; sound proposition."
North-Country Paper.

What about a reincarnation of the Gentle Pieman?



TARNISHING DAY.

[Messrs. SNOWDEN and LLOYD GEORGE, as Ex-Chancellors of the Exchequer on the Opposition side, have the privilege of leading the attack upon their successor.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Parliament, which went Eastering wooed by soft airs, returned with rude Boreas whipping its overcoated ears. His was not the only "come back" to be registered. Another was recorded by Sir John Simon, newly returned from his preliminary inspection of India's coral strand. Sir John looked well but thin, and when later he participated in the "hardy annual" debate on the abolition of the death penalty in the army his voice seemed to have lost some of its vigour. His arguments, however, were marshalled with the customary legal lucidity, and the House was much amused when Sir John seemed to deprecate being referred to by Mr. Harney as the "learned" Member for Spen Valley. "I forgot; the Rt. hon. Member is no longer learned," said Mr. Harney drily.

Another homing pigeon returned to the cote was Commander Eyres-Monsell, who likewise received a friendly ovation on rising to move the issuance of a writ for Marylebone. And still another to be returned—I refrain with difficulty from adding "empty"—was Mr. Shinwell, Minister of Mines in the late Labour Government, fresh from his futile efforts to wrest the destinies of British seamen and firemen from the fatherly control of Mr. Havelock Wilson, and once again Member for Linlithgow.

A legislative body that combines an inherent love of disputation with an instinctive dislike of metaphysics is bound in the nature of things to set out for the "Dawn of Nothing" on a good many days out of five. The House so embarked on Monday, when the debate on the death penalty in the army cropped up, and again in the course of the Committee stage of the Equal Franchise Bill.

In Tuesday's debate Members argued for or against the death penalty for "cowardice" without anybody seriously attempting to analyse cowardice. Mr. Morrison, mover of the Amendment that gave rise to the debate, tried to inject a little reality into it by imagining a bomb to have fallen into the House, with the promise of others to follow. Sir John Simon, in his tidy lawyerlike way, reduced the Amendment to the one point actually under discussion; but he too made no effort to examine cowardice as a psycho-physical phenomenon.

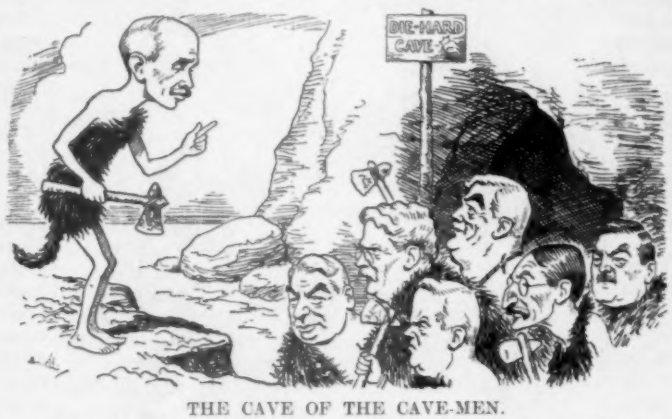
Argument against the death penalty for cowardice insisted that it never deters the coward from giving way to fear. Argument for its retention—ably presented by Mr. Duff-Cooper, who, unless I am mistaken, once took a different but not less eloquent view—insisted that it encouraged the others, in the sense that it kept vividly before the minds of all soldiers the heinousness of "letting down" their comrades. Mr. Duff-Cooper declared that no soldier had ever been executed for mere loss of nerve, and that the death penalty, so far from being a fetish of a few truculent old militarists in the War Office, was retained because the rank and file demanded it.

On Wednesday metaphysics impelled Members to consider whether the relatively ripe age of twenty-five brought an increase of political wisdom over the comparatively callow age of twenty-one, and if so how much, and why. It must be conceded that at the outset Mr. Hope gave a metaphysical twist to the discussion by defining "assimilation," which he said could be brought about "either by raising the lesser to the greater, by reducing the greater to the lesser or by making them meet at some intermediate point." In the light of this illuminating definition he proposed to decide whether Members were or were not divagating from the subject of debate.

It must be a matter of satisfaction to the actively revolting Conservatives that they at least raised the lesser to the greater, for whereas on the Second Reading of the Bill Sir George Cockerill led a gallant band of ten troglodytes into the Lobby, Sir A. Sprot, on Tuesday conducted no fewer than sixteen prehistorics, including (if the Home Secretary is to be believed) "the Piltdown skull itself" in the person of Lord Hugh Cecil, into the fray on behalf of an amendment designed to raise the voting age for both sexes to twenty five.

If metaphysical speculation made no particular headway in the debate it did not lack point. Miss Bondfield, ever the practical woman, said they must carry a "deadweight" of voters indifferent to politics in order not to shut out those with a genius for administrative and legislative affairs. Mr. Macquisten, ever the practical Scot, opposed the Amendment because in New Zealand years of equal adult suffrage had had the result that no woman had ever got a seat in the House of Representatives.

Sir William Joynson-Hicks laid about him in better heart than is his wont. Lord Hugh Cecil had suggested that the Bill would help to "robotize" Parliament. Sir William disagreed. He had not seen in the last few months that wonderful desire to support the Party at any cost which he supposed was the emblem of all real robots.



THE CAVE OF THE CAVE-MEN.

"I look upon them as prehistoric men."—*Sir William Joynson-Hicks on the opponents of the Equal Franchise Bill.*

Lord Hugh Cecil, Sir W. Bull, Sir C. Oman, Sir H. Nield, Colonel Cuthbert James, Colonel Gretton and Colonel Applin.

There was nothing metaphysical about the Admiralty's report on the *Royal Oak* case which Mr. Bridgeman read out on Monday. For some inexplicable reason the notion had been put about that the Admiralty were in some way responsible for this storm in a teacup developing into a baby cyclone. Nothing could be less just to the First Lord, who is the very embodiment of the "good temper and common sense normally found among all ranks and ratings," the exercise of which by all parties concerned would, in the Admiralty's opinion, have prevented the incidents from which the whole unhappy business sprang.

It was clear as Mr. Bridgeman read the Admiralty's statement that it accurately reflected the feelings of the House, and the only person that did not appear relieved to hear the last of the matter was Commander Bellairs, who seemed to think the taxpayers would thoroughly enjoy paying to have the whole matter, including the evidence *in extenso* at both courts-martial, published as a Blue Book.

The Lords, resuming their labours on Thursday, assisted in force at the introduction of the new Lord

CHANCELLOR. The fact that he was already Lord Chancellor somewhat complicated the ritual, because even a Lord Chancellor cannot very well hand himself his own patent of creation. Lord CUSHENDUN overcame the difficulty by laying the patent on the seat of the Throne and making an obeisance to it. This appeared to satisfy everybody, for the rest of the ceremonial proceeded as usual and was followed by addresses of welcome from Lord BIRKENHEAD and Lord HALDANE.

Thereafter their Lordships passed to the more melancholy task of paying their tributes of praise and affection to the memory of the late Lord CAVE.

The clause of the Rating and Valuation Bill which enables the Minister of Health, when in doubt, to secure the opinion of the High Court, fluttered the more petrified constitutionalists in the House, and caused Lord BIRKENHEAD, in the *rôle* of one who "had long since abandoned the profession of the law, and ceased either to speak its language or think its thoughts," to become conscious of the "dangerous and unprogressive conservatism of the legal profession."

In the Commons the HOME SECRETARY caused a mild sensation by declaring that money found upon Irish gunmen recently arrested in London had been traced to Russian sources, and adding that he was satisfied that Russian trading organizations in the country were being used in attempts to foment and organise revolutionary action here. Mr. SAKLATVALA tried vainly to suggest that Russian banks were merely some among many through which the captured money had passed. The rest of the Socialist Party, mindful of recent revelations by the Boilermakers' Society, maintained a discreet silence.

In some quarters of the House there is thought to be only one thing less inflammatory than Soviet bomb-money and that is an article by Lord BIRKENHEAD in *Good Housekeeping*. The PRIME MINISTER, closely pressed on the question, had to admit that Lord BIRKENHEAD had been "touching the fringes of controversy," but stoutly declined to admit that *Good Housekeeping* was the Press.

When the Agricultural Produce Bill goes through—it has already passed the Lords and received a second reading in the House of Commons on Thursday—the "mere egg-consumer," as Sir JOHN SIMON described himself, will be able to tell at a glance if he is in the presence of a consumable egg, instead of, as at present, waiting for the report. Labour opposed the Bill because it calls for the marking of imported eggs.

Mr. MACQUISTEN asked indignantly what right Mr. ALEXANDER or anyone else had to prevent his knowing where the egg he ate had been laid. He forgets that, as Canadian pigs can be sold as British bacon if they are cured in a Wiltshire bacon factory, a Chinese egg probably becomes a British egg by law once a British hen has been persuaded to cluck over it.



Golfer. "REALLY, THESE LINKS ARE DREADFUL!"
Bored Caddie. "THIS AIN'T THE LINKS. YOU GOT OFF 'EM LONG AGO."

An Indelible Offence.

"Sir Thomas Inkslip, solicitor-general, has been appointed attorney-general."
Canadian Paper.

"—— wagon, splendid condition, tyres nearly new, with rubber-tyred trailer; seen Barking." £200 or near offer. 'Phone."
Commercial Weekly.

Can this wagon have been hitched to the dog-star?

"Great inconvenience was caused by a tram jumping the points in the Old Kent-rd. yesterday. Traffic was held up for about half an hour, and pedestrians were forced to continue their journey by foot."—*South London Paper.*

We often suffer like that.

"DEFLECTIONS."

Being a Psychograph of certain Mind-Vibrations of a State Astronomer in the Year 2077.

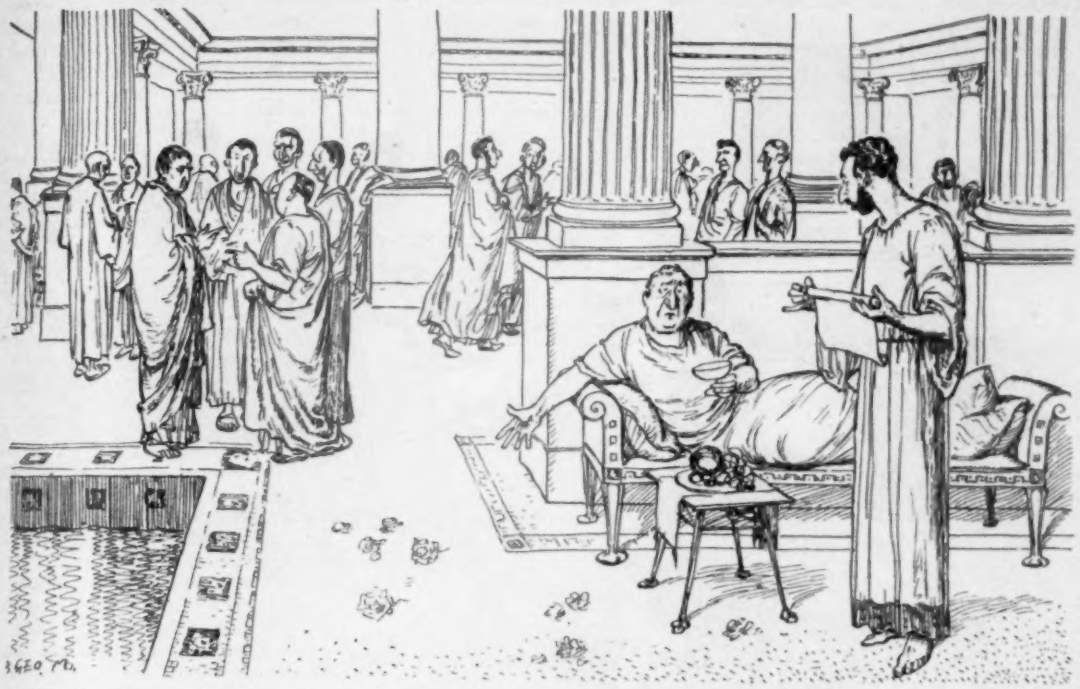
ONE-hundred-and-fifty years ago my benighted predecessor was probably making futile calculations about uncomprehended eclipses. Loolaboola's Theory was as yet unknown. Men believed in the finality of mathematics; they bowed down to EINSTEIN. They were asking themselves whether the stars might not perhaps be peopled by intelligent beings. And then the great Polynesian psychoclast arose and demonstrated that the stars *are* intelligent beings, or, as he put it, photo-cosmic entities simulating sphericity. The Royal Society was sceptical at first. Odd!

Maud is a most efficient colleague. Most efficient. But I cannot help wondering sometimes whether she has not inherited a pre-Loolaboola complex from her father. It may be that there were clever men in the world before the time of the great psychoclast. And yet they doubted the reality of stellar reactions upon mortal affairs. They used to contemplate the Evening Star with foolish delight. They did not know that she was a photo-cosmic entity; they did not apprehend the devastating effect of her rays. Yet in their blundering way they seem to have associated her with those deflections of the mind-vibrations so quaintly called "love."

It seems a pity that before the universal adoption of Loolaboola's Cranial Integument was made compulsory by the League of Nations fuller records were not made of the effects of those rays. It is too late now.

For three generations the brains of the human race have been protected by the Integument. True, we have gone far ahead of Loolaboola in his own science of psychoclasm; but, as I informed Maud yesterday, I see no reason to doubt his assertion that without the interposition of the Moon the mind-vibration-deflecting rays of Venus would seldom, if ever, reach this planet. She asked me what would happen if some heroic man and woman were to remove their Cranial Integuments when Venus and the Moon shone together (as they do now) in a cloudless sky. Odd!

By the elimination of those double rays the lot of the human race has certainly been rendered more tolerable.



Habitué of Roman Bath. "THIS PLACE IS NOT WHAT IT USED TO BE. SEEMS NOW TO BE FULL OF NOTHING BUT A LOT OF SILLY OWNER-DRIVERS ETERNALLY TALKING CHARIOTS."

Those cognate deflections of "love," known as "jealousy," "regret," "remorse" and "despair," have almost ceased to perturb us now. Fatuous activities, such as the writing of poetry, no longer distract and retard the intellect. As I was pointing out to Maud only yesterday, since the universal adoption of the Cranial Integument was made compulsory by the League, the pseudo-science of poetry has become practically extinct. She seemed to think that this extinction was to be regretted. Odd!

Why do my thoughts wander to-night? Not a hundred yards away Maud is busy in her Observation Tower making psychographs of the vibrations of Uranus. I thought she looked pale when she left me. I hope *she* isn't going to try any experiments. She is a *most* efficient colleague. That was a curious old book her father lent me. Pre-Loolaboola. Archaic, indeed. It seems that when deflections of the mind-vibrations occurred people of opposite genders used sometimes to feel impelled to hold each other's hands and to call each other "My dear." *Very* odd!

I really hope Maud isn't going to do anything rash. Her hood conceals the outline of her head. I couldn't have said with any certainty whether she was wearing her Cranial Integument to-night. The thing is so tenuous, so unobtrusive, we have long ceased to be conscious of it. Strange to think that dissentient voices were heard when the League of Nations took that momentous decision.

I wonder what Maud is doing now. I can see her at the window of her Tower, opposite mine. She does not appear to be making psychographs or to be observing Uranus. There is no telescope at her eye. She is gazing up at the Moon. This is remiss of Maud. I must speak to her about it.

The sky is full of stars—I mean of photo-cosmic entities. The Moon rides high. Venus is robed in silver light. Maud is still at her window. Her head is bent now. Is it possible? Is she mad? *She has removed her Cranial Integument!*

I suppose that very decorative rippling substance on her skull is what those old pre-Loolaboola writers used to call "tresses."

The air is cool to-night, very cool and sweet. I raise my hand to my brow. *What!* It is *gone! My* Cranial Integument is GONE! Can it be that when I was deep in my calculations—can it be that Maud——?

I must have this out with Maud. At once. I say, Maud, come here, will you? Come here, Maud! Come to me—come to me, my dear——

(Here the Psychograph terminates abruptly.) D. M. S.

YOUTHFUL ULULATIONS.

(Culled from genuine schoolboy answers to examination papers.)

(1) Gregory said, "These children should be called angles, *not* angels."

(2) Edward III. started the Order of the Gaiter.

(3) Queen Elizabeth refused to marry anybody. She was one of the wisest queens that ever reigned.

(4) All the ships of the Spanish Armada were sunk. The English won.

(5) Raleigh died in James I.'s reign and started smoking.

(6) Pitt minor became Prime Minister when he was only twenty-four.

(7) Yorkshire is supposed to be the largest county in England.

(8) The Home Office is where they sell you houses.

(9) The Albert Hall is named after the Prince Concert.

(10) Communists are people who go in for singing all together at football matches.

Another Glimpse of the Obvious.

"If they could save children from dying before the age of one there was a better prospect of them reaching to adolescence."
Evening Paper.

"In those sixteen years she had puffered bitterly."—*Extract from novel.*

Sixteen years of puffering is too long.



THE HUNT STEEPLECHASE SEASON.

Nervous Amateur (on very tired horse). "GIVE US A BIT OF ROOM. YOU 'VE BEEN JUMPING ON TOP OF ME ALL THE WAY ROUND."
Jockey of Experience. "DON'T WORRY, MY LAD. YOU 'LL HAVE ALL THE COURSE TO YOURSELF PRESENTLY."

MY MASTERPIECE.

I AM not submitting my masterpiece to the Academy. I don't suppose the authorities would have dreamed of hanging it. In fact, they couldn't unless they had a crane on the premises.

But there will be a private exhibition after Varnishing Day, to which you may come if you are interested in Art. The studio is just off the main road, in a builder's yard, among a dozen lock-up garages. It looks just like a lock-up garage, and in fact it is one.

No, I have not been to the Slade and I have not studied in the *ateliers* of Paris. I am entirely self-taught, although I gratefully acknowledge I have received a lot of advice. With eleven other owner-drivers all garaging in the same yard, I was bound to receive a lot of that.

I do not belong to the Post-Impressionists, the Imagists, the Cubists or the Vorticists. I believe in plain painting, without any frills on it, and a good coat of varnish to keep the bodywork sound.

My subject is a Borstal-Bowley car, life-size and recumbent. Mine is no nude study, but a brilliantly-modelled portrait clothed in a black hood and a grey bonnet. The wings have a glossy black finish, and a brass radiator cap and the A.A. sign give the necessary high lights to a design suggesting sombre power rather than beauty.

I have been criticised for making a machine the centre of a work of art. I ought, I am told, to have depicted nature, preferably pastoral. I can't help that. I've done what I could with the material to my hand. I know that GEORGE MORLAND would have introduced a horse into his composition. Well, haven't I introduced the equivalent of fourteen horses into mine? Did GEORGE MORLAND ever paint fourteen horses in one work of art?

I am rather proud of the finish of my work. Its enamelled surface would not appeal to Chelsea, perhaps, but how many Chelsea painters are in a position to paint their own cars? The finish would have been even better but for the number of critics who tapped the surface to see if it had dried.

Grey is such a soothing colour. It was good enough for EL GRECO, and I am content to follow him. EL GRECO, of course, never painted a Borstal-Bowley; yet enthusiasts travel all the way to Madrid and Toledo to view his work. A steady stream of art critics flows towards my garage to see mine. I wonder if I am to become famous.

Already I am growing Toreador whiskers, wearing a sombrero and drinking a great deal of chianti in Soho, just like a real artist. I am sorry I cannot follow the example of the best artists and take my model with me. I have to leave it outside in a public parking-place.

No, I haven't signed my work. Very few of the Old Masters signed theirs. The expert can tell the hand of the master from the strokes of the brush and the quality of the pigment. No doubt an expert would recognise mine. The sweep of my brush easily distinguishes my work from the mass-production painting of the workshops.

When the hand of time has mellowed its tones my Borstal-Bowley may become an Old Master. Art-lovers will refer to it reverently as an "Early Borstal-Bowley," just as they now refer to an "Early Corot." Meanwhile they will write reams about my middle distance and my fourth dimension; Americans will come over in boat-loads and chew gum in front of it; a movement will spring up to save this monument for the Mother Country, and commissions for paintings will pour down upon me.

* * * * *

Yes, I have just received my first

commission. As soon as my wife saw it she said, "How perfectly splendid! I'd no idea you could do anything like that. You must come home at once and enamel the bath."

A HIGHLAND FAIRY-TALE.

James was writing a book about fairies, and in the hope of putting salt on the tails of the elusive little creatures had settled on a remote Scottish island, said to be their headquarters. The going was slow until one night he himself saw little lights like Will-o'-the-wisps flickering about the deep pool in the river and up beside the Banshee Bridge, where no one will go at night. He was overjoyed, although they at once disappeared when he, all salt and no sense, went out to make their closer acquaintance. Next morning he hastened down to Tonalwillie, otherwise Donald William McCallum, postmaster and storekeeper of the Glen. His shop was the rallying-point for the district and purchases were made only in parentheses to conversation. Therefore to him James poured out his story of the lights—his "adventure," he called it.

"Yess, yess," said Tonalwillie slowly, wiping the ham-knife on his trousers, his mystic eyes on the far-away hills. "Put it wass not wiselike for you to go out. We do not talk of t'em, it iss petter not; put ta lights t'at appear and t'en again disappear, t'ey are ta pad spirits—ta panshees, we call t'em."

"Indeed yess," piped up an old man sitting on an empty sugar-case, "since I wass a l ttle poy so high," holding a trembling claw a few inches above the floor, "I haf seen to go out if ta lights are apout means a death, mphm-ah! And moreover whateffer, pe careful of your tog t'ere not to go out too." He pointed to James's setter, Sheila, who was greedily gnawing the cheese that stood on the counter.

"Ah, she iss doing no harm at all," said Tonalwillie when James smacked her; "it iss a good cheese. But yess, I would not pe letting her out if efer you see ta lights again. T'ere have queer tings happened at such times."

"Indeed, yess," corroborated the old man; "ta river iss no place at all when ta panshees are there. Put t'em in your pook if you will, yess——"

He rose painfully from the box and shuffled to the door, where, steadying himself for a moment on his stick, he added warningly, "Put do not pe going near t'em. No, no!"

He limped slowly away, shaking his head and muttering Gaelic into his beard. Tonalwillie looked grave, and James, although secretly preening himself on his unique experience, felt chidden.



Father. "Perfectly scandalous! Making love to the new housemaid!"
Son. "But I want to marry her."
Father. "And you have the effrontery to say that, when you know how scarce servants are!"

"May I have a three-half-penny stamp, please?" he asked meekly.

"Tck!" ejaculated Tonalwillie; "and if that iss not too pad, and me chust out of t'em!"

He lifted the lid of an empty sweet-bottle and peered in.

"No, t'ere iss not so much as one left. But let me see," craning to look at the letter in James's hand. "Oh, to Mistress Stein at Lassnich only! Oh, t'at will pe all right. Nefer mind posting t'at. She iss cousin to ta postman and he will pe fery pleased to take it for you. And now iss it bread you want too? And iss t'at not terrible and none left and no more till ta poat comes in next week!"

But two scones the size of a cart-wheel were produced from the kitchen and their outlying portions wrapped in some pages from *The Missionary News*.

"T'at will put you py for to-day," said Tonalwillie, presenting them to James. "No, no, it is chust nothing at all."

When the subject of bacon was reached, again was Tonalwillie devastated as there was no bacon and no sausages, and, in a crescendo of despair, no kippers and no biscuits neither. His hospitable Highland soul was wrung and his cap eclipsed his nose as he scratched the back of his head furiously.

"Yess," said he at last, and with a gesture of desperation plunged beneath the counter, where James heard the lids of tins rattling and the tearing of paper. He came up again with a dank-looking parcel in his hand, and, looking cautiously about him, tiptoed round to

James and furtively pushed the parcel under his arm.

"Chust a small little pit," he whispered hoarsely. "Ton't say nothing apout it. No, no."

"It 's awfully good of you," said James, also in a whisper, "but I don't like taking so much. What is it? It feels a lot of something."

"Ach!" muttered Tonalwillie evasively; "my father's cousin's uncle's stepson, him at Lassnich, will sometimes pe sending me a little present. You are fery welcome to it. Good-day to you." And James departed, pondering on the intricacies of relationships.

As he toiled up the hill with his scones and the "small little pit" that felt very heavy for its size, he met the fishing tenant coming down—a Jewish-faced magnate from London. They stopped to discuss the weather and the book, and James told of the banshees.

"I saw them myself!" he finished proudly.

"Um! A very good fairy story," said the tenant with a satirical smile. "If you saw them you probably saw the men that poached my salmon last night. By Jove! I wish I'd caught them at it! But they are all cousins and second cousins and back each other up. There's no *getting* them. A greedy crew!"

"Greedy!" exclaimed James, "greedy! They 're the very opposite. Why, man, look what they've just given me. *Given* me, I tell you!"

Dramatically he held out his arms with their newspaper parcels. The scones slid out and bowled down the hill with Sheila in full cry after them. The "small little pit" fell with a squashy thud and flopped gently down the road until free of its wrappings, then lay still, pink and scintillating. A horrid hush lay o'er the land. It was broken by the tenant.

"Salmon!" he said in a dreadful, still small sort of voice. "Will you kindly tell me *who* gave you that?"

Though his knees were shaking under him and his brain reeled, James flung back his head and retorted, "Certainly."

He licked his dry lips and plunged, "My father's cousin's uncle's stepson," said he.

"Players are reminded that all matches start at 4-45 p.m. and are requested to be punctuated."—*Indian Paper.*

Non-stop players can no longer be tolerated.

AT THE PLAY.

"LOVE IN A VILLAGE"
(LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH.)

JUST as the more fickle among us were beginning to wonder whether Mr. NIGEL PLAYFAIR hadn't rather overworked his happily-discovered vein of eighteenth-century vignettes in burlesque he has presented us with another diverting *pastiche* which seems to me as good as anything since *The Beggar's Opera*. Not that the matter of the revived opera amounts to much. It is, shall we say, old-fashioned; its conventions deplorably crude—the aristocrat disguised as gardener wooing the fine lady disguised as chambermaid, each supposing the other to be base-born, evidences to the contrary of speech and bearing being conveniently ignored. But Mr. PLAYFAIR's formula of concealing the dull patches under a "rag" and the false or too ingenuous sentiment by a flamboyantly grotesque treatment still serves; while Mr. GEORGE SHERINGHAM's *décor* and costumes are a real delight to the eye and the heart, from the inviting drop-curtain (after ROWLANDSON) to the jolly scene of the fair of the servants' hiring. It is good to see this sensitive and intelligent artist being given such an appropriate occasion for the exercise of his pleasant craft.

Of course our eclectic producer has no sort of respect for artistic unity if disrespect will avail to entertain. Reference to the vocal score shows us nearly as many composers concerned as there are book-makers to a musical comedy. Dr. ARNE heads the list with ten items; that competent parodist, Mr. ALFRED REYNOLDS, is second with seven; while Messrs. ABEL, WELDON, ABOS, HOWARD, OLD TUNE, BAILDON, IRISH AIR, GIARDINI, CAREY, GALUPPI, HANDEL and GEMINIANI also run. It seems to me that the small Hammersmith orchestra plays with more spirit and smoother finish than of old, and if the passages of introductory and valedictory music had not moved the tongues of certain of the eupeptic English to chatter, I should have listened to these with more pleasure.

Of the singing-players Mr. FREDERICK RANALOW—a very comely figure in his admirably-designed shooting-suit, and with his reluctant setter badly stricken with stage-fright—proves himself once more without a peer in this type of show. How well you hear his words and what pointed gestures and attractive swagger! Miss SYBIL CRAWLEY as the secondary heroine, *Lucinda*, looked very lovely, posed effectively and sang tunefully. Miss ROSE HIGNELL as *Rosetta*, the disguised chambermaid, not only sang with charm but acted with great spirit. Mr. LEONARD GOWINGS (*Rosetta's* lover) has a very pleasant tenor, but seemed a little hampered by the exaggerated burlesqueries imposed upon him by the mood of the production. Mr. LESLIE HOLLAND as the plough-boy rake and MISS VIOLA LYEL (*Madge*), evidently under explicit instructions, gave us a series of turns in the old music-hall manner and were diverting enough, especially Miss LYEL with her grotesque dancing. Mr. NIGEL PLAYFAIR, who by reason of a few well-devised croakings ranks with the singers, made a jolly genial portrait of *Sir William Meadows*, the hero's father.

Mr. STANLEY LATHBURY as the gouty and would-be profligate old squire was an authentic figure of comedy, and Miss UNA O'CONNOR, with her fine sense of character and her extraordinary power of conveying it by pose and gesture, made a really amusing thing out of his spinster sister, *Deborah*.

My professional preoccupations could



AN EARLY FLAPPER.

"DEAR PAPA, PARDON ME."

Justice Woodcock . . . MR. STANLEY LATHBURY.
Lucinda (his daughter) . MISS SYBIL CRAWLEY.

not conceal from me the entirely pleasant fact that the little opera-house was positively thronged by as pretty a crowd of young Englishwomen as any connoisseur could hope to see in a day's march. Does the riverside produce this quality of beauty or does Mr. PLAYFAIR hire them specially for the occasion? T.

"BIRD IN HAND" (ROYALTY).

Let us say at once that here is a very amusing, well-planned and kindly human comedy, with a turn of humour of which I hope it is not impertinent to say we should not lightly have suspected our rather serious poet and chronicler, Mr. JOHN DRINKWATER. Less unexpected and not less welcome is the background of ideas, the simple, encouraging, if perhaps rather over-optimistic, philosophy of life. Mr. DRINKWATER has invented some charming people. There is the old Gloucestershire yeoman whose family for three hundred years have kept the "Bird in Hand" and themselves to themselves, always in loyal subordination to the *Arnwoods* up at the Hall and other gentry. Once only, when a grandfather of the present squire had shown too much interest in the yeoman's great-aunt, trouble had come of it. And trouble will come of the friendship between his pretty, intelligent daughter, *Joan*, and young *Arnwood*, for, though our manners change, nature doesn't. There is his patient, wise, buxom darling of a wife, whom he had married out of the circus-ring and who knows what a faithful honest dog's heart beats under her husband's bear's skin; and *Joan* herself, with her slim silk-sheathed dancing-legs, her pretty face, her candid eyes and her intelligence, her soft Gloucestershire speech, further refined by her high-school education, who belongs to herself and will go her own way according to her conscience, and can take care of herself; and the little Cockney, *Mr. Blanquet* (pronounced "Blanky," he being of French extraction), travelling in a new sardine—a kindly contented little man with the fine quality of sympathy; and the old K.C., *Godolphin*, marooned by axle-trouble in this ancient telephoneless and garageless inn, and sharing the only remaining bedroom with the precocious cub, *Beverley*, son of "Beverley's Yeast—Take it and eat what you like."

It is the *K.C.* who in his best forensic manner mediates between the infuriated yeoman and *Joan*, who has gone off against his wishes with young *Arnwood* to Cirencester and hasn't come home at the respectable hour; and it is the old *Squire* who is as anxious for his son



ONE OF CUPID'S CASUALTIES.
Margery . . . MISS VIOLA LYEL.

to marry the old innkeeper's daughter as the old bear is resolute in his view that such marriages are against nature—a perhaps rather unlikely duel which the author adroitly makes not merely pleasant but plausible.

Our author cleverly balances the arguments of the eternal discussion on the conflicting rights of age and youth, authority and liberty. Mr. HERBERT LOMAS makes his moidered, obstinate, violent but essentially kindly old yeoman a genuinely lovable figure, a gentleman in grain, as *Squire Arnwood* has the wit to recognise. Miss AMY VENESS, as the charming blonde lady from the circus, handles her quiet part with admirable artistry. It doesn't surprise us that this homely couple should have reared so naturally charming, so intelligent and so well-bred a child as Miss JILL ESMOND MOORE'S *Joan*. I should like this competent young lady to beware of the stagey cæsura that consorts so ill with her naturalistic technique—a small fault (but a dangerously quick grower) in an otherwise delightful performance. Mr. IVOR BARNARD has something like a monopoly in the presentation of those decent incoherent colourless little common men with whom this island teems. I do not think it likely that he was responsible for the tail-coat, flannel nightgown and bed-sock business. He gets his genuinely comic effects with much less conscious effort than that implies. Mr. FELIX AYLMER'S *Godolphin, K.C.*, was judiciously pompous and plausibly human. Exaggeration would easily have made our *Godolphin* a bore. Mr. FRANK ALLENBY'S *Squire* seemed a little too good to be true, and his riding-breeches were certainly not cut in Savile Row. And Mr. CHARLES MAUNSELL'S *Cyril Beverley* was much, very much, too arch to be agreeable.

In sum, a very honest and attractive comedy; a little repetitive in parts, but never to the actual point of tiresomeness.

T.



AN OLD BUCK-TROT.
Hawthorn . . . . . MR. FREDERICK RANALOW.
Sir William Meadows . MR. NIGEL PLAYFAIR.

More Commercial Candour.

"DON'T KILL THE WIFE.
LET OUR MANGLE DO YOUR DIRTY WORK."
Lancashire Tram Advt.

Infants in Arms.

"Sir ——, one of New Zealand's most distinguished scientists, and founder of the —— Society, which is engaged in infant warfare and mothercraft work, told . . ."—*Scots Paper.*

"—— had liver at Plymouth all his life and was formerly in business, but he had to give it up on account of ill-health."—*West-Country Paper.*

Which settles a question which we have long been asking ourselves: From the point of view of health is Plymouth Sound?

TO GOYA.

(1746—1828.)

GOYA, sprung from stock plebeian,
homely-featured, yet with gifts and claims
Making you a Royal minion,
friend and more than friend of noble dames.

Brawler, anarch, opportunist—
never was a stranger medley known—
Venting your satiric frenzy
in the very shadow of the Throne.

Gloating with a ghoul-like fancy
on the stricken field where vultures feast,
Or the underworld exploring
to reveal the naked human beast.

Horror you pursued and beauty,
till you had outlived the Psalmist's span,
With an industry prodigious
as your wild ungodly race you ran.

In your heart you were a rebel,
yet, when thrones and sceptres tumbled down,
Served with an impartial homage
those who wore or lost or filched the Crown.

Of your brood of twenty children
all but one in early childhood died,
Yet your name and fame have flourished
and the canker of the years defied.

Still mid other famous trophies
in the halls of Strathfieldsaye we view
Records of your stormy meetings
with the man who won at Waterloo—

WELLINGTON, whose haughty manners
you, 'tis said, once threatened to chastise,
Though in truth no other artist
painted him in more heroic guise.

Still beside the great VELASQUEZ
uneclipsed your masterpieces shine,
Steeped in an unearthly glamour
that is neither human nor divine;

Still enshrined within the Prado
in your glowing canvases remain
All the havoc and the splendour,
all the charm and devilry of Spain.

THE FUTURE OF THE FACE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH—Cannot you use your influence to check this modern craze that people have for getting their faces lifted up or pushed in or massaged or otherwise manipulated into fashionable shapeliness?

I ask you, Mr. Punch, where, or whither, this is going to lead, and in case you do not know I will tell you. It will lead eventually to a state of affairs so melancholy to contemplate that an afternoon spent in the Coins and Medals section of the British Museum becomes hilarious by comparison.

As this process of face-reform is made cheaper and cheaper and consequently universal, fewer and fewer children will be allowed to grow up with anything funny about their faces, until the ideal, if one can call it an ideal, of the beauty specialist has been attained and the human race possesses faces as perfect and as much alike as those of the heroes and heroines of a magazine story.

As things are we still have in this sad world at least one happy source of laughter, and that is somebody else's face. When we become involved in heated debate and are at a loss for a sound argument we can often score a minor point by dwelling sarcastically upon some mirth-provoking quality in our opponent's face. Are we to be robbed of this rich heritage? When faces are all beautiful, as we have every reason to fear they will be, political discussion between simple every-day citizens will die a dismal death. It is even doubtful whether Parliament itself will survive.

To have a face like a Greek god may be very fine, but I ask you, Mr. Punch, as a friend and exponent of the comic arts, will it ever compare in point of general popularity with the possession of a face like a Dover sole? Will it bring greater happiness to the race?

Many a man has been assured of a hearty meal in many a comfortable household because his face does amuse the children so. Many a man has become wedded to a good woman because his style of countenance has been such as to give her no reason to dread that he will ever cause her to suffer one single pang of jealousy and mistrust.

"Beauty," as SHAKESPEARE so truly says, "is but a vain and doubtful good," whereas a funny face is a thing that should be in every home. I would not for the world suggest that our experts in face-culture (many of whom no doubt have wives and families and dogs and ground-landlords and tax-collectors to support) should be deprived of their honest if mistaken means of livelihood. I would merely urge that, if they must find an outlet for their energies and scientific knowledge, it should be in the creation of *more* funny faces rather than in the abolition of those which by the grace of a whimsical Providence already exist.

I am, Mr. Punch,
Yours greatly troubled, D. C.

SMILING THROUGH:

OR, BREATHS FROM THE BALMIER JOURNALISM.

BY ORANGE, LADY MOTHERY.

IV.—*Buying Cheese.*

THERE are so few of us who bring gas-fire minds to the purchase of household requisites.

"Gas-fire minds!" I hear you say; "What a quaint expression!" I will explain. A gas-fire mind is a cheerful one that is ready always to spring to a glow at a turn of the tap of imagination—warming itself and those about it in the room of Life.

Let us suppose you are buying a cheese. "Half-a-pound, please," you will say, or maybe, "A pound, please," if it be a gala day with you. I admit it seems a dull occasion, but you can make it a golden one by turning on the tap of your imagination and responding to it. What are you buying? A cheese? No, I think you are buying more than that.

You do not know, my unimaginative readers, what you are buying when you buy a cheese.

Shall I tell you from the warmth of my gas-fire mind? Would it not be rather nice to know?

Ah, yes, you are buying indeed a wholesome article of food, made into a round form, from the curd of milk coagulated by rennet, separated from the whey and pressed into a hard mass. But you are buying too the sunshine of the pasturage that fed the cow, the bloomingness of the humble daisies that sprang about its feet, the tinkling splash of the foaming milk into the bright pail.

An incursion into a shop after a cheese can be made a day in the country.

A wave of imagination-gas is ever on tap. One is lazy and so foolish not to turn it on, I think.

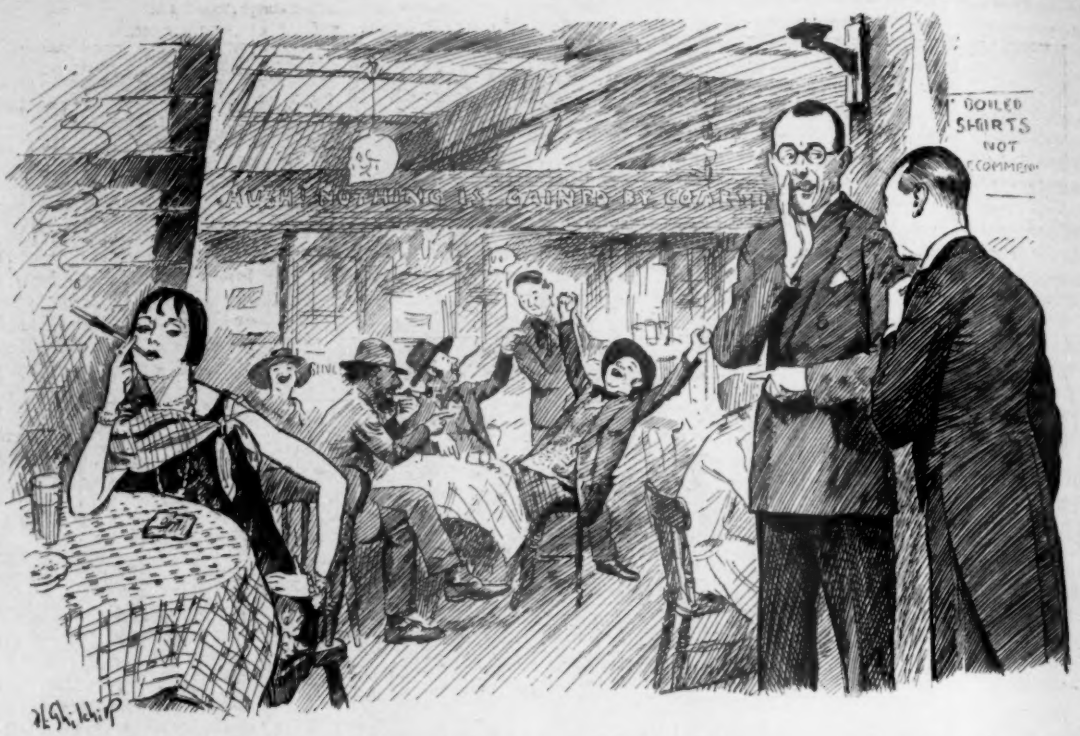
Oh, you big cheese, what a story you can tell!



MR. PUNCH'S PERSONALITIES.

LXVII.—MR. J. L. GARVIN.

His fluent pen with easy grace
Could do a non-stop mile;
But *The Observer's* lack of space
Terribly cramps his style.



Cicerone (at Bohemian Club). "SEE THAT LITTLE GROUP OVER THERE? THEY'RE THE LEADING SPIRITS OF THE POST-INCENDIARISTS' GROUP."

Visitor. "REALLY. AND WHAT DO THEY DO EXACTLY?"

Cicerone. "WELL, THEY DON'T ACTUALLY *DO* ANYTHING. THEIR IDEA IS TO BE JUST GLORIOUSLY THEMSELVES."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

HERR RUDOLF KIRCHER'S *Engländer* met with a pretty measure of English praise in its native dress, but, translated, and very competently translated, by Miss CONSTANCE VESEY, it should go further and certainly not fare worse. *Powers and Pillars* (COLLINS), as the rendering is called, contains studies of between thirty and forty "leading and typical Britons"; and these reveal not only the spirit of the race but a wealth of personality only just beginning to suffer democratic diminution. The brilliant correspondent of the *Frankfürter Zeitung* steers as clear of barren generalizations as of gossip; and his thumb-nail picture of the decay of Landlordism—inset in "Lord Derby"; his tender presentment of the ideal Radical—a prelude to "Lloyd George"; his appreciation of the feeling for property and the love of sport as bulwarks against Socialism—see "Frank Hodges" and "Jack Hobbs"—are equally valuable in their context and out of it. His highest tribute goes to disinterested scholar-politicians of the ASQUITH-BALFOUR type; but these, he says, must re-earn their places if they are to cut a figure in the future. A more recent product of the Public School system, the business-politician, he distrusts; but the business pioneer pure and simple—whether indigenous, as Lord LEVERHULME, or exotic, as Lord BEARSTED—finds him all geniality. No one wholly out of touch with the masses can survive now, he assures us. Hence Lord CURZON, "an admirable official but no statesman," was even in his lifetime "a man of yesterday." But we may yet weary of demagogues and go "back to Plato," even as we wearied of cleverness and went back to the "anti-clever" BALDWIN. England is full of surprises, and Herr KIRCHER predicts her a long life in which to spring them on her neighbours.

The great story of Rome has been told a hundred times, but never, surely, with a nicer combination of learning and literary skill than by Dr. T. RICE HOLMES. His *Roman Republic* was hailed alike for its scholarship and its brilliance, and now he has worthily continued the tale for another seventeen eventful years—from the morrow of the fatal Ides of March to the foundation of the Principate. *The Architect of the Roman Empire* (CLARENDON PRESS) was of course the young CAIUS OCTAVIUS, who by the will of his great-uncle, the mighty JULIUS, changed his name to OCTAVIANUS, and in the end came to be known to all men and for all time as AUGUSTUS, the first and greatest of the Emperors. We meet him first on his arrival in Rome to claim his legacy, and we leave him, still only thirty-five, the acclaimed master of the Roman world. In the interval an epic struggle has been waged, and what makes it dramatic as well as epic is the contrasted characters of the two protagonists: OCTAVIAN, cool, calculating and efficient, with his passions well under control, and MARK ANTONY, brilliant and erratic, a fine soldier and a lover of wine and women, ready to lose the world for a kiss. These two men, the spirits of realism and romanticism incarnate, share the centre of the stage, and round them move other historic figures: CICERO, thundering his philippics against ANTONY; BRUTUS, "the noblest Roman of them all"; the violent and treacherous DOLABELLA, and CLEOPATRA, luring ANTONY to his end (and her own) and exercising her wiles in vain on OCTAVIAN. Dr. HOLMES'S book,

with its sediment of footnotes to every page and its wealth of appendices, will be acclaimed by students as his others have been; but let not these signs of erudition scare away readers who, though making no pretensions to classical scholarship, would yet care to read a stirring narrative of events which shaped the history of the world.

Wild Creatures of Garden and Hedgerow,
By Frances (Miss Pitt),
For any select (I 'd allege) row
Of volumes is fit—
A row where each file, say, a feast is
Of wisdom in words,
Of wisdom in words about beasties
Or else about birds.

For here is a jolly come hither
Of little wild things—
Frogs, bank-voles and slow-worms that slither
And bats with swift wings;
Here 's rats and here 's mice and therefrom on
To lizards we lean;
And again I have learnt that naught 's common,
That nothing 's unclean.

I 've named but a few of the features,
The features one finds
In this book about everyday creatures
Which Constable binds;
But you 'll read the whole thing, I don't doubt it,
And then for yourself
Say perhaps that you can't do without it
For keeps on a shelf.

According to his own account of the matter the most notable thing about the author of *The Diary of a Communist Schoolboy* (Gollancz) is the number and variety of his aliases. One was assumed on leaving a Russian gaol in 1907, one on undertaking illegal propaganda shortly afterwards; one was bestowed in the trenches during 1917, and a whole series was subsequently conferred by the pupils of various Soviet schools. His real name is Mikhail Grigoryevitch Rozánov, but he figures as N. Ognyov, a style adopted for journalistic purposes, on the title-page of the present book. This, I take it, is a piece of fiction in which the observations of the writer's educational phase are embodied in an imaginary pupil. We in England have, on the whole, so happy a knack with children that Continental opinion accuses us all of a reluctance to grow up. The Soviet system, as portrayed in these depressing pages, makes a point of refusing to allow the child the traditional immunities of childhood. The limitations and licence of Soviet citizenship are thrust on the immature understanding of boys and girls, alike and together; and overweening conceit, unchecked depravity and an extraordinary difficulty in pursuing methodical study are the result. The teachers are continually admonished by the Council of Pupils and flouted by individuals of whom the book's hero is a typical example. His oafish portrait and the portraits of his hysterical girl-friends have reality and a certain pathos; but there is nothing gracious or amusing in the whole of his diary, unless its account of the Dalton Scheme, as practised in Russia, comes under the latter heading. Its jargon of contractions and abbreviations, the result, we are told, of technical and industrial propaganda, has been conscientiously rendered into equivalent "English" by Mr. Alexander Werth.



Burglar. "Never mind, Missy; I can assure you it 's quite a pleasure these days to meet a nice ladylike young lady what ain't an athlete."

I had thought that the species was extinct. Here we have once again a story of the American Civil War, told from the Southern point of view. Its simple name is *Marching On*

(HEINEMANN), and its author, against whom I hold no previous convictions, is JAMES BOYD. I hasten to add that he has produced an eminently readable piece of work, ancient as his material is. Indeed I felt sometimes that I must surely be reading some old favourite over again. He employs all the best traditional romantic stuff. Here we have again the aristocratic Southern planter, *Colonel Prevost*, his charming daughter *Stewart*, and his only son; the neighbouring family of *Fraser*, the struggling farmer whose young son *James* falls in love with *Stewart* as with some being from a higher sphere. Then comes their separation through the customary pride and misunderstanding, the boy's exile in Wilmington, working in the railway-shop, and then the sudden outbreak of war and his return home to enlist in the Cape Fear Rifles. It is curious how we welcome all the old incidents, even down to the killing of *Prevost's* only son, *Stewart's* brother, in the lover's presence, the sinking of the old *Colonel* under the blow, and the ultimate reunion. But Mr. BOYD has some scenes for which we can give him due credit. There may be a touch of STEPHEN CRANE about his battle-pieces, but he has given us "*Clubby*" *Jordan*, that lovable commander. And the old life in North Carolina before secession bears the stamp of truth. As to *James Fraser*, he has all the virtues we expected to find in the clumsy rustic lovers of our youth. He carries us back twenty or thirty years—and what more can we ask than that?

When in 1828 Mr. J. CURTIS wrote *The Mysterious Murder of Maria Marten*, he promised his readers that in his book they would find mythology, necromancy, biography, topography, history, theology, phrenology, anatomy, legal ingenuity, conjugal correspondence, amatory epistles and affecting anecdotes; and in the reprint of it (GEOFFREY BLES) I found all these and a certain extra flavour for which I think the intervening century was more responsible than Mr. J. CURTIS. It is the story of the Murder in the Red Barn, written up in a thoroughly lurid manner by a master of the melodramatic, who was on the spot and made painstaking investigations. Polstead is a small village in Suffolk. In it lived WILLIAM CORDER, the last prop of a widowed mother, and MARIA MARTEN, a young lady of somewhat irregular habits (a fact which the author rather glosses over in his eagerness to intensify the villainy of CORDER). These two have a liaison, a child and a quarrel, and finally arrange to leave Polstead. On the way CORDER murders MARIA and buries her in the Red Barn; and after months of bluffing he is tracked down and brought to trial. It is a subject which gave particular scope to Mr. J. CURTIS's flair for the edifying, and his eagerness to improve the minds of his readers I found delicious. There is much that is tedious, but the indictment, the fifty-four letters which CORDER got in answer to his advertisement for a wife, and the description of the Disgraceful Conduct of the Peasantry, are gems of bright colour. For those who relish SWEENEY TODD the Barber and the Dumb Man of Manchester, this reprint is a find; and it is of interest if only as a contemporary picture of a Suffolk village a hundred years ago.



Sentimentalist (exhibiting diminutive fish preserved in spirits). "YOU REMEMBER THAT PRETTY GIRL DOWN AT WINKLESEA AT EASTER? THAT'S THE SPRAT SHE DROPPED DOWN MY NECK."

I cannot help feeling well-disposed towards a sensational novel in which with only one real clue I spotted the principal malefactor. This was my experience, a rare one, with *The Mystery of The Blue Train* (COLLINS). Detective tales in these days are apt to be more ingenious and clever than they are fair; Mrs. AGATHA CHRISTIE'S story is ingenious enough, and it is also fair, for it gives its readers a sporting chance to solve at least part of the mystery for themselves. The daughter of an American millionaire was brutally robbed of historic jewels and murdered while travelling South, and no one acquainted with Mrs. CHRISTIE'S work will be surprised to find *M. Hercule Poirot* once more engaged in bringing criminals to justice. Amusingly boastful as he is of his professional abilities, he has in this case a problem which tests his utmost skill. To my compliments to Mrs. CHRISTIE upon her detective I feel inclined to add my condolences with the famous Riviera *train de luxe* in being chosen as the scene of these crimes.

It is a far cry from the wild steppes of Russia to the still more untrammelled steps of New York *inter pocula*, but Mr. STEPHEN GRAHAM, in *New York Nights* (BENN), makes the transition with no apparent effort. It is indeed a mellower STEPHEN GRAHAM that invites us to join the revels of Texas Guinan's, to sample the murderous joys of "blockfall" in the Bowery, or to senegambol in the frenetic night-clubs of Harlem (N.J.). In one respect at least he has enjoyed continuity. The Russia he wrote of was remote, almost illusory, and to-day it is remoter still, but it is not so remote or unfamiliar to comfortable, civilized, decorous, easy-going Britons as that whirling, glittering, intoxicating (and intoxicated), noisy, neurotic, gin-lobster-and-saxophone life into which some portion of respectable New York nightly dissolves. Doubtless a visit to any one or to most of the abodes of alcoholic and terpsichorean bliss that Mr. STEPHEN GRAHAM describes would prove, and to the average New Yorker does prove, harmlessly exhilarating. To visit them all in an hour or two, as breathlessly we do in this highly-descriptive author's wake, is to be left wondering how Gotham ever rises up to buy and sell again.

Caught in a Fog.

"The s.s.—— did not reach that port until 5 in the evening. This state of things caused anxious enquiries but the anxiety has retired on pension."—*Indian Paper.*

As so many of our public anxieties do eventually.

CHARIVARIA.

Now that Commander DANIEL has joined the staff of *The Daily Mail* it is rumoured that *The Daily Express* is going to offer Admiral COLLARD a post as musical critic.

* * *

Speaking of the Unionist Canvassers Corps an official explains that they hold weekly meetings, at which every one has to get up and say something that matters. Later on this custom might be extended to Members of Parliament.

* * *

A scientist says that with nitrates it will soon be possible for farmers to plant one week and reap their crops the next. This will leave them fifty weeks in which to grumble about the weather.

* * *

It is said that many of the War Lords in China are hard put to it to find funds to carry on the campaign. Why don't they demand transfer fees for the armies that change sides?

* * *

With reference to the LORD CHAMBERLAIN'S refusal to pass a play which contained an incident of branding with a red-hot iron, it is argued in theatrical circles that no official exception has yet been taken to the pantomime poker.

* * *

A London street violinist has been observed to go through all the motions of playing his instrument without producing a sound. Too few violinists have his restraint.

* * *

Now that a French chemist has claimed that there is alcohol in the air the favourite invitation in Aberdeen is to take a deep breath.

* * *

An actress has invented a burglar-alarm in the form of a concealed gramophone playing a record which, she says, mysteriously reproduces the sound burglars most dread. We wonder which of those jazz tunes it is.

* * *

A lady-writer suggests that bridegrooms should be married in fancy costume, such as the guise of HENRY VIII. or JULIUS CÆSAR. And how about *Bluebeard*?

* * *

According to Lady ELEANOR SMITH the Bright Young People have been succeeded by a society called the "Monkeys," who play games on the Underground. It sounds even funnier than gossip-writing.

* * *

We read of a school for the sons of criminals where young thieves are encouraged to write verse. The difficulty must be to overcome their hereditary tendency to plagiarise.

* * *

All the verse produced by these boys, it is stated, rhymes and scans. Yet youngsters with every advantage of birth and upbringing give way to *vers libre*.



Keen Gardener. "SH! I'LL SWEAR I HEARD A SLUG!"

Only one table-tennis champion uses the penholder grip, we read. This penholder grip is discountenanced by the lawn-tennis authorities who lay down the law about amateur status.

* * *

After winning a fight at Stockholm a British heavy-weight was surprised to receive a bunch of roses from the promoter. British promoters rarely hand bouquets to heavy-weights.

* * *

Among the Wahabis singing is strictly forbidden. They don't see anything to make a desert song about.

* * *

Bishop ALMA WHITE, America's only woman prelate, has come to England to find out what we think of Governor AL. SMITH. It seems too bad to have to confess that we haven't given him a thought lately.

* * *

Mr. HENRY FORD'S promise to give Mr. LLOYD GEORGE a tractor-plough that will cut a deeper furrow than the one he has been using is expected in Abingdon Street to have a reassuring effect upon wavering supporters of the Liberal Land Policy.

* * *

A library of classics is the prize offered in New York for the most perfect man. We understand that Signor MUSSOLINI has cabled to say that he has all the books he requires.

* * *

A musical director complains of women talking during afternoon concerts. He says nothing about those on the platform who interrupt conversation.

* * *

A new disease, bridge-wrist, is said to be caused by the strain of picking up the tricks. Well, anyhow, *we're* safe.

* * *

A new film is called *The Private Life of Helen of Troy*. It is said that they had almost to use force to restrain the producer from including a cowboy chase on wooden horses.

* * *

So many doctors have been telling us the dangers of kissing that there is some talk of putting an antiseptic lipstick on the market.

* * *

A contemporary recently gave advice on crossing the street, but the only safe way is to keep walking along the pavement till you come to a Tube station, then to take a ticket for a station on the other side, and walk back.

Our Elusive Labourers.

"He went all over the world collecting old oak, searching for 75,000 tiles to cover its roof, and seeking for old beams to transform it into a Tudor residence."—*Provincial Paper.*

"Wanted, to know of good opening for Home-made Cakes and Tea Room."
Advt. in Daily Paper.

We can recommend Smith Minor's mouth; it has unlimited tea-room.

"MOTORIST SUMMONED.
ALLEGED TO HAVE DRIVEN OVER PURSUING MOTOR CYCLIST."—*Birmingham Paper.*

The cyclist seems to have met with a reverse.

"THE DAILY WELKIN" ON ITSELF.

Awakening this morning with all the most important symptoms of a chill, I decided to stay in bed. Later on my wife entered with some gruel and a newspaper, saying—

"I have made a point of getting you a copy of *The Daily Welkin*."

Dully I wondered why. Then I remembered that when I lectured last night before the Æschylus Literary Society the secretary had told me that *The Daily Welkin* was represented; whereupon my wife and I began to look forward very much to seeing how my remarks on "The Influence of the Classic Tradition on the Elizabethans" would be served up to *The Daily Welkin's* readers.

Propping up my aching head with yet another pillow, I began to run my hot moist eye over the pages. As I skimmed an item here and there I could not help noticing that in *The Daily Welkin* the conversation, as it were, always seemed to be coming round to *The Daily Welkin* and other organs of the same syndicate. For example, the promising caption, "A Miracle of Light," led the reader abruptly to a most immodest column about a *Daily Welkin* sky-sign. "City Girls' Nerve Bath" lured me on to:—

. . . . Thousands of tired City typists have found balm for jangled nerves since St. Ursula's was thrown open for mid-day organ-recitals on the insistence of *The Daily Welkin*. Eulogising *The Daily Welkin* scheme the verger told a *Daily Welkin* reporter. . . .

What I took for a dramatic criticism, "Success at the Hilarity Theatre," let me in for this:—

Last night's *première* of *The Blue-Blood Crook* (see critique, page 9) was a new triumph for Mr. Egbert Wollope.

Exclusive to *The Sunday Firmament*.
Mr. Egbert Wollope's
The Sinister Chink.
A Fresh Crime every Sunday.

Another powerful instalment of *The Nark*, by Egbert Wollope, appears in this issue. A special synopsis of the crimes in the preceding chapters will enable you to pick up the threads and begin reading it at once. All you have to do is to turn to page 21.

Steadily pursuing my quest I came upon the following items:—

For Friendship's Sake.

Absence is a severe test, but your friend abroad will often have cause to think of you if you send him *The Wanderer's Welkin* (*The Daily Welkin* weekly edition). Fill up the order form on page 8, and then, no matter to what remote parts of the world your friend may go, *The Wanderer's Welkin* will be sure to follow him up.

Gloomy Outlook for Skim Milk.

In spite of the warning issued by *The Daily Welkin* there is no indication that the present Government is alive to the menace to the skim-milk industry of this country, or that Mr. Baldwin will make any attempt to retrieve his serious blunders, which have been pointed out to him by *The Daily Welkin*.

Said a prominent dealer yesterday to a *Daily Welkin* reporter: "The critical position continues to go from bad to worse. For many years we have been on the verge

Buy To-day's *Evening Comet* for Latest Wembley Dog-form and Selections.

of ruin, and unless Mr. Baldwin acts promptly the whole industry will go to the dogs."

Another Case of Mistaken Identity.

The menace of pickpocketing charges being preferred against innocent citizens through the stupidity of the local police is shown by the acquittal of Mr. Herbert Honk.

Read Mr. Egbert Wollope's thrilling story about a *real* crook. Turn at once to the long instalment of *The Nark* on page 21.

Fortunately for Mr. Honk his integrity was proved to be above suspicion. During the war Mr. Honk served with distinction on three fronts, and afterwards as a member of the committee which judged *The Daily Welkin* super-scented lily.

And so, with brief intervals for medicine and hot drinks, I persevered doggedly without crossing the scent of the notice of my lecture. I gave up the hunt when I arrived at the following:

Another Tooting Reader Killed!

The amount of insurance claims paid during the past seven days by *The Daily Welkin* constitutes a new world record in modern journalism. The grand total for the week, swollen by a second fatality in Tooting, was augmented curiously enough by a secondary record in the number of *Daily Welkin* pedestrian readers injured at £10 each. . . .

Late in the afternoon, as I came out of a troubled sleep I saw my wife reading *The Daily Welkin* by a shaded light.

"I have managed to find the notice of your lecture," she said.

"Hurrah!" I cried, coming back to life. "Have they put in my epigram about Greene? And that original point I made that both Euripides and Marlowe——"

She cut me short by passing the paper:—

Read Mr. Egbert Wallope.

Lord Pollen was present last night when a lecture on the Elizabethans was given before the Æschylus Literary Society. In proposing a vote of thanks, Lord Pollen (who, as managing director of Gritto Vitamin Rusks, Ltd., was one of the first to support *The Daily Welkin's* Honest-Flour campaign) said that they had all been interested in the lecturer's remarks about Elizabethan writers such as Shakespeare and so on. Personally he had a great admiration for highbrow writers, but he confessed that as a relaxation from the real business of life he generally read writers like Egbert Wollope.

You are reminded that an instalment of Mr. Egbert Wollope's greatest and newest story, *The Nark*, appears on page 21.

* * * * *

I am rather more feverish to-night.

LYRIC OF SUBURBIA.

Be rolled, my ancient brolly,
For many a livelong week!
The air is mild and jolly
And grateful to the cheek;
The Spring has come to London,
The lime-trees have been lit,
And now let every dun dun,
I do not care a bit.

The blackbird and the mavis
Uplift their merry strain
From "Minehead" (Mr. Davis,
Now running for his train);
For weeks of sad enslavement
And toil with heavy stones
His brand-new crazy pavement
Has recompensed young Jones.

New cats become acquainted,
There is a smell of beer,
And Number 5 is painted
A peacock-blue this year;
The long inviolate gardens
Receive the assailing gold,
And Number 9 (the Vardons')
Is shortly being sold.

Round lilac buds are thirsting,
At "Avonmouth," the bees;
The letter-box is bursting
With piles of Schedule D's;
Like timorous trumpet-blowers
The pale narcissi bend,
And those who have lawn-mowers
Are all required to lend.

Now almond bloom is over,
Now chimney-sweeps are out,
And many a nightly rover
Frequents the pub for stout;
Now Spring has come to London,
As I observed before,
And having got verse 1 done
I chose to do some more. Evoe.

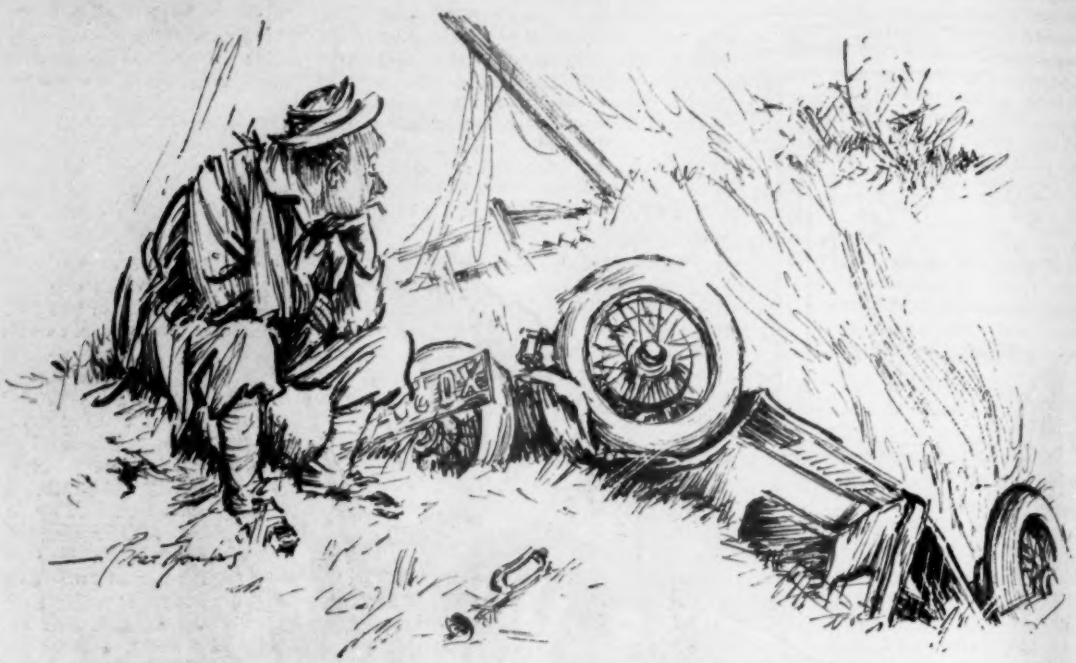
"Gainsborough's 'Harvest Wagon' went to Sir Joseph Duveen after spirited bidding, which started at 200,000 dollars (£40,000) and stopped at 360,000 dollars (£2,000).
Daily Paper.

How the rate of exchange does fluctuate!



AT THE SIGN OF "THE JOLLY TAXPAYER."

BRITISH CITIZEN. "I SEE THAT MY FAVOURITE DISHES ARE OFF."
WAITER. "YESSIR. BUT I CAN LET YOU HAVE SOME PRETTY THICK PETROL SOUP, A NICE RATE-CUTLET *À LA RÉFORME* AND A *BOMBE BÉBÉ EN SURPRISE*."



"That's the worst of being an only car. She's getting spoilt."

MORE TROUBLE WITH THE COLLECTOR.

Dear Mr. Punch,—The following correspondence has passed (and I regret to say that correspondence is still passing):—

To the Collector of Taxes.

Dear Sir,—Glorious morning, isn't it? As I write a shaft of sunlight lies across the page, sparrows are nesting in the Virginia-creeper, the tide is high and a fresh westerly breeze is throwing up a lively lop. I wish you could be with me.

I am really sorry about the dog.* Who would have said that the banking system of our City, the world's *entrepôt*, could be so inelastic?

However, we must not waste time in vain regrets for the past. Now that my cheque has been returned and I have not, after all, paid the trifling sum required from me by way of income-tax, we must all put our heads together and find a way out of the difficulty as quickly as we can.

My present trouble is this. I have now secured a conventional cheque-book, and I was just about to draw a little cheque in your favour (including, I may say, a little extra by way of interest for delay, and a small present for yourself, for I want to say here and now that I think you have behaved splendidly from first to last) when two little things upset me.

First, I saw in the papers that the Government, in my name and with my money, have just purchased *a submarine which carries aeroplanes!* Now, you know, old boy, there *is* a limit. Heaven knows I have been patient enough with the costly whimsies of our Government Departments, but quite frankly I must decline to foot the bill for a submarine which carries aeroplanes. I do not *want* the thing. What in the name of lunacy is it *for*? What happens, for example, when the submarine submerges? Does the aeroplane remain attached to the submarine like a parasitical aquatic growth, and descend with it to the depths? And if so is this good for the aeroplane? Presumably the aeroplane takes to the air before the submarine takes to the bottom. But the chief beauty of our submarines, I understand, is their ability to escape notice by diving under the surface. Will not this artful trick lose some of its success if at the moment of diving a cloud of aeroplanes discharges itself into the air? The whale owes much of its misfortunes to its ostentatious habit of spouting water; but I do not have to pay for the whale.

Sir, there are too many of these tom-fool inventions. The next thing will be a battleship which burrows under the ground, or an airship which carries tanks. Somebody, no doubt, has been inventing these versatile monstrosities, and I will not begrudge them their fun; but please do not send the account to me. I must ask you, Sir, before we go any further, to return the submarine which carries aeroplanes *and* the motor-car which can climb trees *and* the balloon which can crawl along the ground to the shop, with my compliments.

Then there is another matter. Your D. No. 10053—File No. 8374—of April 11th. But how sweet the morning smells! If you could only see our daffodils! Odd, is it not, that you and I, who might be treading the downs together, should be discussing *money* and all that dross? What *is* money after all, dear man? Take all that I have.

But first one little point. *Just*, I say, as I was making out the cheque, *who* must butt in at the letter-box but your colleague and our mutual friend, the Inspector, with a bundle of new forms. What a chap he is, by the way! What a human twinkle under that stern brow! We have such talks about music. I have lent him Scriabine's *Forms Without Words*. But the astonishing thing

* The reference is to the white bull-dog, on whose back I wrote a cheque for my income-tax. The cheque was returned marked "R.D.," with a fragment of trouser in its intelligent jaws.

is this. It is barely three weeks since we finally filled in (over our brandy and cigars) exactly the same form. Three weeks! And already the dear old fellow has forgotten how many wives and children I have, and when they were born, and all about my relatives maintained at my own expense and incapacitated by old age or infirmity from maintaining himself or herself. He's got all the family news—fresh and hot. Do you think the absent-minded old boy has lost the form—or what? I've fancied I've seen signs lately of a change—I wouldn't say losing his powers—but not quite the same—you know what I mean? Quite.

Well, he shall have it all again. By the way, we did have a laugh the other day. You remember that passage in Section E, which begins:—

RELIEF TO A MARRIED MAN IN RESPECT OF HIS WIFE.

Well, in the blank space I just wrote, "There isn't any."

How we roared! I thought the Inspector would have a fit.

But I've been reading this new form very carefully in the bath, and I've discovered a point which we all three seem to have overlooked. I don't blame either of you, but it does look as if the whole of my assessments for many years back will have to be gone into again. The point is this:—

Allowance for Wear and Tear, etc., of Machinery or Plant.

Do you know, dear man, that I have *never* claimed for allowance under that head? And yet what trader is there who suffers so much as an author from wear and tear of the machine? The manufacturer, out of profits put to reserve, can buy a new machine, but I am compelled year in and year out to make do with the same one. And bluntly, Sir, it is not the machine it was. There is no such thing as a permanent brain-wave. Some years ago I used to count on having six or seven good ideas a day, but now I think myself lucky if I have as many bright thoughts in a week. As for "plant," we do our best to keep the old jokes going, but they dwindle and die at last, and no man can tell where the new ones are to come from.

Well, my dear Collector, since this point has never been raised, it follows that all past assessments are erroneous and will have to be readjusted. "Pending" the readjustment it would only complicate matters further if I were to send you a cheque to-day, which must be founded in error. So I am afraid that once again we shall have to postpone the whole thing.

This unexpected set-back is as painful to me as it is to you. I did want to get this affair shipshape and Bristol fashion. But there—the birds are carolling, the lilac is bursting, and we must all keep up a good heart. Good-bye, old boy, and don't forget about the diving aeroplane.

Yours warmly, A. P. H.



SCENE—*Royal Academy Private View.*

The Butterfly. "HULLO, WILLIE, YOU HERE? JUST TO SEE THE PICTURES, I SUPPOSE?"

"THE TINPLATE INDUSTRY.

Mr. Lloyd George entertained Mr. Henry Ford at a private luncheon at the House of Commons yesterday."—*Glasgow Paper.*

Dear old "Tin Lizzie"!

Voices from the Inner Man.

"—— Esq. very kindly officiated as judge, and amid voracious cheers from the various supporters lining the banks the race commenced."—*Isle of Man Paper.*

"PRIVATE WANTS.

Lady, 5ft. 5ins., slight, has frocks, etc., for sale; also girl 8 and boy 12."

London Church Paper.

Is this a rival establishment to the Dairy which advertises "Families Supplied Daily"?

THE WAR DIARY OF AMYAS PERKINS.

PREFATORY NOTE.

PERSONAL records of the Great War are so numerous that I owe an apology to the reader, perhaps, for adding yet another to the list. My excuse must be the fact that Mr. Perkins desired me to edit the reminiscences which follow, and, the honorarium he offered being satisfactory, I had no choice but to acquiesce.

The quaint formula which he employs for his narrative, suggesting here and there the works of Mr. JOHN EVELYN, and in other places the romantic fiction of the so-called "Tushery" school, invites perhaps a few further words of explanation.

Mr. Amyas Perkins is now in France. He has been suffering for several years from nervous worry, due to excessive taxation and the fall of dividends. It may be for this reason that he writes in a language which must have been more familiar to him in his youth than in his riper years.

Let me hasten to add that Mr. Perkins is not unhappy. He owns a small puce-coloured villa by the shores of the Mediterranean Sea, and here, lulled by the plash of waves and surrounded by cork-trees and eucalyptus, he finds solace for the febrile mutterings of a demoralised post-war civilisation, except on Fridays, when he takes the P.L.M. bus to Cannes.

He is looked after by an old Italian couple, and has also with him his fine Alsatian hound, Rudolf of Butterwick, son of Roaring Boy, a worthy scion of a worthy sire, though suspected on two occasions of having bitten the Surbiton police.

Riverside Surrey will be at any rate the poorer by the loss of a familiar figure, who not only did much to foster the local provision trade, but between the years 1914 and 1918 seldom despaired of England even in her darkest hour.

* * * * *

I.—OF THE OUTSET OF THE BUSINESS.

Seeing that many have thought well to write divers tales concerning the deeds they did during the Great War that was waged against the Allmands in the year of Our Lord, 1914, I Amyas Perkins, of Kingston Hill, in ye county of Surrey, being a short man of a full habit and sanguine complexion mixed with a dash of choler, the hair inclining to light and the whiskerados of a reddish hue, by trade a corn-chandler, dwelling at "The Eyrie," an estate well esteemed, set about with timber, the garden cunningly proportioned and perfumed by all manner of flowers, having a rental of two hundred pounds per annum or thereabouts, do hereby take up my pen to make it plain that this war was won in sooth by no other than I, Amyas Perkins, that is to say, by no other than me.

For this reason I have caused many fair reams of white paper and many pottles of ink to be brought to me in my great library at "The Eyrie," to the end that I may describe the matter. As to wit, HOW THAT I, Amyas Perkins, had long feared the devilry of the Allmands, and saw to what purpose their councils would tend. Having indeed said to my sister Rachel (a woman of high stature and wholesome complexion, but cleaving to the sore heresy of Dame JOANNA SOUTHCOTT, whereby she shall be damned) not later than the year 1909—

"Ye growth of Teutonick world-lust becometh a jeopardy to civilisation."

And yet again in 1910, speaking at ye great banquet or feast of the Surbiton Bulb Growers (the catering being far from good and the wine detestable)—

"What would he, this WILHELM II.? Wot ye well, he is a source of dire mischief and peril to us all that live in the fair realm of England."

HOW THAT, furthermore, I wrote many epistles to the papers, saying—

"Sea power is the very heart of the matter! What safety hath our fleet unless our sovereignty over the waters be assured to us?"

And the like.

So that it occasioned me little astonishment when, sitting in the great court at "The Eyrie," the summer being well advanced, and the roses making a pleasant smell, and I playing cards with divers of my friends, having but now gone two No Trumps, the word was brought me of the declaration of this war.

Whereat the rest were fain to discontinue, but I, having a good hand, restrained them, saying—

"Gentlemen, I pray you, war or no war, let us finish the rubber."

But thereafter rode to Whitehall and privily saw many of great estate in the realm, counselling them what they should do.

And first of all I drew forth from my doublet a map or chart, showing the Continent of Europe, and curiously adorned with dolphins going this way and that, and sea-monsters and mermaidens, and, laying my forefinger upon it at about the point of the Low Countries, said unto His Majesty's Ministers at that time assembled—

"Danger threateneth here, lest the armies of the Allmands overwhelm us."

And again, laying it upon that part of the sea which is between Jutland and these islands—

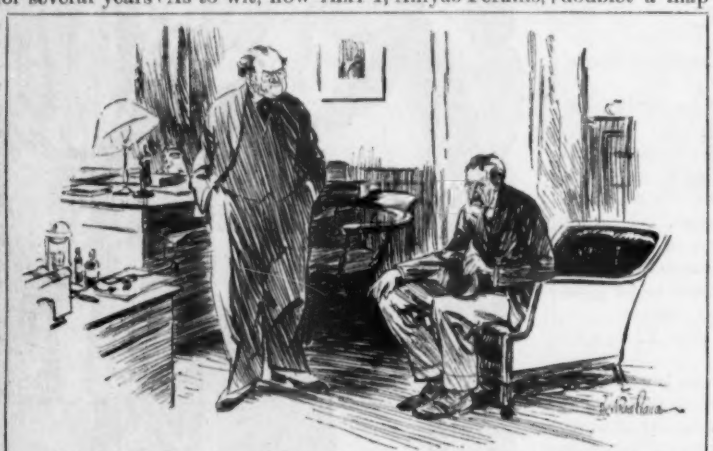
"And here," I said, "is peril by sea, lest their fleet, suddenly coming forth, should encompass our ships and destroy them."

To which they gave heed, and so ordered matters that the first machinations of the enemy were brought to nought, I being the cause, and, returning home to "The Eyrie," told my father of these things, he being an old man, his beard a little peaked and of a greyish colour, his visage composed, but withal full of counsel and understanding, and now, by a quinsy, dead.

"Is it your will," he questioned me, we walking about the garden, wherein are many quaint devices, fountains and chirpings of birds, "to win this war for England, as it were off thine own batte and alone?"

And I saying "Yes, verily," he bade me see to it that I should practise daily hand-writing and the setting forth in fair words of all the things that I thought and did.

"For battles," he said, "are not won, as the world thinketh, by those who go



Doctor. "YOU WANT TO CHEER YOURSELF UP AS MUCH AS POSSIBLE—SING AT YOUR WORK."
Patient. "IT CAN'T BE DONE; I'M A GLASS-BLOWER."

out with cannon and make much ado with trenches and laying siege to towns, for these perish; but by those who, being of shrewd wit, make books afterwards, showing whatever manner of things they did were rightly ordered, and if any untoward hap befell it was not of their provenance, but whatsoever succeeded came forth out of them. And chiefly that, if their counsel had been taken, peace might have ensued speedily.

"For books," he stated, "are more durable than men, and the labour of writing is of such sort that it may be more easily turned than the conduct of the battle, nor shall any man say with certainty afterwards if this word was spoken in the council-chamber or no. Nor yet at what time, nor of whom."

And thus it was that through his guidance I sought certain men of influence, who gave me papers appointing me to be Deputy Inspector of Hay, the which office, together with sundry others, to wit the making of war-bread by the mingling of gravel and bran, as also the salvage of potato peelings, being part worn, I fulfilled during the whole time of these troubles.

How, then, I visited many times Master David Lloyd George and Master Churchill, and also my lords Northeclyffe and Belvoirbroke, and had consultation of many others privily or at banquets, what counsel I gave concerning ordnance and the making of peace betwixt His Majesty's Ministers, the enrolling of men, the despatchment of vessels, the agreements with Foreign Powers, the conduct of war, both in the West and in the East, the uniting of armies beneath one hand, and much more, so that it may verily be said that I alone brought this great business to a prosperous issue, as without me might never have befallen, I purpose to say, lest other books telling contrary matters be rather believed than mine, and being read of a more considerable party in the realm may occasion doubt and confusion to men that come afterwards.

And hereto I set my hand. Evoe.

Commercial Candour.

"We don't attempt to sell anything to our Customers unless we are first sold on it ourselves."—*Indian Advt.*

"—— who left London early to-day on the Thames—Forth express, arrived at —— yesterday afternoon."—*Sunday Paper.*

Mr. Einstein has been notified.

"TO-NIGHT'S ATTRACTION!
Le Serge Qui Parle."
Glasgow Cinema Poster.

Can the manager be any relation of the tailor who advertised "Suits of Speaking Value"?



Gladys (with half-an-hour to wait). "This beastly chocolate-machine 's empty!"
Doris. "Never mind, dear, 'ave a weigh."

CATHARTIC DRAMA.

In the plays of the moment the authors appear
To have only one object, to fill us with fear,
To give us so great a succession of shocks
That we faint in the pit or fall out of the box.
Their characters murder and torture and gloat;
Bad barbers despatch you by slitting your throat;
Fiends plan to give pain in the highest degree
And truss up their victims to flog them with glee.
In underground cellars mad medicos strive
To electrocute patients or skin them alive,
And in the near future we're promised a scene
In which use will be made of a real guillotine.

Let those who revolt from this bloodthirsty craze
Remember the Aristotelian phrase
Which makes the true function of tragedy clear—
"To purge the emotions by pity and fear."
Our dramatists cannot be making an error;
It is perfectly plain that they fill us with terror;
And with pity they seem to be purging us too,
For we feel it 's a pity they write as they do.

G. B.

"Our Dance Dairy.
Fixtures for the Coming Season."
Daily Paper.

Come and cow-trot.

A well-known firm is advertising a motor-mower as "the finest motor-mower on earth." What we want to know is how good it is on grass.

INDIA TO THE SEVEN.

[The Indian Statutory Commission, consisting of Sir JOHN SIMON and six members, has returned from its preliminary visit to India.]

AND so our meeting 's over for the time.
I did my part, I showed you all I had;
Much was indifferent, some was middling bad,
But some—ah, some—sublime.

My folk made free with you, they spoke you straight;
My age-old Babel round you rose on high—
Fervour and flattery, affliction's cry,
The cobra's hiss of hate.

You saw my elders in their councils met,
My rulers in their seats, my ancient kings,
You saw, you heard a hundred thousand things,
Yet most you will forget;

While you recall my mornings in the field,
My happy villages when day was young,
The shower of colours that the sunrise flung,
The pictures it revealed;

While you recall my evenings in the town,
The packed bazaars, their fascinating store,
The reek of cooking-fires, the tom-tom's roar,
The lamplight golden-brown;

While you remember nameless millions massed
Along your way, the servants of my soil,
Who snatched a hard-won moment from their oil
To greet you as you passed;

While you remember sanctuary and shrine,
Perched upon crags or crumbling by the sea
And the great temples serving patiently
My people's gods and mine.

All these you will recall, because you must,
For these are India and they will abide
When Constitutions have been cast aside
And all Reforms are dust.

A cup of strange confusions did I mix;
Yet the real India 's there, uniquely blent—
Doubt with devotion, faith with discontent,
Princehood with politics! H. B.

PLUS ÇA CHANGE.

"HAVE you heard about Joyce?" remarked Nitocris Jones as we danced the new Treacle Drip round that difficult corner where the band lurks.

"No," I replied. "What? Oh, I *am* sorry."

"Quite all right—not *my* foot," said Nitocris. "It 's rather quaint about Joyce. I 'll tell you. You know how frightfully self-reliant and modern she is?"

"I know—frightfully. She never lets a man see her home; she just jogs along part of the way with him for company's sake if he 's going in her direction."

"Absolutely," said Nitocris. "And she has a trick of offering her seat in an omnibus to tired young business-men. I say, it was *my* foot that time. Shall we break off for a bit?"

We broke off.

"Well," resumed Nitocris, "last week Joyce and Gervase Lyonesse, the artist child, and Pontefract Jenkinson, the poet infant, you know, were all staying with Molly; and it has come out in evidence since that Gervase and Pontefract had had a quiet sort of masculine crush on Joyce for some time—sensible and intellectual and unmushy, but none the less a crush."

"I know," I said; "they liked to talk to Joyce about themselves."

"More than that, my lamb," said Nitocris. "Gervase had kissed Joyce in a detached kind of way after describing to her his reactions to Elmo Grinkl's last book, *Sinks*; and Pontefract, who had called in at the studio just in time to see the salute accepted by Joyce in her efficient amused manner, had no luck later on when he tried to kiss her during a discussion about the ideal sin."

"Very tough," I murmured.

"Thus the seed of dissension was implanted, and things came to a head at Molly's. Gervase showed that he hated the idea of Pontefract talking about himself to Joyce, and Pontefract obviously loathed to think of Joyce listening to Gervase's self-analysis. And late one night Joyce happened to hear high words on the terrace."

"What was she doing there?" I said.

"Gone out for a quiet pipe before turning in, I expect," said Nitocris; "but there you are. And the high words were being uttered by Gervase and Pontefract, and Joyce heard her own name. It was almost being bandied about. So she strolled up and said, 'What 's all this about, you men? What have I done?'

"Pontefract replied in rather a strained way, 'Nothing. Just a little matter about a woman. You wouldn't understand.'

"Gervase said, 'I 'm going down to the tennis-court.' 'Right,' said Pontefract; 'I 'll come with you.' And they went.

"Well, after a few minutes a loud crashing noise shattered the brooding peace of the night, as it were, and Joyce decided to investigate. So she sought the tennis-court, and—what do you think? Gervase and Pontefract were fighting each other!".

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" I sighed. "However, I'm glad that boys will be boys. Generally they won't."

"Of course Joyce simply doubled up with laughter, and she approached them, still laughing, and—it 's sad to have to record this—just as she was about to say something like 'Don't be too utterly absurd!' Gervase said to Pontefract, 'Excuse me one moment.' And Pontefract said, 'Certainly.' And Gervase rid himself of a loosened tooth and tucked it in his waistcoat-pocket.

"Well, that stirred Joyce profoundly. She realised that the possibility of a completely toothless Gervase was more than she could face. The fight had to be stopped at once, and so—can you bear it?—she uttered one scream and fainted at their feet."

"Joyce fainted!" I gasped. "Don't you mean that they fainted at the sound of her scream?"

"Not at all," said Nitocris. "She fainted like a girl. Pontefract tripped over her. Gervase tripped over Pontefract. The fight stopped. They picked her up and carried her to a bench, and Pontefract ran in for some brandy while Gervase fanned her with his handkerchief. Suddenly he found himself looking straight into Joyce's eyes.

"'You 're all right, darling?' he positively cried.

"'I always was,' said Joyce; 'but I had to break up the party somehow. Oh, Gervase!'

"At this point Pontefract came back with the brandy and Molly; and Pontefract and the brandy and Molly faded rapidly away again. And that 's all."

"And what about Gervase and Joyce?"

"Oh," said Nitocris, "they 're going to be married. Isn't it a gorgeously primitive idea?"

From a General Knowledge paper:—

"*Question.* State what you know of 'Eikon Basilike.'
Answer. Written by Tennyson and otherwise known as 'The Idols of the King.'"



"NOW, MARY, I 'VE GOT THE VICAR COMING TO TEA, AND I WANT EVERYTHING TO BE VERY NICE; SO BE SURE TO REMEMBER TO DECANT THE JAM."

THE SERPENT AND THE SHAWM.

[On learning that these two practically obsolete musical instruments are to be employed at the Haslemere Festival.

N.B. The Serpent is a bass wind-instrument of wood, so-called from its shape. The Shawm, or Shalm, is also a wind-instrument, similar in form to the clarinet.]

I CAN bear the ukulele
Or the booming saxophone
In a social crush or mêlée
And the contrabass's groan;
These may serve upon occasion,
But I find no soothing bawm
In the eerie ululation
Of the serpent and the shawm.

Fife and piccolo may twitter
Unrebuked into my ear;
Oboe, xylophone and zither
I can face without a tear;
But a horror on me seizes
And I lose all sense of cawm
As I listen to the wheezes
Of the serpent and the shawm.

Penny-whistle, concertina,
Don't attract me, it is true;
Flute and bagpipes oft have been a
Source of irritation too;
Though their noises make me windy,
I'm prepared to give the pawm
For their power to cause a shindy
To the serpent and the shawm.

Cymbal, psaltery and sackbut
Of bravura may be found
To betray a grievous lack, but
They 've at least a pleasant sound;
Instruments of such a nature
I can stand with scarce a quawm,
But I loathe the nomenclature
Of the serpent and the shawm.

A. K.

Railways in the Moviement.

"A new and striking note has been struck in the royal decorations at Victoria Station."
Indian Paper.

LITTER FOR THE ILLITERATE.

"In Nigeria," I remarked, as my wife threw a discarded copy of *Home Jottings* into the adjacent jungle, "the random chucking about of literary litter is dangerous. I do not say you will be lynched by an infuriated bevy of poets and visionaries, as you would if you inadvertently left an orange-pip on the slopes of Leith Hill, but I do say that to leave *Home Jottings* there may bring consequences which I am too hot and crumpled to explain."

It certainly was hot. Our picnic lunch in the middle of the day's journey had been more of a duty than a pleasure. The cheese had melted over the cream crackers into an undisciplined breed of Welsh rarebit; the oranges and limes felt like the sons and daughters of hot-water bottles; the ham-sandwiches perspired inelegantly, and the water was as flat and warm as the Doldrums. After consuming it without enthusiasm we had lain back against selected tree-trunks and browsed on inferior extracts from the last English mail.

"Well," said Elma, "what about that page of *The Morning Hoax* which was round the sandwiches? You chucked it over there yourself."

"Perhaps. But *The Morning Hoax* affects a modest pepper-and-salt colour and demeanour such as I adopt myself when trying to hole out in ten without being noticed. Even Mr. Arnold Bennett would not observe it, much less a heavy-eyed denizen of Yap Hap Hampina. But look at your *Home Thingumajig*. If you put an hibiscus in spring plumage on one side of it and a toucan in full bloom on the other, that flaming rag would still shout the loudest."

"No doubt. But suppose a bushman does pick it up, where's the harm? That coral-pink creation on the front cover would merely give the poor man a delightful change from his usual panorama of yams and mud-huts."

"Yes. But political considerations... However, it's too hot to argue. Besides, I must do some work."

I rustled the well-worn file which I always carry about for the purpose of impressing my wife. She went to sleep. So did I. When we woke up and resumed our journey we had forgotten all about the litter. . . .

It was four days later. At 4.30 P.M. I sat in the Rest House preparing to hear complaints. Behind me, on a deck-chair, my wife reclined in a sinister attitude, darkly knitting stockings a little too big for me and a little too small for the cook, who has calves like Gold-Medal vegetable marrows. My wife always sits like that, with the disquieting impassiveness of Madame Defarge, and the most gruesome tales that Yap Hap Hampina can muster never make her drop a stitch.

There was a sound of approaching litigants, so I began to try to look magisterial. One of the most difficult things in life is to look magisterial with the temperature at one hundred degrees in the shade and a wife who knows too much about you sitting in a sinister attitude behind you. Still, one has to try. Mopping my brow for the seventh time I proceeded to arrange my features according to the pattern laid down in General Orders for Assistant District Officers.

The interpreter entered, wondering vaguely, perhaps, in which of our five local languages he would have to perform acrobatics that afternoon. He was followed by the police orderly, who saluted so tremendously that an insecurely-attached colony of white ants dropped off the roof and distributed themselves drearily over the floor.

The first complainant was easy. He was monolithic in build but polygamous by nature. He said that his second and third wives quarrelled so noisily and continuously that they nearly drove him insane. Whenever he remonstrated they hung him up in the yam-loft and beat him with the patient uncomplaining industry which is so characteristic of African women. He had taken action in the native Court, but his wives had tied the Court messenger down to the river-bed and used him as a washing-board, so the action had failed. He himself was going mad by inches, starting from his tympanums. Could the White Man help him?

I remarked that his complaint was not infrequent among husbands, being found even in two-seater families. There were only two known cures—sealing-wax and sudden death. "You should seal up your ears carefully," I said, "with the best blue sealing-wax. If this fails you should entice your second and third wives out of Yap Hap Hampina into somebody else's jurisdiction and then try the other cure."

The man went away murmuring delighted thanks.

Then a very little old man came in, waving a philosophic fowl about in a lustral manner. He looked every cubic inch a Paramount Unprecedented Senior Elder of the Council of the Poff-chokpa Sub-Clan—which in fact he was. His fowl was a well-trained bird, and fulfilled for him the functions that his pipe does for Mr. Baldwin and his walking-stick for Mr. Charles Chaplin.



"I notice your dolly doesn't say 'Mamma' now when she's squeezed."
"No, Auntie, but you forget this is her second season."

The P.U.S.E.C. of the P.S.C. said, by way of preamble, that his people knew the goodness of the Government, but were so unquestioningly obedient that any impostor could beguile them. Only two days ago a man in half-trousers had come into his market saying he was a Government employee. Exploiting the prestige of his civilized nether garment he had taken a pig and two fine she-goats without payment, and added them to an already considerable hoard.

"Were you yourself foolish enough to believe this fellow?" I asked.

"I doubted," said the old man, and the fowl coughed deprecatingly. "But he showed me this very beautiful book, which I kept, and then I believed."

The old man laid on the table a battered copy of *Home Jottings*, with a coral-pink creation on the front cover. There was a deathly silence, unbroken even by the click of knitting-needles.

"I must have time to consider this," I said portentously. "Larger issues are involved."

"I will finish my complaint," said the old man. "That was not the worst. Afterwards this deceiver ordered my young men to carry his loads for him.



OUR INTREPID PHOTOGRAPHERS.

Fair Tourist (in the Southern Sudan). "I SAY, JUST ASK THAT FELLOW TO STAND AS IF HE WAS GOING TO THROW A SPEAR AT ME."

They carried them for many miles and were very tired, but at the end he paid them nothing, not even a brass rod between them."

"Why did your young men carry, without orders from their chief or a Court messenger?" I asked.

"Because the man gave them each a piece of paper, as the Court messenger does."

"Oh!" I said. "Well, never mind." But at that moment Elma jumped up, in defiance of all conventions and propriety, and said to the deeply-shocked interpreter, "Tell him to produce the pieces of paper."

The old man drew forth a handful of dirty fragments. There were some moments of horrible suspense, during which I watched Elma's relentless fingers sorting out the scraps. The fowl winked hopefully at me, but it was soon all over. I read that world-famous and unmistakable name, *The Morning Hoax*, and therewith gave up my last attempt at looking magisterial.

Our Sedentary Baronetage.

"Sir —— and his family have been seated in Shropshire since the twelfth century."
Weekly Paper.

We hasten to inform them that they beat the existing endurance record for this position some time ago.

VERSES FOR EVERY DAY.

COURTEOUS REPLY TO A MONEYLENDER'S CIRCULAR.

LARGE-HEARTED Sir, I will allow
I *am* in need of money now;
But how have you the face to quote
The paltry figures in your note?
You do not seem to be aware
You have addressed a millionaire.
What is this talk of fifties, fool?
I think in thousands as a rule.
The present business I am at
Involves a larger sum than that.
You ask for no (I understand)
Security but note-of-hand,
While there should be, from what you say,
Almost no interest to pay;
And, if I read your offer right,
I 'd like a million by to-night.

TO THE HEAD-WAITER AT THE ——

I like the bow with which you wish
For my approval of the fish;
The lovely bird, so richly browned,
Which little sausages surround,
And dainty curls of bacon quite
Enough to make an appetite.
I love the proud but anxious smirk
That seems to say, "An artist's work";
I love to note your lighter mood
When I consent to eat the food;
But I have often wondered what
Would happen, friend, if I did not.
Let us experiment to-day—
Pray take the nasty bird away!
I never met such dreadful meat—
My hat, it is not fit to eat!

TO A JUNIOR WAITER.

I know I look the kind of dolt
Who never would or could revolt,
A martyr who prefers to wait
For food to blossom on his plate.
It 's true I hate to make a scene,
Especially in front of Jean;
But, waiter, when I *am* upset
I am the fiercest fellow yet;
Quite suddenly I tear my hair
And leave the building then and there,
Employing rude expressions such
As would enrage you very much;
And from that moment I go on
And on about the Restaurant.
It 's true I hate to make a scene,
Especially in front of Jean;
But there 'll be one this afternoon
If something doesn't happen soon.

A. P. H.

"Mr. —— warned the Government that the situation was serious. He always does that, just as you or anyone else offer your guest a gun and bitters before lunch."—*Indian Paper.*

Surely "gun" must be a misprint for "bhang."

LIVESTOCK IN BARRACKS.

VII.—PACKDRILL THE PARROT.

I DON'T know what the something is about our Private Muzzle which attracts the lower forms of life, but there it is. First it was his mongoose and then his monkey, and now, only last week, there is this parrot.

Private Muzzle, when questioned by anyone in authority, swears that a sailor-brother of his brought it home from Shanghai and thrust it into his hand at Waterloo just as he (Muzzle) was returning to barracks from furlough. That is as it may be; we are none of us sufficiently versed in aviculture to know if they have parrots in Shanghai, and we only have Private Muzzle's word for it that he had a sailor-brother at Waterloo, which sounds unlikely. The one thing that we find really easy to believe is that someone gave away the parrot to Muzzle, and gave it away moreover at a moment when it was too late to return it; for I should imagine that parrot is the most evil-minded, scurrilously-abusive and foul-tempered bird one could find between Shanghai and the East India Dock Road.

Travelling in a kit-bag did not improve his looks or his feelings; in fact as a parrot he was very nearly spoilt for good. He lay low next morning in Muzzle's barrack-room till after morning parade, when he revived and held a convalescent reception of all Muzzle's friends. Most of them, I regret to say, spent more time and patience over improving his mind than a conscientious Education Officer does over a party of biscuit-brained Third-Class-Certificate men. The parrot, on the other hand, displayed an aptitude for acquiring knowledge only commensurate with that of a First-Class-Certificate candidate thirsting for promotion. Unfortunately his main tendency was towards the acquisition of novel verbal forms rather than more usual information. He also passed a few remarks of his own with a rousing nautical flavour that brought down the barrack-room. By dinner-time he had been christened "Packdrill" from a habit of murmuring bad language to himself in an undertone without moving his beak.

That afternoon Private Muzzle, helped by Private Trigger, who is of an ingenious turn of mind, constructed a thoroughly military perch for Packdrill the parrot. It consisted of a rifle slung from Muzzle's shelf by two equipment braces, with a canteen lashed to the piling swivel to hold drinking-water and a steel helmet above as head-cover. The parrot himself was tethered by the leg with the cord of a pull-through, and was fed at intervals with army rations on the point of a bayonet. There could be no doubt about the military flavour of his new home.



"THE COMMAND 'SLOPE ARMS!' CAUSED PACKDRILL TO FLUTTER SLIGHTLY."

During the course of the evening Packdrill paid his first visit to the canteen, where his comments were highly appreciated. He supped royally on beer, a large portion of welsh rarebit and a small portion of Private O'Jector's right ear. Private O'Jector, during a spirited remonstrance, taught him some new words, and Packdrill was carried triumphantly to bed.

He soon proved that he had a very sound memory, particularly for well-emblazoned phrases. In a couple of days he had acquired many of the somewhat mottled remarks current in the barrack-room and was being instructed in military commands. Displaying himself an apt pupil, he soon passed with honours in squad and platoon drill and began to be made the recipient of scandalous confidences about the senior N.C.O.'s and officers by some half-dozen imaginative privates, who hoped it would go further.

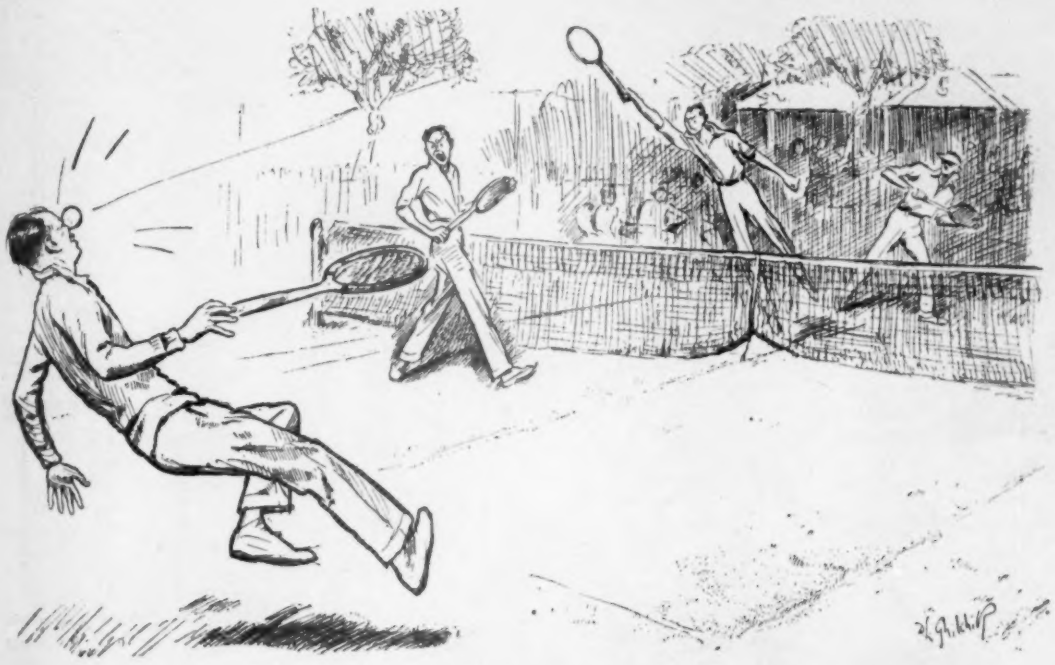
It did. For at this stage, considering himself, I presume, fully equipped for military life on a wider scale, Packdrill broke loose.

Most of the troops were delighted at this turn of events. It seemed to them full of possibilities. Private Muzzle, however, instantly assumed the innocent expression of the man who doesn't know what a parrot is, but thinks his aunt once told him it was a kind of an Eastern bird, and went about hoping Packdrill would not be noticed.

This of course was a vain hope. A gaudy green parrot at large in a barracks does not pass unnoticed; and when that parrot proves to be both foul-mouthed and distressingly personal about higher authority's foibles and appearance it is apt to excite comment.

Lieutenant Swordfrog noticed him first when drilling his platoon. He had just given the command to "Trail arms!" when Packdrill materialised from a tree and alighted on Private Muzzle's rifle, having by then got the impression that all rifles were perches. Swordfrog blinked incredulously and questioned Sergeant Haversack in a rapid undertone. Sergeant Haversack stolidly agreed that he saw something too, and volunteered that it might be a green pheasant. Or again, he added after a moment's tactful thought, it might not. The discipline, however, of the platoon was perfect, and no one appeared to notice anything unusual, Private Muzzle in particular being completely unable to see the bird at all. The command "Slope arms!" caused Packdrill to flutter slightly, but he retained his balance throughout this and three subsequent exercises. With some ingenuity Lieutenant Swordfrog at last dislodged him by the order "Fix bayonets!" Pausing but to mention, quite veraciously, to the world that Swordfrog only needed to shave once a week, he departed towards the orderly-room, cursing fluently.

The Adjutant, hard at work on a



Partner. "LET IT GO, YOU ASS!"

new scheme to relieve unemployment amongst subaltern officers, heard a flutter by the window, but took no notice. A moment later he happened to look up at the ceiling for inspiration.

He got it all right. Swinging on the electric-light pendant was Packdrill, who, in the affable tones of one initiating a round game, said, "'*Oo* fell orf 'is 'orse on parade?" The Adjutant, who keeps his head if not his seat under the most trying circumstances, merely rang the bell for an orderly. When the orderly, Private Rifle, entered, the Adjutant, in the calmest possible manner and without looking up, said, "Take away that green parrot sitting on the electric light, and if possible find out to whom it belongs."

Altogether an admirable exhibition of coolness. Unfortunately Packdrill had apparently anticipated something of the sort and had left by the window a second before Private Rifle entered.

Private Rifle gulped, went close up to the light and inspected it narrowly, then saluted twice and backed with a scared face out of the presence, to be heard later suggesting to the other orderlies various theories that had occurred to him, none of them complimentary, to account for the Adjutant's obvious indisposition.

Packdrill's next appearance was in the cook-house, where he gave Private Butt a fit by exclaiming in his ear in perfect imitation of the Colonel's tone and manner, "Fourteen days C.B." It took two friends ten minutes to convince Butt, whose conscience was not so spotless as it might have been, that he was not confined to barracks after all, and that he need not report in the next Defaulters' Parade.

Thereafter Packdrill, finding military remarks so effective, turned the regimental guard out three times in five minutes, dismissed a fatigue party which had just fallen in, and in the temporary absence of Lance-Corporal Pouch gave "About turn" to a small body of men on the high road, with the result that discipline and a somewhat bovine lack of initiative took them back to the next barracks whence they had just come.

It was the second in command who finally cleared up the situation, luckily before Packdrill came to the Colonel's ears. No Major likes to be called "a bandy-legged son of a sea-cook" by an unauthorised parrot in front of privates, more particularly when that parrot passes the remark in the voice of one of the battalion's habitual defaulters. Major Saddleflap, a man of action, turned and hurled his cane at the offending green streak, and with remarkable luck caught Packdrill somewhere about the back axle.

It was too much for the bird. With an indignant squawk and a flow of perfectly leprous abuse he winged indignantly into the blue.

I hear to-day that the First Blankshires near by, with whom we have never been on the best of terms, have caught him and are appointing him regimental pet. They have just sent over to say that his intimate conversation about our officers is so stimulating.

A. A.

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

"A correspondent who is trying to work up an agitation for menus written in English can never have considered how great a boon it is to the traveller who is no linguist to have an almost universal language for menus. The language happens to be French. After all, it is fairly easy to learn what 'sole meuniere' or 'pommes soutées' mean, and then the knowledge serves all round the world."

Evening Paper.

All the same, the traveller who demands "pommes soutées" in Soho will be asking for trouble.

Editorial Candour.

"If any readers care to send in their records we shall be pleased to publish them and to suppress any information that may be thought to be desirable."—*Naturalist's Paper.*

"Varloff and I had been at Cambridge together and had met again by chance, renewing our acquaintance in the old, free manner of our Alma Mata."—*From a feuilleton.*

And with her old free spelling too.



"Well, that 'll do for their wedding-dresses, and now we must find them divorce-dresses."
"People don't want special clothes to be divorced in."
"Of course they do. People always have divorce suits in the newspapers."

THE TRAFFIC BREED.

There was a place—where does not greatly matter—
Whose people were much madder than a hatter
("Madder" is meant as in the U.S.A.);
They went on getting madder every day,
Their wrath arising from a simple matter—
It made them ten times madder than a hatter
That passing motorists should go and slay
Their dogs—about a dozen dogs a day.

Pray do not picture murder cold and shameless;
Oh, not at all. The motorists were blameless;
The dogs stepped off the kerb or strolled along
Quite casually, so they were in the wrong.
Yet there were curses loud and deep, and shameless,
Because of course the motorists were blameless.
Feeling, I say, became extremely strong,
Although the dogs were always in the wrong.

Some folk tried keeping very large Dalmatians,
St. Bernards, staghounds, mastiffs and Alsatians,
Hoping that they who sat within the car
Would get at least a very nasty jar.
But bouncing over dogs like large Dalmatians,
Borzois, Newfoundlands, bloodhounds and Alsatians
Proved simple if the springs were up to par,
And makers advertised "It Stands the Jar."

At last the people, to avoid such losses,
Gave up straight breeds and took to keeping crosses,
Believing that in-breeding spoils the brains.
By scientific mixture of the strains
It is amazing how they 've cut their losses.
Each dog looks both ways now before he crosses,
And every dog escapes who takes the pains
With nothing more than unimportant strains.

The poodle-dachshund with a dash of setter
Is good; some think the beagle-chow is better.
But Mother England, all contend, will need
Dogs everywhere, and soon, of traffic breed;
And if upon the proper path they set her
I know that I shall feel a good deal better.
Dogs where I live die very fast indeed,
And I for one shall change the way I breed.

Our Infant Polymaths.

"Well-Educated Lady, about 90, to look after three children (4½—1), interest them in everything from Einstein to agriculture, and make them happy."—*Advt. in Daily Paper.*

"Ottawa, April 16.—There are indications that the number of tourists this year, especially from the Untied States, will surpass all records."—*Scots Paper.*

The tourists from the States mentioned will be recognisable by a certain laxity of habit.



THE REALISTIC IDEALIST.

France (*to U.S.A.*). "EXCUSE THE WARLIKE ASPECT OF MY DOVE OF PEACE, BUT THE BIRD HAS OBLIGATIONS."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

WINSTON CHURCHILL is not the man to overthrow the fetish of the long and exhausting Budget speech or deny an eager public its annual Budget thrill. He presented himself on Tuesday afternoon in a score of *rôles*—the saviour of our basic industries and the enemy of the motorist; the oppressor of automatic pipe-lighters and page-boys in buttons, and the fairy godfather of countless Budget babies to be; the friend of the sugar-basin and the enemy of the oil-stove; the watch-dog of our railways and the judicious curber of road-transport's transports; the farmer's benefactor and the ravager of Empire vineyards.

The larger half of the Budget speech was devoted, as Budget speeches always are, to the complicated and not entirely cheerful subject of national accountancy. We learned with satisfaction that the spending departments, with a zealous regard for economy which is to be their outstanding glory in the future as well as their claim to our affectionate regard in the past, had actually cost about ten millions less in the last financial year than had been estimated. Eleven thousand posts in the Civil Departments had been "suppressed," and there was room, the CHANCELLOR explained, for reductions in the headquarters and office staffs of the Services.

We learned, with a sense of depression that has been tempered by use, that our deadweight debt on April 1st, 1928, had only fallen by £27,000,000 from the figure at which it stood the year previously. It consoled us to know that the Sinking Fund is to stay at £65,000,000, and that, if the debt charge of £355,000,000 fixed by the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER is respected and no undue misfortune overwhelms us, our entire national debt, internal and external, will be wiped out in fifty years' time.

These revelations may have stirred untold depths of feeling in the bosoms of those primarily concerned. The House eagerly awaited the announcement of the CHANCELLOR's proposals involving the growth of two blades of revenue where none had grown before.

These, it appeared, were of a far-reaching nature. Briefly, the country's depressed productive industries were to be helped by the remission of three-quarters of their rates, the money being made up to the local authorities out of a sum to be collected in the main from the pockets of the motorist by means of a tax of fourpence per gallon on petrol.

Railways are to be similarly relieved of their rates, but in this case the benefits are to be passed on *in toto* to the country's heavy industries in the form of remissions of freight rates on steel, iron, coal, pit props, lime, etc. The farmer is to pay no rates at all except on his residence. If he has an income *and* children—few farmers have both—the new income tax exemptions for the latter and the remission of rates will compensate him for the extra fourpence a gallon he must pay for tractor fodder.

At the same time a general scheme of rating adjustment and Poor Law reform is to be undertaken. All this is to take time, and it will be 1929 before the thing is well under way. The only thing that begins at once is the fourpence a gallon and the concession to the parents of Budget babies, another aspect, as Mr. CHURCHILL explained, of the Government's policy of assisting the producer.

Mr. CHURCHILL took three-hours-and-a-quarter to deliver himself of his portentous message, and at the end showed no signs of mental or bodily fatigue. Thereupon Messrs. SNOWDEN and LLOYD GEORGE, as the custom is, "praised him to his face with their courtly Parliamentary grace," the while fingering their trusty yataghans like men who are more accustomed to the rough-and-tumble of the battlefield than to the nice behaviour of Courts. Mr. SNOWDEN mildly wondered who, in eighteen months' time, would get the credit for the CHANCELLOR's rate-relief proposals, the CHANCELLOR himself or his successor; for of course, he said, it was hardly likely that the right hon. gentleman would be occupying those benches at that time. Mr. LLOYD GEORGE wondered if the rate relief ought not to be spread over the whole class of ratepayers, while Miss LAWRENCE suggested that it should be concentrated where it was most needed.

Rejoiced, no doubt, by this early exhibition of lack of unanimity in the ranks of the foe, the House hastily agreed to the resolutions concerning the tea, sugar, petrol and other duties and adjourned to talk it all over in private.

While Mr. CHURCHILL was discoursing his Budget, the House of Lords was airing a problem which in moments of less intense financial interest may be deemed of considerable public importance. It will be recalled that the Rating and Valuation Bill (Section 4) provides that the Minister concerned may seek from His Majesty's judges an ad-



LORD BIRKENHEAD'S VISIT TO BERLIN.

Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY. "I DON'T LIKE THE REPERCUSSIONS OF THAT GOLF-BAG. I SHALL CERTAINLY HAVE TO ASK A QUESTION ABOUT IT IN THE HOUSE."



SING A SONG OF FIVEPENCE.

SIR JOHN SIMON.

visory opinion on any matter arising under the Act upon which he finds himself in need of advice.

Lord MERRIVALE asked the Government what steps had been taken to ascertain if the judges were willing to discharge this advisory function, which, he said, should not be put upon them unwillingly and which some of them believe would be mischievous to the course of justice. Lord BIRKENHEAD said he would try to answer the noble lord's question on Thursday when the Bill comes up for its third reading.

Meanwhile the public, if it gets to hear of the matter, will no doubt wonder why judges should object to giving occasional advice of the kind referred to, and if their preference for emitting legal opinions only at the instance of highly-paid counsel in costly lawsuits is not merely actuated by a desire to see the Bar continuing to flourish at the expense of the public.

Public curiosity will be further whetted by the almost unseemly abruptness with which the Court of Criminal Appeal recently warned the public to pay no attention to the opinion of the Court of Appeal, and not less by the opinion of a learned judge, expressed not so recently, that, where a statute was as clumsily drafted as the Landlord and Tenant Act, the Court ought to have the power to order the costs of hapless litigants to be paid by the Treasury.

Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY is not merely the Fat Policeman of the Labour Party; he aspires to be its sinuous sleuth. In that capacity he kept his gimlet eye on Lord BIRKENHEAD while that gentleman was visiting Germany in plus-fours. In vain the PRIME MINISTER informed him on Monday that it was a purely private visit. Was he not aware, asked the Member for Central Hull, of the repercussions the visit had caused in the French Press? Mr. BALDWIN, aware that the SECRETARY FOR INDIA's bag contained nothing more repercussive than Coronas and golf-balls, guardedly replied that he had seen "nothing but general sentiments on the desirability of living on peaceable terms with our neighbours."

You cannot expect a Fat Policeman turned sleuth to believe that a Conservative Minister ever harboured such innocuous sentiments as that.

It was later on this day that Sir JOHN SIMON sang his song of fivepence—that sum being in his view ample (instead of sixpence) as the limit of Parliamentary Candidates' *per capita* expenditure in the counties. He sang it in vain, for the HOME SECRETARY maintained strenuously that sixpence was the psychological sum.

Later, when the House was considering the Local Authorities (Emergency Provisions) Bill, Members were stirred to their marrows by the spectacle of the Liberal Member for the Scottish Universities with a pipe in his mouth.



A FIRST STEP TO CHEQUERS.

Mr. D. M. COWAN *(having lit up in the House).* "EVERY M.P. CARRIES IN HIS POCKET THE PIPE OF A P.M."

Mr. COWAN removed the disorderly object on his attention being drawn to it, but left the House wondering whether it was mere forgetfulness that caused its production or a subtle intimation that a mere pipe need not stand between the country and a really useful



THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER (on his headwear).

"A VERY WELCOME GIFT, EVEN IF IT ISN'T MADE OF EVERGREENS."

Prime Minister, should Mr. BALDWIN decide to seek a well-earned rest.

Peers, like little birds in their nests, should agree, or at any rate disagree, on a plane of philosophical detachment in which the vulgar play of human passions has no place. All the same, the public thinks none the less of its Upper Chamber for now and again exhibiting the emotions of common mortals.

On Wednesday emotions so racked Lord CARSON that he called Lord HALDANE's conduct indecent, and Lord SALISBURY retorted that Lord CARSON was "most improper." Then Lord DANESFORT and Lord BIRKENHEAD indulged in a little hair-pulling, and Lord SALISBURY said that Lord CARSON had accused him of not caring, and Lord CARSON said he hadn't.

It all arose out of the vexed question of the Irish Civil Servants. It now appears for the first time that the Privy Council, in deciding what are the pension rights of transferred Irish Civil Servants under the Treaty, came to its conclusions without having certain Treasury minutes before it and in consequence gave a wrong decision.

So it appears that the Irish Free State, instead of being wantonly engaged in denying these luckless Civil Servants their rights and repudiating its own Treaty obligations, as has been freely alleged, has simply been proposing to amend by legislation—as it is entitled to do—the admitted error of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council.

Lord CARSON vehemently declared that it was "most indecent" of Lords HALDANE and DUNEDIN to come before their Lordships in the absence of the parties and say there had been a horrid mistake; but the House agreed with Lord SALISBURY that it was much better that everybody should know what had happened. Lord READING thought some way could be devised of enabling the Privy Council to correct its mistaken decision, and in that pious hope the debate, "exceedingly painful to many of their lordships" (Lord MERRIVALE), was brought to a conclusion.

The Commons in Committee commenced to debate the Budget. It was a thin House, and what there was of it listened to pretty thin arguments by the Budget's foes, which is not surprising when we remember that they had only had twenty-four hours in which to mobilize their ammunition factories.

Mr. SNOWDEN called the scheme to relieve the rates a "half-baked monstrosity." Mr. LLOYD GEORGE declared that the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER was not robbing Peter to pay Paul. He was robbing the whole twelve apostles! Mr. SAKLATVALA, refraining from Biblical metaphors, was content with the assertion that it was a typical Capitalist Budget. There seemed to be no particular reason for going on with the debate after that, and the House reported progress and adjourned.



ENTERTAINMENTS AT WHICH WE HAVE NEVER ASSISTED.

ANNUAL DINNER OF THE SOCIETY OF EQUILIBRISTS. RELAXING OVER DESSERT.

THE NEW BOY.

"I AM writing to Mr. Spragson before the term begins," said Felicity. "About Freddy, you know."

I did know. But I pretended not to.

"He is quite aware that Freddy is starting this term," I said; "I have proof of it, positive proof, if a little painful—a bill for Freddy's tuition payable in advance."

"Of course he knows Freddy 's coming. But he doesn't know that Freddy isn't quite like John and Edward. He isn't so strong. You always say he is," Felicity went on hastily, "but he isn't. I don't say his chest is weak, but it wants watching."

I took up my writing-pad and pen.

"Oh, you 'll write to him? That 's splendid," said Felicity.

"Not at all. I was going to draw a picture of Mr. Spragson watching Freddy's chest. Not necessarily to send to Mr. Spragson but for my private portfolio."

"How horrid you are! Darling Freddy! And he does so hate porridge. I think I must ask for him not to have porridge."

"Another picture—Freddy not having porridge."

"And I should like him to have an apple every day."

"But that will keep the doctor away, and it would be safer for Mr. Spragson to have professional assistance in watching Freddy's chest. What do they know of *poitrines* who only classics know? Spragson may be a master of Latin verse, but I dare swear he 's a fool with a stethoscope."

"And then cricket does rather tire Freddy—fielding, at least. And they play such a lot."

"Picture of Freddy not playing such a lot of cricket. Batting and bowling, but resting when it is his turn to field."

Felicity rose. "It is useless trying to discuss it with you," she said bitterly and went out of the room.

When she had gone I decided that drawing is not really my *métier*. Writing may not be my *métier* either, but it has to serve, so I wrote something for Mr. Spragson. It ran:—

> "Spragson, pedagogue sublime,
> Read, I pray, my halting rhyme;
> Guardian of forty-three
> Little boys beside the sea
> (Each, according to his mother,
> Differing from every other),
> List, oh, list, to my behest;
> *Keep an eye on Freddy's chest.*"

I resisted the temptation to add:—

> "If you 're busy, let the cook
> Or the bootboy take a look."

I passed on to the porridge complex:—

> "Then *re* porridge: I 'm afraid
> This from oats is always made.
> Would you, gentle Sprag-on, force
> Food more suited to the horse
> On our Freddy? Please provide
> Other food for his inside."

Then there was the cricket:—

> "Cricket is the curse of schools,
> Turning into flannelled fools
> Boys who might . . . "

This is not at all my own idea on the subject, and I was about to cross it out and start again when Felicity returned.

"Still drawing?" she asked coldly.

"No. I was seeing in what way Spragson might best be approached."

She came and leaned over my shoulder. There was a tense silence as she read my lines.

"'Turning into flannelled fools Boys who might' be learning to be better and wiser men than their fathers," she said at length.

"Yes, that is good," I said judicially. "It does not scan very well, and 'fathers' isn't a perfect rhyme to 'to.' But these are trifling defects."

"Quite," said Felicity, taking my block from me. "I'll add that and post it on. Thank you so much for your help."

"It is nothing," I replied with an elegant gesture. "Service, Madam, is the watchword of our house."

WITH CASTOR AND POLLUX AT PITMUNK.

Like many another village, each winter we at Pitmunk run a series of lectures in the hope (so far vain) of raising the local brow. The title of last night's entertainment, "A Trip to the Stars," was surely promising enough to fill the hall, and yet, as the clock struck the half-hour after seven, I counted an even greater number of empty benches than at last month's "Finland's Waterways."

A poor audience depresses me unspeakably, because the lecturers usually spend the night at my house, which means that it falls to my lot to knit up the ravelled sleave of professional pride by assuring Professor Jex ("Science and the Head") or Mrs. Witherspin ("With my Camera on Ben Nevis") that the audience was really much larger than it looked, and that the quieter the Pitmunk folk are at the end the keener is their enjoyment.

It was to three rows of cold upturned faces that Miss Aurora Spink, astral prophetess, eventually appeared, led up to the carafe by the Chairman, Colonel Griggs, who wore over his evening-dress the coat of Himalayan bear which has served him and the moths so faithfully these twenty years. He paved the way by saying that astronomy was the least popular of the sciences, but that he hoped to see the seats better filled at "Burns in Tears and Mirth" on the twenty-ninth. A veteran chairman, knowing the value of a laugh as an icebreaker, he added that he was looking forward to a walk along the Milky Way and an introduction to the Heavenly Twins. He quitted the platform amid congealed laughter, leaving the prophetess to it.

Her first act was to mount a chair carefully and put out the gas above her head. Before the light was extinguished we had time to see a little elderly lady, vague of feature like a front-row face in a flashlight photograph. She wore her narrow black fur coat pulled jealously round her sequined form, and one noticed black cloth spats emerging from time to time. She stepped forward to speak her greeting when suddenly there was a loud blast and a violent sound of hissing. We were thus made aware of the lantern apparatus in our midst. A warm blast of air swept through the hall and a strong smell of hot varnish assailed the nostrils. Miss Spink pressed the bell ("Ping!") for the first slide. She appeared to be speaking, but the hiss and spluttering of the lantern made her words inaudible.

A highly-coloured picture of the Shepherds of the East scanning the heavens slid with a certain syncopation on to the screen.

"Hush, hush!" cried the poor little lecturer, running forward to the edge of the platform and waving her pointer at the O.C. slides, one Sandy McFee, a novice, who had been treacherously betrayed into taking the place of the usual operator. The poor lad's face poured with uneasy dew as he wrestled with the glowing monster. At last he touched something lucky and the hissing subsided, leaving the sound of the lecturer's neat little voice to continue. She told us how of old the shepherds had watched the stars. All eyes followed her pointer to the handsome blue star aloft, when a brown cloud, possibly a sand-storm, appeared on the horizon, giving simultaneously a cinematographic effect and a strong smell of burning paint.



Boxing Promoter. "Ladies and Gentlemen, Knock-out Joe has just postponed his fight to-night. Any offers for his autograph letter?"

"Oh, quick! off with it!" cried the lecturer.

Sandy McFee seized the manipulator and pulled. The lantern swayed perilously—someone took a step towards the emergency exit—but the slide remained fast. The sandstorm broke over the desert and a shepherd dissolved into a blister before our shocked gaze. At last the slide was released and the lecturer continued:—

"From earliest girlhood my father taught me the secrets of the stars." ("Ping!") "My father"—a venerable old gentleman first slid on to the screen upon his head, retired hastily and reappeared on his feet—"my father, whose discoveries have done so much for astronomy. . . ." Here a terrible hiss escaped the lantern. There was a loud crack and a jagged scar appeared on the astronomer's face, losing itself in his beard. "Cracked!" came a wail from the platform. Terrible distress prevailed throughout the hall. "Reduce the heat at once, boy!" cried Miss Spink in filial anger.

Sandy McFee's agony was now dripping from him. "Deil tak it! Ah wish Ah could," he muttered quite audibly. Every eye was upon the unhappy lad. "Here!" he called out hoarsely, "Ah'll pit it oot an' be dune wi' it."

"No, no," came the command. "We will hurry the slides through, not giving them time to crack."

The audience whole-heartedly warmed to this sporting suggestion and with great speed she poured out her astral tidings in a dreadful race with destruction.

"Here is a very rare photograph of the oldest observatory, a pyramid in Egypt. Note the sheer ascent to the mouth."

Crack! A funicular railway appeared obligingly in an easy zig-zag up the incline.

There was a painful silence, out of which came a brief but descriptive monosyllable from Sandy McFee, who had burned his hand.

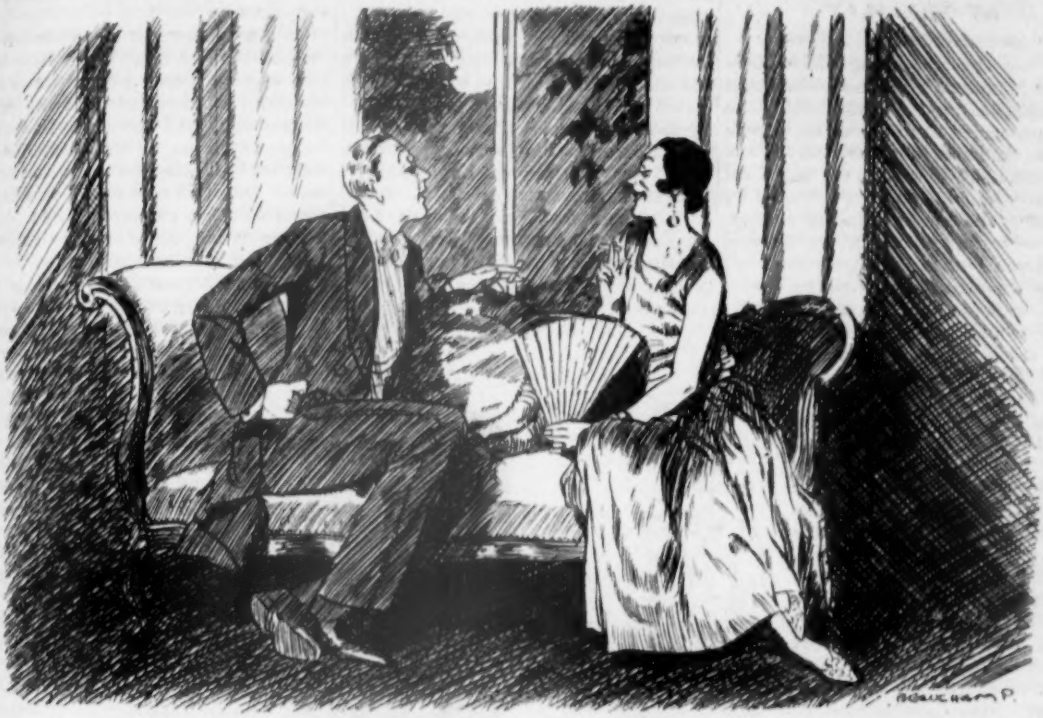
With the courage of despair the gallant Miss Spink continued, although there was now a hint of tears in her voice.

"Here" ("Ping!") "is the interior of the pyramid taken by flashlight. Oh!" (with great relief as the slide revealed the same zig-zag as the last) "it isn't my slide that is cracked, but your condenser."

Sandy McFee repeated his last remark.

"Here is a view of the heavens—a triumph of my father's. No new star has since been added."

"S-s-s-s-s-sh!" came a great release of sound as if the heavens were being cleft asunder, and lo! a new constellation, brightly pink, swam into our ken. It proceeded to swell, swamping the Great Bear in its course.



Romantic Swain. "WHAT A JOLLY LAUGH YOU HAVE! IT SOUNDS LIKE AN ANGEL FALLING DOWNSTAIRS."

"Off with it!" came an agonised squeak above the piercing din.

But Sandy McFee had had enough. With a mighty effort he achieved mastery over the fiery dragon; the light faded from its blazing orb and the disabled monster stood with the thick varnish running in rills down its steaming flanks.

Even then, in the pungent darkness, the little lecturer was not quite daunted. She rallied her forces and calmed the racked nerves of her audience with half-an-hour's cooling statistics. This piece of heroism was not without its effect upon Sandy McFee, for towards the closing words he was seen to stand up again at the lantern, and there was real triumph in his eyes when Miss Spink's voice ceased and with a rattle and a hiss the screen blazed out the legend—

GOOD NIGHT.

"NEW MATHEMATICAL THEORY.

In our own system our sun is near the centre of a 'local cluster'—a flattened circular swarm of many millions of stars, having a diameter of at least 6,000 'parsecs' (one parsec equals 19 million million miles) . . . a parsec is equal to about 3¼ light years."

Daily Paper.

It looks as if fire-worship is not conducive to longevity.

A PARK TRAGEDY.

(*With acknowledgments to* EDWARD LEAR.)

[The Pelicans, for so many years the daily delight of the thousands, old and young, who frequent St. James's Park, have been reduced by recent deaths to two. As both the survivors are old and one infirm, it is hoped that the Office of Works will purchase a couple of pairs of young pelicans, or failing them that some ornithological philanthropist will come to the rescue.]

IN the glad days when We were Four,
Gathering near the Keeper's door,
"Wing to wing we danced around,
Stamping our feet with a flumpy sound,
Ploffskin, Pluffskin, Pelican Jee,"
Few were the birds as happy as we;
"Plumpskin, Ploshskin, Pelican Jill"
And Pelican Jack, we feasted our fill.

From the Great War, from raid and scare—
Boarded out for a while elsewhere—
Scathless we issued, but the strain,
Age, rheumatics, perhaps ptomaine,
Poison from fish of unwholesome fry
Thrown to us by the passers-by,
Half of our number overthrew,
And the Big Four have shrunk to Two.

Sheldrakes whimper and pigeons moan
(Grief like ours might soften a stone);
Peacock and pochard, coot and brent
Geese unite in a bird-lament;
Mandarins and whistling ducks
Utter their soft condoling clucks,
And the owls in solemn strain
Hoot the *requiem* of the twain.

Sadly we sit on Pelican Rock;
Sadly return at four o'clock
To the green outside the Keeper's gate;
Sadly his coming forth await;
Sadly, with maimed and meagre rites,
Sate our piscivorous appetites,
Musing with hearts that are sick and sore
Over the days when We were Four.

Yet when twilight falls on the Park
Ere the coming on of the dark,
Lo! there issues out of the glade
Swarthy and smiling, a royal shade,
CHARLES the reveller, CHARLES the rake,
CHARLES who first was minded to make,
Less than a bow-shot from the Mall,
Pelicans free of his new "Canal."

Westminster over our sorrow weeps,
Home of our breed from the day of PEPYS;
Heralds our piety attest,
Witness the pelican "vulning its breast";
LEAR the "meloobious" and sonorous
Sang our praise in his "Pelican Chorus";
Lend us your aid, Mr. Punch, we implore,
We don't want Eight, but we want to be Four.

"Domestic animals and pets are not allowed in Cabins, Saloon, or on deck. They should be handed to the butcher on board."

Ship's Notice.

Nothing is said, you see, about their not being allowed on the dining-table.

AT THE PLAY.

"COME WITH ME" (NEW).

IN *The Constant Nymph* Miss MARGARET KENNEDY never made me begin to understand how *Florence* could have been persuaded to marry the impossible *Lewis*. And here in her new play it was almost equally difficult to see why *Cecil Zaidner* should have been attracted by the dour and sombre *Ronald Luckin*, who served as chauffeur and general mechanic in her father's household.

It is true that her semi-*fiancé*, the *Hon. Brian Dapplyn*, a man of her own class, didn't seem to have much more charm, and if I had been in her place I would have done almost anything to escape from the menagerie of bright young people who constituted her society; but there was nothing to show that she found anything wrong with this noisy circus. For myself, I shared the feeling of her grandmother, who, after being compelled to witness their performance in some silly charades, said, "Thank God, that's over!" and drew from me an audible "Hear, hear," which of course was an indiscretion. But *Cecil* seemed to enjoy it all, and so there was no question of her wanting to get away from it at the cost of a *mésalliance*.

Even so, and when due allowance is made for a natural desire to escape parental opposition, there was no good reason, unless the modern girl's passion for independent initiative can be called a good reason, for doing an instantaneous and irregular elopement. However, I suppose she had to live up to the title "Come with me," which furnished the *leit-motif* of the play.

In the Second Act, which shows her installed in a shabby living-room over *Ronald's* garage, where he is busy with the invention of some new motor gadget which is to make his fortune, we expect to find her disillusioned by her squalid surroundings and the company of his hopeless relations. But this is not her trouble; her trouble is that she is "jealous of a machine" which in her opinion distracts the affection of the husband that she adores. It is, of course, a recognised principle on the stage that a woman, however devoted, never shares the ambitions of the loved one to the extent of making any personal concessions to it. And so when the persistent *Brian* follows her up she dallies a little with the prospect offered by his "Come with me"; and *Ronald* grows grimmer and grimmer.

By the Third Act, in the course of a midnight interview in the garage, she has reached the point of consenting to go off with *Brian*, when they are interrupted by *Ronald's* two mechanics, who, after an evening's revelry, propose, with the extreme of improbability, to take the precious car out for a run in readiness for their master's final touches on the morrow. *Cecil*, mistaking their purpose (as she well might) for theft, and suddenly deciding to put her husband's interests before her own, gives a loud cry of warning, and *Brian*, in a similar spasm of altruism, springs furiously upon the supposed miscreants. Roused by this *fracas*, *Ronald* appears and lets off his revolver twice, the second shot laying *Brian* out.



THE "COME-WITH-ME" LOOK.

Cecil Zaidner . . . . . MISS EDNA BEST.
Ronald Luckin . . . . . MR. HERBERT MARSHALL.

Follows the usual stage-trial. The jury may bring in a verdict of murder, manslaughter, justifiable homicide or pure accident. One verdict, as the Judge is careful to point out, they must not bring in, and that is acquittal by "the unwritten law." And this is the verdict which the twelve good idiots select. (Applause in court, instantly suppressed.)

In a private room of "The Sun and Whalebone" (I don't know how these two objects found themselves in combination, or which of the two, Sun or Whalebone, had said to the other, "Come with me") *Cecil's* and *Ronald's* families had collected to await the verdict. Into this room, now vacant, the acquitted man enters, followed shortly by his wife. Since, as we gathered, there had been no real decline in their passion, and the *tertium quid* was now conveniently disposed of, you would expect these two to rush instantly into one another's arms. On the contrary, in deference to stage tradition, this demonstration of natural feeling is held in suspense while a long discussion ensues, culminating in a gratuitous discourse from *Cecil* on the philosophy of Life and Love. At last they embrace, and the curtain falls on a renewal of *Ronald's* invitation to "Come with me."

I cannot say that I look forward very hopefully to the results of this second excursion. *Ronald's* nature is not likely to be much improved by the deletion of his rival, for the circumstances of that deletion promise to afford him a perpetual nightmare. He has, in fact, privately admitted that, though his first shot was aimed in front of the car to stop its removal, he cannot, after careful reflection, make up his mind whether the second shot was or was not fired with the idea that *Brian* might run into it.

Miss EDNA BEST as *Cecil* played up bravely against a part which did not encourage belief in its sincerity. She has a voice which, when she chooses, can be moving in its appeal, but at other times tends to be a little hard and indifferent; and in the Trial scene it was difficult to understand her rather jaunty and argumentative attitude towards her husband's counsel.

It needed all Mr. HERBERT MARSHALL's popularity to carry him through the unsympathetic part of *Ronald*. Disgruntled from the start, he seemed to get no happiness out of his ambition or his love, and his features hardly ever relaxed from a steady monotony of grimness. We should have fared badly indeed without the relief of Miss ADA KING's delightful humour as *Ronald's* mother, *Susan Luckin*, and the quiet fun with which Mr. ELIOT MAKEHAM, as one of the mechanics, mitigated the *longueurs* of the Trial scene. Light refreshment was

also offered by Mr. GORDON HARKER, as *Luckin père*, and by Mr. TONY DE LUNGO, as the second mechanic, *Dante Anello*. *Dante* never forgot, even in the witness-box, that he was a Fascist and had the honour of MUSSOLINI to uphold in a land that had not yet come under the DUCE's domination.

Of the two counsel Mr. HENRY OSCAR and Mr. NORMAN NORMAN, the former, for the Crown, was the more plausible. Mr. MARCUS BARRON was a good *Judge*; and for one who objected to counsel's use of foreign expressions where English would serve (he himself was careful to avoid the term "*crime passionnel*") he bore the fiery flow of *Dante's* Italian eloquence with a fine judicial equanimity.

Finally a word of compliment is due to Miss MABEL SEALBY, as the old grandmother, for her unreserved criticism of modern innovations, and to Dame MAY WHITTY, as her daughter, *Lady Alethea Zaidner*, for her quiet and sensible tolerance of them.

It is clear that Miss MARGARET KENNEDY'S genius can express itself better in fiction than in drama. Here her talent for characterisation doesn't seem to have room to turn round in. And even with Mr. BASIL DEAN'S technical assistance the construction of the play leaves much to be desired. We can probably trace his handiwork in the excellent stage-effects of the shooting Act and the Trial Scene; but the latter was far too long. "*During this scene*," says the programme (the italics are its own), "*it will be apparent that the proceedings occupy more than one day.*" This was very true; it seemed more like a week.

And in the First Act the devices for disposing of the noisy Chorus, so that we could have some audible dialogue *à deux* (or *trois*) were of the most elementary. Thus, the domestic habits of the house, conveniently casual, allowed the main body to be got rid of by being sent in to dinner behind a back curtain, while the leading characters carried on with the play, as required, in batches of two or three, ultimately drifting off to their meal as late as ever they chose.

It may surprise and shock Miss KENNEDY, who probably had some quite serious motive which escaped us, to be told that her humour, though once or twice a little coarse, was the best part of her achievement in this play. Very certainly, on its general merits, one would never have guessed that it emerged from the brain which gave us that delectable romance, *The Constant Nymph*. This falling-off had best be attributed to her adoption of a medium which doesn't seem to suit her very well, for the idea of ascribing it to her collaboration with Mr. BASIL DEAN is naturally unthinkable. O. S.



A FASCIST SALUTE.

The Judge. "ANDANTE, PLEASE, DANTE!"

Dante Anello . . . . . MR. TONY DE LUNGO.
Mr. Justice Tinswell . . . . . MR. MARCUS BARRON.

Transatlantic Cannibalism?

"The crew of the Bremen are safely sheltered, and cannot lack food as there is a community of 14 on the island."—*Daily Paper.*

"At the end of 1926 a fund was started by the Rev. ——, rector of ——, for a widow to commemorate Lewis Carroll in the church."
Yorkshire Paper.

A new outlet for our surplus women.

A placard issued by the Corporation of Newark states:—

"The Council desire to encourage the Saving of Householders' Bones."

We are particularly interested in the fate of their funny bones.

"The District Court passed sentence on Wednesday upon Said Muhamed Rajab El Masri who was found guilty of passing a five pound Bank of England note."
Palestine Paper.

This is a crime which some of us have often desired to commit.

THE MATERIALIST.

I KNOW some girls who are, or pretend to be, quite terribly thrilled by ghost-stories, eerie experiences and so forth, but there is nothing like that about Veronica.

The way in which my red-haired and hard-headed niece crashed the recital of "a rather curious personal experience" which befell Cousin Douglas is, I think, a case in point. I am doubtful whether anyone will ever seriously shake Veronica's *moral* with tales of the supernatural. Certainly Cousin Douglas, who was staying a night with us, signally failed.

And yet the setting and the atmosphere, when he told us his story, were quite encouraging. The old grandfather clock had just wheezed twelve, the wind was moaning weirdly round the eaves, a log fitfully crackled in a dying fire, the lamp cast mysterious looming shadows on the walls and ceiling, and had the audience been in a properly receptive frame of mind a success was assured. As it was, the cup of triumph was dashed from Douglas's lips.

"Ah, yes," he began, wagging his head gravely, "there are indeed more things in heaven and earth than—— I dare say you know how it goes on?"

"Rather," Veronica replied. "Did you see the City and Suburban?"

"I am more interested," said Douglas, "in psychic phenomena."

"Well, I'm not," returned Veronica.

I stepped in as Douglas was registering a huff.

"Veronica," I said, "that is hardly polite to Douglas, is it?"

"I was going to tell you," resumed Douglas, looking offended and talking in an extremely pompous voice, "of a rather curious personal experience which happened to me recently—if you care to give me your attention. To me it was a disturbing and quite inexplicable occurrence. I don't say such things can't be explained. I only say I can't explain them. I give you the story for what it is worth."

"Carry on," said Veronica. "It won't be worth *much*," she added softly for my benefit.

"The house in which I was staying at the time," said Douglas, "was an

old Elizabethan manor-house, and from the moment I entered it I was aware that there was something about the house which was—I'll use the word; why not?—uncanny. Yes, uncanny. I am as a matter of fact definitely psychic, and, realising as I did that there were 'influences' at work in the house, I was prepared for further developments. I may say I keep an open mind on this subject."

"The worst of doing that," remarked Veronica thoughtfully, "is that anything can get in."

Douglas frowned upon her and continued:—

"Shortly after eleven o'clock I went up to bed. I locked my door, made a thorough inspection of the room, satisfied myself that everything was perfectly normal and got into bed. I had an electric-light switch within reach and in due course I turned off the light and went to sleep. Suddenly I was wide awake. The clock was striking three. Gradually I became conscious of the fact that there was something—a presence, if you like—in the room. I was not of course in any way *frightened*, but at the same time I felt a distinct sensation of excitement. *Something was lying on my bed.* I had the feeling that some kind of animal body was pressing across my feet. I lay quite still for some seconds and then, having correctly gauged the position of the switch, I snapped on the light."

Here Douglas made such a dramatic pause that I thought at this point we were expected to take up our cue, so I asked, "What was it?"

"There was nothing there," replied Douglas. "Nothing," he solemnly repeated.

I was just wondering whether Douglas's feet might not have been supporting the weight of the family cat when——

"Window open?" asked my niece keenly.

Douglas shook his head in a slow and maddening manner.

"The window," he assured her, "was not open."

"*Well, it should have been,*" she informed him sweetly.

The New Etiquette.

"You may tilt your plate slightly if you need to, but always *away* from you; don't try to scoop up the very last drop. And never break your bread or roll into your soup."
Ladies' Weekly.

Personally we have always made a point of not rolling into our soup.

"A Society desires to find Homes for slightly Mental Defectives."—*Advt. in Kent Paper.*

One meets many such cases on Monday mornings.

OUR HAPPY STAGE.

PROFESSIONAL critics and mere playgoers may think there is precious little enjoyment to be got out of the theatre nowadays. They are quite wrong. If only they knew it the drama has never been so productive of pure and undefiled pleasure as it is at the present time. It is quite obvious that sitting in front blunts one's perception of the wonderful happiness afforded by the modern drama.

Let us take one instance, that of *Slag*, produced at the Meridian Theatre. *Slag*, by the way, would, had it run another week, have reached its sixteenth performance; but that is a minor point. We are not concerned with mere public achievements.

During rehearsals of *Slag*, Mr. "Chitter-Chatter," who gossips so breezily and altruistically in an evening paper, "had the great good fortune" (I quote his own words to show that he thoroughly realised how lucky he was) to run against the author, Mr. Ezekiel Hamstring, and to persuade him to speak a piece. This apparently is what Mr. Hamstring said:—

"I am very happy to have my play put on by Mr. Scrimshaw at the Meridian. I sent the MS. to him in 1911, and you can imagine how pleased I was when he wrote me the other day saying that he had decided to stage it at once. I am more than delighted with the way in which Mr. Reuben Liverlight is producing it. Miss Pandora Tantrum's interpretation of her part appears to me to be exquisite, and indeed the playing of the whole cast is marvellous."

On being pressed, as usual, to give his opinion of the modern drama, Mr. Hamstring said, with the customary cheery laugh, that he considered there was nothing wrong with it.

In short, Mr. Hamstring was quite bucked.

Mr. Scrimshaw, who by reason of an amiable difference of opinion with the Lord Chamberlain had obtained a quarter of a news-column all to himself, expressed himself as happy to be the means of presenting Mr. Hamstring's play to the public. He recounted how, upon coming across the MS. of *Slag* amongst some old lumber, he exclaimed, after reading it, "This must be done at once." He was a strong believer in quick decisions and taking risks. If a play was worth producing it was worth producing without delay and regardless of expense. He was delighted to be associated with Mr. Hamstring, whom he regarded as a real find. Miss Pandora Tantrum's abilities filled him with admiration, and it gave him added pleasure to recall how he had discovered her a few years ago selling programmes at a Charity matinée, and had said at once, "That girl will go far." He counted himself the happiest of men in having enabled Mr. Liverlight's genius as a producer to find wider scope. Modesty forbade his saying anything more about his own share in the production, but he was immensely gratified that such an undoubted work of art was to be made accessible to those who could not afford the time on Sundays to go to the theatre.

It would seem that Mr. Scrimshaw too was happy in his quiet way.

As for Mr. Liverlight, it appeared that Mr. Liverlight had never had such a joyous time as the producing of *Slag* had given him. It made him want to gambol and pick daisies; to give away money; to sing in his bath. He loved it so much that he could scarcely bear to go home to his wife.

"You want me to tell you how I like my part in Mr. Hamstring's play, *Slag*?" said Miss Pandora Tantrum to an interviewer from *Weekly Whispers*. "It is a wonderful part and a wonderful play. Mr. Scrimshaw and everybody in the theatre are wonderfully kind. I think it just wonderful that he should have picked on me to play the part, and I do hope I shall do it justice. Of course I am terribly nervous, but I love my work and am wonderfully happy."

She really was too; I mean there was on the back page an actual photograph of Miss Tantrum looking wonderfully happy, so that you could see that she was as truthful as she was attractive.

It may easily be guessed that the stage-hands and electricians employed in the production of *Slag* cried in their beds at the thought of how happy they had been during their day's work and of the fruitless hours which must elapse before they could get back to it. As for the prompter, it is believable that in spite of forty years' stage experience he had not, until the script of *Slag* came into his hands, known how much rapture theatrical life could afford.

With so many good folk capable of being afforded so much ecstasy, why should the playwright worry about those wretched grumblers who merely pay for their seats?

D. C.

"The curfew is out on the boggy parts of the mountains everywhere uttering its wonderfully musical call."—*West-Country Paper.*

It has a bell-like note, we are told.

"One of the largest crows ever seen at Victoria Park heard short addresses by the Mayor of Greymouth and the Prime Minister."
New Zealand Paper.

A welcome intimation of the Higher Education of Birds.



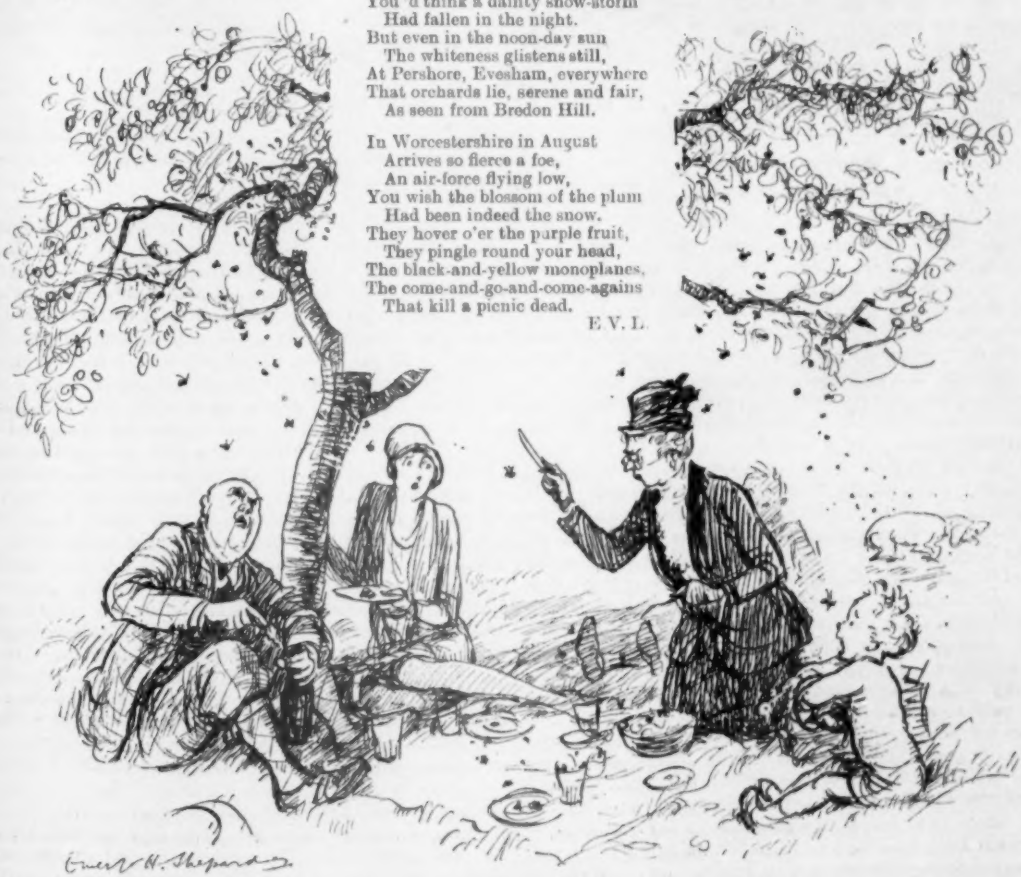
COUNTY SONGS.

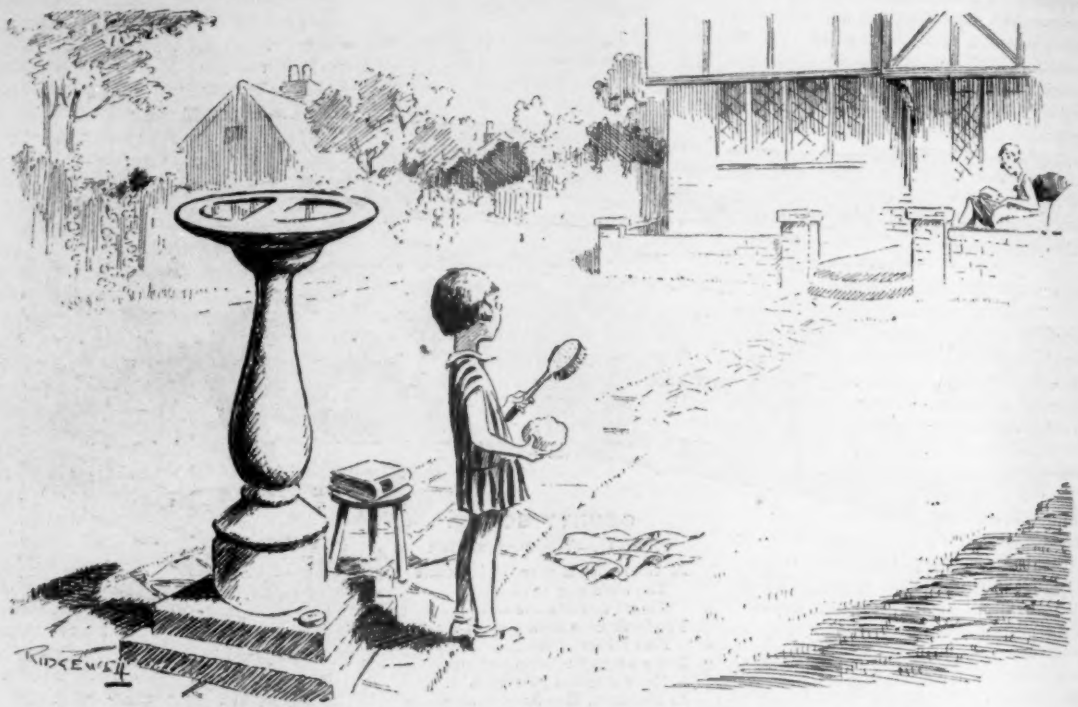
XXXII.—Worcestershire.

In Worcestershire in Spring-time
The trees can be so white
(How exquisite the sight!)
You 'd think a dainty snow-storm
Had fallen in the night.
But even in the noon-day sun
The whiteness glistens still,
At Pershore, Evesham, everywhere
That orchards lie, serene and fair,
As seen from Bredon Hill.

In Worcestershire in August
Arrives so fierce a foe,
An air-force flying low,
You wish the blossom of the plum
Had been indeed the snow.
They hover o'er the purple fruit,
They pingle round your head,
The black-and-yellow monoplanes,
The come-and-go-and-come-again
That kill a picnic dead.

E. V. L.





"Mummie, this bird-bath is no use at all. They simply *won't* let me bath them."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

A new book by Mr. E. M. Forster is both rare and refreshing. Few of his contemporaries write so well as he, and few write so little. His novels, I believe, could be counted on the fingers and thumb of one hand; while *The Eternal Moment and other Stories* (Sidgwick and Jackson) is but his second volume of shorter tales, the ever memorable and now quite elderly *Celestial Omnibus* being the first. How reluctant he is to publish is shown by the fact that all the stories of this new collection are of pre-war vintage; and they are, we are told, "all that the writer is likely to attempt in a particular line." That is a pity, for they are very good stories, though they are not so important as *Howard's End* or *A Passage to India*; nor I think is any one of them quite so charming as *The Celestial Omnibus*. In five out of the six of them Mr. Forster plays with fantastic imaginings. In "The Machine Stops" he envisages the Nemesis of the sort of world that the wise Erewhonians foresaw and prevented, and in more than one other he displays a curious familiarity with man's ultimate abiding-places, both upper and nether. But personally I like Mr. Forster best in his title-piece, where he is realistic, sympathetic and ironical. It is the story of a middle-aged lady-novelist returning after many years to a little town in the Italian *Irredenta*—how very pre-war that sounds!—which she had by her first book made famous—to find it, because of her advertisement, bedizened with smart hotels and pullulating with tourists. Her tortures of conscience; her discovery, in the oiled and curled concierge in one of the grandest of the hostelries, of the Italian bore who had once, while carrying her traps, made a passionate declaration of love to her; her absurd little scene with this highly-embarrassed gentleman, the scandalised Colonel intervening: all these things are Mr. Forster at his very best.

Readers of *Lummox* and *Appassionata* will doubtless approach Miss Fannie Hurst's third novel inoculated against the queasiness with which the peculiarities of her style affect the uninitiated; but the uninitiated should also, I think, make efforts to overcome their qualms in the interests of an exceptionally virile and entertaining story. *A President Is Born* (Cape) relates, with much circumstance of pseudo-authenticity, the childhood and youth of a certain American President, who is apparently dead when his biographer takes pen in hand, and a mere lad at the end of the Great War. *David Schuyler* is born to a mother of fifty-three, and a circle of brothers and sisters old enough to be his uncles and aunts, in a smallish town in Missouri; and his legend relates the effect of family reverses on the child who has never known better days and on the elders who have. *David* is a fine study of a slow and sure developer; "the old gentleman," his father, is coarsely patriarchal; *Mathilda*, his mother, is charming in her old-world unselfishness, and none of the second generation is lacking in personality. The book's real *raison d'être*, however, is, unless I am much mistaken, the boy's sister, *Rebekka*, the feminine Atlas of the whole *Schuyler* world, who shoulders a farm, an inept husband, a drunken and vicious son and a hundred minor burdens with invincible courage, besides finding time to supplement the worn-out tenderness of his real mother by a fiercely maternal fostering of the future President. I can easily forgive Miss Hurst her general over-violence of expression, her explosive adjectives and detonating similes, her interminable lists of paraphernalia and accessories—the whole "orchestra of salt-box, tongs and bones," in fact—for the sake of *Rebekka*.

In *Billie's Mother* MARY SKRINE
Recalls to my imagination
Those heroes to the wizard line
Who won my early admiration
By sleight-of-hand with this and that,
And by a most engaging habit
Of breaking eggs into a hat
And bringing out a living rabbit.

The simplest setting she employs,
And well-worn types manœuvre in it;
A flock of young *Lord Fauntleroys*
Might flutter in at any minute;
And, if you lightly look it through
Thinking you recognise the model,
You might mistake it for a brew
Of rather sentimental twaddle.

Yet by some clever conjuring-trick
She gives her matter life and sinew;
The book (which ARNOLD sells) has "kick,"
And once you start it you'll continue;
Not, it may be, with hair erect
Or senses violently excited,
But certainly with the respect
That's due to art and truth united.

A homespun Colorado of 1888 monopolises the first chapters of *Brook Evans* (GOLLANCZ), and the fact that Miss SUSAN GLASPELL has recaptured the circumstances of her period and, as it seems to me, misread its spirit, accounts for the strength and weaknesses of what follows. *Naomi Kellog*, daughter of a kindly, decent, farming household, has an intrigue with the son of a neighbour whom she hopes to marry. The youth is killed; and his mistress visits her lover's mother, announcing her prospects of maternity as an assuagement of their common grief. Her attitude of lyric exultation in her own sexual adventurousness strikes me, I confess, as foreign to her ancestry and rearing; yet the whole story is founded on this trait, as it persists in *Naomi* and re-emerges in the child thus heralded. Spurned by her lover's mother, *Naomi* is hastily married to an elderly wooer, a man of ordinary appetites hypocritically dissimulated. *Caleb Evans* is pleased to have done the Christian thing by the disgraced girl. He is even better pleased to have secured on any terms the woman he covets. *Naomi* repays the first attitude by concessions to the second, and conforms to her husband's exterior Puritanism until the dawning beauty of her daughter reinforces her own rebelliousness. She endeavours to enlist the sympathy of *Brook*, fails tragically and dies; but *Brook* escapes to Europe and, when a war-widow of close on forty, lends a belated ear to the appeal of her mother's philosophy. It is this philosophy, too sophisticated, you feel, for *Naomi*, too shallow for *Brook*, too patently absurd for the clever creator of both women, which unsettles the poise of the book. Individual scenes have the power and appeal we expect from Miss GLASPELL; the whole is disappointing.

Mr. WILLIAM GERHARDI is the latest favourite of our most admired literary critics. What things might he not accomplish, they have been saying, if he would only sit down for once and write something of a respectable length? Well, they may now see. *Jazz and Jasper* is its name; *The Story of Adams and Eva* its sub-title; and the house of DUCKWORTH its publisher. As to what we poor middle-aged reviewers are to say of it now that it has appeared, that is indeed another matter. The worst of some of these modern writers is that they make us more ordinary men feel not only out of date but dead and buried. We have surely no right to continue in existence while these daring young men are at work, letting their imaginations run riot all over the place untrammelled by any rules of probability or of decency. These characters in *Jazz and Jasper*—if characters they can be called—are clearly bound by no moral code whatsoever. But then they live in an impossible, an artificial world: they are part of a mere phantasmagoria. Perhaps, as CHARLES LAMB wrote of the Restoration comedies, we may be glad sometimes,



Small Boy (who has been taken shopping by his Aunt, to shop-assistant). "I SAY, DON'T WASTE YOUR TIME SHOWING HER THE FIRST TEN PAIRS. SHE WON'T TAKE 'EM."

"for a dream-while or so," to dwell in a world with no meddling restrictions. We may even return to our dull cages the fresher and healthier for the outing. And undeniably Mr. GERHARDI can amuse as well as disturb. His story is frankly an impossible farce, but the "reactions" of his figures to the situations in which they find themselves are extraordinarily funny. We have had many newspaper magnates in fiction of late years, but none to equal *Lord Ottercove*. He is really alive—until the story bursts into fragments and has no further need of him.

In dedicating *Ashenden* (HEINEMANN) to a friend, Mr. SOMERSET MAUGHAM describes it as a "narrative of some experiences during the Great War of a very insignificant member of the Intelligence Department." I have lived too long to take fiction for fact on the strength of a dedication and I must therefore be content to congratulate the author on a notable achievement. Considered as a class, the spy story is the most utterly unreal thing in fiction; it contrives to seem false even when it happens to be true. In Mr. MAUGHAM'S hand the spy story becomes patently true even if it should happen to be invention. *Ashenden* is a record of the "experiences" of a British secret service agent, and if these tales are of unequal interest they are all told with Mr. SOMERSET MAUGHAM'S customary restraint and sureness of touch. In one of them the question whether a foreign munition factory is to be blown up by treachery and with a fearful loss of civilian life is argued between two men to the point of exhaustion and is at last left to the spinning of a coin. But although it is the climax of the story you are not told which way the coin falls, and after the first shock of it you realise that this is right. The decision itself is irrelevant; it is the manner of it that counts. Mr. SOMERSET MAUGHAM is not the sort of author to point a moral, but he has left me with the conviction that, if secret service is a necessity, it is a very unpleasant one. *Ashenden* is never lurid or harrowing, but in its own way it is as telling an indictment of war as any I have read.



"I WAS WONDERING IF YOU WOULD BE GOOD ENOUGH TO PUT ME IN TOUCH WITH THE PARTICULAR DEPARTMENT WHICH DEALS WITH THE SALE OF OLD DISUSED RAILWAY-CARRIAGES FOR CONVERSION INTO WEEK-END BUNGALOWS?"

It would be hard to find a much more striking example of the ineptitude which so often distinguishes the remarks on the paper-jackets of novels than that which defines Mrs. HENRY DUDENEY'S *Brighton Beach* (COLLINS) as "a breath of Sunny Sussex." The book is in point of fact about as thoroughgoing an exposition of the *macabre* as could well be imagined. It tells how a woman of forty, who has lived hitherto under the blighting influence of her aunt, a religious fanatic, sets forth to recapture her lost youth, only to be struck down on the threshold of happiness by the shock of encountering the dreadful ghost of her own dead past; and the greater part of the story is devoted to a description of the strange phantasms which pass during her last days through her disordered brain. It is all quite clever and rather horrid; and it expresses, with a degree of artistic skill which might well have been expended upon a pleasanter subject, that queer sense of something secret and sinister which in certain moods seems to lurk behind the smug stucco fronts of seaside lodging-houses. But Sunny Sussex—no, that is too glaring a misnomer.

Against *Green Memories* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) I have only one complaint to make: it deserves an index and it has not got one. Apart from this, all is sheer joy for those who have the love of golf in their veins. Quite frankly I cannot escape from unrestrained delight in Mr. BERNARD DARWIN'S writings, but I make bold to warn him that his modest estimate of himself as a golfer is becoming a little too insistent. Besides, it is also, when one thinks about it, rather unkind to those, and they are many, who have fallen easy victims to his skill. In the years to come I hope to dabble often and happily in these attractive memories. I have studied them and their illustrations with supreme contentment, and I greatly enjoyed the photographs contributed by a gentleman who is respectfully referred to as WILLIAM DOD, Esq.

If the six tales which compose *The Spreading Dawn* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) had been written by an author whose mind was not absolutely in tune with his theme, they might easily have been made both ridiculous and painful. Taking the life after death as his subject, Mr. BASIL KING has treated it with so quiet a dignity that his stories will give consolation to many readers and offence to none. Even when, greatly daring, he writes, in "The Last Enemy," of the resurrection of OUR LORD, I feel that his boldness is justified by the reverent spirit which tempers it. And it is a great merit of these "excursions into the unknown but alluring field of conjecture" (I quote from the publishers' caption) that Mr. KING is content to offer suggestions and never assumes an air of didactic assurance.

A sea story, generally speaking, is one of the brands of fiction in which the omnipresent sex-obsession may be expected to take second place. But there are exceptions; and those readers who, on the strength of previous books from the pen of Mr. ROLF BENNETT, look for anything in the nature of a wholesome rousing sea yarn in his new novel, *Cranmer Paul* (HEINEMANN), will find themselves rather badly let down. True, the hero of the story—if hero he can be called—is a merchant-service officer, and the action takes place partly on board ship and partly in the mean streets of a seaport town; but for the rest the whole thing is an orgy of sex of a particularly crude and unpleasant kind, interspersed with as choice an assortment of swear-words to the page as I ever remember seeing. It is a pity, because there are plenty of people who can write intelligently or otherwise about these sordid topics, and not many who can write with knowledge and sympathy, as Mr. BENNETT can if he likes, of ships and the sea.

CHARIVARIA.

PROFESSOR REGEN, of Vienna, has found that a grasshopper will answer a bell. This is, of course, one of the main points of difference between a grasshopper and a waitress.

* * *

A hairdressing saloon has been established on an express train. When the barber wants to make a quick job of it he asks the driver to go so fast that his customer's hair stands up all ready to be cut.

* * *

According to a scientist the earthworm is the farmer's greatest friend. We should never have dreamed of calling Mr. LLOYD GEORGE anything like that.

* * *

We are unable to vouch for the truth of the Fleet Street rumour that, since Mr. BALDWIN's complaint that he had never been invited to contribute a single article to the Press, he has received an offer of regular journalistic employment from Lord ROTHERMERE.

* * *

When the PREMIER recently visited the Five Towns district, disappointment was felt that he did not take the opportunity of drawing public attention to the claims of Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT as a writer.

* * *

The Tailor and Cutter has expressed admiration of Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT's exquisite clothes. He attaches importance to an attractive "jacket."

* * *

Dr. MANILOV, a Russian, claims to have discovered sex in stones. Those in which we find the sermons are probably female.

* * *

"Actors and actresses," we read, "are among the most talkative of a first-night audience." They contract this deplorable habit on the stage.

* * *

In China, we are reminded, actors and barbers are regarded by their fellow-countrymen as social pariahs. China must get rid of these Victorian prejudices.

* * *

Gramophone records treated by a new process can be stamped on, bent or scratched without in the least affecting them for playing. It is therefore useless to stamp on, bend or scratch records so treated.

* * *

Several promising young cricketers are being given trials by their respective counties, but it does not follow that they will all prove good enough to write regularly for the Press.

* * *

Comment is being made on the fact that we have no Museum of Agriculture. Yet this country is especially rich in fossilised farmers.

* * *

At the annual dinner of the London Society of Organists, Sir RICHARD TERRY declared that the organists of England had kept alive the spark of our national music. It has been a triumph for the bellows.

* * *

Some suburban twins have been named AMANULLAH and SOURIYA. Otherwise the visit of the King and Queen of AFGHANISTAN has left nothing but pleasant memories.

* * *

"If you wish to annoy a resident of Hove," says an evening paper, "tell him you thought his town was a part of Brighton." Nothing is further from our wishes than to annoy a resident of Hove.

* * *

A paragraphist relates that when he attempted to order a grey flannel suit his tailor protested that such garments will not be worn this summer by anyone who matters. The question arises: Do paragraphists matter?

* * *

Although Professor TROBETTI is said to have discovered the key to the ancient Etruscan language, it seems that nobody knows how to pronounce it. This is likely to militate against its revival for conversational purposes.

* * *

One by one the familiar features of the cricket season reappear. Already *The Daily Mail* has published an article advocating a smaller bat.

* * *

Members of the American Ku Klux Klan have decided not to cover their faces in future, but, having seen photographs of some of them in the newspapers, we hope they will reconsider their decision.

* * *

During the Marylebone election campaign the Liberal Candidate boarded a barge on the Regent's Canal and was carried out of sight into a tunnel. Canals, of course, are not affected by the rising tide.

* * *

The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER has decided to drop the tax on kerosene, but at the time of going to press it was not known upon whom he had decided to drop it.

* * *

Mr. M. A. C. HINTON says that the reason many whales were stranded in Dornoch Firth was that they were in love. Many a man has been stranded at the seaside for exactly the same reason.

* * *

Sixpence duty on cigarette-lighters is all right, but shall we have to pay it on those that won't?

* * *

A dog was recently operated on for the recovery of a collar-stud which it had swallowed. It seems that the intelligent beast caught it just as it was dashing across the floor to hide.

* * *

A spider is said to have lived for seventeen months without eating. This must be a compatriot of the one that BRUCE so much admired.

* * *

Upon being welcomed in London some French policemen saluted members of the Metropolitan Police Force with a kiss. Burglars never do that.



Royal Academy Visitor (*in tea-room*). "THE WAITRESS HAS GIVEN US INDIAN TEA WHEN I ORDERED CHINA. WHAT *IS* WRONG WITH THE ACADEMY THIS YEAR?"

THE TAX THAT PAYS YOUR DEBTS.

"ARE you," she asked with a faint apprehension in her voice, "fit to speak to to-day? Because Tom isn't."

"I trust," I said with dignity, "I am always fit to speak to. Why, only yesterday I was bunkered three times in succession, each time from a really superb shot, and yet, when Tom came up to look, all I said was, 'Hullo, that you, old man?' Ask him."

"He told me," she said gently. "He said, 'Never talk of rage till you have seen a strong man so exhausted with all the things he's felt and said that he's reduced to "Hullo, old man, that you?"' He said it was the most pathetic thing he has ever known. He said that even the caddie blenched. Just like me at breakfast this morning."

"What was it this morning?" I inquired.

"Petrol."

"In the coffee?" I asked with interest, "or the bacon?"

"Gracious, no! Cook would never do that, she is ever so much too careful to do anything more than use the same knife for slicing onions and cutting the cake for tea, and even then only when some one special's coming. No, it's the fourpence extra every one's going to have to pay on petrol. Tom says—at least he would have, only of course I wouldn't let him. Aren't you furious about it too?"

"I was," I admitted, "I was. But I went out and borrowed some money and bought some oil shares with it, so now I feel better, because there's much virtue in a farthing, as the draper may have forgotten but oil kings remember well."

"I've noticed it before," she observed thoughtfully, "that almost any new tax always makes Tom awfully cross."

"I expect," I decided, "he doesn't like them."

"I daresay," she agreed. "This morning he was really angry, and he even said that now he simply wouldn't pay one penny income-tax until he was absolutely forced to."

"You know," I said, impressed, "that's rather a good idea."

"Yes, but he was still ever so cross; and it's not my fault."

"Of course it isn't," I said warmly.

"And I'm willing to do my best to help," she went on with a certain pathos. "Tom said even bus fares would most likely go up now, so I promised at once I would never take a bus again but always a taxi instead."

"That must have pleased him."

"He only grunted—the way men do when you don't quite know what they mean, only you can guess. And then when I told him I thought the petrol tax was really ever such a good idea——"

"You said that?" I interrupted, aghast.

She nodded.

"And what," I asked, awestruck, "did Tom say?"

"Nothing," she answered. "He just struggled with himself."

"And do you really think," I asked, "that to add another tax to those the unhappy overburdened motorist has to pay already is indeed a good thing?"

"Splendid!" she insisted stoutly. "Of course I know it's awful to think motoring is going to cost more when it's so expensive already; but I don't think we ought to mind paying this new tax one bit if it means all our debts are going to be paid off by it."

"But does it mean that?" I asked.

"Didn't you know? It was in the paper in ever such big letters all across the top of the page: 'All debts to be paid off.' And if paying fourpence more on petrol is going to mean we shan't have any more horrid old bills—— I always try to be frightfully brave about it, but really I don't like it a bit, having bills almost every morning. It's one reason why sometimes I have breakfast in bed. And when Tom saw what I meant he rather agreed that it would be nice, only he wanted to make out it didn't really mean that. But I showed him the paper, and of course the papers always know."

"Of course they do," I agreed. "What did Tom say then?"

"He said you could never trust a Government, not even the best of them, and most likely we should have to pay our fourpence and get our bills in just the same."

"I shouldn't be a bit surprised."

"Well, that would be cheating," she protested indignantly.

"You see," I explained, "the Government is really only thinking about its own debts, not about anyone else's."

"Then all I can say," she cried hotly, "is that it's most horribly selfish of them."

E. R. P.

A Budget Proposal.

"Mr. Lloyd George said he . . . hoped Mr. Churchill would consider the motter very carefully before he wedded himself to the present scheme."—*Manchester Paper.*

The motto to which Mr. LLOYD GEORGE refers is, we suppose, "marry in haste and repent at leisure."

"Stipendous is the only word which describes the motor traffic to the various Peak beauty spots."—*Yorkshire Paper.*

Unfortunately just too late for inclusion in the *New English Dictionary*, which only gives Stipendious.

THE GOLDEN THREAD.

KING SOLOMON bethought him
Of Love in May to sing,
But lo, they came and sought him
For Tyre's impatient King;
The twain spake each to other,
And well the Wise King said,
But, somehow or another,
He dropped the golden thread,
His love-song's golden thread.

A zephyr, undetected,
An idle dog and gay,
Picked up the gleam neglected
And carried it away;
A shepherd boy he found it
All twisted in a twirl,
And round a nosegay wound it
And gave it to a girl.

But now go criers cunning
A-crying up and down,
And wide the word is running,
"The Crown, the Crown, the Crown!
The King, with all endeavour,
Desires it to be said
That (may he live for ever!)
He's lost a golden thread."

Then lo, two little lovers
Before the King they stand
And say (their bard discovers),
With hand tight joined in hand,
"Sire, to your will pursuant"
(They'd practised this for hours)
"We've got the thing as you want,
'Tis tied about our flowers."

But when they would unwind it,
Nut-brown or white as swan,
Their fingers failed to find it—
The golden thread was gone;
But blue-eyed SHEBA bended
With all her lovely arts
And whispered, "Nay, Most Splendid,
'Tis tied about their hearts."

Then, "Keep it, babes, and live it,"
Quoth SOLOMON the Wise,
"This gold o' mine, I give it
For sake of SHEBA's eyes
That teach, and to the letter,
That, when the world is young,
The song that's lived is better
Than any song that's sung,
Than all the songs we've sung."

P. R. C.

A Well-founded Report.

"The spectacle of a fire engine going off in several directions this morning naturally produced rumours of several outbreaks of fire."
West Country Paper.

The Battle of Edgware.

"Mr. ——, for the Hendon Rural Council, said the real question at issue was with regard to the future of Edgware, and on that there would be a fight between Hural Rural and Hendon Urban."—*Local Paper.*

Singing Tooral-li-Hural-li-Rural-li-lay!



ANNUS MIRABILIS.

John Bull. "SOME YEAR!"



THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY POLITELY BUT FIRMLY REFUSING THE GIFT OF A PHŒNIX ON THE GROUND OF ITS POSSIBLE EFFECT ON THEIR FIRE INSURANCE POLICIES.

THE WAR DIARY OF AMYAS PERKINS.

II.—How I Ordered the Presse: with a Brief Discourse upon the Nature of Political Affaires.

[Note.—*The difficulty of editing Mr. Amyas Perkins' reminiscences lies partly in the fact that, though he calls them a diary, the entries are in all cases undated, sometimes of great length, and usually full of comments which indicate that they were either written long after the event or else altered in the light of later knowledge.*

They fall most conveniently under the headings of subject-matter rather than of weeks, months or years, and it must be very clearly understood that Mr. Perkins alone is responsible for the views expressed, just as he is responsible for the obsolete phraseology and the claims he makes as to his own share in moulding the course of events.

It may be—indeed it must be—that in many cases he states things which are open to question; and yet there are times when it seems to me that he hittes, as he would put it, the nayle upon the hedde.]

It being present to my mind that this great quarrell with Germanye would be different from other troubles, inasmuch as all men, even the lesser sort of folk, would know verily that it was on, whereas formerly but few had knowledge of our warres and many who knew took but little accounte of them, nor in what way they might be conducted, so only that it were not by them, as in the time of Napoleon Buonaparte and the Admiral Nelson, when saylors must be seized by force and soldiers by bribes, insomuch as a guinea was given to a manne that he should fight in the Low Countries and a guinea to the man who should procure him to be enlisted, or in the time of the great Duke of Marlborough, when it was yet worse, or of the First Kynge Charles, who, travelling about the business of his campaign, found one shooting partridges and asked whether it were well that a man should shoote partridges when his Kynge was in perill by the machinations of rebells, and he said, Nay, hee thoughte not, but would goe with him, and did so; nor in those dayes did it seem that the most parte of England felt ardour and fierceness against the enemy unless they themselves dwelt in the sea-ports or on the border of Scotland, and so the danger was near to them; but now because of the great armies of the Allmands, and the French being drawn from all partes and we joined with the latter, and because every man was able to read news printe, and also by reason of the great power of the new engines of warre casting shot for many miles and dropping it from the air, there was none to whom this war would not be a particular concern, greater even than footeballe; I counselled that the Presse should be made one of the greate instruments of battell, that only being sayde which was favourable to the purpose of His Majesty's Ministers, and all else being put asyde—as to wit saying at one time—

"*Business as usual,*"

leste all men, leaving their offices, should rush instantly to fighte, and—

"*All now goes well. The enemy is out of countenance. The army lacks nothing;*

and yet again at a later time—

"*The army is without shells and ordnance. It is like to be destroyed. Alle must now give way to the making of munitions of warre;*"

so that the minds of the people might be swayed this waye and that, but hiding, for the most part, quarrells between His Majesty's ministers and generalls, so that they should seem to resign office from sickness and weariness and not from errour, and rather to rectify the line of battell than to retreat from it.

And this counsell of mine was taken, and it was resolved that nothing should be putt about by my lords Northcliffe and Beaverbroke nor others save that which was agreed, and if it was necessary to change the Government it should seeme to be done by the consente of all good men working in unisone, and not because one man desired to overthrow another, as being envious towards him, or believing that he suffered from petrifaction of the wittes and mildew coming over his braines.

But afterwardes, writing in their diaryes, they should say these thinges openly and many more.

Thus on divers occasions I became a go-between, allaying the stryfe of those who were hot-headed, and would have FRENCH goe, or KITCHENER overset, or CHERCHYLL smitten with a sandbagge, or LLOYD GEORGE cast into the sea; so that this laste, whom I now for the first time met, and perceived to bee a man of quick and ready witte, with much hair, but overlong, and smiling countenance, seizing that which would be said even before it was uttered, short in stature but abounding in energy, eloquent, and not caste down even at the time of breaking the morning faste, came to be the first of all Ministers in men's esteeme and Lord Protector of England.

Who nevertheless formerly had been a great rebell and mistrusted by many for harangues which he made concerning pheasants and the like so that witty pasquils were written against him, but now had the control of many factories for the making of prodigious mortar-pieces, grenados and other devices of warre.

Yet afterwards was accounted a rebell againe.

So too with Mr. CHERCHYLL, a man of no lesse considerable parts and ingenuitie, stubborn in counseil and not despairing of any Governmente if hee himself might be an officer therein, being also much remarked by the curious for the extravagant modishness of his hattes.

And about this tyme I was made a member of the Great Council of Camoflage, and was elected also to be an Elder Brother of Dora, so that I was much about Whytehalle, driving thither from "The Eyrie" in my new chariot automaton, having as great power as thirty horses or more. And I telling my father, as we sat at wyne, of certayne disputes as to who should be Chancellor, and who should mayke munitions of war, and how the Fleet should be governed, he said—

"Politicians in the mayne bee of two sortes, the vaine and the ambitious: of whome the one kinde hold to their purpose so that to move them from it they must seeme not to be moved by another but of their own thinkinge and design; but for the second sorte, if it bee shown to them by numbers and figures that to change the coate will profitt them, they leape to it. But the vaine kind are called by their friends honest, and the ambitious unscrupulous: notwithstanding those who cling to the part of the ambitious call them clear of sight, and the vaine sorte piggeheaded or (as they say of cannon balls which explode not, having struck the barricades) duds. And so must you deal with them."

Whereat he called for more wyne, and we felle to playing "Farmer's Glory" far into the nighte. EVOE.



"WHAT IS THE PLAY ABOUT, LEONARD? CRIME?"

"YES, MY DEAR. I MUST SAY I *LIKE* A BIT OF INCIDENT IN A PLAY. TO SEE A LOT OF DISTINGUISHED-LOOKIN' PEOPLE SITTING ABOUT TALKIN' BRILLIANTLY—WELL, YOU MIGHT AS WELL STAY AT HOME."

"IN THE SPRING . . ."

AWAY with your brazen bingle!
Your arrogant tresses furl!
I 've fallen in love with a shingle
Adorned by an errant curl!

Ye hearts that are ripe to tingle,
Oh, never a vernal stir 'll
(Or fancy born of the Spring 'll)
Set you such a frantic whirl!

Let the bells of Hymen jingle!
Let wedding jesters hurl
Confetti and rice to mingle
With satin and lace and pearl!

* * * *

Or shall I continue single
In spite of the errant curl?
For I 'd have to wed, with the shingle,
The whole of the rest of the girl.

When That was really That.

"Sir James Murray [of the *New English Dictionary*] once mentioned that his best assistant had just spent six months on the word THAT."—*Sunday Paper.*

DARTS AND THE DEVIL.

THERE seems to be no end to the dangers of modern life. A few days ago this heading in the police-court reports caught my eye:—

"DARTS BLAMED FOR YOUNG MAN'S DOWNFALL."

The young man had stolen, I think, seven-and-sixpence. The evidence was that he was in the habit of playing darts for glasses of beer or "money-prizes." The magistrate thought the case called for one of those explosive dicta which do so much to keep the nation straight. He said, "It is high time that the game of darts was put a stop to in our public-houses," and went on to suggest that it had been the ruin not of one young man but many.

What is this new canker in our midst? The game does not *look* dangerous, though to me it looks dull. Each player is armed with three feathered darts, which he flings on to a circular target divided into numerous segments by radial lines. The scoring seems complicated, and I have never understood it. But clearly the game is skilful and asks for accuracy and patience, for the darters do not throw at random and hope for the best, but are set particular tasks according to the run of the game. You will see a man struggling for a long time to score two 2's in succession or two 4's, and so on.

The game, I suppose, is a sort of descendant of archery. Perhaps in the long winter evenings the bowmen of England, training for Agincourt, kept their eye in with darts. At any rate it is now much more deeply embedded in the national life than was ever the practice of archery. There is a vast darts organisation; there are dart clubs and central leagues embracing those clubs. This year, I believe, there were over a thousand entries for the London Amateur Darts Championship (Singles). And now, says the magistrate, it is high time that this demoralising sport was put a stop to.

Darts will never be my game, but I must put in a word for darts; for this is the sort of thing that spreads. The next thing will be a "Save the Darters" movement. There will be a Society for the Suppression of Darts. There will be a Private Bill giving powers to Town Councils to prohibit darts. Bishops will preach against darts. Darts will become fashionable, and jaded Society women will take to darts as to a new drug. Then there will be a "Hands Off Darts" Movement. Then Geneva will step in and there will be an International Convention for the control of the darts' traffic. Darts will be included as dangerous instruments under the Firearms Act. And we shall have to have licences for public darts, as we do for a public bagatelle-board.

And if darts goes what game is safe? Has the magistrate heard of a game called golf? Is he aware that many City men play golf for money—as much as a pound a hole? or that golf-clubs are licensed to supply liquor for consumption on the premises? Does he know that some City men default, embezzle, swindle and cheat? And does not the same grim logic assist him here? Shall we be told, as he commits the next embezzler to the Old Bailey, that—

"*The time is ripe for the abolition of golf, which is evidently corrupting the flower of our middle-age*";

or—

"*Lawn-tennis must cease*";

or—

"*I will not have hockey*";

or—

"*Bowls is poisoning the lives of our old men.*"

What about halma? Many men and women who have played this game have afterwards committed murder and theft, robbed the poor, set light to haystacks and run away with the spouses of others. Another chance for that great woolly-headed law of "*Post hoc—propter hoc*" which inspires so many fatuous judgments in so many well-meaning persons.

It would be absurd to ask a magistrate to mind his own business, since it is his job to do the other thing. But he is under no obligation to make himself ridiculous by poking his nose into things which he does not understand. I wonder whether this protector of the poor has ever been in a pub, ever seen darts, ever realised that you cannot drink beer and throw a dart at the same time, and that therefore the dart may be not the poor man's ruin but a reforming influence. I dare say that he himself plays golf and bridge and probably gambles quietly on the Stock Exchange. And really it is high time that even magistrates stopped poking their fussy noses into the lives of poor people who have not many amusements and, though they may be seen at the bar, are often quite as respectable as the Bench.

A. P. H.



Flustered Female (as oculist tries different test-lenses in massive frame). "DON'T YOU THINK I MIGHT HAVE A LIGHTER PAIR OF GLASSES THAN THESE?"

IN THE TRAFFIC BLOCK.

CAN'T you cut through? Oh, I suppose not. But a good driver could back out and go round somewhere. Just let me drive. Oh, I remember perfectly what happened when I drove through town last. But I got to my hairdressing appointment dead on time.

Oh, well, we'll wait. The best people never blow into a theatre before the curtain goes up. I do hope the murder isn't committed in the first minute. Such an amusing play, everybody says. I should hate to miss any of it.

For the love of Mike, give me a gasper! Thanks. So good for the nerves, you know. Here we are, helpless, while somebody in the stalls, probably in the very next seat to those we've paid for, fires point-blank at the hero. Never mind, we shall see how it all ends.

You know, I'm ageing already. I'm positive my permanent wave ceased to be permanent long ago. I wonder if it was wise to start the evening with a school-girl complexion? Don't blame me. How was I to know we should grow middle-aged in London's worst traffic block?



Our Artist. "IT 'S PRETTY SERIOUS WHEN YOUR BANK GOES BROKE. I DREW A CHEQUE FOR FIVE POUNDS AND THEY COULDN'T MEET IT."

That 's not the worst. If we 're much longer on the road I shall be too old for this play. I 'm sure it isn't suitable for a lady of advanced years. Of course that won't trouble you. By the time you 've parked the bus the play will have gone on tour.

I should think Act III. is beginning now. Perhaps the real thrill comes in Act III. Let 's hope so. Do pass your case again. Thanks. Not very chatty, are you? Of course if you want to sulk you won't mind if I talk to these dear children on the pavement. They 're watching us so intelligently. Some day perhaps they 'll be Society Gossip Writers.

No, my dears, this isn't the Lord Mayor. It 's the world's Worst Owner-Driver. You wouldn't guess it, but he 's taking me to the theatre in his car. Yes, this is the car. A fourteen horse-power car. Perhaps you 've never seen fourteen horses as still as this. Well, don't stay, darlings, or you 'll be late for the pictures. Run along, and be mother's good boys.

Why shouldn't I talk to the dear children just to pass the time? Children and clergymen are the only people one can talk to without an introduction. There 's a dear old clergyman on the top of that bus. Do let me have a word with him. I 'm sure he thinks we 're going to the dogs and he 'll be so relieved to hear we 're only going to *The Murder in the Bath*. Very well, then, I must talk with the lady in the taxi.

So annoying, isn't it? Quite. Yes, we 're going to the theatre too. Such a coincidence! Oh, you 're going to see *Frivolous Fanny*. How jolly! We 're going to *The Murder in the Bath*. I don't suppose either of us will hear anything but the National Anthem, and that will be the same at both places. Our drivers aren't very good, are they?

No, Sir, I shouldn't say that. Yes, I admit it is most annoying when one has booked two —— stalls at the —— theatre. Are you by any chance in the Navy? You should endeavour to forget you are going to the theatre, Sir, and regard this purely as a reliability trial.

You shouldn't have pulled the window up. He was just getting interesting. There—I 've finished now. None of our neighbours is really chatty. They 're all angry about something or other. I wonder what there is to be angry about!

We 're very cosy here. This is a nice little bus. A detached bijou maisonette (with dickey), rated low, electric light and ev. mod. con., charmingly situated in traffic block in nice residential neighbourhood. A stone's-throw from the theatres.

I seem to have lived here with you a long time. We are surely the traffic block's oldest inhabitants. A reporter will come along soon and interview us.

"Madam," he will say, "to what do you attribute your longevity?"

And I shall reply, "I never gadded to theatres, but always sat at home in my own little traffic block." That will look awfully well on the front page, won't it?

Why, if that isn't Reggie! Hello, old fruit, wait for me. I 'm getting out. . . . You don't mind if I leave you? It 's really too late for the theatre. Can't you abandon the old bus and come too?

Well, if you won't, good-bye. Thanks so much for the topping little wait in the queue. I 've never enjoyed a traffic block so much.

ANOTHER LONDONER'S DIARY.

(With acknowledgments to "The Evening Standard.")

A SULTAN'S WIFE.

The news that the Sultan of Toganda has added yet another bride to his harem is not likely to cause a sensation in Downing Street.

Time was, however, when the matrimonial affairs of the Sultans of Toganda were anxiously watched by the Foreign Office, for as the reputed descendants of CLEOPATRA they exerted some influence upon Egyptian politics. Questions of diplomacy more nearly affecting European chancelleries were also likely to be involved if some infatuated Sultan took the lady of his choice from the Belgian Basutoland, which marched with his territories.

The present Sultan was educated at Eton and not so long ago he was a popular figure in the night life of London.

A QUESTION OF PRIVILEGE.

The Office of Works seems to be hard put to it to explain why the Haymarket has not been seriously excavated for eighteen months. As a matter of fact the Haymarket is in a very anomalous position among metropolitan thoroughfares, for it is territory in dispute between the Office of Works, the Lord Chamberlain and the L.C.C.

By a grant of 1482 the Lord Chamberlain has the sole right to gather blackberries from the hedges bordering the road, but he has also the obligation to fill up all its pits and pot-holes with good gravel taken from the Merton quarries. For over two centuries no Lord Chamberlain has found a blackberry in the Haymarket and, not unnaturally, successive holders of the office have refused to repair the road.

In 1870 Lord Texton made over his rights and duties to the Office of Works, so that ever since that date there has been a constant bickering on the subject between the Office of Works and the L.C.C.

I shall await with interest the drawing up of some protocol to settle the dispute.

PAUL PÂTOUT.

A small group of enthusiasts will be deeply affected by the news of the death of Paul Pâtout, who has not been seen in London or Paris for many years. There was a time when his was a name to conjure with among the younger artists, for he exerted his influence as much by force of personality as by the remarkable pictures which came from his studio. Just before the War he developed the habit of walking across the Rond Point on his hands and knees every morning at 9.45 precisely. The gendarmes came to know him, and they regularly held up the traffic for his benefit.

Later he displayed this little nervous *tic* of his in Piccadilly Circus, but it was about the time of the Suffragette outrages, and the English police are notoriously less artistic than the French.

Among his best-known studies is "La Femme Vêtue," which hangs in the Tate Gallery. It was presented by M. Georges Bollard.

MINISTERIAL HOLIDAYS.

With the end of the present session Cabinet Ministers will once more leave the country for those long holidays which are rendered easy by modern communication and necessary by the harassing complications of modern politics. Cabinet Ministers, however, far more than ordinary men, are confronted by almost insoluble problems in their choice of a quiet retreat on the Continent.

It is an open secret, for instance, that the presence of Sir WILLIAM JOYNSON-HICKS in Milan once precipitated a crisis in the Fascist party; and for a short period Signor MUSSOLINI'S popularity was ominously on the wane. Again, when Lord BIRKENHEAD appeared in Athens there was a spasmodic revival of Apollo-worship which promised to embarrass the Greek Government. Sir AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN wisely avoids foreign entanglements by a holiday on the high seas, the waves of which he presumably rules in conjunction with Britannia and Mr. BRIDGEMAN.

Their worst fear is that they may all choose the same sanctuary independently. Two years ago there was a chance that the whole Cabinet would be furiously ignoring itself all over the streets of Andorra, but happily a Foreign Office messenger collated the information which filtered through to him from various sources and gave a hint to Mr. BALDWIN. Nowadays, at a special meeting of the Cabinet, all the high Ministers of State lay their itineraries upon the table and arrange how best to avoid each other.

SPRING.

It is noticeable that Spring always comes at this time of the year, and we may congratulate ourselves that we are not like the inhabitants of the Antipodes, who have to prepare for Summer at quite another season.

Australians and New Zealanders would in this be more fortunately placed if they were the founders of our culture and if all our literature were built up to suit the vagaries of the lands under the Southern Cross. If, for instance, SHAKESPEARE had been an Australian, large portions of *A Winter's Tale* would have appeared in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and *vice versâ*. But, as it is, a youngster in the Antipodes has to read in poetry and prose of a climatic cycle which, so far as his own limited experience goes, is widely at variance with the facts.

MIDGHAM CASTLE.

The throwing open of Midgham Castle to the public will be an opportunity for the monstrous regiment of American tourists to explore one of the oldest ancestral homes of England. Many curious legends are associated with the castle, which was first built by a Saxon thane, rebuilt by the Norman family of Des Vœux, destroyed during the Wars of the Roses, and finally re erected by Sir William Dever, the famous traveller, in the year of the Great Exhibition. The grounds were laid out by PAXTON.

When I was last a guest at Midgham I slept in a room about which strange stories were told. It had been the privileged domain of the ghost of the Saxon lord, who always walked about with his feet under the floor-boards (in accordance with the level of an older room in which he had died); but during the last century, following a tragedy in the castle, the ghost of a rather hide-bound Victorian lady began to jump his claims. Many a guest was prostrated between terror and amusement while watching a shadowy *Mrs. Grundy* pursuing a shadowy HEREWARD THE WAKE around the room with arguments and pamphlets. It seemed to me an indication that the continuity of history is more imaginary than real.

But I saw nothing during my stay at the castle, and it may be that the legends were apocryphal.

A COMMON ERROR.

Once more a politician, this time Mr. SNOWDEN, has fallen into the error of ascribing to JOHN POMFRET the lines:

> "Yet love makes death a dreadful thought!
> Felix, at what a price we live!"

Every lover of poetry should know that they were written by HERRICK; and they occur, unless my memory deceives me, in his *Epithalamie*.

But JOHN POMFRET, whose fame rests on this popular error, was himself a fine poet, and of his work, *The Choice*, Dr. JOHNSON said that no composition in our language has been oftener perused; while a contemporary of the Doctor added that, "being in a strain no higher than the comprehension of any person who can read English, it finds admirers



Angry Voice. "HANG IT! THAT 'S THE THIRD TIME YOU 'VE GIVEN ME THE WRONG NUMBER!"
Operator. "SOR-R-RY YOU 'VE BEEN TR-R-ROUBLED THR-R-RICE."

among thousands who think that ordinary poetry is nonsense." POMFRET was Rector of Malden, in Bedfordshire, and might have risen in the Church but that he fell foul of the Bishop of LONDON in the year 1700, and died of smallpox in 1703. I wonder how many people nowadays read *The Choice*?

Och Hone!

"Later he gave a much appreciated interpretation of the 'Ave Maria,' his double stropping be ng very clean."—*Berkshire Paper.*

We should like to hear him in something from *Il Barbiere.*

THE INTIMATE INTERVIEW.

CONCERNING the books of Arnold Spooffer people say, "They are classics," or "What frightful tosh!" according to whether they are Spooffer enthusiasts or not. Around the man himself strange legends have grown up. He is a soured and bitter agnostic; he is possessed of a sweet kindly temperament through which shines the quiet glory of a simple faith. He hates women, bites children, hoards his money and makes faces at Nonconformists, and his ceaseless generosity, his love for little folk, his wide religious tolerance and his untiring championship of the opposite sex are among his most endearing qualities. He is said to mouth metaphors and prattle paradoxes on every possible occasion; he is also known rarely to break the sullen silence with which he surrounds himself, and then only to swear at his food.

I am one of the few privileged to know Arnold Spooffer as he really is. I have had talks with him. It is time the world knew something of what passed between us. I feel it to be nothing less than my duty to show the world

the man's simple unaffected self in his simple unaffected home. Besides, there is money in it. Many people will pay to read intimate interviews with the great. That is what makes it such an undiluted pleasure to do justice to distinguished men.

As I stood outside Arnold Spooffer's house I had great difficulty in believing that it was his house. It was just the plain simple sort of house that almost any man could purchase at so much down and balance by instalments. There was a gate which opened just as simply as any other gate; there was nothing about it to indicate that it was Arnold Spooffer's gate. There was a bit of garden and a front-door with an income-tax demand jammed in the letter-box, just as it might be jammed in your letter-box or mine.

At the sight of all this unaffected simplicity I had to pause for a moment or two to get control of my emotion. In this simple house lived the man whom some termed an agnostic, and others—the more virulent ones—accused of making faces at Nonconformists. At last I managed to overcome my indignation sufficiently to obey the injunction to "Knock and Ring." As I did so I could not help being struck by those simple words, "Knock and Ring," so representative of the straightforward clean-cut directness of the great man's literary style.

A simply-dressed parlourmaid opened the door and looked at my card.

She said, "Mr. Codpoddle?"

I said, "Mr. Codpoddle."

She said, "Will you please come this way?"

The utter absence of any hint of arrogance or flamboyancy in her manner brought tears to my eyes.

You must picture me alone in a pleasant morning-room. Here again the note of simplicity. A four-legged table, some four-legged chairs, an escritoire. Pictures on the walls—on the walls, mark you, and not, as some detractors would have us believe, on the ceiling. A carpet on the floor, just tacked simply to the floor with carpet-tacks. I was fighting hard with another surge of emotion when the door opened and Arnold Spooffer entered.

I say "entered," because, after careful consideration, that seems to me the truest word for describing Spooffer's way of making his appearance. He came in with his hand on the outside door-knob and closed the door in the simplest possible manner by putting his other hand on the inside door-knob. He neither hopped on one leg nor crawled on all-fours, but approached me walking upright and in a direct line, and with a kind if somewhat tired smile bade me be seated.

He also sat down himself, and there was nothing in his way of doing it to distinguish him from a plain country gentleman. I do not suppose there was a pause of more than two or three minutes, during which Spooffer sat with half-closed eyes to put me at my ease, before we began to chat. I am giving as far as possible the exact words which passed between us in order that the simple nature of the great man may the more clearly be made manifest:—



Visiting Player (*who, although plus two, has an eye for scenery*). "WHAT MOUNTAINS ARE THOSE?"
Caddie (*in consternation*). "THEM AIN'T ON THESE LINKS, SIR."

Myself. It is very good of you to see me, Mr. Spooffer.

Spooffer. Yes—that is, no, no.

Myself. You will tell me if I weary you?

Spooffer. No, no—that is, yes.

Myself. This is a nice sunny room.

Spooffer. Yes, it is a nice sunny room.

Myself. I suppose that when the sun doesn't shine it is not so bright.

Spooffer (*with a characteristic gesture of agreement*). No, it is not so bright then.

Myself. You are sure I am not wearying you?

Spooffer. No, no—not yet.

Myself. You will tell me if I weary you?

Spooffer. Yes.

Myself. I wish I could tell you how stimulating it is to meet you like this, Mr. Spooffer. Have you any objection to talking about your books?

Spooffer. I don't mind.

Myself. Why do you write books?

Spooffer. I don't know.

Myself. Do you like writing books?

Spooffer. I don't mind it.

Myself (*anxiously*). Telling me all this does not weary you too much, does it?

Spooffer. No, only a little. But you must not mind me. Have you thought of a nice train back?

Myself. I was thinking of catching the 4.15.

Spooffer. That is not a bad train, but there is a much nicer one at 3.42 (*with characteristic animation handing me a time-table*). Perhaps you would like to see for yourself what a nice train it is?

Myself. Yes, it would get me home in time for tea.

Spooffer (*kindly*). I should not like you to miss your tea. Do you think you can catch that train?

Myself (*after looking at my watch*). I think I can just do it if I go at once. May I hope to be permitted to hear some more of your views on another occasion?

Spooffer. Yes, yes. Good-bye. I must not keep you now or you will not catch that train, and it is such a nice train.

You will have noticed how the gentle dreamy manner in which Mr. Spooffer opens a conversation soon gives place to a warm vivacity as he becomes genuinely interested in his subject. I have had many such talks with him, and I am putting them all in my book, to be entitled *The Real Spooffer*, so you can scarcely expect me to give you in advance more than just a delicious taste of what you will be able to wallow in if you place your order in good time.

D. C.

Our Carnivorous Muttons.

"She p feeding on turnips and wild rabbits in this country find enough moisture in their food."—*Daily Paper.*

We now understand why some people prefer the New Zealand kind.

Low Finance.

"The total sum about £00,000 was quite within the financial competence of the company, and there was no idea of raising fresh capital."
Report of Company meeting in Daily Paper.

This sum is just within our financial competence too.



First Taxi-driver (to pal). "YUS, 'E'S KNOWN AS 'DREAMY.' 'E 'S GOT WOT THEY CALLS THE ARTISTIC TEMPRAMENT; YOU KNOW—GETS A FARE AN' FORGETS TO PULL HIS FLAG DAHN."

LIVESTOCK IN BARRACKS.

VIII.—The Return of Packdrill the Parrot.

Last week I told you about Private Muzzle's green parrot, Packdrill, a bird of foul mind and evil tongue, who for some days roamed scurrilously through our barracks. I also told you of his flight to the next battalion, who, being traditional enemies, expressed delighted approval of his scandalous confidences about our officers. But I didn't tell you that he returned.

Well, he did. It seems that the officers of the 1st Blankshires spent two days teaching him the phrase, "Condemned Greatcoats!" in various tones of offensive amusement, vituperatory sarcasm and shocked incredulity. After which they had him conveyed secretly into our Officers' Mess to deliver his message by word of beak.

Rudyard Kipling once wrote that certain phrases, spoken into the barracks of certain regiments, would bring the men out with belts and mops and bad language. He was quite right; though in the old days, of course, it used to be remarks like "'Oo lost the colours in 1854?" or "What about your attack at Isandlaagtefontein?" Nowadays, however, since the experience of the Great War, there has sprung up a new generation of officers and men possessing a different sense of values and agreeing with the poet that—

> "Greatcoats are more than bayonets
> And daily food than mud and blood;"

or, as the book puts it, "The value of ancillary troops in campaigns, which consist largely of periods of position warfare, cannot be underestimated."

The phrase, "Condemned Greatcoats," therefore, which to you may seem perfectly innocent if not childishly domestic, has for us a deeper significance. We are in fact just as sensitive about it as if it *had* been something about Isandlaagtefontein. I can't possibly tell you the full story here in public; it has to do with our Quartermaster being given a lot of condemned greatcoats instead of new ones, while the Quartermaster of the Blankshires, who had just stood him a drink, got away with. . . . However, it is all too painful.

Anyway, you can understand that, when just after lunch a sepulchral voice from the ante-room ceiling suddenly croaked out "Condemned Greatcoats!" it produced the same sort of effect as would favourable mention of Mr. Baldwin in one of the best Moscow *salons*. Everyone reached for the nearest weapon and glared angrily about, foaming at the mouth. Packdrill the parrot was then discovered clinging to the picture-rail and preening himself in a deliberately offensive manner.

Apparently observing that he was now noticed, he looked up, remarked wearily to the Colonel, "Closin' time now *reely*, gentlemen, please!" and took flight. Everyone hit out, and everyone missed, except Lieutenant Holster, who scored an unintended outer on Captain and Quartermaster Ledger's ample person, a thing which it is not difficult to do at any time. Packdrill, with a final "Condemned Greatcoats," prefixed by a malevolent oath, winged out of the door and took up station in a tree outside, where he began to cast aspersions, taught him the previous week by Private Muzzle, on the character of the Regimental Sergeant-Major.



"Packdrill waited till Bayonet and his net had climbed nearly up to him."

A phase of great activity supervened. The Colonel said briefly through his teeth and *The Morning Post*, "See to it!" and Captain Bayonet at once ordered a capture-party to fall in outside. The Adjutant, knowing who was responsible, departed to his office to write a stiff note to the Blankshires, beginning, I believe, with "I am in receipt of your impertinent parrot of even date. . . ." Lieutenant Swordfrog, who is over-enthusiastic, telephoned to the guard-room to say that the sentry was to arrest and detain all unauthorised green parrots seen on or near his beat. Everyone was filled with the utmost determination. It was generally felt that, should Packdrill start touring the barracks with his war-cry, it would take several armoured cars, ambulance-vans, military police and Garrison Orders to separate our men and the Blankshires.

Captain Bayonet brought a landing-net; Lieutenant James had secured a tin of what he called parrot-lime, but which turned out to be simply treacle and glue in equal quantities; Holster had an enormous bag of mixed nuts of an early vintage and of various unexpected shapes.

Packdrill watched these preparations from an adjacent tree, occasionally using the forbidden phrase and occasionally exhorting the party to "Me-ewve to-the-Roight-in Fouah" in a good imitation of Sergeant-Major Magazine's very-early-morning-parade voice.

Under Bayonet's able generalship the attack was launched. James was deputed to parrot-lime all probable perches in the neighbourhood, and to do it in such fashion that Packdrill would be unlike'y to notice. This he achieved so thoroughly that few other people noticed either. In fact one was only discovered yesterday by the Adjutant, who had to have the bough sawn off before he could move his hand. Holster distributed his mixed nuts as bait near these perches and all over the lawn; and Bayonet gave himself a roving commission with the landing-net. Swordfrog stood by with a sack and a toasting-fork.

The first phase of the attack was not very successful. Waiting till Bayonet and his net had climbed nearly up to him, Packdrill flew down on to the lawn, selected a ripe nut and repaired with it to the mess-roof, even as Swordfrog made a swoop at him with his sack, after the manner of an earnest but unskilled *retiarius*. All Swordfrog succeeded in doing was to upset the parrot-lime tin over James's foot.

After this set-back there was a pause for quiet consideration, broken only by Bayonet trying to get down the tree and Packdrill dealing disgustingly with



Wife. "YOU SEEM UPSET, MY DEAR."

Husband. "JUST COME UP IN THE TRAIN WITH THAT FELLOW TUBBARD. HE'S ALWAYS COMPLAINING THAT HIS WIFE SEEMS TO BE GROWING SO OLD; DASHED BAD FORM, I THINK. COULDN'T STICK IT ANY LONGER, AND TOLD HIM STRAIGHT OUT, I ALWAYS SAW *YOU* AS YOU *USED* TO BE, THANK GOD!"

a Brazil nut. Then James had an inspiration. Picking up a nut—it looked like a cob except that it was the size of a healthy walnut—he aimed it at Packdrill. He missed the bird and cracked a chimney-pot; but it gave us all a new idea. Within a minute Packdrill was being subjected to a very hot fire of mixed nuts, which completely stopped his comments on greatcoats and sent him cursing from tree to tree all round the lawn. James was the first to hit him with a nut that looked like a fine Nigerian ground-nut; then Bayonet equalised with a shrapnelled handful of peanuts. Shortly after this a well-directed horse-chestnut from Holster met Packdrill in mid-flight. He stalled badly, made a forced landing near Swordfrog, who threw the sack over him, being himself caught a moment later by Bayonet's landing-net. We were only just in time too, for we had run right out of ammunition, owing to James during his rushes over the lawn having attached most of it immovably to his parrot-limed boot.

Sentence of death for uttering remarks derogatory to the regiment was passed by the Colonel, but it was later commuted to penal servitude for life, and Packdrill was sent as a gift (anonymous) to the workhouse (male wing) in a town twenty miles away.

We consider the whole incident quite closed now, even though we are occasionally reminded of it by a certain *je ne sais quoi* about the Sunday puddings, due, I believe, to James's tin of parrot-lime having been picked up by a conscientious mess-waiter and placed in the mess-caterer's store-cupboard. A. A.

THE NEW SCHOOL OF HORTICULTURE.

[An aspirin in their water is recommended to revive flowers which are inclined to droop. An extension of this idea seems possible.]

THE garden books I used to know
I've resolutely cast away,
My *Saturdays with Rake and Hoe*
And *How to make Petunias pay;*
Henceforward I shall seek the sage
Pharmacopœia's helpful page.

No longer now when I deplore
The lack of radiance in the rose
Shall I be satisfied to pour
Plain water on it from a hose;
I'll rectify its sickly mien
With iron mingled with quinine.

The senna I will make it drink
Shall help to give the tulip tone;
With camomile I'll dope the pink
Thrice daily after meals (my own),
And treat my lawn, one perch or rod,
With oil of castor and of cod.

I'll drop the spade o'er which I've bent,
The roller I've been wont to tug,
And let my garden zeal find vent
Administering draught and drug;
And my ramshackle shed shall be
Transformed to a dispensary.

And, if my flora fail, I'll take
Another Æsculapian view,
Resume my spade (despite the ache)
And move them every hour or two,
Convinced that all their ills arise
From simple lack of exercise.

Edible Attire.

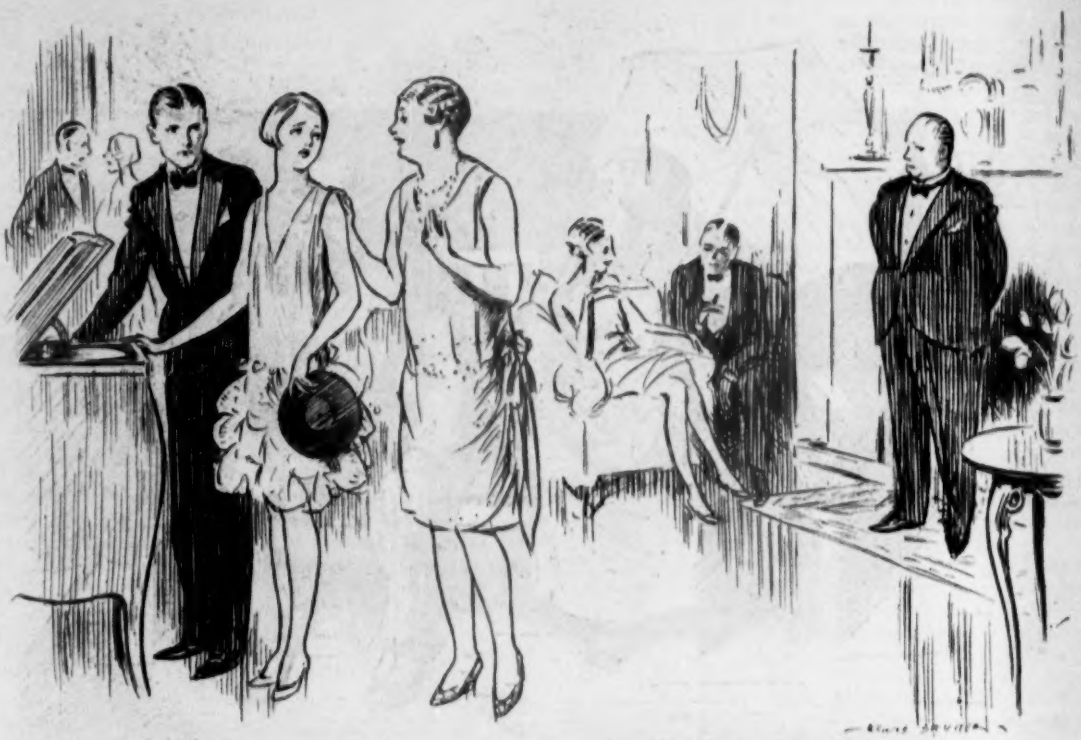
"Early Cauliflwer Pants, 6d. per score, 2/- per 100."—*Provincial Paper.*

Personally we prefer Broad Bean Bags.

News Bulletin 2LO.

"Tournament results.—Miss Betty Nuthall walked over Miss B. Hodder, who scratched."

Who wouldn't?



"DARLING, DO GO AND ASK UNCLE JOHN TO DANCE WITH YOU. IT 'S SO GOOD FOR HIM."
"OH, MUMMY DEAR, I *AM* SO SICK OF DANCING UNCLE JOHN'S WEIGHT DOWN."

FOR YOUR LIBRARY LIST.

THE urge of self-exudation and an egocentric *Weltschmerz* are the dominant notes of Odo Winklesea's latest book of verse, *Âmes de Boue and Other Poems*. This is the author's nineteenth volume of verse, and more than amply fulfils his early threats. A privately-printed edition of thirteen copies, sumptuously produced on blotting-paper and bound in Persian lamb, is published at twelve guineas.

* * *

One of the most interesting travel books recently published is *From Paris to Peking in a Wheelbarrow*, by that well-known traveller and sportsman, Horace Bundle. This book, whose title speaks for itself, was composed throughout in the wheelbarrow and written in ox-blood. "I believe," says the author in a modest foreword, "that this constitutes a record."

* * *

Gloom, by Rock Grimm, is the poignant story of the struggles of *Hysteria Drugget*, a young girl with yellow eyes, to escape from the stifling conventions of her Tooting home and live her own life. The skilfully-told tale of how she meets *Raymond Loofah* and ultimately finds self-expression in West Kensington is among the best work of this brilliant young writer. *Gloom* should find a prominent place on every thinking person's library list.

* * *

Lawn-tennis enthusiasts will welcome Mr. Harold Bagfoot's helpful little treatise on their favourite game, entitled *Wimbledon Ho!* The author, who is a member of a well-known Cricklewood tennis-club and has watched several notable games at Wimbledon, says that he attributes Miss BETTY NUTHALL'S success very largely to her quickness of eye and smart footwork. No would-be tennis champion should ever go on to the court without a copy of Mr. Bagfoot's useful little work at his or her elbow.

THE ETERNAL FEMININE.

"W'y are ships wimmen?" says Billy Magee;
"'Ere 's a few reasons as looks good to me.

"There 's good uns an' bad uns, an' wild an' contrary,
An' stubborn an' stupid an' devil-may-care-y;

"There 's some that ain't nothin' but varnish an' paint,
There 's some 'as got tempers 'ud bother a saint;

"There 's some steers a course an' there 's some as just won't,
There 's them fellers sticks to an' them as they don't.

"An' this 'ere 's a fact about wimmen and 'ookers—
The best uns to live with ain't all the best lookers.

"'Umour an' coax 'em, you 'll get your own way with 'em:
'Andle 'em wrong, there 's the divvle to pay with 'em.

"Larn all your life, you won't know all about 'em—
An' wot 'ud the world be for us chaps without 'em?"

C. F. S.

The Birdie Habit Overdone.

"Compston drove so far to the fourteenth that his ball was caught in the ditch three hundred yards from the tee."—*Scots Newspaper.*

Another Impending Apology.

"In his hotels at Brighton, he welcomes great writers, artists, sportsmen, and gentlemen."—*Weekly Paper.*



THE LIGHT THAT NEARLY FAILED.

Mrs. Budget (*to Poet*). "THERE, SIR! I'VE DECIDED AFTER ALL NOT TO CHARGE YOU NOTHINK EXTRA FOR YOUR MIDNIGHT OIL."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

SKILL in retreat is the hall-mark of successful generalship, in politics as in other warfare. We must acknowledge that in this branch of parliamentary strategy the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER exhibits the qualities of a ROBERT E. LEE. True, his retreat on Tuesday was only across an indefensible "chemical frontier," to use his own expression, to the comparatively impregnable lines of the Petrol Tax. It had to be made, nevertheless, in the face of a watchful and aggressive enemy, prepared, if given the least opportunity, to turn the retreat into an ignominious (to borrow Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S term) "scuttle."

There was no suggestion of the dogged rearguard action about Mr. CHURCHILL'S speech. He stoutly defended a tax on kerosene. It helped the coal industry. Repeated coal-stoppages had bred in our people the kerosene habit, which would be well abandoned in favour of the use of coal. The tax would help the shale-oil industry—to the greater gratification of the Member for Linlithgow—and moreover the "chemical frontier" between heavy and light oils was easier to define than that between petrol and paraffin.

What he had done was to shift the burden "from the carbohydrates to the hydrocarbons," but whereas all the Sugar Duty remission would benefit the householder, one-third of the Kerosene Duty would have come from those that used it industrially. However, and be that as it might, he, the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER was prepared to accept the guidance of the House and withdraw the proposed tax on kerosene. He for one had never dreamed of pressing policies through apart from the opinion of Members of the House.

The CHANCELLOR then proceeded to dilate at length on the ills that would assuredly befall such temerarious souls as ventured to try to combust paraffin in their motor-cars. So vehemently did Mr. CHURCHILL address himself to the details of this argument that Members must have suspected the Treasury of being somewhat apprehensive on this point. As to the duty already paid on paraffin, involving a mere bagatelle of sixty thousand pounds or so (of which a sheer one-and-eightpence is lost for ever to the one who narrates these events), that would offer no exceptional difficulty.

By way of covering this admittedly adroit retreat with, if not glory, at least the semblance of tactical mastery, the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER apologised to his enemies for leaving them



"Doth sometimes counsel take—and sometimes tea."

MR. JACK JONES.

to deliver their several blows *en plein air*.

The enemies, themselves no mean masters of political tactics, made shift to change their contemplated frontal attack into a damaging pursuit of the retreating foe. Mr. SNOWDEN declared that not the sanctity of the domestic hearth but the electoral fortunes of the Tory Party had inspired the CHANCELLOR'S masterly advance to the rear. Mr. LLOYD GEORGE said this was not going to be the end of his retreating. He was just beginning, and ere long would be scuttling away amid the jeers of his supporters.

But the CHANCELLOR had friends to defend his harassed rear as well as foes to assail it. Mr. TOMLINSON, the Member for Carlisle, in a promising maiden speech said the three hardest words to pronounce in any language were, "I am wrong." In using them the CHANCELLOR had shown that he was not only a statesman but a man. Lieut.-Colonel HENEAGE thanked Mr. CHURCHILL on behalf of the agricultural population, as Mr. TOMLINSON had done on behalf of the hen industry.

The day's debate had not at all times been confined to this narrow field. It fell to Mr. BARR, the Member for Motherwell, to open the attack on the Budget Resolutions, and his assault took the form of a motion for the reduction of the Tea Duty from fourpence to a penny. He started out manfully enough to champion the poor man's tea-pot, but was soon seen riding away on his favourite hobby, for he is one of those unhappy people who have what one may call a bee in their tea-pot dome. The House bore it patiently enough, but when Mr. BARR'S apostrophe to the cup that cheers, etc., was reinforced by a blue-ribbon harangue from Mr. CHARLETON it was too much for Mr. JACK JONES. He heard with ill-concealed disgust that tea is stimulating, comforting and cooling, that it cheers the lonely, the sick, the aged and the tired, and is the only stimulant the poor are able to reach.

Mr. JONES rose and objected to this "temperance oration," but added magnanimously that he "swallowed everything the Hon. Member had said, the tea and the beer as well." Later in the debate Mr. JONES, doubtless inspired by refreshing draughts of bohea, rose to disabuse the minds of his friends as to his actual position. He was all for the Amendment, and knew by experience what it was to have to be content with the poorest kinds of tea. "I am not particularly fond of tea," he admitted with disarming frankness. He had drunk



THE MAGIC CARPET
(Persian School).
SIR PHILIP SASSOON.

beer ever since he was sixteen and was none the worse for it. The world would never be saved by cold water, but those who liked it could go and drown themselves in it, if it pleased them, so long as they left him his glass of beer. Yet, as between the two, added the Cæsar of Silvertown magnanimously, he was prepared to vote to reduce the tax on tea and keep the tax on beer.

It is true, as Commander EYRES-MONSELL observed, that when the cat is away the mice will play, but that is no reason why the kitten should allow them to steal the cat's breakfast. Perhaps we should not blame Mr. A. M. SAMUEL. There he was all alone, "one man against a thousand brutes," as the poet says, though in another connection, his chief *hors de combat*, and not a single colleague to sustain him in the fight except Mr. AMERY, who, far from proving a strong help in adversity, turned out to be a mere serpent in the grass.

The House was engaged in considering the proposed duty of sixpence on mechanical lighters. Stoutly Mr. SAMUEL defended it. A Highlander with his foot planted on a saxpence would not have stood his ground more fiercely. But the situation called for more than courage; generalship was needed, and the General languished in his tent! With Liberals to the right of him and all the serried hosts of Socialism, from Mr. SNOWDEN to Mr. JACK JONES, to the left of him volleying and thundering, Mr. SAMUEL might at least have looked for loyal support from the ranks behind him. Did he get it? He did not.

Possibly Mr. RAMSDEN did not realise, when he artlessly proposed that the sixpenny tax on mechanical lighters should be reduced to threepence in the case of home-made lighters, what forbidden though alluring fruit he was proffering to the parched lips of the FINANCIAL SECRETARY TO THE TREASURY. It is less easy to believe that Mr. AMERY, with whom Mr. SAMUEL consulted before accepting the delicacy, did not realise that he was inviting his colleague to bite off something that the Government long since declared itself unable to chew.

Anyway, Mr. SAMUEL accepted the Amendment, only to realise, as the immediate storm burst above his temporarily abandoned head, that he had "given away sources of revenue without the consent of the CHANCELLOR," to say nothing of turning taxation for revenue into the sort of protective taxation that the Government is pledged not to undertake.



"Oh, bosh!" the worthy Bishop said,
And ran him off as in the picture.
After "The Bab Ballads."

MR. A. M. SAMUEL AND COMMANDER EYRES-MONSELL.

Mr. HARDIE moved that the debate be adjourned. Like *Elephant's Child* in the *Just So Stories*, Mr. SAMUEL sat, very warm and very 'stonished, while his Uncle, RUNCIMAN, spanked him with his hard horny hoof and his other Aunt, SIMON, spanked him with her hard horny claw. The situation was getting desperate—Conservative Members had actually hinted that they must support the motion—when Commander EYRES-MONSELL appeared on the scene, hot-foot from consultation with the Treasury. Mr. RAMSDEN had agreed to withdraw his Amendment, it was explained; the duty on automatic lighters would remain sixpence all round, and the motion to adjourn might be conscientiously voted against by all and sundry.

This "wangle" ("device," the wise Mr. PETHICK-LAWRENCE would call it) served to avert catastrophe, but seconds-in-command do not as a rule let down their generalissimos in the field without something happening. On Thursday Mr. SAMUEL was again in his place, but "two stern-faced men," Sir LAMING WORTHINGTON-EVANS and Major ELLIOT, had appeared in the picture, and Mr. SAMUEL, like poor *Eugene Aram*, sat between, not indeed with gyves upon his wrists, but conscious that he would not be allowed to give away anything that was not his to give.



THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER AS SEEN BY MR. PETHICK-LAWRENCE.

Question-time has brought its quota of thrills this week as well as its occasions for harmless mirth. Among the former must be reckoned the "ultimatum" to Egypt, of which Sir AUSTEN delivered himself with noble gravity. As usual this simoon in the Egyptian coffee-cup has proved short-lived; the British Fleet has returned to Malta, and Egypt promises to be good—till next time.

Sir P. SASSOON explained to Mr. MALONE that a weekly air mail service to India would come into being on April 1st, 1929. Nobody is better fitted to conduct us Eastward on a magic carpet than Sir PHILIP, but it would be a sad affair indeed if the magic carpet turned out, when the day arrived, to be an April flying-fish.

"Those who desire may inspect a miniature Zoo, embracing elephants, bears and monkeys."
Provincial Paper.

We understand that so far few have availed themselves of this unique opportunity for the display of affection.



Umpire (recruited in an emergency for our local tennis tournament). "NOW I HOPE YOU WON'T HAVE ANY LONG RALLIES. THEY ALWAYS MAKE ME FORGET THE SCORE."

WHAT TO DO WITH OUR DWARFS.

AMONG the many excellent things that struck me during my visit to the Court of Horsensia was the brevity of the public speeches, particularly those at the various banquets which it was my privilege to attend. You know how often in our own country an after-dinner speaker who has made a very good impression by his opening remarks tails off into dulness and prolixity. A score of opportunities to sit down and have done with it offer themselves, but letting them go by he finishes by wearing out the patience of all his hearers and acquiring a reputation for tediousness of which he will not soon rid himself, if ever. Few men on their feet after dinner seem to be superior to the temptation to go on too long. Even the most accomplished and adroit speakers can succumb.

But in Horsensia I found nothing irksome of this kind. I do not go so far as to say that all the speakers were eloquent or witty or polished; that would be asking too much, for such qualities cannot be easily acquired; but they were all apposite and short. Directly they came to a real point and had shot their bolt they sat down. Some, I will admit, sat down with an abruptness which rather surprised me, and even seemed now and then to surprise them; but they sat down and made room for the next, and you felt that the applause was genuine and not merely an expression of politeness—as it can be and too often is in our own assemblies.

In spite of the suggestion of surprise which I seemed to detect now and then on the face of the speaker whose speech so suddenly ended, it had not occurred to me that this determination of oratory was controlled in any way but from within. Judge then of my astonishment when I learned its true source. For a long while, during my stay at the Court, my curiosity had been excited by a tiny individual in a quiet but dignified uniform who seemed both by his own deportment and by the deference paid him even by the great officials to be a person of rank and influence. Dwarfs, we all know, can entertain an opinion of themselves out of all relation to their dimensions; but this one obviously was a person of intellect and address.

On inquiring of my friend the Lord Chamberlain, I learned what his very interesting State duties were.

"That," said the Lord Chamberlain, "is the Lord Low Tweaker."

"The Lord Low Tweaker!"

"Yes. It is his duty, during the time when public speeches are being delivered, to pass behind the speakers and, when he considers that they have gone on long enough or made as good a point as they are likely to, to twitch or tweak their coat-tails and bring them down. The post was given to a dwarf so that the rest of the company should not be able to see him, thus sparing the confusion of the speaker."

"But can he be trusted to act rightly?" I asked. "Is he so good a judge of oratory and temperament?"

"I personally have found him a little tactless and impatient once or twice," said the Lord Chamberlain, "but as a whole I should say he is more than competent. After all, what is size? The tallest man in our army is not so tall as the shortest lamp-post, and this dwarf is only a few inches shorter than the kind of short man who attracts no attention. No, it is the brain that tells, and in that respect he is remarkable. *Multum in parvo*, you know. You have no functionaries of the kind in England?" he continued.

"No," I said; "I wish we had. We need them badly." E. V. L.

Bolton for Beauty.

"The members of the Bolton Field Naturalists' Society turned out in great force for the opening of the spring session. By special permission visits were paid to the Town Hall and the Fire Station."—*Lancashire Paper.*

There once was a builder of Kent
Who purchased a load of cement,
Then he filled in a pond
At the back of Beyond,
And decoyed us with "balance in rent."



Caddie (as the last club goes west). "THAT 'S DONE IT! NOW YOU 'VE ONLY GOT YER UMBERELLER."

BRISKER BALLADS.

SOME time ago a complaint was made in broadcasting circles that not only were concerts too long, but the songs sung too drawn-out. Since then I have been employed in sub-editing some of our old favourites, and the result should make for vocal entertainment that, to put it mildly, will move to a brisker tempo. I sympathise with the grievance; I too have suffered, as we all have, at concerts, under redundance, fal-lal-las, the tedious descriptions, given by those of riper years, of the exact position of the front-door of the cottage of their childhood and the over-conscientious account of the hours spent with thee (dear heart).

The following should leave no room for argument, and will dispose of the whole matter without offering a loop-hole for addition:—

THE MINSTREL BOY.

The minstrel boy into the wars did butt;
They sent him back just to remind him
That charm of manner won't get much ice cut
If he 's left his saxophone behind him.

THE MISTLETOE BOUGH.

The mistletoe hung in the old oak hall;
The lady is choked who was giving the ball.
Stow the mistletoe bough!
No one 's using it now.

BIRD OF LOVE DIVINE.

Oh, once there sang a little bird
From out the heavens blue;
'Twas stilled for ever by the third
Sharp pebble that I threw.

A QUAINT LITTLE OLD-FASHIONED TOWN.

There 's a little old house in a little old street
In a dear little, quaint little town,
But it 's sad to relate they have sold the estate
And are pulling above-mentioned down.

I PASSED BY YOUR WINDOW.

I passed by your window
And looked through the pane.
My manners distress you?
I won't come again.

THE ROSARY.

The hours I spent with thee, dear heart (*bell*)
Were too long for the B.B.C. (*bell*)
I 'll count them privately; we must not start
A causerie, a causerie.

AULD LANG SYNE.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot?
It should; and here 's the sign—
I do not wish to shake your hand,
Nor you to grapple mine.

The entire programme should take about eight minutes—seven, with loyal co-operation and team-work—leaving us the rest of the evening to go to the cinema and see the Gush Sisters. Additional time will also be afforded the musical critics, who will now be enabled to tell us, at greater length, that we are an unmusical nation.

OPERA AT THE CROSS-WAYS.

Mr. Punch notes that one of the Old Guard has been bewailing in *The Times*, the decadence of Grand Opera as manifested by the dress of the audience, and especially of the ladies. They ought to be bedizened and bediamonded as in the great "Augustan" era, if only to pay proper honour to the performers. Instead of which they have shorn their locks—and lost their dignity in the process—while the men do not even wear evening dress, but come in tweeds. All of which, in his opinion, spells decay and decline and loss of prestige and a subversion of the fitness of things in general. The same Victorian view is also expressed with eloquence, though with perhaps an underlying tone of cynicism, by an old friend of Mr. Punch in the following letter:—

"I wish," he writes, "to associate myself wholeheartedly with the appeal made to the ladies of the Covent Garden audience to restore the old sartorial traditions of Opera. That institution in its palmiest pre-Wagnerian days was based on the three D's—Dress, Diamonds and the Diva. The best people frequented it to see and be seen, without any vexatious

lowering of lights or insistence on punctual arrival or restrictions on cheerful conversation. The boxes and stalls coruscated with tiaras, necklaces and bracelets, and the social celebrities present were subjected to a constant but highly-gratifying fire of scrutiny directed at them through countless opera-glasses. As 'GOOD-WISHER' beautifully puts it, 'the whole atmosphere of the opera-house was electrified by the gallant appearance of the audience.' It was indeed a gorgeous spectacle, to which the mines of Golconda, the wonders of WORTH and the genius of GIBUS all contributed their share, and which culminated in the triumph of the classical ballet, which CARLYLE described as 'an explosion of all the upholsteries.'

"Nor was music forgotten. The *prima donna* was rewarded with encores, bouquets and strident cries of 'Brava!' But there was no dreary and dilatory declamation, no submergence of the singer in floods of stentorian orchestration, no ostentatious parade of full scores. Music, in fine, was kept in its proper place as a decorative and auxiliary adjunct to a great and splendid social function."

It might have been expected that Mr. Punch, who has been an opera-goer ever since the days of JENNY LIND, would join in these Jeremiads bewailing the passing of the pomp and pageantry of Opera. In a sense he does, for it was a mighty fine show, and there is no getting away from the fact that public performers of all sorts like to see their audiences dressed in their best. But fine clothes are no guarantee of artistic appreciation. The soul of music is not to be found in peacocks. Covent Garden was magnificent, but it was not music so much as Mode that was worshipped in its auditorium.

To-day the people who care most for music and know most about it are not peers or plutocrats, but belong to the middle class. An entirely new audience has grown up in the last thirty years, largely as a result of the intensive education given by the Promenade Concerts. They are keen and young, but not overburdened with cash. Grand Opera, the Grand Opera beloved of the Old Guard, is not for them. If they do go they go in tweeds and jumpers.

The problem is further complicated by the existence of an increasing number of highly-musical people who honestly prefer orchestral and chamber music to opera in any form, who do not regard it as necessary to musical salvation, but merely as an extremely costly and artificial product. In any case the revival of Grand Opera on the lines envisaged by "GOOD-WISHER" is an impossibility. You might as well try to revive "Almack's" as it was run by Lady PALMERSTON.

The opera audiences that "GOOD-WISHER" desires to see returning to Covent Garden are "gone in the wind" with Park Lane and Devonshire House. But even though it may be impossible to listen to WAGNER, MOUSSORGSKY or PUCCINI without the intrusion of young women in jumpers and young men in plus-fours, Mr. Punch does not "despair of the republic" on that account. Indeed he is ready to admit that there may be more of real enthusiasm and reverence for art among these intruders than among the sirens and Society beauties and the curled and oiled dandies of the 'sixties, 'seventies and 'eighties.

For, to adapt COLLINS :—

When Music, heavenly maid, was young,
And WAGNER's works were seldom sung,
The Fashions, throned in box and stall,
Kept her obediently in thrall.



Molly (at the jam-cupboard). "WON'T ANY OF THE KEYS FIT, BOBBY?"
Bobby. "NO."
Molly. "THEN LET'S WAIT TILL MUMMY COMES BACK AND GET HER TO GIVE US SOMETHING FOR BEING GOOD."

AT THE PLAY.

"SO THIS IS LOVE" (WINTER GARDEN) — love indeed of an ineffably noble order, at least on the part of this pretty and highly punctilious heroine, *Pamela Stuart* (Miss MADGE ELLIOTT), secretary to the handsome, amiable, rich young *Hon. Peter Malden* (Mr. CYRIL RITCHARD). In real life, I fancy, when rich employers are manifestly and honestly if impudently in love with their secretaries, and their love is as obviously returned, the secretaries feel no difficulty in accepting the new situation. But when our *Hon. Peter Malden*, realising that he is dealing with a very rare and sensitive type, arranges, with the help of his broker, *Potty Griggs* (Mr. STANLEY LUPINO) and his American friend, *Hap J. Hazzard* (Mr. LADDIE CLIFF), that his investments should appear to crash, while Pamela's modest flutter should bring her a fortune, thus reversing the situation; and when this friendly trick is discovered by the punctilious Pam and she, instead of saying, "How perfectly darling of you!" draws herself to her full height and, very proud and pale, declares that she can never forgive such an unpardonable deception, let no one say that our musical-comedy has no room for a lofty idealism.

So this is Love is indeed a very agreeable affair—a comedians' and emphatically a dancers' comedy. The music, by HAL BRODY, is sound and deftly syncopated if a little perfunctory; the book is by STANLEY LUPINO and ARTHUR RIGBY—a book conceived with a very proper bias in favour of the genial idiotcies, of conduct and phrase, suitable to Mr. LUPINO's peculiar and highly-diverting talents. Mr. RIGBY, I will assume, was mainly responsible for the admirably ethical tone of the whole.

Most of the fun was produced by the long exchanges of the two principal comedians, STANLEY LUPINO, master of grimace, innuendo and grotesquely contrived personal physical disasters, and LADDIE CLIFF, very nimble and inventive step-dancer. These two held the stage for the greater part of the show without becoming tiresome. There was a pleasant



MR. CLIFF PASSES BY.
Hap J. Hazzard . . MR. LADDIE CLIFF.

honest old-fashioned music-hall flavour to their fooling which proved how well that good old brand wears.

But assuredly the dancing was the most delectable and seductive part of the merry entertainment. There was Miss MADGE ELLIOTT, not so spectacularly effective possibly as in *Lady Luck*—perhaps one can't repeat supreme triumphs like that—but entirely charming, especially in a languorous dance in which her gloriously long limbs were posed with beautiful effect. Her long flying leaps, with Mr. RITCHARD's able assistance, recalled the airy lightness of NIJINSKY in *The Spectre of the Rose*—for all her nineteen hands or so.

A new turn and a tiny little dancer, Miss REITA NUGENT, carried the triumphant progress of the athletic nymphs of our unrivalled day a stage further—a brilliant performance of quite astonishing virtuosity and without surrender of grace even in such disquieting movements as one-hand cart-wheels, a swift spinning-top movement round the full circuit of the stage, and a promenade on the hands with full striding movements of the uplifted legs—an unbelievable feat of gymnastic balance. This vivacious and talented newcomer received a deserved ovation from a delighted and perceptive audience. We protest that we really do know a good thing when we see it.

Miss GILLY FLOWER's dancing in more traditional musical-comedy mood was as good as any reasonable man could want. And as for the TILLER GIRLS—these wove the cleverly-designed dance-patterns of MAX RIVERS with such perfect timing, such an air of spontaneous gaiety and such untiring accomplishment (not one of them so much as drawing her breath the faster in the process) as to fill to overflowing the bright cup of our enjoyment. I freely admit the soft impeachment that a certain gallantry (duly detached, I hope) gilds one's judgment. But there can be no question that it is an important national gain that the hard discipline and personal asceticism that alone could make such athletic achievements possible does honour to our modern music-hall stage.

Will not some millionaire finance a match



SECRETARIAL DUTIES.
The Hon. Peter Malden . . . . . MR. CYRIL RITCHARD.
Pamela Stuart (his Secretary). . . . . MISS MADGE ELLIOTT.

between a picked team of the TILLER GIRLS and Mr. COCHRAN'S young ladies—running, leaping, *la savate* and *la boxe*, putting the manager, wrestling, ju-jitsu—to confound Lord ROTHERMERE and justify "the flapper vote"?

T.

"BLUE EYES" (PICCADILLY).

Green and gold is the effect of the new theatre in Denman Street, designed by Mr. EDWARD STONE and decorated by Mr. MARC HENRI, without mouldings, in figured walnut-wood. Some of the green a fortnight ago was scarcely dry. There is a subterranean passage to take you to the opposite side of the stalls, but no subterranean passage to take you to the middle of your own particular row. This is a pity, because the space between the seats in front and the knees behind is narrower than any I have adventured before. Moans of rage proceeded from the occupants as I ploughed through. Never go late to the stalls of the Piccadilly Theatre in Denman Street.

The stage, when I arrived, was occupied by a posse of eighteenth-century dragoons, in perfect attire, as at the Aldershot Tattoo. The period of *Blue Eyes* (a romantic musical play) was in fact the '45. During the course of the evening there appeared upon the stage CHARLES EDWARD STUART, Butcher CUMBERLAND, Lady FEATHERSTONE, Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON, DAVID GARRICK, COLLEY CIBBER, poet-laureate, JAMES QUINN, manager of Covent Garden Theatre, and Mr. W. H. BERRY, player, of the same. Mr. W. H. BERRY was supposed to be HENRY PILBEAM, but I don't think that deceived any of us for very long.

It was a curious entertainment, very charmingly and expensively staged. As a child I seem to remember that I was a furious Jacobite, and in any case there was ROB ROY to fan the flame and *Alan Breck* of *Kidnapped* and *Catriona*. Even later, Mr. JOHN BUCHAN'S *Midwinter* takes that thrilling and sentimental side. The romance of the campaign which ended on Culloden Moor may not be violated by theatrical music and theatrical song, though I rather object to the singing of "By the bonny, bonny banks of Loch Lomond" before the battle, since I have always been taught to believe that "I 'll take the high road" refers to the gallows and the home-returning of the loyal clansman's soul.



HIGHLAND BERRY.

Henry Pilbeam . . MR. W. H. BERRY.



"THE BUTCHER" DRESSED UP TO KILL.

Nancy Bellamy . . . . . MISS EVELYN LAYE.

Duke of Cumberland . . . . . MR. BERTRAM WALLIS.

And I daresay the romance of Culloden is even enhanced by the presence of the far-famed *Mrs. Bellamy*, actress, of Covent Garden, between the two armies, especially when *Mrs. Bellamy* is impersonated by so charming a successor (or should we say understudy?) as Miss EVELYN LAYE. But, honest Indian, I don't know what Mr. W. H. BERRY was doing at Culloden Moor. He said he had come "to play gowf," and he was very funny, as usual, but he didn't seem to suit the atmosphere.

There was a plot in *Blue Eyes*—thin if you like, but conventional and of the thoroughly romantic kind. *Mrs. Bellamy* had to dress up as her brother, who had escaped from the field in *Prince Charlie's* clothes. Thus dressed she had to fight a duel on a point of honour with a dragoon, had to be wounded and, when discovered to be a girl, had to submit to the advances of the *Duke of Cumberland*, very stately and dignified and in point of gallantry and magnanimous forbearance resembling not at all my notions of that son of GEORGE II. who shot two hundred prisoners and ravaged the glens with fire. Mr. BERTRAM WALLIS played this part, I thought, very finely indeed.

The scenes of the Second Act are laid in the *Bellamys'* house and in Covent Garden Theatre. It is there that we meet *Mr. Garrick* and also *Dr. Johnson*, who must have been thirty-seven at the time, but looked older. He was rude, but did not impress me as being so devastatingly, so crashingly rude as I should have desired. Mr. W. H. BERRY in this part of the play first of all pretended to be an Italian dancing-master, and later was on the point of acting as HENRY VIII. in the lamentable tragedy of ANN BOLEYN. He also had a small box containing performing fleas named Romeo and Juliet, about which he sang a song.

All the dresses were lovely, not only the panniered skirts of the ladies, but the military and civilian costumes of the men. The songs and music were simple and unexciting, as no doubt befitted their period. The choruses, composed now of semi-comic skirmishing

Highlanders, now of dragoons, now of ladies learning to curtsey from EVELYN LAYE (didn't the lairds' daughters know how to curtsey?), and now of young Mænads—from Covent Garden, for that, after all, was the only chance of getting a chorus with bare legs into a play like this—did all their duties aright.

But there was something wrong. I should say it was balance. The *Chocolate Soldier* motive didn't seem to fit the '45, where there is a tragical quality, or so I take leave to assert, in the romance which absolutely will not adapt itself to any light operatic style. One admires, however, as I have suggested, the pretty acting of Miss EVELYN LAYE, the fine appearance of the dragoons, and especially Mr. GEOFFREY GWYTHER as the hero, Miss AMY BRANDON-THOMAS, a *Lady Featherstone* who does credit to the good taste as well as to the dignity of Mr. BERTRAM WALLIS'S *Duke of Cumberland*, and one admires, of course, as always, Mr. W. H. BERRY, not only when he is just being funny, but also when he is getting off jokes about the Lowland Scots—new jokes they must have seemed to wild Highlanders at the date of Culloden Moor. EVOE.

In aid of "The Friends of the Poor," whose patron is the QUEEN, a Ball, organised by Lady CARISBROOKE and Lady KINLOCH, will take place, at Eresby House, Rutland Gate, on Tuesday, May 15th (10 to 3). Tickets, two guineas each, may be obtained from the Secretary of "The Friends of the Poor," 42, Ebury Street, W.1.

A LOYAL DECLARATION.

ALTHOUGH Aunt Anne brought me up, and is still doing it, it was not until this Spring that she could be persuaded to take a little trip abroad with me.

"The only snag is the Customs, when you get back home," I remarked when she was telling the Vicar about it at tea one afternoon.

The Vicar sat up and looked accusingly at me. "Am I to understand," he asked, "that you deliberately cheat your country's officials when you set foot on her shores?"

"They're so suspicious," I said weakly.

"Living as I do under the protection of my country," he continued, "I should consider it an act of incredible meanness to refuse to pay such imposts as she desires to place upon her citizens."

Aunt Anne agreed with every word he said.

* * * * *

The trip was a great success. Aunt Anne left the foreign Customs to me, just standing by and saying, "To the best of my knowledge, nothing," when asked if she had anything to declare.

"Extravagant in gesture, but our allies in the Great War," was her indulgent comment on *douaniers*.

On our return the boat was crowded, chiefly with Americans who had been doing Paris, and I had had great difficulty in finding a quiet corner for Aunt Anne, who sat eyeing her suitcases and hand-bag with an abstracted look.

"It has been an unforgettable experience, my dear Richard," she said, "and now I am ready for the landing on our own shores. I shall of course conduct my own case with the English Customs."

"Oh, all right," I said; "we're just in."

* * * * *

The Customs men were drawn up behind their trestle tables and eyed us with their usual mixture of suspicion and contempt—more suspicion in my case, and contempt in Aunt Anne's.

But not for long.

"Nice, clean, wholesome-looking young men," said Aunt Anne cheerfully, "especially this one; and true to King and country, I am sure."

"Have you anything to declare?" asked her official, flushing slightly.

He produced the usual list of contraband articles and commenced to rattle it off for her benefit.

"Read slowly, young man," said Aunt Anne reprovingly, "and pause between each article to give me time to answer truthfully. I shall, of course, answer for each article separately. I live under the protection of the Government, and although I am a Gladstonian Liberal yet I have a certain respect for Mr. BALDWIN. I intend to make a true declaration of everything in my baggage."

A distinct hush spread in our immediate neighbourhood. The unhappy official read the list, which, with Aunt Anne's sonorous responses, took ten minutes, while in the intervals of their own affairs an entranced audience gazed alternatively at him and at Aunt Anne.

"I will now declare," she said majestically when this part of the proceedings was finished.

She first produced two small bottles of eau-de-Cologne from a pocket and unscrewed the cap of her brandy-flask. A pair of silk stockings came from another pocket—"pure silk, mushroom shade, size 9," she announced.

"Gee!" breathed a Transatlantic voice appreciatively. "To think we nearly stopped over in Parus and missed this, Maimie!"

By this time one or two of the Customs officials were looking in our direction, while they marked their victims' luggage in a perfunctory manner.

Aunt Anne then proceeded to unlock her cases and open them. "I will commence with *these*," she said, drawing out a pair of bedroom slippers with silk bows on them.

"These slippers were a present to me three Christmases ago from Miss Clara Dark, of High Reston, Sussex. I will sign a declaration to that effect," and she looked expectantly towards the dazed official.

Next she drew forth a work-bag and shook out a piece of patchwork.

"Every square of this is of silk, as I mentioned during the reading of the list," she said, "but I can give you the history of each. This piece of white brocade was part of my mother's wedding dress, and this yellow one formed part of the bedspread in the second-best bedroom of my house. The blue-and-silver was part of a dress worn by myself at a church bazaar in 1890. I will, of course, sign a declaration to that effect."

By now the official had partly recovered himself.

"It is not necessary, Madam," he said hurriedly. "If you have nothing further to declare there is no reason to detain you;" and he feverishly scribbled his hieroglyphic on the suitcases.

"As a loyal subject of KING GEORGE," continued Aunt Anne as if she had not heard him, "I think it right to inform you further that a small hole in the instep of my left stocking is mended with French silk; but that," she added learnedly, "is of course a matter for the female searchers."

For the first time in my experience a Customs' official looked at me appealingly. Passengers in our immediate vicinity were gratefully shutting and locking their suit-cases after a cursory examination from the officials and listening eagerly to Aunt Anne before rushing for the train.

Soon we were the only people left, and I beckoned to a porter and began to propel Aunt Anne out of the shed.

"You shouldn't hurry so," she complained; "I hadn't *nearly* finished my declaration."

* * * * *

"A solemn occasion," said Aunt Anne, looking gratefully at the tea-pot which the attendant brought to us in the train, "but honesty is always the best policy, my dear Richard."

"It sure is," commented a gentleman in horn-rimmed glasses who seemed unable to take his eyes off Aunt Anne.

"The Continent may relish 'Moulin Rouge,' but its psychology, I fear, is foreign to British audiences."—*Glasgow Paper*.

It has certainly cast a strange spell on Glasgow.



Sir FRANK DICKSEE, P.R.A.

Though his graceful art may date him
And the men of Georgia say,
"Dicksee-land is far away,"
"Never," be it also said,
When his Chairman's course is sped
And they superannuate him,
"Has the Banquet's noble spread
Lost a happier figure-head."

MR. PUNCH'S PERSONALITIES.—LXVIII.



Fishing Gillie. "If ye could get yer flee into the back o' yon stone ye micht be gettin' a fush."
Punctilious Angler (tenant of one side of the river). "But that 's hardly in our water, I think?"
Gillie. "Weel, he 'd be on our side before I 'd be takin' the gaff tae him whatever."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

The interest aroused by the publication of Miss Gertrude Bell's *Letters* is doubtless responsible for the reprinting of her first book of travels, yet I can quite imagine *Persian Pictures* (Benn) disappointing politically-minded amateurs of the letters and attracting, with a glamour that is all its own, a much less sophisticated audience. A girl in her early twenties, offered the hospitality of her uncle's embassy at Teheran, Miss Bell went out to an East of "orient shrubs and obelisks," an East, if not still lingering in the golden prime of good Haroun Alraschid, at least enjoying a pretty considerable after-glow. As Sir Denison Ross discerningly notes in his preface to her score of sketches, their writer was lured to Persia by the spirit of romance, and everything she saw in her girlhood was coloured by this attitude. Later on she was to confront the Orient as a modern reality, "an element in world-politics;" now every other page she writes enhances her sense of its unchangeableness. Teheran, a city camouflaged in trees; peasants in blue cotton chaffering under pink oleanders; desert gardens kept duly be-violetted by runnels of imported water; the Persian army knitting stockings on guard and augmenting its rations with white mulberries—how delightfully they supplement her readings of Hafiz and Omar! And, if the grimmer quatrains of the latter find themselves illustrated by an epidemic of cholera, this too is the East, "a life no European can penetrate," for "it asks nothing of you and of your civilisation." I can see Miss Bell of Iraq smiling at Miss Bell of Teheran, with her caveats against a Western world seeking to impose itself on an Eastern one and her *décor* of the *Arabian Nights*. Personally I find her charming.

Prime Ministers are not particularly credulous persons, yet Mr. Stanley Baldwin avers, in *Our Inheritance* (Hodder and Stoughton), that he would never be surprised if he were to meet, in a certain trysting-place in the county of his choice, a troop of Chaucer's pilgrims ambling on their palfreys over the greensward. His love for the countryside and all its traditions is much more manifest in this collection of some two-score extracts from his recent speeches than any pronouncement on imperial or party politics. Indeed, seldom can a great statesman in office have so completely given himself away, in the best meaning of the phrase, as Mr. Baldwin does here. In this volume are gathered addresses on topics as varied as Imperial Conferences, Women's Rural Institutes, the General Strike and the excavations of the British School at Athens, with an entire series of speeches delivered in Canada, where the author last year set himself the task of interpreting Great Britain's present position; yet, whether he is gently chaffing his audience at Cardiff or making rather solid fun at a Royal Society dinner, or pleading with his hearers at Ottawa not to regard our payments from an unemployment insurance fund as a decadent form of charity, it is the author himself who all unconsciously is presented to one. He reveals himself as a man who likes to introduce a tag from his favourite Latin author while talking about a patch of potatoes, who prefers some kinds of illiteracy to certain forms of education, has an innate distrust alike for State control and rhetoric, and is dominated by an underlying passion for the higher welfare of his fellows. There is a human touch in the solace he draws from the reflection that posterity alone can correctly judge his actions as a statesman. It would not be difficult for a critic to pull some of these addresses to pieces, for Mr. Baldwin is not here bent on close argument, yet if it be a good thing for his own countrymen to know their leader

through critical years as a sociable acquaintance on chatting terms over the hedge, then this volume is to be recommended to all, apart from politics or party.

Here is a story of the East,
By Sir HENRY SHARP, called *The Dancing God*;
Here are dacoit and savage beast
And doings devilish and odd;
FABER AND GWYER bring it out;
Briefly this is what it 's about:—

A god 's been stolen from a shrine,
A prancing Shiva, with arms ornate;
A Hindoo dealer doth decline
To let *Sir Priam Postlethwaite*
Purchase the same, regrets his "No"
And seeks the knight to tell him so.

Sir Priam and his daughter are
Camping with Sahibs, a four or a five;
To these, intent upon shikar,
The dealer and the Shiv arrive:
And now we hear with bated breath
Of murder and of sudden death.

And thrills come thrilling thick and fast
The which I 'll spare you, but be it said
That Shiva wins safe home at last,
That fair *Miss Postlethwaite* gets wed,
And that, for those who like such stuff,
The Dancing God seems well enough.



Truthful Hawker (in answer to inquiry). "NO, MISS, I WOULDN'T GO SO FAR AS TO SAY THEY *SING*. ANY'OW, NOT THE FIRST SEASON."

There is obviously a reason for the fact that, while Lives of Saints abound, the *âme damnée* has seldom if ever found an intimate biographer. Ecclesiastical discipline, while ear-marking this or that soul for beatitude, never committed itself to a similar certainty in the case of the damned. So no one troubled, until faith had waxed cold and sound theology rare, to delve into the mentality even of JUDAS, who had not impossibly slipped into heaven by some merciful side-door known only to himself and his Creator. It is therefore with legitimate embarrassment that Miss ROMER WILSON approaches her hazardous task of considering EMILY BRONTË as a lost soul—lost, that is, unless some heavenly intervention of which we have no trace came between "the Dark Hero," Lucifer, and his votary. *All Alone* (CHATTO AND WINDUS) is mainly devoted to this horrible argument. *Wuthering Heights* is EMILY's spiritual autobiography, *Heathcliff* her possessed self, and the famous lines, "No coward soul is mine," are not, as they purport to be, addressed to a God of "wide-embracing love," but "Satan's hymn to himself as God." I do not think that Miss WILSON has substantiated her vision, instinct—and her instinct is uncanny—being an inadequate criterion in these matters. But she has produced a study of outstanding literary and psychological interest, and her admirable research in both fields will undoubtedly throw new light on the riddle I feel she misreads. She proves to the hilt—if anyone but a faddist ever doubted it—that EMILY wrote *Wuthering Heights*; the BRONTË country is rendered as only a Yorkshirewoman could render it; and if EMILY's circle, CHARLOTTE in particular, comes off unusually badly you feel from first to last the honesty and deliberation of their critic.

Octavia (CASSELL), Lady OXFORD's first novel, is a curious mixture. Its characters express themselves with a rotundity and a precision such as our English fiction has not known these fifty years. At the same time it has passionate moments of which a censorship only twenty years old would have left nothing but the row of dots on page 336. And the confusion is not one of period only. In quality the story is so uneven as to make it difficult to believe that one hand wrote the whole of it. The hunting scenes and the sketches of hunting folk are vivid and humorous and in every way excellent. It is in fact only when in the saddle that *Octavia* herself is credible. Dismounted, she becomes a precocious monstrosity. This child of seventeen, who manages a lover as easily as a horse, can quote from DEMOSTHENES and LEGOUVÉ and tell you exactly where Liberalism stands between Conservativism and Labour. She is also made to observe, in a letter to her friend the Professor, that "all the people I know who have anything to do with Colonies are ultimately dull," and this from a girl who had spent the whole of her seventeen years of life in a secluded home where she met "but few people"! As a philosopher and a woman of the world *Octavia* is absurd; as the owner of the finest pair of hands that ever astonished the shires she is delightful. And a good hunting novel is so rare a thing that I must thank Lady OXFORD for having so nearly written it.

One would have thought that there had been almost

enough written about THOMAS ARNOLD, that shining light among schoolmasters a century ago. The great Doctor, whose portrait (with the slightly puzzled look that so interested Mr. LYTTON STRACHEY) now adorns our National Portrait Gallery, has not been neglected by an ungrateful posterity. He inspired the biography by Dean STANLEY; his son, MATTHEW ARNOLD, wrote the lines on Rugby chapel to his memory; he was the hero of the great work of THOMAS HUGHES. Not a bad record for a man who lived only forty-seven uneventful years, who published an edition of THUCYDIDES and wrote a History of Rome. But Mr. ARNOLD WHITRIDGE is his great-grandson, and common piety demanded that something should be done to remove any unfortunate impressions that might have been left by the rather cynical sketch of his life that was included in *Eminent Victorians*. Accordingly we have *Dr. Arnold of Rugby* (CONSTABLE), which sets out to present a "family" portrait and show us the legendary figure as a human being. There are interesting things in Mr. WHITRIDGE'S book, unnecessary as we think it. The correspondence with CARLYLE, for example, and the rather surprising praise from NEWMAN; and there are chapters of some value on the condition of our public schools in the nineteenth century, and on the history of Rugby before the Provost of Oriel persuaded ARNOLD to stand for the headmastership. But it does not alter in any essential degree our conception of the buoyant youthful reformer, whose face sometimes "went ashen with sudden anger," who defended the practice of flogging and regarded boys as barbarians with a strong tincture of original sin.

If Mr. H. DE VERE STACPOOLE'S name had not appeared on *Roxanne* (CASSELL) I should never have guessed that he was the author of it. Nor do I think that the theme he has chosen is in harmony with his literary gifts. *Dick Marston*, after sampling many lands as a rolling stone, inherited a large estate in England, and came home to live the exacting life that his position demanded. He was "good, generous, proud," but he was also irresponsible—a mere boy in man's clothing. True that he married and made an attempt to fill the *rôle* of a country gentleman, but the effort was irksome, and after various domestic tiffs he had a violent quarrel with his wife and disappeared. What was supposed to be his body was found in a river, and so his wife and others were surprised when he turned up again, though, for myself, I did not share their astonishment. Judged by ordinary standards such a tale, well told as it is, would pass muster, but so great is my respect for Mr. STACPOOLE that I cannot help thinking it a waste of his valuable time.

Young *Lindsay Gemel*, modest laird, in love with bonny *Lintie*, decoyed from his native heath by the Will-o'-the-wisp of literary fame, is not the real hero of Mr. JAMES AGATE'S *Gemel in London* (CHAPMAN AND HALL). That rather is the clever, cynical, Rabelaisian, musical critic, *Rubicon*, his patron, who has wit and style and no morals, and whose features our lively author slaps on to the canvas with enormous gusto. *Gemel*, the handsome young stranger, after perils by wine, women and worse, is frightened back to virtuous Scotland and the faithful *Lintie*—obviously the best place and person for his type. Mr. AGATE has an individual go-as-you-please method of his own; is an entertaining gossip rather than a story-teller; is very knowing about the queer daily business and pleasures of Bohemia; betrays his serious professional preoccupation with the play and players; has a good eye for a sound horse and a plucky boxer, and a most perceptive palate; talks rare good sense about Art, and, I hope I may say without irreverence, flies bravely the purple-patched banner of the Manchester School in which he had his training. Might one not place him in the jolly company of Cards—as in fact the Romantic Card?



A STRAPHANGER'S WEDDING.

From *Robin Bide-a-Wee* (BLACKWOOD) I deduce that to inherit a Scotch estate unexpectedly during the disturbed times of the eighteenth century was a mixed blessing. *Robin Shurving* was the inheritor, and into his mouth is put the story of his attempt to take possession. That the tale contains many well-drawn characters and remarkable adventures I am ready to admit, but I also found it overcharged with mystery. For my own part I was often baffled by the motives of those who were violently hostile to *Robin*. On the strength of this story the publishers tell us that Mr. R. A. ROXBURGH "may claim, without arrogance, literary relationship with the author of *Kidnapped*." Mr. ROXBURGH is a promising novelist, but I feel constrained to say that this claim to kinship with STEVENSON, if not arrogant, is at any rate a little premature.

Mr. ARTHUR MASON'S *Salt Horse* (CAPE) is another of those volumes of sea incidents and adventures, strung loosely together in narrative form, which have been appearing in increasing numbers during the past six or seven years. Like a good many of its kind it leaves the impression on the reader's mind that it owes its existence to external influences rather than to any special desire for self-expression on the author's own part; and Mr. MASON in fact says as much himself when, in the course of an expansive preface in the American manner, he mentions that he first took to writing because he read a sea story by somebody else and thought he could do a better. All the same it is a readable yarn, written in a pleasant and unpretentious style and drawn evidently from the writer's own experience, chiefly obtained in American ships; though I must own to having found the incident of the foremast hand, who asked an American mate for a squint through his sextant and got it, a little too much of a strain upon my powers of credulity.

CHARIVARIA.

THE revival in a Viennese newspaper of the sensational rumour that the throne of Hungary is to be offered to Lord ROTHERMERE is followed by a report that there is some idea of transferring the crown of Rumania to Lord BEAVERBROOK.

Professor COTSWORTH, the expert on Calendar Reform, has explained a scheme for taking twenty-eight days from June and July and forming them into a new month, to be called Sol. An alternative suggestion is that it should be called Joel.

We understand that the number of nudes in this year's Academy is explained by the fact that artists are getting nervous about the criticisms of *The Tailor and Cutter*.

Attention is drawn to the very woolly material of the suit which Mr. LLOYD GEORGE is wearing in his portrait by Sir WILLIAM ORPEN. There is a theory among the Labour Party that it represents sheep's clothing.

An electric hare that squeaks is the latest thing in greyhound racing, and certain tracks are believed to be under the close observation of Lord BANBURY and the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Electric Hares.

A critic of Parliamentary speakers describes Mr. PHILIP SNOWDEN as having the air of one who delivers the Tables of the Law from Sinai. Whereas he is really delivering them from SNOWDEN.

A new novel deals with the unhappy effects of war-wealth on a Glasgow family. Too little attention has been given to the subject of saxpence-shock.

A nightingale has been singing in broad daylight near the third green of a golf-course. Philosophic golfers, however, regard these annoyances as incidental to the game.

An ornithologist says very few nightingales are singing this year. No doubt the others are waiting for a definite offer from the B.B.C.

Not a single lynching was reported anywhere in the United States during the first four months of this year, and this is said to be a record for forty years. Lynchers of the old school are comparing memories of the slump of '88.

With reference to the proposal to substitute "near" and "off" for "port" and "starboard," we venture to recall the fact that this nomenclature has always been employed by the Horse Marines.

Mention of the Horse Marines reminds us to suggest that it would be a delicate attention on the part of the Military Tournament Committee if they would arrange for a musical ride by this famous regiment before it is mechanised.

German experts claim to have perfected a loud-speaker that will enable the lightest whisper to be clearly heard at any distance. Our fear is that broadcasters may be tempted to become confidential.

Some North London landladies are reported to have been swindled by a man posing as an actor. They should demand their money back at the Box Office.

Women who go in for pig-breeding are advised by an expert to treat pigs like children. It is a mistake to treat them like grown-up people.

A farmer complains that locked gates will not stop motor-picnic parties from trespassing. Something must be done to stop these miniature cars from crawling underneath.

An essayist suggests the imposition of a tax on plus-fours. Another idea is that the Ministry of Health should make them a notifiable disease.

A correspondent writing from Jersey to *The Daily Mail* mentions that he was born in 1838 and so far has never had influenza. No doubt our contemporary can oblige him.

It is rumoured that a certain well-known judge recently fell asleep in church, but it is denied that when he was aroused he proceeded to sum up from force of habit.

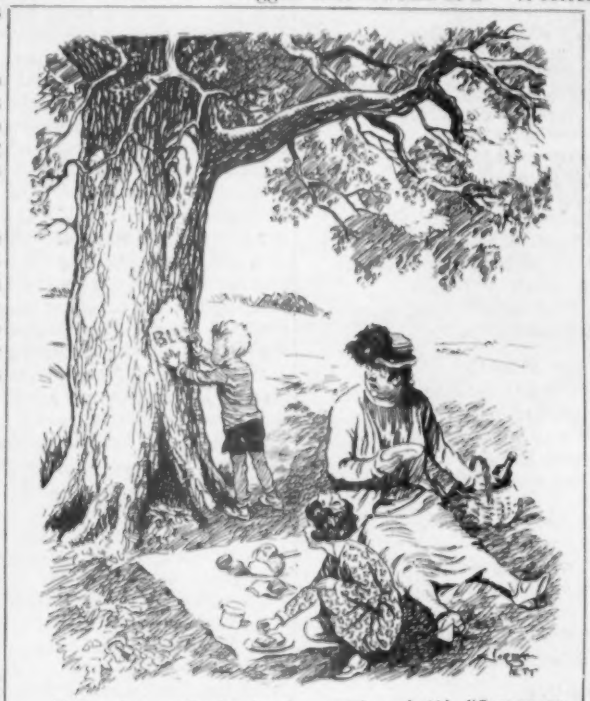
Our "Reds" are so gratified with the strike of ships' chefs in Australia that it is now no insult to call one of them the son of a sea-cook.

Another case is reported of a wedding-ring that was lost for thirty years being found with a potato growing through it. But we still don't know whether potatoes make good wives.

A man arrested in London last week was found to be wearing fourteen shirts. He is supposed to have been saving up for a flutter on the Derby.

"There were plumbers even in WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR'S time," declares a Trade Journal. We should be thankful that the plumber of to-day doesn't have to return to France to fetch his mate.

A composer complains that under the influence of wireless and gramophones music has become a vice. "His Master's Vice" is indicated.



Mother (to small offspring busy with penknife). "I SUPPOSE YOU WON'T BE HAPPY TILL YOU 'VE BROUGHT IT CRASHING DOWN ON US."

"Other contributors to this number are: Anita Loos, Katherine Mayo, the Rev. R. J. Campbell, Emil Ludwig, Alec Waugh (the author of 'Elizabeth and her German Garden'), Robert Hichens, and a number of other prominent writers."—*Magazine Advertisement.*

But not apparently Lady RUSSELL (author of the *The Loom of Youth*).

THE PRINCE AND THE PRESS.

["'The Prince [Carol] is disgusted with the British Press,' one of the servants said."—*Daily Paper.*]

LET JIX assume an injured tone,
I shall reserve my moral strictures;
We don't know yet if all the pains
They took about those aeroplanes
Were meant to win our guest a throne
Or furnish stuff for movie-pictures.

But this I 'll say—that CAROL's got
No sort of right to be disgusted
With organs of the British Press
Because he 's in a nasty mess
And all his dreams of Heaven knows what
Are now irrevocably busted.

They simply sought, as Pressmen do,
The total Truth, lock, stock and barrel;
They only wished to get the facts
About the compromising tracts
From those (they mostly end in "-scu")
Who constitute the Court of CAROL.

Yet he upbraids each honest sleuth
Who raked the grounds of Godstone (Surrey)
And tried the doorways, back and front;
He calls their quest a paper stunt
By which these searchers after Truth
Compassed his exit in a hurry.

Such allegations do him shame!
And I for one am here to vindicate
A great profession, and protest
They 'd scorn to nose his secret nest
For private ends or with the aim
Of cutting-out a rival syndicate.

"For Pressmen I have lost my taste,"
Said CAROL (or they say he said it);
But I contend the whole affair—
Seeing how pure their motives were,
What modesty their language graced—
Redounds to their enormous credit. O. S.

MIGRAINE.

(*With acknowledgments to G. B. STERN.*)

"Panache . . . Gamine . . . Petite Marmite." Madelon scrawled on the writing block the list of names that they had called her and idly reviewed the series. Men, all kinds of men . . . fascinating rotters, cool cynical diplomats . . . her mind went swerving, wincing, at a tangent from the memory of Cedric . . . Frenchmen, Germans, Argentines, stolid unemotional Englishmen, who grunted "Damned decent of you, old man," when their pals saved their lives . . . men, always men, adoring, petting, teasing, contributing ever another sobriquet to the list.

And now George. Ah! but that was different. What had he said as they parted, as she flung tempestuous from the wine-dark Daimhard? "Bonne chance, Migraine"? Madelon was too lazy to search for her dictionary, buried somewhere beneath a billowy heap of ninon and georgette at the bottom of her trunk. Instead she lay staring at her flashing ankles sheathed in oyster silk, and dreamed.

"Migraine!" You had a vision of Versailles and bouffon skirts and patches and wigs and stealthy intrigues beside fountains and the flash of a rapier and a satin coat, slowly darkening with a spreading claret stain that might have been wine but was blood. . . .

"Panache . . . Gamine . . . Arrière Pensée." Again the series flashed before her eyes, mingled now with a succession of tunes . . . "Swanee," "Lieber Augustin," "Valencia" and "My Heart Stood Still" . . . her chronology was a little mixed, but the tunes recalled the men, for she had danced always, swaying flowerlike, provocative, to lilting Viennese waltzes, Träumerei and Schwärmerei, or to pounding negro heart-beats or the good old foxtrot from the days when one twinkled; and a succession of frocks, frocks wickedly, daringly cut . . . peacock chiffon and jade tulle shot with saffron, and that one demure gnädiges Fräulein organdie muslin.

And wines. Who was it had called her "Connoisseur"? Oh, yes, that had been Ladislas, so proud of his cellar. Vouvray 1903, pale and iridescent, and Félix Poubel, Carte d'Or 1906, beaded and amber, and the thick fragrant sweetness of the '92 Tokay that was so different from the '93, though only his and her palates could tell. That night when she had sent his last precious bottle of 1800 Madeira, broached in her honour, hurtling and shivering into a crystal and golden splash on the old-rose pile of the Aubusson. . . .

Music and frocks and wine, and herself dancing through them all, wayward, wild and wanton, tossing back her hair, her lip curled in derision: "No, thanks. I 'm not that kind of a girl," and scuttling off to safety. Safety, thank God, and her virtue saved by the skin of its teeth.

Laughter, gay mocking laughter and wit, and the bright blaze of danger, but always, at the last, safe. Mummy's little girl. Ah, the younger generation. . . .

"It 's all so different now, Mummy. You don't understand. It doesn't mean anything, getting tight and borrowing money from men and being raided in night-clubs and arrested . . . so long as you don't . . . quite. It 's all too twee and virgie so long as you don't . . . quite. And we don't ever, you know. Not the younger generation. I 'm still Mummy's little girl."

And now, how glad she was . . . for George's sake. George, the Prince Charming, the Beau Sabreur, the Preux Chevalier. . . . It was for him that she had darted like a shuttle through the gay diamanté fabric of this modern life . . . that she hadn't ever . . . quite. George who called her "Migraine". . . George whom she loved, as twee and virgie as ever Victorian maiden in ringlets and dimity had loved her Ensign of the Guards. George. . . .

The telephone ripped across her reverie with its silver stridency.

"Is that Pourboire?" (Who was it called her that? Oh, yes, Antoine.) "Chérie, I am desolated. I cannot come with you to-night. Mais non, ma petite . . . je ne peux pas. J'ai une migraine affreuse. . . ."

An hour later they found her, sprawling across a tumbled heap of gossamer, her head thrown back on the open page of Cassell's "French-English" and a dark red stream creeping over the apricot foam of her frock.

Mummy's little girl . . . still twee, still virgie . . . for ever now. J. VAN D.

An American Rival for Smith minor.

"All through the French Revolution the women of France knitted and they dropped a stitch every time a head fell into the gelatine."

"The earliest records of the Cave family go back to 1049, when one, Lyonell Cave, who was a considerable landowner in Gloucester, obtained notoriety as a supporter of Oliver Cromwell."—*Canadian Paper.*

Poor OLIVER seems to be slipping backwards in history. From his association with the Cave men it looks as if he belonged to the Crom-Magnon tribe.



"AND JAPS RUSH IN WHERE DEVILS FEAR TO TREAD."

[The term "foreign devils," as used by the Chinese, is not applied to the Japanese.]



"I WOULDN'T 'AVE THAT ONE, DEAR."
"WHAT 'S THE MATTER WITH IT?"
"WELL, IT LOOKED A LOT CHICKER ON THE 'AT-STAND THAN WOT IT DOES ON YOUR 'EAD."

THE WAR DIARY OF AMYAS PERKINS.

III.—What I said of Foreign Countries.

And manie times at the outsette of the Warre, having audience of His Majesty's Ministers, and they saying to mee, "What thinke you of this, Master Perkins?" or "What think you of thatt?" I counselled that we should putte away all shame in bidding other countries be of our parte in this matter, and say rather—

"How much do you wante downe if we shoulde prosper at the end of it?"

whether it were Turkie or Italye or Bulgaria or another, than boggle over so big a businesse.

And they, in parte agreeing, yet in part were afrayd, so that we loste Turkey, which grately disadvantaged us, makinge it needful to do many thinges in the Mediterranean Sea which otherwyse mighte have been forwarded withoute hurte to our cause.

Yet, seeing that if we hadde not prosperd it would have in no waye fallen to us to paye the accounte, except to the Allmands onlie, it had beene better, in my judgement, to bidde highly and swiftely, makinge separate treaties, and that privily, with all who might be persuaded to deale.

And the peace, I sayde many times, must take care of itselfe.

For to make bargaynes, I said, is of the nature of manne. And whatsoever shall issue in the peace, it is not likely that alle shall be contented therewith.

But some showing indolence or division of purpose, it came aboute that the Allmands made purchas of Turkeye and Bulgaria, and that too before Italye did businesse with us. Spain also being of neither partie, and many of the Grekes evilly disposed towards our army for want of the fulle loosing of strings, as though in vaine the proverbe had been written:—

"*It is a pity to spoyle the shippe for a haporth of tarre.*"

Moreover I counselled earnestly the blocking of all harbers and portes and preventing of all shippes by sea. And this, with my goode wille, had been done earlier. But the craftiness of the Allmands proceeding to the use of botes sent privily under the waters, they went nigh to circumventing mee.

But to my Lord Cecil I said on this matter:—

"There is no rule of warre save that whiche cometh out of events and shall be showne to be just afterward by those who have the more respectable writers of historye."

But this, being a man of sharpe and bitter temper, he denyed, saying that the doore was on my righte hand, and let mee have goode heede to the matte. Who afterwards said there must be no more warre, and was not well agreed with Mr. Churchylle. But my father said, "As well do Blenheim and Hatfeilde agree as oile and vineger in a bottle."

Of My Engines and Devices of Warre.

And aboute the tyme when great vessells having a large bagge or bellie swollen with gas were sente by the Allmands to destroye us, I wrote an epistle to *The Times* after this sorte:—

Sir,—Little lief though I be to make trespasse on your valuable roome, I counselle the stretching over London of vaste nettes for the better protection of it, the said nettes being

of so stoute a fibre that nothing may passe therethrough, but be let from falling upon our heddes.

I am, Sir, your very obliged and humble Servante,

AMYAS PERKINS,

Member of Councill of Camouflage and Elder Brother D.O.R.A.

The which not being done, many calamities came aboute, not leaste that the raylway tunnels were filled with those of the baser sorte, being greasy and in dire terror; but the rich who lacked courage or were of foreign nationalitie made journie to Brighton or to Bath, so that it was scarce possible to passe through the platformes for the tumulte of them. But many were pleased at the signalling and the firing of gunnes, since there is a kinde of joye in terror itself, if the danger be not too grate and so it come not over-frequentlie.

But in the Low Countries even those that received no hurte hadde too much of a good thinge.

And the perille by reason of these engynes becoming fiercer, I hadde a great celler prepared at The Eyrie, together with a table and chayres and muche provision of drinke and mete, and the best kind of Cuban cigars.

Collationed with one who was very urgent that no lightes should be showne in houses for fear of this jeopardy in the ayre, and, agreeing with him, urged that a strayt watch bee kept by all citizens on their owne lamps, and the more uppon their neighbours', giving, if neede be, information lest spyes of the enemy by the kindling of beacons sholde betray us. And urged also (though this was not donne) that eche man should carrie a number or placarde sewn upon his person, by which he shoulde be knowne, and reported of to the watch, wheresoever he might be founde. And this also to be of service in recruiting. But the Council of War would not suffer it to be so.

This leads me to call to minde that I Amyas also proposed the building of a great citie, of a size not lesse than London itself, out of cardboarde and paste, to be a decoy for the air engynes of the Allmands, and placing it uppon the river Thames, but more to the westeward than London, so that it should be rounde about Maydenhedde, and by night illumined and by day grene, but covered with brown spottes as it were a camelopard.

This I said in the Council of Camouflage, and was like to have prevailed. For some protesting that the town of Maydenhedde would fare ille and be endangered, I replied, "God wot that this were no great losse; for, look you, the place is of little repute and no more to be accounted of than the cities of the playne."

But one of the Commissioners living himselfe at Twyforde, the matter was abandoned.

Proposed also that since now hand grenados of grate ingenuitie were being made for use against the enemie, one in everie dozen of these should be filled with pamphlettes, so that, bursting lightely and contayning printed messages to incite them to surrender, these sholde be read by the Allmands and the more advantage us, and my Lord NORTHCLYFFE agreed, but the makyng of them at that tyme prooved too hard a taske for the artificers.

Counselled also the hangyng of one Master BERNARD SHAWE, a maker of wittie comedies but a rebell, who afterwards wrote *Back to Methuselah*, so that many not then of my minde, having gone to this playe, wolde have consented to it.

Gave also to Master TICKLER my mothere's recipe for plum and appel conserve.

EVOE.



"A LITTLE LEARNING . . ."

The Man. "THAT FELLOW'S GETTING ALL HIS RUNS ON THE OFF-SIDE."

The Woman. "YES, DEAR. I CAN'T THINK WHY THE REFEREE DOESN'T BLOW HIS WHISTLE."

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

"Folding her flowing Grecian toga of B.C. 400 about her sandalled feet Miss —— told me in a chat behind the scenes at the —— Theatre all about her coming début in straight drama."
Daily Paper.

But never a word about her becoming Roman chiton.

"Why are girls so blind to their chief attraction, namely their voice?"—*Daily Paper.*

Possibly, we think, because there's none so blind as those who won't hear.

THE TURQUOISE SPLENDOUR.

"DON'T you think," I suggested, "it would be a good idea if you took up entomology? It 's awfully interesting, and a Nigerian collection might be rather nice."

"I doubt it," said Elma. "I couldn't stand delving about in pedigrees and genealogies and burial customs. And I don't like skulls in the nude. Try something less worm-eaten."

"You 've got the first few syllables wrong. Entomology means the study of insects."

"Oh, insects! Yes, of course. But they study me too much for me to want to return the compliment."

"Butterflies and moths," I insinuated. "Lovely coloured things, like frocks. Wings of beautiful silky texture. The very latest models. Mannequin parades across the flower-beds from sunrise to sunset. And then indoors round the lamps."

"Ye-es. It sounds rather attractive, so long as there 's no one to watch me breaking up the parades."

"Wonderfully good for the figure, the capturing part. Every muscle of the body exercised, generally in beneficent sunlight. We 've got a net and killing-bottle too. Do it now."

Entomology caught on, and for three crowded days of glorious life nothing without wings, unless it were a caterpillar, had a hope in conversation. The net result of the first day's chase was a few small specimens and an important etymological discovery. "The real name," proclaimed Elma, "is obviously 'flutterbies.' 'Butterflies' is merely a silly Spoonerism perpetrated by someone who had never pursued these fascinating but elusive creatures. Yes, I 'm a flutterby-hunter," she ended, waggling the net in such a masterly fashion that she nearly captured a bewildered "boy" who was approaching with a very long drink.

Next morning the flutterby-hunter was out early, and by breakfast-time many of our proudest zinnias and asters were sadly hanging their broken heads on which some dalliant imago had poised for a second too long. All great enthusiasms have their minor drawbacks.

At 11 A.M. I sat in the office, ploughing through a turgid sea of files, when I heard the noise of pounding feet. My steward boy plunged through the doorway with a horrified look in his eyes. "Missis be craze!" he gasped. "Big Man for Heaven done do someting for her head."

I guessed at once what had happened. Elma had been chasing those wretched insects in full sunshine and a thin frock, and a stroke had followed. I rushed up to the house and was amazed to see her out again among the flowers, pirouetting after an exciting line in heliotrope and buff. But to my vast relief she was now wearing a helmet and spine-pad.



"REALLY, BASIL, WHAT *IS* THE IDEA?"
"WHY, MARY TELLS ME YOU EXCHANGED MY OLD GARDENING-JACKET FOR THIS RUG, SO I 'M WEARING IT."

"I say, come in," I shouted. "You must come in at once."

"What 's wrong? I 've got a helmet and spine-pad on. And when you and the crowd go I 'll resume these repulsive green spectacles."

"Haven't you had sunstroke, then?"

"Good gracious, no! Who told you that?"

Then I realized the truth. The boy had caught a glimpse of the flutterby-hunter in full cry, executing spasmodic leaps and dashes and carving the atmosphere into crescents with the scythe-like sweeps of her uncouth weapon, for all of which frenzied acrobatics he could see no objective whatever, and so had taken them for symptoms of a divine visitation, and duly informed his master. We persuaded him with difficulty that this form of insanity was harmless and need not be reported whenever it broke out.

The first two days had been a mixture of lyric and comedy. But the third day was epic. Sing, muse, the quest of the Turquoise Splendour!

The Turquoise Splendour visited our front bed about 7 A.M. We do not know its sex any more than we know the sex of the angels in heaven, so we endow it with a transcendent neutrality. It had great veins of the clearest, most ethereal blue, with underwings of shot sapphire. It carried itself like *Titania* (was it *Titania*, perhaps?) and had the wing-spread of a blackbird (add salt to taste).

Elma was after it in a flash. Oblivious of eggs, coffee and the actinic rays, she headed straight out into Africa. The prison yam farm, the native cemetery, half the golf-course and many patches of rough had unrolled themselves beneath her flying feet before she returned, a warmer but not a wiser woman, to her forsaken breakfast.

"What a perfect dream!" she gasped. "I swear I won't put scissors to my hair or look at a pattern till I 've got that flutterby."

"Would you prefer cremation or interment?" I asked. "Of course, if the chase lasts many days the question won't arise, because all your mortal remains will be distributed in slowly congealing spots about the countryside."

"*You* needn't be superior," said Elma. "It was you who started me on entomology." Which was a true and rather sobering reflection.

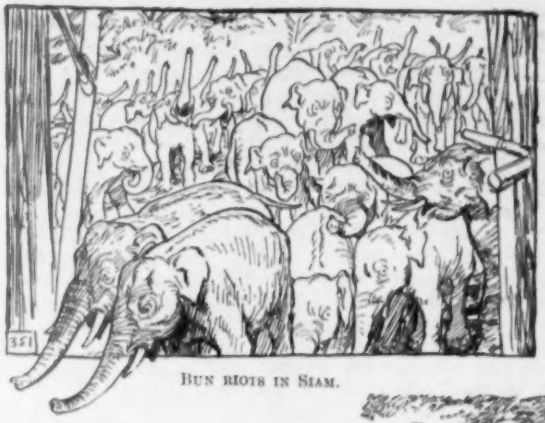
I need not describe that day's sport in detail. The pursuit continued intermittently but arduously until 6 P.M., by which time Elma had had seven baths and was beginning to catch glimpses of the back wall of her wardrobe. Yet some people still blather about the superior stamina of the masculine sex. Meanwhile the Turquoise Splendour was yet unbottled.

It was about dusk that the miracle happened. Elma sat at the table exhausted and disappointed. My commiserative resources had given out and I was silent. Suddenly, like an illumination, the Turquoise Splendour flitted

ROYAL ACADEMY—FIRST DEPRESSIONS.



FROTH-BLOWING IN MYTHICAL TIMES.



BUN RIOTS IN SIAM.



The Lady (to the Child). "I WISH, DARLING, YOU'D MAKE YOUR PONY KEEP IN STEP. LOOK AT DEAR GELERT—HOW WELL HE DOES IT!"

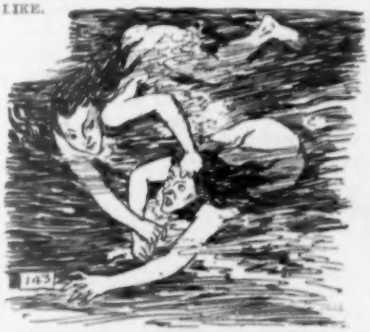


Mr. L. G. "NOW THE CARICATURISTS KNOW WHAT I'M *REALLY* LIKE.



THE FINDING OF MOSES.

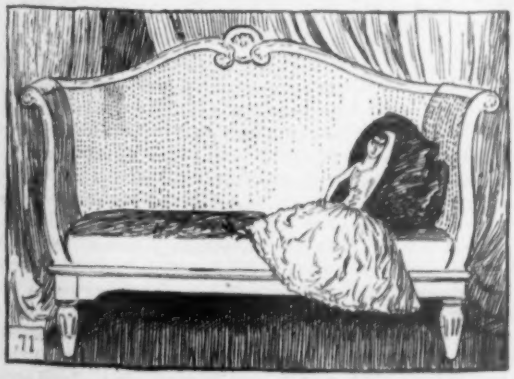
The Infant. "OF COURSE THEY'VE FOUND ME; NO REAL COVER OF BULRUSHES, LIKE IN ALL THE OLD PICTURES."



FOUL PLAY AT A CHANNEL-SWIMMING CONTEST.



Retiring Rear-Admiral (to the painter, in the manner of a Rear-Admiral about to retire). "WELL, I'M OFF; I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THIS —— BUSINESS!"



AFTER THE PLAIN VAN HAD GONE.



"THIS IS A VERY CRAMPED POSITION; WHY CAN'T I HAVE A SETTEE LIKE THE ONE IN 71?"

into the room. It hovered for a few seconds and then alighted on the table in front of Elma. She, from force of habit, grasped the killing-bottle, which naturally was at hand. Then she became fascinated by those softly curved velvet wings, opening and shutting iridescently and with a perfect rhythm.

"Look at it!" she cried in a voice wrung by internal conflict. "Isn't it exquisite? Why has it come back like this? I can't capture it."

She put her hand over her eyes and thrust away the killing-bottle. It tottered on the table-edge, toppled over and smashed on the cement floor into a mess of plaster, cyanide and sticky glass.

Elma's eyes opened wide. "I didn't mean to do that," she said. "It's an omen. Never try to capture flutterbies. They're too beautiful."

At these words the Turquoise Splendour lifted, fluttered and poised a moment on Elma's hair. Then it flew once round the room and out into the quiet blue twilight.

THE PAPER-WEIGHT.

AMONG my various pens and inks,
My pads and seals and waxen tapers,
A little alabaster Sphinx
Sits resolutely on my papers,
A winged Indifference who impends
On either duns or dividends.

My pretty monster 's not that old
Male model of Egyptian fable
As used where manuscripts were rolled
First o'er some Pharaoh's writing-table;
No, mine 's the maiden, fair but freak,
The enigmatic and the Greek.

And, though I 've but to lift her and
I 'll find some riddles sent to try me,
I like to have her in my hand,
To know that she is sitting by me,
Maiden—within my trust to creep,
And lion—strong the same to keep.

She smiles, whate'er the post-bag's girth
Contains, *sans* heat, *sans* hate, *sans* hurry,
As though she 'd hint that nothing 's worth
A moment's very serious worry,
And that all riddles solve themselves
If you 'll but leave them on their shelves.

And still, among my pens and inks,
Tobaccos and the like dream-shapers,
She sits and winks, my little Sphinx,
All resolutely on my papers;
She sits aloof, she sits alone,
And knows my business and her own.

P. R. C.

THE COMMISSION ON OXFORD.

DAMAGING REPORT.

"HOPELESSLY UNBUSINESSLIKE."

THE Report of the Commission of Six Eminent Business Men appointed to inquire into Oxford is a startling vindication of the policy of the business mind which we have never tired of advocating in these columns. Space alone prevents our printing more than a summary of so remarkable a document.

Supported by its findings and by the full force of public opinion we shall continue to demand such inquiries until theory and tradition have been rooted out and replaced by a wholesome business outlook in every department of our national life.

"GRASS-GROWN."

The primary contention of the Report is that the University is conducted in "a hopelessly unbusinesslike way." No one, we imagine, will have the temerity to question it. The vision and practical experience of the world, which is only to be found nowadays among the great Captains of Industry, could scarcely have approved of leadership which, to quote the Report again, "allows the plant to lie idle six months out of every twelve." A six-term year is demanded as a *sine quâ non*, and for our own part we cannot understand the objections of the Chairman, Lord Blaxo, to the proposal to work three eight-hour tutorial shifts per twenty-four hours.

The Report demands the immediate amalgamation of all the colleges. Some appear to be in a healthy state, others, such as —— and ——, to be virtually running at a dead loss, to judge by their final examination curves. "So far from being hives of bustling activity the majority present a *positively grass-grown appearance.*"

It is not surprising that the Commission insists that "A business Board, possessed of the necessary vision and practical experience in the hard school of life, should assume all directive functions, untrammelled by State interference or mere academic considerations."

INCREASED OUTPUT.

The first fruits of such a reorganisation would be the introduction of up-to-date industrial methods, resulting in increased output and a reduction of overhead costs. "No attempt is being made to economise space, and much of the raw material at present dumped haphazard in outhouses along the Banbury and Woodstock roads might easily be concentrated in suitable buildings erected on the waste space represented by these grass-grown College yards."

Coming to details, an important suggestion concerns the grading of raw material as it comes into the shops (as the colleges would, in accordance with modern industrial practice, be renamed). It is pointed out that the present inadequate methods of grading the raw material enables the employees (the meaningless term "Don" should, the Commission insists, be cut out as "un-English") to excuse themselves for the high percentage of Oxford products that has annually to be scrapped on the ground that the material was defective from the outset.

PAYMENT BY RESULTS.

More thorough preliminary examination would pave the way for a system of payment by results, the higher categories of employees (Proctors, "Bullers," Tutors, Porters, etc.) being remunerated at piece-rates. A ticket attached to the product, bearing the works number of the tutor, "buller," etc., responsible, would enable complaints to be brought home.

We agree that in any case it is absurd that the final inspection of the finished product should be carried out, as at present, by examiners appointed by, and even from, the employees themselves. "To avoid loss of time through disputes, the candidates could be allowed to appoint their own check-weighmen, with the right to cross-examine at the final *vivâ-voce* tests." We can conceive of nothing fairer.

Space once more forbids our detailing all the proposals for workshop reorganisation. We may mention, however, the interesting suggestion of Sir Maurice Cowley that to facilitate final examination the conveyor system be installed—"the candidates passing from test to test on a slowly-moving platform, thus eliminating much rehandling and maintaining an even flow of production. A similar platform moving rapidly in the opposite direction would convey rejects direct to the nearest railway-station."

PUBLICITY AND SLOGANS.

We must pass to Sir Charles Hoarding's important recommendations as to marketing and distribution. "Oxford," he acknowledges, "has been fairly successful in keeping in the public eye, but systematised publicity is at present non-existent. It is extraordinary, in view of its pulling appeal, that the University boat-race is held only once a year. It should be put on at least once a month." Front-space in the leading dailies should be continuously employed. "Without the co-operation of the great national organs the ideal of a Bigger and Better Oxford will never be realised."



Wife of Jockey. "OH, GEORGE, I WEIGHED BABY THIS MORNING, AND HE'S GAINED A WHOLE POUND."
Jockey. "WHAT!!!"

Suitable slogans should be devised and "dinned into the public semi-consciousness." Of his examples we admire most the subtle "BUY MORE BRAINS—FOUR OUT OF FIVE HAVE THEM." We agree with Sir Charles that only by such energetic modern methods will it be possible to "bring home the value of education to the practical business world and so enable the university to make deeper inroads into the consumer pyramid."

BRANDED GOODS.

This accepted principle, which, the Report strikingly mentions, has in the past three months trebled the consumption of majolica door-knobs in Wisconsin, has been only half-heartedly practised. The brand "B.A. Oxon" is not enough. The public, it is irrefutably contended, does not *insist on it*. We agree that "something more is wanted if the consumer cone is to be gnashed right down into"; and perhaps the most convincing passage in the whole document is that which advocates "a uniform dress for B.A. Oxons, to be worn on all professional occasions, consisting of a gent's dark-blue hard felt hat with a white ribband, registered at the Board of Trade to defeat spurious imitations." We are never tired of asserting that to men of vision anything is possible.

A further Report on Curriculum is still in preparation. We understand that it orders the immediate scrapping and re-equipment of the Bodleian plant, nine-tenths of which fulfils no conceivable modern requirement.

Salome on the South Coast.

"Head of two Parlourmaids Required; £50-£55: near Bournemouth."—*Daily Paper.*

MR. MAFFERTY MAKES AN AFTER-DINNER SPEECH.

"MR. Chairman, Ladies an' Gentlemen," said Mr. Mafferty, rising, "it 's a quare discomfortable race, the English, surely, an' they not able to be sittin' quiet for ten minutes after a dish of food without they 'll be leppin' up on their hind-legs and talkin' about it. There 's no other animal I know of does that same, unless it would be a few wild birds that chatter after eatin'. But most of them have more sense, an' you 'll see them after a great meal settlin' down for a great sleep, which is the first rule of contentment an' long life. It 's little 's the milk we 'd enjoy, I 'm thinkin', if the cows themselves were to pass the afternoon proposin' the good health of strange cows they never saw before an' destroyin' the digestions on them with foolish speeches concernin' the State of Trade an' the Future of Women, an' the like, an' if there 's them that takes pleasure in it why wouldn't they be formin' themselves into some kind of a secret society an' speakin' at each other from this day to the world's end without draggin' in poor unfortunate creatures that want nothin' but their food an' drink an' to be restin' their stomachs afterwards without churnin' up the mind?

"But here I am speakin', one of your own guests, an' not a kick left in me since the first toast was fired. I 've nothin' to say against your hospitality at all, though it may be there was too much of a pause an' gap betwixt the soup an' the fish. An' the champagne was meant for a weddin' surely, or some kind of a female celebration. An' I mislike this habit you have of eatin' ices in the middle of a dinner, an' I thinkin' the meal is over, when up comes a chicken or a great steak, the way me poor stomach wouldn't know is it the same meal or the next at all.

"But, one thing set against another, you fed us fairly enough, an' it 's meself is proud to be proposin' your good health, an' couplin' with it the name of Councillor Barry. I 've nothin' to say against your Society an' the fine work you do, except that it all leads to speeches at last, an' a man may ruin the best of lives by a bad deed at the latter end. The divil knows what your Society is for, or any other Society, but I take it you mean well, an' I wish you free of the doctor, every one of you. Let you begin the day with orange-juice an' end it with a little whisky, an' there 's no harm comin' to you this side of the grave, unless it would be a swollen peroration or a rush of Resolutions to the head. Keep off Committees, never write to the papers, avoid whole-meal bread and all healthy eatables of that like, an' you 'll live as long as you wish for, surely.

"An' now for Councillor Barry. I 've nothin' at all to say against Councillor Barry. I never heard of Councillor Barry before this night, an' there 's wonder in me mind to think it 's meself you 've chosen to be rainin' rich compliments on the gentleman, the way if I do he 'll know they 're a lie an' if I do not he 'll be disappointed. Maybe it 's a detective you take me for, or an old woman has the second sight, an' she sittin' in a tent on the market evenin's to be tellin' the poor fellows of dark women comin' to them an' long journeys an' the like, the way she 'll see the whole of a man's history in the lobe of his ear or the manner he has of blowin' his fine nose.

"Well, I took a small peep at Councillor Barry the first moment I heard of him, an' it 's not meself can tell from the look of the gentleman is he a burglar, or a tax-collector, or an estate-agent, or what, an' what 's the reason you 'd be makin' an agitation about his health. So it 's destroyed I am nudgin' me neighbours an' whisperin' to the waiters an' they slippin' under me plate the quare unreadable pieces of information I 'll have a difficulty, I 'm thinkin', to make a story out of to do the Councillor credit.

"But it 's the grand Councillor you have there, I 'm tellin' you. It 's the grand man he is with the Fire Brigade, I wouldn't wonder, for I have them two words, 'Fire Brigade,' written here on the Chairman's menu; but what it is he does to the Fire Brigade I 've no more notion than an old woman peelin' potatoes in the bog. It would be that he 's the President of the Fire Brigade itself, for you 'd not be fussin' about his health if he was less. Well, an' it 's the fine fightin' President he is, I 'd say, an' he responsible for the new fire-engine is the envy of the County. It 's thrown himself he has into the fire business like an old dog does be plungin' into the water in the heat of the year. You 've never had the like number of successful fires before. You 'd think the buildin's of this city had a fever in them to be burstin' into flames by way of a compliment to the Councillor, the way the whole world would be daft with wonder to see him puttin' 'em out. An' it 's a few more gentlemen of his like this town is in hunger for, I 'm thinkin'. There 's many 's the buildin's you have would be no worse for a hearty conflagration in the upper parts. He 's got rid of the Wick Street Chapel for you an' a great part of the Museum, an' why wouldn't he be castin' his professional eye over Rudd Street, an' George Street, an' the Art Gallery, an' Simpson's Stores, and Mole's Mansions, an' the Western Hotel an' them two monuments by the new bandstand, an' the bandstand itself? Give him a year or two, I 'm tellin' you, an' he 'll change the whole face of your mean town for you in the twinklin' of an eye, an' he destroyin' it with fire an' drownin' it with water an' choppin' up what 's left with axes an' saws. "It 's the great talk there 'll be surely among your sons an' daughters in the homes of the North Country concernin' Councillor Barry, the gentleman that burned Burbleton, an' they away in their minds with gazin' at the glory of the new Burbleton will be built over the remains.

"An' that 's not all. There 's many another little paper I have here would be testifyin' to the noble deeds of the Councillor, but divil a one of them can I read at all except one, an' that says



HOW TO EVADE THE BUTTON DUTY.
MR. PUNCH'S ONE-PIECE GARMENT.



"MY DEAR, YOU SIMPLY *MUST* COME TO ONE OF THE DARLING PROFESSOR'S LECTURES. HIS NEXT TALK IS ABOUT LOVE."
"REALLY? AND IS HE FOR IT OR AGAINST IT?"

it 's himself that stamped out swimmin' on Sundays in your municipal baths. Well, that 's a fine thing too, for the young folk would have no right swimmin' and divin' an' enjoyin' themselves on Sunday. Sure it 's a holy day, isn't it, and every man 's the saviour of his country that does anything, to make it more uncomfortable than it was before. So it 's as well at home with water as fire the Councillor is, God bless him!

"An' now there 's no more to say, but let you charge your glasses, if that 's necessary, an' be wishin' in your hearts there 'll be no harm nor sickness comin' to the Councillor but what he deserves. An' the same to your drivellin' Society itself." A. P. H.

A Biped Quadruped.

"Strayed, half-legged, dun-coloured Horse."
Advt. in Hull Paper.

"The portion of Mr. ——, presented to the Municipal Council by the Staff of the Municipality, was unveiled by Mr. ——."
Ceylon Paper.

We understand that the rest of Mr. —— took no part in the proceedings.

THE LITTLE STRANGER.

["This is my appeal to young people. Do not, for the sake of a motor-car . . . deprive yourself and the country of children."—*DEAN INGE, at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, last week.*

"Shall we have two more cylinders or one more child?"—*Mr. Punch, October 26, 1927.*]

YES, this is Jane, our only one.
How softly, see, her throat she stirs,
Standing and dreaming in the sun
With all her tiny cylinders!

Neat as a rosebud, so refined,
And graceful as a fawn at play;
That little dent she has behind
Was done at Richmond yesterday.

You ought to see her moving out
On Sundays to the by-pass zone;
She never has the faintest doubt
At starting all upon her own.

But sometimes, in the winter's chill,
When we have tucked her safe in bed
(You know our house is on a hill),
We leave a nightlight near her head.

See how the bonnet comes apart!
There is no falter in the feed,
And oh! the quivering of the heart,
The elfin changes of the speed!

The little body has no rust,
And in the gloaming, when she flies,
She casts a beam upon the dust
To dazzle all beholders' eyes.

Our Jane! our only bonny yin!
How many a traveller's face has glowed
For Jane, when Jane came dancing in
Before him on the Portsmouth Road!

When she rejoices we rejoice,
When she grows restless we rebound;
I think that I should know her voice
If I were dead beneath the ground.

And as for why we call her Jane——
We vowed upon the church doormat,
If Fate should smile upon us twain,
To call our earliest model that.

EVOE.

Our Indelicate Landladies.

"Bathroom under personal supervision."
Boarding House Advt.

LIVESTOCK IN BARRACKS.

IX.—Cows.

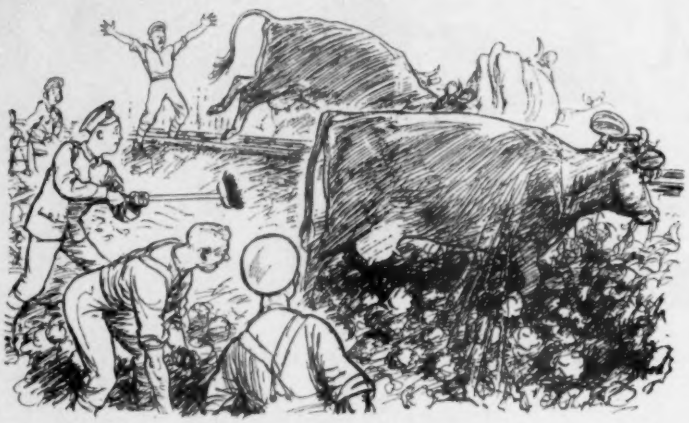
THE trouble began on the regimental allotments. Close to our barracks is a railway, and close to the railway are several little patches of garden owned by the regiment. Tradition has it that these allotments belong to the members of the band and were given them in the early days of our sojourn here, presumably to amuse them in their spare time or at least to prevent them practising hymns for Sunday church-parade. There are few things more disorganising to company-drill than a band very much within earshot practising "Art thou weary, art thou languid?"

For some while these allotments were a hive of industry; after that they became an infernal nuisance. To begin with, company-commanders never knew whether, when a bandsman mentioned the word, he was speaking of an allowance of ten shillings per week to his wife or his "little bit o' garden." This of course led to confusion and angry letters from soldiers' wives. Also the system of land-tenure was rather lax, as we discovered when the railway company complained one day, in the verbose way that railway companies have, that vegetation on their permanent-way was impeding the rapidity of their trains, and that the vegetation in question had been reported to emanate from the military allotments bordering the track. Inquiries by the Adjutant at last traced this particular nuisance to Private Trigger's nasturtiums. Now Private Trigger does not belong to the band, never has belonged to the band and, in the general consensus of unbiassed opinion, never will belong to the band. Also Private Trigger comes from the East-End of London, and the idea is that he doesn't know what a garden is, except as a receptacle for bottles and newspapers.

So, when the nasturtiums had been abated, inquiries as to the origin of his ownership were set on foot, and it was discovered that he had won this allotment off a friend, who had bought it from another friend, who had swapped . . . Well, when we had traced it through five owners we began to wonder whether we wouldn't find the original holder mentioned in Domesday Book. Not one of these consecutive proprietors was in the band, and when we investigated the other allotments we found that only one of them was at present held by a member of the band at all, and that only because a pet dog was buried there.

The Adjutant therefore took steps and abolished private ownership without compensation, and took over the allotments in the name of the community. Then he had them planted with vegetables for the use of the troops' cook-house.

At this point the cows entered into the story and the real trouble began. The cows belonged to a small farmer, who grazed them in a field on the other side of the railway. On two occasions already they had crossed the line and entered our allotments, now under the Adjutant's ægis, whereupon he had solemnly warned the owner that if they came again they would be impounded.



"AFTER A MOST EXCITING CHASE . . . THE COWS WERE ROUNDED UP."

One morning, a week later, the Adjutant, on his way to the office, noticed them once again on Government allotments. They were festooned with runner beans, and one cow was wearing a vegetable-marrow on the left horn, and looked rather raffish. He immediately summoned Sergeant Grenade, the orderly-sergeant, and said, "Go and impound those cows." Sergeant Grenade saluted and said, "Very good, Sir," in a knowing manner. Having then asked Sergeant-Major Magazine what the word "impound" meant, and learnt that it was something between "Detention" and "Confined to Barracks," he collected a party of men with sticks.

After a most exciting chase to the strains of the "Toreador Chorus," the cows were rounded up, not without some casualties to the impounding party, Lance-Corporal Pouch having been severely trodden on by what he called a brigade's beef ration, while Private Pull-through was laid out for ten minutes by an upper-cut from an over-size tail.

The animals were then impounded in a spare loose-box next the Colonel's stable. Hearing of this, by the way, Private Butt from the cook-house instantly got together a party of cooks' mates, and, armed with mess-tins, fire-buckets and empty beer-bottles, they set off on a milking expedition, during which Private Barrel, who was both short-sighted and town-bred, got badly kicked by the Colonel's charger.

At mid-day the Adjutant got a note from the farmer demanding the release of his cows. This demand he refused. He said he had given due warning of his intention to impound, and that the cows were now under military discipline until "replevied." He also—for our Adjutant is like that—attached a map showing in detail the presumed track of the cows into the allotments, beginning at the point in the field where they had advanced in column of cows from the right and ending at the point in the allotments where they had at the halt on the right formed cow.

The farmer ignored the subtler points of this communication. He merely replied that he wanted his cows back. To the Adjutant he thus showed himself a man of one idea and totally unable to conduct a correspondence on official military lines. He hadn't even "acknowledged receipt of map herewith." So the Adjutant opened a file called "BX/423/2. Cows—unauthorised entry of into Allotments," and spent the afternoon composing another letter to his opponent on the subject of mutinous fauna, "replevin," rations in bulk and destruction of military property, ending up in the best tradition by asking for his remarks, please.

He got them all right. About a page, many of them wrongly, though forcibly, spelt. The tirade ended with a claim for milk alleged to have been stolen and drunk by soldiers during the cows' incarceration. This the Adjutant hotly denied in a note sent late that night. He admitted that there were many things a soldier would steal, but milk for drinking purposes was unlikely to be one of them. He also put in a counter-claim for sundry vegetables consumed or damaged (including one part-worn vegetable-marrow).



"Oh, Mummy, don't let 's come here! I don't want my hair cut with a little round hole in the middle!"

The Adjutant went to bed that night with the consciousness of duty well done, having detailed a sentry to be mounted on the imprisoned cows, an order which puzzled the R.S.M. exceedingly until he realised it was not meant literally.

Early next morning the cows were released unconditionally. The Adjutant when questioned replied in a stiff parliamentary manner that circumstances had arisen which made such a line of conduct desirable, but that it was not to the public interest to disclose the reason. The circumstances, it transpired later, were that the farmer concerned was the regular purveyor of milk to Mrs. Adjutant, and indeed to all the ladies of the officers' married quarters, including the Colonel's wife. . . .

The Adjutant was not on speaking terms with any of them for a long while, and is still prejudiced both against feminine interference in military matters and against cows, farmers, sutlers and all other camp-followers. A. A.

Cadaverous Optimism.

"Wanted — A Protestant Undertaker — preferably a Methodist—for a wonderful business opportunity in a growing health center in California. Unique opportunity. Write for information."—*California Church Paper.*

POPULARITY.

"It 's a wonderful thing," she said with a touch of excitement in her manner, "to find oneself so popular, sought after, desired."

"Isn't it?" I agreed. "I know I have always found it so—always."

"Are you popular?" she asked, almost as if something had surprised her.

"At any rate I was once," I assured her. "It was when people got to know I wanted to buy a good second-hand car. They sought me out from the furthest extremity of the Cromwell Road. Of course, when they knew I couldn't pay cash . . ."

"Oh, that 's quite different," she said with a touch of disdain in her manner. "We aren't buying anything. On the contrary we have something to sell—perhaps."

"That is quite different," I admitted. "Selling things makes no man popular, as I found out once when I tried to sell a second-hand car. People made a desolation round me and called it 'Safety First.'"

"Well, people search us out," she said. "Invitations rain upon us by every post, and when the phone rings we say, 'There 's another.' And it is. Why, dinners and lunches are given simply that they may be an excuse for inviting us to them."

"Do you accept them all?"

"Not even summer-time," she sighed, "can provide two dinner hours in one day. But wherever we do go it is always the same—people crowd round us, want to be introduced, give us their best smiles."

"It sounds," I said, "almost like being a taxi-man on a wet night."

"Oh," she protested, hurt, "we aren't a bit haughty about it."

"What has happened?" I asked. "Have you come into a fortune I hadn't heard about?"

"Do people come into fortunes?" she asked dreamily. "At any rate we don't. But people will tell me of their most secret dressmakers and even sometimes about their own special methods of getting thinner. Tom says he finds it quite embarrassing. Men he hasn't seen for years stop him in the street to tell him how well he 's looking, and letters come to remind him how the writers were introduced to him seventeen years ago in a Swiss hotel. He says that even in his club there are one



WHAT TO DO WITH OUR GIRLS.

Daughter. "MOTHER, I 'VE GOT A JOB AT DALILA'S."
Mother. "NOT A MANNEQUIN?"
Daughter. "OH, NO, DARLING; BUT I 'M TO HELP TO DRESS ONE."

or two of the other members who speak to him now."

"Oh, come," I protested.

"Well, they do," she insisted.

"You 'll tell me next," I smiled, "that he gets handed the evening paper the moment he comes in, and has only to look at the arm-chair he wants to have it offered him on the spot."

She nodded. "Yes, it 's like that," she said simply.

"You 'll both be getting your heads turned," I told her severely.

"Don't you think," she asked, "that often it improves a person's character when they find themselves appreciated at last, really understood, when it seems as if everyone around them really wanted to be nice?"

"Perhaps," I admitted. "That is, if it is for yourself alone," I added, I trust not suspiciously. "You are sure you haven't come into a fortune?"

"Oh, quite; we should be certain to have heard if we had."

"And there 's nothing you want to buy, and it can't be that Tom knows a really sure thing for the next big race, because he always does, and so does everyone else. Or is it that you have heard of the ideal flat to let at a moderate rent and don't want to tell?"

"The ideal flat at a moderate rent," she repeated. "My dear man, this is real life, not a fairy tale."

"Then it must be," I decided, forced to it, "that you are being loved for your own sakes alone."

"It is what we think ourselves," she admitted modestly.

"Only," I asked, "what is it you have to sell? Is it extraordinarily cheap?"

"Oh, no, just the ordinary price," she assured me—"the same price as everywhere else. Besides, you remember you said yourself that people who want to sell are never popular."

"No, but," I insisted, "what is it you actually have to sell?"

"Oh, only," she answered negligently, "a few tickets for the Stock Exchange Derby sweepstake."

"Do you think," I asked earnestly, "if I took a taxi to the City I could catch Tom before he leaves the office, or had I better go straight to the club?" E. R. P.

APPLE-BLOSSOM.

Cinderella, in rags withal,
Stood where the apple-bloom would fall.
"Shake, little tree," said *Cinderella*,
"And dress me up for the palace ball."

Well might the *Ugly Sisters* frown,
For the blossoms came floating, fluttering down,
All in kindness to *Cinderella*,
And made her the most enchanting gown.

Her story of course has been told before;
You know exactly what colours she wore,
When she and *Prince Charming* danced together;
But here 's a note to add to your lore.

In the newspaper list of the Court *élite*,
Where the craftsmen of all the modes compete,
Her frock was entered as "Pink and silver
(Appletree, Limited, Orchard Street)."

A. C.



LE PÈRE TERRIBLE.

KING MICHAEL OF RUMANIA: "WE TRUST THAT OUR FRIENDLY RELATIONS WITH FOREIGN POWERS WILL NOT BE COMPROMISED BY POOR DEAR PAPA'S INDISCRETIONS."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

THE suspicion, so often expressed, that the Socialist tail effectively wags the dog should be for ever laid to rest by the stirring events of Tuesday afternoon, when the Party in the House of Commons, headless for the moment, was left to go whithersoever the tail might direct. The tail's sense of direction proved so bad that within a relatively few minutes it had wagged the Party into a *cul-de-sac*, from which the only exit was by way of an adjournment.

It was a day allotted to Scottish Estimates, and the clans had gathered as usual to air Scottish grievances. At the outset there was a grievance, in fact two, and with more substance to them than most political grievances can boast. The first of them, ventilated by Mr. THOMAS HENDERSON, was that they were there to discuss Scottish Estimates, but, owing to the lethargy of the Scottish Office, the financial reports for the year 1927-1928, on which Members would naturally base their criticisms, were not available.

The second grievance, made vocal by Mr. MACPHERSON, was that, instead of the day which they had reasonably expected to have at their disposal, the Scottish estimators found themselves reduced to half a day by the intrusion, at 7.30, of private business.

Sir JOHN GILMOUR met these complaints as best he could, but his defence was unconvincing. The interruption of business, he declared, was a matter over which the Government had no control, a curious fact if true. As for the reports, it was regrettable that they were not ready, but he had been expediting their publication.

This rather feeble reply seemed to justify Mr. KENNEDY'S retort that the responsibility to produce these reports when they were wanted lay with the Scottish Office and had not been met by the Minister. But it certainly did not justify Mr. JAMES BROWN in moving that the CHAIRMAN do report progress. Immediate accounts of the incident depict Mr. BROWN as a sort of "Little Jimmy Head-in-Ayr" stepping blithely but unconsciously over the precipice of adjournment. But his remark, that "Scottish Members should not sit under such an insult as to be offered half a day for the business before them," if it was intended to be taken seriously, does not bear out that view.

The failure to recognise that the Scottish Members were throwing away half a day in order to get no debate must be attributed to Mr. SHINWELL, who was more or less leading the Opposition and should, on



"LITTLE JIMMY HEAD-IN-AYR."
MR. JAMES BROWN,
Member for South Ayrshire.

observing that the Government were going to agree to the motion to report progress, have led his little army into the Lobby against it, thus putting the onus of bringing matters to an end on the Government.

There may indeed be some substance in the Opposition's contention that the motion was in effect a censure on the Government, and that in accepting it the SECRETARY FOR SCOTLAND in effect accepted the censure; yet this theory but meagrely compensated the Scottish Members who had come to the House with their grievances all ready for the airing, and incidentally defrauded the taxpayer of a substantial fraction of the *quid pro quo* that his salaried legislators are supposed to provide.

But if Scotland retired humiliated from this scene her pride was more than restored on Friday, when the Second Reading of the Dog-Racing Bill—surely one of the most important Bills ever left to the care of a Private Member—was moved by Mr. JOHN BUCHAN.

The Bill, which gives local authorities control over dog-racing tracks, has the Government's approval, but is in no sense a party measure. Indeed, its strongest support on Friday came from Mr. J. H. THOMAS, who, while professing himself an ardent race-goer, declared that sport was sport and they did not want the children's dinners to depend on the result of a dog-race the night before.

The speech in which Mr. GUINNESS moved the second reading of the Agricultural Credits Bill was perhaps needlessly complacent, but the Bill itself, though complicated and technical, as Mr. ALEXANDER pointed out, gave Members plenty of solid meat to get their teeth into. In substance it provides that the Land Mortgage Corporation, which the great Banks, or some of them, will control, is to raise money by the sale to the public of debentures (secured on the assets of the Corporation and by a Guarantee Fund, advanced by the Government, equal to the share capital of the Corporation). This money is to be lent to the farmers, through the Banks, on long-term credits, the maximum term being about sixty years, and the rate for interest and sinking fund together somewhere in the neighbourhood of six per cent. The farmer who mortgages the old farm will thus do it privately and the registered mortgages will not reach the inquisitive eye of the public. A second part of the Bill professes to make it easier for farmers to borrow money on short-term loans.



JOANNA OF THE HIGHLANDS
(After "Diana of the Uplands," by C. W. PURSE, at the Tate Gallery).
MR. JOHN BUCHAN.

The Lords this week dealt with divers subjects, foot-and-mouth disease, the Basle Trad-

ing Company and petroleum, but their legislative *tour de force* was to clip the wings of Lord DANESFORT'S Plumage Bill. The clipper-in-chief was Lord MERRIVALE, who moved an Amendment transferring to the prosecutors the onus of proof (that the plumage had or had not been imported before 1921), which the Bill, against the common principle of British justice, placed upon the accused. In vain the friends of the Bill urged that the honest vendor of plumes could easily trace their movements, while the prosecution could not possibly do so. The Amendment was carried, and Lord DANESFORT, who had moved the Third Reading of the Bill, secured an adjournment to see if it were worth while proceeding with it.

In moving the Second Reading of the Petroleum (Amendment) Bill Lord DESBOROUGH said that it was proposed to introduce later an Amendment which would give urban as well as county and borough councils the right to suppress unsightly petrol pumps and apparatus designed to advertise their valuable but too often repulsive presence. Lord MONTAGU OF BEAULIEU, sated no doubt with the rural beauties of the New Forest, dwelt on the humble utility of the petrol filling station and intimated that, unless he was satisfied that owners of such had a right of appeal from the orders of the local authorities, he would introduce amendments.

Quite a little exchange of unpleasantries between Lord MONTAGU and Lord PEEL followed, the subject being the Report of the London and Home Counties Traffic Advisory Committee to the Ministry of Transport. Lord MONTAGU asked for details of the Report, and suggested that it had been rewritten to suit the whims of the MINISTER OF TRANSPORT. Lord PEEL retorted that it was a private Report, and what was in it was no business of Lord MONTAGU'S, who had come there with "tittle-tattle listened to at some street corner." The Minister had not even seen the Report except in its present form.

Possibly, retorted Lord MONTAGU drily, but would Lord PEEL say that he had not, without seeing it, ordered the Advisory Committee to re-write it? To this Lord PEEL replied rather lamely that what the Committee had done with the Report before submitting it to the Minister he neither knew nor cared.

On Friday the House, in Committee of Supply, discussed both Egypt and World Peace pacts. Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD observed that we "were in a very delicate position as regards Egyptian affairs." Needless to say, the ex-Foreign Minister found himself in an equally delicate position in discussing those affairs as a critic of the Government, and his speech was too tactful to be anything but a gentle pawing of the air. In so far as he stated what he claimed to be facts—as for example that the rejected Treaty proposals had been prematurely advanced by the FOREIGN SECRETARY—he was subsequently shown by Sir AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN to have got the facts wrong.

Sir AUSTEN recapitulated the various incidents and warnings leading up to the recent crisis over the Egyptian Assemblies Bill and concluded by hoping that, when "time and experience had done their work," as Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD had put it, negotiations would be resumed. Sir RENNELL RODD, in a maiden speech, got to the root of the matter when he declared that "self-government was not a privilege to be conferred but a habit to be acquired."

On the subject of Mr. KELLOGG'S proposed multilateral pact to "renounce war as an instrument of policy," whatever that may mean, there was no discordant note. The proposal was welcomed; it had been examined and warmly approved by this country and was being submitted to the Dominions, which would doubtless approve it too.

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE touched the fringe of realities. The United States was the only country in the world that had increased its army and navy in comparison with what they were before the War. When a country which did that actually offered to outlaw war we ought to accept it the very first time.



"PLUCKED!"

The Danesfort Cockatoo (sadly). "I'M NOT THE BIRD I WAS."

(After the Cartoon by TENNIEL, Feb., 1894.)



THE ANGLO-EGYPTIAN RAPPROCHEMENT.

SIR AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN.

"Extending Diners: large selection."—*Advt. in Manchester Paper.* Possibly a reference to the Manchester Corporation.



Lady of the Caravan. "DO YOU THINK YOUR SQUIRE WOULD ALLOW US TO CAMP HERE?"
Rustic. "NOA; 'E BE DEATH ON 'GYPPOS.'"

"OUT OF THE MOUTH . . ."

MY wife and I were gazing at our first-born with happy pride when it suddenly struck me that we should soon have to call our first-born something other than Baba, which, since his arrival two months ago, had been his only sobriquet.

"We must give him a name," I said to Betty. "And not one of your ordinary everyday names either. Something attractive and distinctive must precede the grand old patronymic Coot. Something something Coot. What?"

"Or even Something something something Coot," returned my wife. "What?"

I thought hard while she drooped adoringly over her cradled son.

"Stanley," I decided.

"Why Stanley, particularly?"

"Well," I explained, "this dear little chap may not know it, but he is born into the world alive, by no means a little Liberal but assuredly a little Conservative. Let us therefore name him after his great leader and call him Stanley Baldwin Coot."

"How do you know he *wants* to be a Conservative?" demurred Betty. "He might want to be something else. And anyway," she added darkly, "you don't know that there 'll *be* any Conservatives when he 's grown up."

This disturbing notion caused me to reflect.

"We might possibly call him after his godfather, Johnson," I suggested. "How would it be to launch him into the battle of life under the arresting designation 'Johnson Coot'?"

"Rubbish," my wife rejoined. "And I 'm not at all sure that Mr. Johnson is really a suitable godfather. Fancy sending the child a quarter-pint silver tankard as soon as he was old enough to open his eyes."

"There was nothing in that," I assured her.

"I should hope there wasn't. Time enough when he gets older. It 's a shame he can't tell us what he 'd like to be called," she went on. "What would 'oo like to be called, darling?" she crooned. "If only he 'd *say*."

The sleeper stirred and opened an eye, into which he proceeded to thrust a fist.

"Oh, he 's *awake*," my wife discovered, assuming rapid control of the situation; "he heard us talking and woke, the sweet lamb!"

"Yes, very likely," I assented; "and now he 's awake here 's his chance to assert himself. Now, my son," I continued, "what shall we call you? Let 's hear from you. Speak, or for ever after hold your——"

"Gug," ejaculated the infant suddenly.

"He means Doug," shrieked Betty. "Short for Douglas. Duggie! why, of *course*."

We listened desperately.

"Oo," was the next distinct contribution.

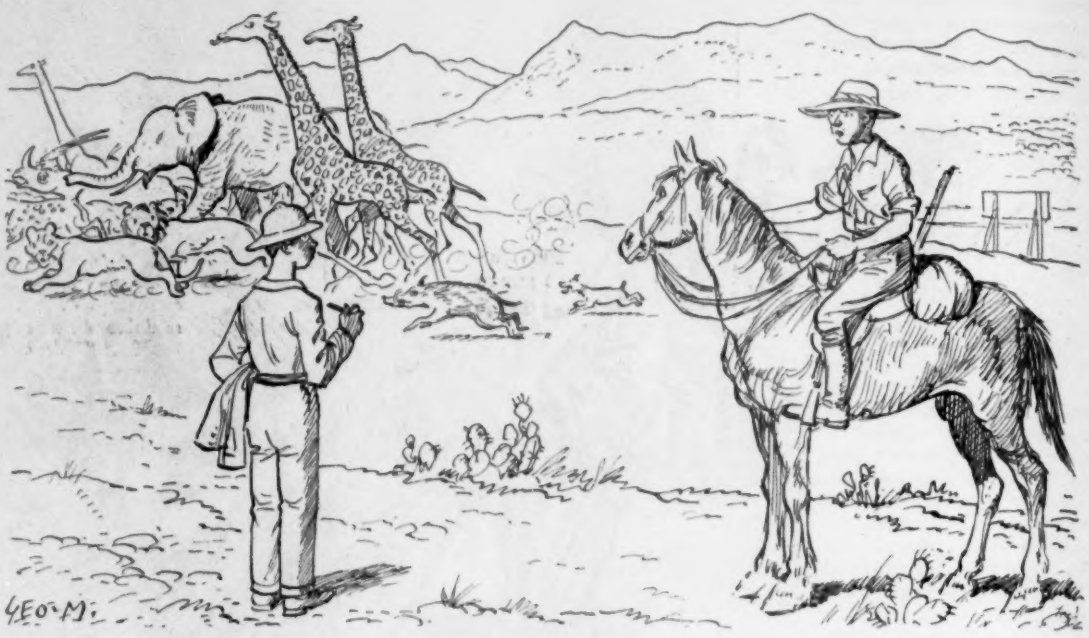
"Duggie never oos," I murmured; but Betty was much too much excited to appreciate my allusive *jeu d'esprit*, I expect.

"Go on, darling," she was idiotically urging her son; "talk away. Douglas—yes, anything else? Isn't he marvellous?"

Her son twinkled at her, smiled contentedly all over his little fat face and gave two more "Gugs."

"I decline to have him called Douglas Douglas Douglas Coot," I said. "It 's monotonous."

"Don't be quite so silly. It only



Gamekeeper (*on an African Big Game Preserve*). "IS THAT YOUR DOG, SIR?"
Trespasser (*a visitor from England*). "YES."
Gamekeeper. "WELL, CALL THE BRUTE OFF AND KEEP HIM ON LEASH. WE CAN'T HAVE OUR FAUNA CHIVVIED ABOUT LIKE THAT!"

means he wants to be called Douglas and nothing else—doesn't it, my precious?"

"Hjckrrh!" exclaimed her precious, rather like the *Gryphon* in *Alice*.

"Good," I said, "but unfortunately not quite good enough."

And then a perfectly amazing thing happened, or at least we think it happened. If you invite me to explain such incredible behaviour on the part of a child aged two months I am utterly unable to account for it, but at the end of my sentence Baby fixed me with a look of contempt and seemed to articulate slowly and distinctly—

"FOOL."

"*What?*" I gasped.

"Fool," repeated Betty softly, almost breathlessly—"fool——"

"But we can hardly call him a fool, can we?" I objected.

"No," said Betty, "we can't call *him* a fool."

And as I stared in bewilderment at my astounding son another contented smile came over his little fat face, a gurgle escaped his tiny mouth, his eyes slowly closed with the suspicion of a wink in one of them, and he slept.

"ST. PAUL'S WEDDING.
SECOND IN 18 YEARS."
Daily Paper Headline.

Is this another clerical scandal?

CORN IN KENSINGTON.

IT all started with the indisposition of our Siamese cat, Pugsie. He had been ordered a copious diet of salad, and our Kensington garden (ninety by twenty) runs to little save flags and foxgloves; and, though it is possible that Mr. EUSTACE MILES would find these commodities rich in proteids and vitamin B, the cat uses them solely as bedding.

Numbers 1 and 3 in our terrace have grass, but Number 3 also has a new cook who loathes Pugsie, and even as I poked him through the cat-guard to the lawn of No. 1 the jobbing gardener emerged and began to mow it. And no cat will eat cut salad. The destructive and contrary beasts will only consider your growing plant as a suitable object for mutilation.

It was while I was marooned in Chiswick waiting for a bus to take me almost anywhere else that I saw The Shop. It was small and beetle-browed (whatever that may mean, for I don't believe beetles have brows—they just have an offensive stare), *but* across its window were painted the words

CORN SEED.

My bus arrived but I repulsed it and went into the shop.

"Does corn seed really *come up?*" I began.

The proprietor looked apprehensive.

"Grass seed does, you know," I added.

The proprietor said there was no reason ("given sun") why corn seed should not behave in the same normal manner.

"Then," I announced, "I will have a quarter of a pound—that is, if it's not sold by the peck, perch, gallon, rod or pint."

I left the shop with a "measure" (measure, of course!). Pugsie should benefit heavily; the young springing corn would, I was convinced, contain far more vitamin B than the grass seed grown in bowls, with which until now we had periodically plied him.

In the garden that same afternoon we planted the corn in the bowls, and when Pugsie's interest became too pressing we spilt a lot of it and slapped him.

* * * * *

Three weeks later, on my way down the garden to our (eighteen by twelve) studio, I saw weeds in a border, made a business-like grab at them—and recoiled.

No weeds, these green and slender, these succulent (and, in point of fact, springing) shoots!

THE CORN HAD *COME UP*.

It was three inches high. That, so far, there was no sign of life in the bowls added, if possible, to the overwhelming nature of the discovery.

WE WERE FARMERS.

I saw it all. We should have to pay tithes and dues and become familiar with the Board of Agriculture; we would convert the studio into a threshing-floor, and through the drowsy autumn days the corn would mellow therein. . . .

But first there would be harvesting. We would give a Home. (Ah, how different from an *At* Home!) It would make a sensation, just at a time when Society was jaded by the London Season. We would rake and bind and reap and garner. We would borrow the side-car from the motor-cycle at Number 4 and bring home the sheaves in it; our morning lady and her daughter should uncork (for, alas, we do not brew) ceaseless bottles of cider in the kitchen and bring it to us in sun-bonnets (if I make myself understood).

And perhaps for a consideration we might even prevail upon them to cry, "Bless our kind mistresses!" or, at a pinch, "Long life to the leddies!"

I hope this loyal consummation may not be achieved through too heavy a drain upon the cider.

* * * * *

A week later Pugsie forked up half the Home with his claw and ate it, sneezing. But we have made that good, replaced what we could and planted more. Half the garden is under corn now.

The original crop is still only four inches high and turning a trifle brown. The snails adore it, clinging to it like ivy. But the invitations are already out, our print gowns and bonnets in hand, our rakes ordered and the side-car promised for August 20th.

LOVE, MUSIC AND SPORT.

[M. MORAND, a French writer, predicts that "Music and Sport will be the two great pleasures of humanity in 1958. Love will no longer be considered the most vital thing in life."]

"'Tis Love that makes the world go round"—
Thus, in the old familiar saw,
A sage was minded to expound
A fixed and universal law;
Now, fresh from modern wisdom's fount,
Comes the new message, sharp and short,
"In thirty years Love will not count,
Dethroned by Music and by Sport."

But first, before I yield assent
To what the prophet here affirms,
I 'd like to fathom what is meant
By each of these elastic terms;
For there 's the Music that has wings,
And that of syncopated song;
And Sport includes the game of kings
As well as that which pings the pong.

"Love" stands for nothing in the games
Wherein it helps to mark the score;
Yet how can we deny its claims
When voice and verse in union soar?
For *minus* Love, divinely stirred
To passion, joy, regrets and tears,
No *Dichterliebe* had been heard,
No *Liebeslieder* charmed our ears.

But if the Love, doomed to decay,
No more to blossom or to bud,
Is but the brand admired to-day,
Composed of "treacle and of mud,"
Those who are destined to survive
Its passing will, I 'm very sure,
With equanimity contrive
Their liberation to endure.

And oh! if Fate would but ordain
That drums and saxophonic squeals
Should be forbidden, under pain
Of death, to torture us at meals;
That epileptic coons our toes
No longer should tarantulate—
I should not fear, in verse or prose,
To speak of 1958.



Lady. "I ASKED FOR A TIE IN WHICH BLUE PREDOMINATES."
Assistant. "CERTAINLY, MADAM. HERE'S THE VERY THING—BLUE PREDOMINATES, WITH PURPLE PREDOMINATING A LITTLE MORE."

AT THE PLAY.

"OUR LITTLE WIFE" (COMEDY).

THERE are plenty of things to make even the critical laugh in Mr. AVERY HOPWOOD'S deftly-complicated farce, *Our Little Wife*, and a few to make the judicious grieve. On balance, however, and the balance of farce is a less delicate matter than in any other kind of stage-play, we must admit it to the list of things worth seeing, after, let us qualify, ample nourishment.

The irresistible *Dodo Warren* makes the life of her wooden-headed husband, *Herbert* (I really cannot bring myself to call him *Herb* with Mr. HOPWOOD) a misery with her persistent flirtations. *Herbert's* friend, *Bobo Smith*, shall test her virtue as a condition of *Herbert's* consent to *Bobo's* marriage with *Herbert's* niece, *Angie*. *Bobo* shall invite *Dodo* to *Bobo's* little flat to supper (which *Herbert* will pay for), and if she accepts he (*Herbert*) will know her for the wanton he suspects her to be. (Perhaps I move in a vicious circle, but I thought that modern manners were free enough to admit of such adventures without the worst construction being put upon them, and that even the Majestic and Suspicious Law recognised this.)

Naturally to the same flat at much the same time come *Bobo's Angie* and *Fanny*, the neglected wife of one of *Dodo's* more fatuous admirers and her medical attendant to boot; *Herbert* by arrangement, and the *Doctor* by happy accident. In and out flits a Gallic waiter, an engaging pander gaily ministering to and vicariously enjoying the flavours of the fatuously innocent *Bobo's* supposed *amours*.

Everybody is in fact distressingly virtuous. Mr. HOPWOOD here, in the American manner, as our own farce-makers so often in our English manner, hasn't the courage of his own convictions (if any). I found myself longing for something really improper to be indicated, and in vain—a shocking, no doubt, but, I hope, commendably candid confession.

One of Mr. HOPWOOD'S most satisfactory inventions was the mistaking by *Bobo* of *Fanny*, the *Doctor's* anguished and bleating wife, for the notorious "shifty Kate," blackmailer of young bachelors in their chambers. But he worried, by the mouth of *François* the waiter, the "shifty cat" joke till I squirmed in my stall; and the even milder joke, if it be a joke, of an item in the supper menu described as "something stuffed with something," was repeated, if I mistake not, no fewer than eight times. Did Mr. HOPWOOD say to his more critical self, "You gotta plug the dope good and thick and often for these English boobs"? He's not the first of his countrymen to labour under the impression that we are a mutton-brained tribe that can't see a plain joke. And on a small point of technique may I suggest that while it is no doubt natural enough for *Dr. Elliott*, with that unctuously familiar couch-side manner adopted by the very worst of his honourable profession, to talk of "our little wife," and so give the title to the play, it is surely unthinkable that another of her admirers, the Stravinsky-strumming poet, should use the same phrase?



THE ETERNAL TRIANGLE—AN UNWILLING APEX.

Herb . . . . . MR. GUY NEWALL.
Bobo . . . . . MR. JOHN DEVERELL.
Dodo . . . . . MISS JEANNE DE CASALIS.

Miss JEANNE DE CASALIS seemed ill-suited for the empty and too crudely man-snatching vagaries of the irresistible *Dodo*. She is not, I fancy, an ingrain comédienne. Mr. GUY NEWALL'S *Herbert* was a sound figure of farce, and he arranged his expressive features admirably to convey the diverting agonies of the too-suspicious and entirely unperceptive husband. Mr. JOHN DEVERELL (*Bobo*) is now always content to exploit the amusing façade that nature has endowed him with without troubling to introduce any new ornaments. No doubt he does what is expected of him for the standardised DEVERELL parts. Mr. REGINALD GARDINER (*Tommy* the poet) did his job well. But the honours of the evening went to Mr. ALBERT BROUETT who, as the least likely waiter-valet that ever served a supper to two sinners, enjoyed every moment of his part and communicated a good deal of his enjoyment to us. T.

"THE BARKER" (PLAYHOUSE).

I think *The Barker* can be warmly commended as a show to be seen by any but the too-consciously intellectual and hypercritical. For one thing there is some really attractive acting, in particular a brilliant and delicately sensitive and charmingly varied performance by Miss CLAUDETTE COLBERT. The piece itself no doubt demands the label melodrama—romantic melodrama, crude yet bloodless. It is obviously not a page from real life, and the characters are unduly simplified and idealised, as is the rough-and-tumble of one of the most disappointing and sordid alleys of life, the fifth rate travelling circus. But the American version of this life is new to most of us, no doubt, and therefore interesting so far as it goes, and Mr. KENYON NICHOLSON handles the shocking Transatlantic variations of the tongue of MILTON and SHAKESPEARE in a way to win the interest and admiration of all but the most fastidious philologist.

A "barker," it should be explained for the instruction of the ignorant, is a showman's tout. It is his business to cajole with specious tongue the reluctant hicks to part with their dimes and crowd into the tawdry tent. *Nifty Miller* brilliantly performs this office for "*Colonel*" *Gowdy's* obviously faked Hawaiian show. The morals of the show-folk are easy. *Nifty's* partner is *Carrie*—professionally a Hawaiian prin-

cess—a rather faded and spleenful beauty. The "*Colonel*" enjoys the favours of the young, pretty and entirely cynical *Lou*. *Nifty* is a waster and a drunkard, but he has one overwhelming passion—love for his boy, *Chris*, now at college preparing with great reluctance to fit himself for a lawyer's office. *Nifty* must pull himself together for the boy's sake—*Chris* has come to the show for his vacation and gets a vague "job" in it—and break with *Carrie* and the hooch. *Carrie's* riposte to this is to bribe young *Lou* to make love to the boy, guessing that his father will send him away out of danger, and the old routine establish itself. *Lou* goes beyond *Carrie's* malicious warrant, seduces the boy with ease and swiftness, but—yes, of course—falls genuinely and deeply in love, and is converted from a cynical, extravagant, entirely self-regarding little devil into a wife fit for a future President, and intent on nothing less than "making a man" of *Chris* and doing for him what a mere father's love was obviously bound to fail to do.

Absurd, of course. Not in such circuses do such broken blossoms bloom again. Nor are there such uniformly golden-hearted, humoursome and tolerant folk as old *Maw Benson*, the palmist; *Sailor West*, the tattoo-artist, or *Hop Spissell*, the box-office man. Nor do comely young women, with personality such as *Lou's*, languish in fifth-rate travelling shows. They can dig gold in the great towns.

Absurd in the abstract, but here in the theatre Mr. KENYON NICHOLSON's tact and humour and wholesome if naïve outlook and the players' skill make the thing plausible. It is not, I think, conceivable that a play in this mood and in this class, written by one of our countrymen, should have failed to degenerate into mush. Our good cousins can hand out mush too, as we know to our cost, but at their best they have a way, as in this adroitly manipulated conventional affair, of making a pleasant and plausible blend of humour and sentiment without achieving maudlin twaddle. I did so fear that we might, after all, have a Third Act with a little grandchild reconciling the angry "barker" to his rejected and rejecting son, little *Lou* beaming fatuously with maternal pride. Mr. NICHOLSON was much more tactful than that.

I rather suspect that the flaws in the human pattern of the play would have been more apparent if it had not been for the admirable presentation of the unmoral, independent, viper-tongued little *gamine*, *Lou*, by Miss CLAUDETTE COLBERT. Her elocution was excellent, so that we were robbed of none of the delightful argot with which her author had provided her. And she had limitless resources of expressive gesture, pose and intonation.



Colonel Gowdy (*Mr. JOSEPH KILGOUR*) *to Nifty Miller* (*Mr. JAMES KIRKWOOD*). "SAY, BARKER, PUT SOME BITE INTO IT."



UNLIMITED LOU.

Lou . . Miss CLAUDETTE COLBERT.

Miss FRANCES CARSON (*Carrie*) played a more difficult, less flattering part with a fine discretion. Particularly she had the courage, rare and praiseworthy, of making herself the rather blowsy faded tiresome person she was meant to be. Mr. JAMES KIRKWOOD—a notably handsome, well-spoken gentleman, if he will permit me to say so—also cleverly steered his part past the shallows and snags. He was a lovable barker and obviously worth a much better job. Miss NAOMI JACOB's *Maw*, too good to be true, was well done. Mr. NORMAN FOSTER's *Chris* was admirably natural, and Mr. ERNEST SEFTON (*Sailor West*), and Mr. BEN WELDEN (*Hap*), and Mr. JOSEPH KILGOUR (*Gowdy*), were something more than adequate in support. A very charming human affair if you take it in the right spirit. T.

CARRIAGE FREE.

EXPERIENCE teaches one to be wary in offering lifts, but there was something definitely appealing in the bowed figure of the old man limping along with five miles of desolate moorland in front of him. He thanked me without embarrassment for the proffered ride and sank down into the seat, carefully brushing the dust from his black suit and bowler hat, and adjusting the black made-up bow tie which had assumed a somewhat rakish attitude on his obvious dicky. On his knees rested a small black leather bag, such as is affected by piano-tuners and rate-collectors. In strange contrast to his towny clothes his face had that healthy tan which only constant exposure to sun and wind can give.

After an appraising glance through his antediluvian steel-rimmed glasses at the appointments of the car he congratulated me upon my choice. He was good enough to say that, with the possible exception of the X, he knew of no more comfortable car, and that in his experience its springing, acceleration and general road performance were unsurpassed by any other car marketed at the same price, unless perhaps the Y or the Z. So well-informed an opinion came most unexpectedly from such a source and, unlikely though it seemed, I asked him if he were connected with the motor trade.

"No, Sir," he replied. "You see in me an undertaker of the town of B——, and, though it would be churlish to deny that the growth of the automobile trade has been beneficial to my trade, yet I

can claim no direct connection with that industry. Nor have I owned any of the cars that I have mentioned. I belong to a generation that believed in owning only that which it could pay for and in incurring only those expenses which it could afford."

I was left to gather from the tone of voice in which this was spoken that there was nothing personal in his rebuke to all later generations.

"I think, Sir," he continued, "that perhaps I owe you an explanation. From my youth up I have always had a passion for the broad highway, and in early manhood I was one of the pioneers of cycling, but with increasing years and the growth of motor traffic I began to find the open road both exhausting and hazardous. Unable any longer to run with the hare I decided to hunt with the hounds, if I may put it that way.

"So, setting out one Saturday afternoon about three years ago with a few necessaries in this little bag, I walked to the Great North Road, which passes within a mile or so of my place of business. There I soon had the good fortune to obtain the offer of a lift, since the direction was immaterial to me. By Sunday evening I was home again after enjoying the hospitality of four or five car-owners. I must have travelled a hundred-and-fifty miles, and my sole expense had been the cost of supper, bed and breakfast at a country inn. Since that day, Sir, on every fine Saturday I have taken up my position on the road in a spirit of adventure, and now there are few beauty spots or places of interest within a hundred miles of my home with which I am not familiar, and hardly a type of car in which I have not ridden, thanks to the courtesy of motorists like yourself."

"Do you never meet with unpleasantness when you tell your story?" I asked.

"Well, Sir," he replied, "it takes all sorts to make a world, but, with one exception, I feel that I cannot complain of the way in which I have been treated. Of that occasion all I need say is that the owner accused me of obtaining a lift by false pretences and refused to drop me until his destination, in the North of Scotland, had been reached, leaving me stranded in the inhospitable Highlands without adequate funds for a return journey by train. It was a fortnight before I reached home, and I lost three high-class interments as a result of my absence."

From his bag the old man produced a handsomely-bound album, such as schoolgirls use for the collection of autographs. "This is my log," he explained, "and where I go it goes. At the end of every journey I enter up the itinerary, the mileage and the make of car, and ask my host for the time being to add a corroborative signature, which, I am pleased to say, he seldom withholds. It tells me that so far this year I have travelled five thousand three hundred-and-twenty-one miles, and when the summer comes I hope to give myself a week's tour on the South Coast, though naturally I am somewhat indefinite as to what towns I shall visit."

"And do you find no difficulty in getting lifts?" I inquired.

"Why, no, Sir," he replied, "though sometimes a little artifice is called for. In that, though only an amateur of the road, I do not disdain to observe and take advantage of the methods of my professional brothers, the tramps.

"And now, Sir, if you would be so kind as to set me down at these cross-roads, from which I anticipate a direct ride home. I am deeply indebted to you, Sir, for your kindness. May I hope that you will add to it by . . ." and he passed over the log-book, which I meekly signed.

In another moment he was walking briskly away.

From the left came the hoot of a car approaching the cross-roads. My old man became suddenly at least twenty years older. Bowed once more his back, halting once more his gait. Every line of that venerable figure cried out for sympathy.

The oncoming car overtook him and pulled up with a shriek of brakes. The wanderer would be home for supper.

Mammon Worship at the Opera.

"By the bye, I wish that —— would take 'God Save the King' a little quicker. It is not 'Heil Dir In Siegeskranz,' and should not be played as such."

Opera Critique in Daily Paper.

Parturiunt montes . . .

"The undermentioned article has been deposited in the Rangoon Custom House for over four months, and the owner not having either cleared for home consumption or warehoused the same under bond, it is hereby notified under section 88 of the Sea Customs Act, 1878, that the said article will be disposed of, if not cleared within a month from the date of this notice, to recover the Customs and other charges due on the article.

1 Celluloid doll—Owner, Mr. Jumblumb ex. S.S. 'Egra' from the Straits."

Burma Paper.

"Lucerne is a holiday resort which cannot be too highly praised. It is reached in the shortest time with the maximum amount of discomfort."—*Pamphlet from Travel Agency.*

We find this craving for speed at all cost most lamentable.

"'The —— Singers' are a troupe whose performance is not easily rivalled for musical and pictorial charm. Two men and four girls—their voices match and blend inimically."

Cinema Advt.

Gentlemen do not prefer these blends.

VERSES FOR EVERY DAY.

To A WRONG NUMBER.

No, Sir, I am not Mr. Dark,
Nor am I Kensington, but Park:
My number too is quite unique
And most unlike the one you seek.
Yes, yes, it hurts you, I can see,
And, frankly, it 's a blow to me;
For I was shaving when you rang
And down three flights of stairs I sprang
(You will not take offence, I hope,
If what I say is largely soap?
I 'm out of breath, and I must own
There 's soap upon the telephone.)
Where was I? Well—the saddest thing—
I was expecting Jean to ring,
And when I heard the joyful bell
I cut myself—I flew—I fell.
I take it you did not rejoice
To hear my cultivated voice;
Imagine, then, how one deplores
In such a case the sound of yours.
But there it is, and here we are,
So near, old fellow, yet so far.
Fate, that incorrigible wag,
Has dipped her fingers in the bag,
And, careless what the end may be—
Hullo?—connected you and me,
Two voices crying in the night,
Two dogs that bark but cannot bite.
Hullo?—But must this be the end?
Tell me about yourself, my friend.
Who are you? How—and what—d' you do?
And are you Kensington or Kew?
Did you, as I did, hope to hear
The melting tones of someone dear?
What is her name? And are you there?
And is she kind as she is fair?
Did she accept you, or refuse?
Is she your lovely wife—or whose?
Or was it not a girl at all
But some degrading business-call?
Your voice is hot with high affairs—
Don't tell me you are selling shares.
Ah, Sir, give up the chase for gold;
It 's disappointing, so I 'm told;
However spacious the amounts—
Love is the only thing that counts.
Ring off? Ring *off?* I can't think why.
However, if you must—Good-bye.
A pity. But I shan't complain;
They 're sure to put you through again.

A. P. H.

"LAUNDRIES, &c.

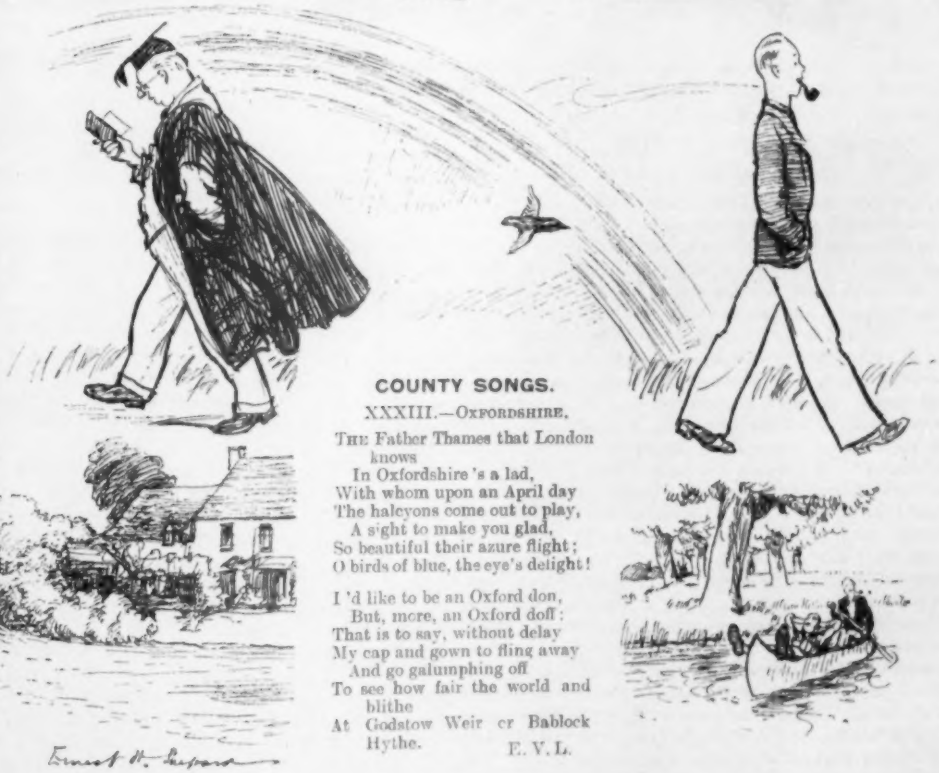
Exper'd all-round Ironer: one accustomed to Jumbo pref."—*Advt. in Manchester Paper.*

A pressing trunk call.

"£50 down and balance as rent. Choice small Houses, 2 sitting, 3 bed., bathroom for garage."—*Berkshire Paper.*

With essence courant, of course.





COUNTY SONGS.

XXXIII.—Oxfordshire.

The Father Thames that London knows
In Oxfordshire 's a lad,
With whom upon an April day
The halcyons come out to play,
A sight to make you glad,
So beautiful their azure flight;
O birds of blue, the eye's delight!

I 'd like to be an Oxford don,
But, more, an Oxford doff:
That is to say, without delay
My cap and gown to fling away
And go galumphing off
To see how fair the world and blithe
At Godstow Weir or Bablock Hythe.

E. V. L.



Mother. "WELL, REALLY, ANGELA, YOU KNOW I'M NOT NARROW-MINDED, BUT—COCKTAILS BEFORE BREAKFAST!"
Daughter. "NOT 'BEFORE BREAKFAST,' MOTHER; AFTER SUPPER."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

AT a time when social enthusiasts, headed by Mr. H. G. WELLS, are lamenting the divorce of art from social purposes, and the more strident of our artists and art critics are doing their best to render the decree absolute, it is pleasant to reflect that at least one art stands or falls by its human appeal. *Caricature* (CHAPMAN AND HALL) can hardly be considered *in vacuo*; and, though the caricaturist's problems of temperament and technique are as interesting as any other artist's, it is impossible to treat even these as important apart from his criticism of life. This aspect of the matter naturally strikes Mr. C. R. ASHBEE, who as an architect approaches his subject uncramped by personal immersion in it. An evening's debate of the Art Workers' Guild aroused his interest in the theory of caricature; and a war-tour in America, devoted to the exhibition of RAEMAEKERS' and other cartoons, convinced him of its human utility. No doubt the caricaturist has fostered international hate in the past, but he is beginning to appear to better advantage as the apostle of a less parochial age. This at least is the main argument of Mr. ASHBEE'S book, which is not a history of the art but a study of its modern developments. The political cartoonists, the DAUMIERS and DYSONS and GULBRANSSONS, are not allowed to have it all their own way. That overcharging of linear significance which is the essence of caricature may be a very slight and pretty thing as well as a forcible and grotesque one. So Mr. Punch's delineators of domestic foibles forgather with CRUIKSHANK, CALDECOTT and HOLIDAY; and a delightful German compound of HOGARTH and BRAEKELEER, the Romantic SPITZWEG (1808-85), provides, in "The Cactus-Fancier," the most graceful and most humorous of over a hundred illustrations.

Mr. FRANK SWINNERTON is a novelist justly admired; and in his *Tokefield Papers* (SECKER), so called for the same reason as prompted HAZLITT to call one of his books *Winterslow*, he proves himself an essayist equally admirable. Nor is he just an essayist at random. He has a philosophy of life to propound, and it is a refreshingly cheerful one. Being a novelist, he is of course a student of life, and is much concerned for its proper conduct. Some of his papers might indeed be called sermons—on "the duty of being agreeable," on the uses of tact and the uselessness of swank, and such matters—but they are very jolly sermons, enlivened by many concrete instances introduced with the art of the born story-teller. It is where he is most personal, however, that, as with an earlier philosopher, cheerfulness breaks most irresistibly in. He tells us quite frankly that he is a happy man. Now there are probably quite a lot of happy men in the world, but they do not always admit their beatitude. It is so much more interesting to hint that a smiling face is the mask of a secret sorrow, and that a lacerated heart may beat beneath the gayest waistcoat. Mr. SWINNERTON will have none of such posturing. Looking back on his life from the angle of forty, he finds that he has got what, twenty years earlier, he demanded of it. He wanted to marry for love, and he did so. He wanted a nice cottage in the country, and he lives in one. He wanted to write "goodish" novels, and, though

here the author of *Nocturne* is over-modest, he believes that he has accomplished that too. No wonder then that he views his fellows with a kindly, if sometimes satirical, eye, and makes so inspiriting a companion.

Two propositions heave in sight
In PETER TRAILL'S *Some Take a Lover*,
Apart from things of lesser light
Which I 've been able to discover;
They 're neither of them very new
Nor yet particularly thrilling,
But interlinked, as here, they do
Provide a theme that 's fairly filling.

One of them is the likelihood
That girls who overstep the traces
And leave off being nice and good
May have a job to save their faces;
The other 's that, unless you 've got
A mother who is strictly proper,
Heredity as like as not
Will work it that you come a cropper.

There 's other matter (see above),
But that which on the whole is vital
Is most of it concerned with love,
As may be gathered from the title;
And, if the truth be told, I 've read
Not wholly as a loving labour
This volume (which is shepherded
By GWYER and his partner, FABER).

The gloom of youth's first novel is proverbial, but I like to think that the blighted air of Miss H. DU COUDRAY'S initial effort is borrowed, like so many of its accessories, from the Russian, and that so promising a talent will live to transpose its world into a merrier and more personal key. Meanwhile *Another Country* (PHILIP ALLAN) has won the prize offered by its publishers for the best undergraduate novel, the field being limited—I feel, in the best interests of the competition, short-sightedly—to undergraduates in residence at either Oxford or Cambridge. A quotation from MARLOWE, in which "fornication" and "Malta" appear in sinister proximity, gives a hint of its plot and setting—the seduction of an exiled Russian governess by an Englishman invalided on the island. *Charles Wilson*, second officer of a P. and O. boat and a model of irresolution rather Slavonic than British, finds himself on sick-leave at Valetta and absorbed into the Russian community. A nagging wife and two unbelievably featureless children in Bayswater predispose him to be thankful for the unexacting yet intelligent society of the exiles; and his own lack of initiative is soothed and flattered by the latter's preoccupation with the little things of to-day and the great ones of yesterday. In her analysis of the moods and attitudes of *Wilson* and his adopted circle—*Madame Leonidov*, its Lady Bountiful; *Abramovitch*, a Jew physician, her lover; *Irochka*, her greedy and savage little daughter, and *Maria Ivanovna*, governess to *Irochka*—Miss DU COUDRAY attains the unforced subtlety characteristic of her best models. The violent end of *Wilson's* far from violent delights is staged in London, where the Russian colony, more conventionally and less tolerantly handled than its Maltese counterpart, plays chorus to the fate of his victim.



Dear old Gentleman. "DO YOU KNOW, IT MUST BE NEARLY TEN YEARS SINCE I WAS LAST THIS WAY AND PURCHASED A PAPER FROM YOU?"
Newsvendor. "WOT DID THEY PINCH YER FOR?"

A book called *Memoirs of a Chinese Revolutionary* (HUTCHINSON) and written by no less a dignitary than SUN YAT SEN, first President of the Chinese Republic, might reasonably be expected to provide authentic thrills of the kind usually associated with Yellow Peril fiction, together with intimate details as to the overthrow of the Manchu dynasty. One hastens therefore to warn the unwary that it is derived from Russian sources, on which account a snag somewhere may be looked for. In very fact, of thrill there is none, while the inner history of the revolution is limited to some forty pages, which, though certainly the best part of a dull book, are so filled up with unfamiliar names and so poorly written as to be of little value. As for a note by the Russian

editor promised by the publishers, which might have been expected to liven things up a bit, I have failed after careful search, but without much regret, to find it between the covers. Actually the chief part of the volume is given to disproving the truth of an age-old belief that "actions are difficult, but knowledge is easy," the writer being convinced that faith in this ancient dictum is the paralysing cause of China's lethargy. It is hard to take this quite seriously, yet the argument runs to great length and consists of a series of fairly well-informed précis dealing with such topics as the complexity of the processes of digestion, the usefulness of grammar in language, or the desirability of skilled consideration being given to the erection of a building. Indeed any interest there may be in this volume rests in its display of an Oriental's rather simple-minded delight at being able to understand something of the ways of Western thought and civilisation.

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WHISPERS FROM PARIS.

(By Lady Fluff Campbell.)

A LITTLE bird whispers confidentially to me that the *chic* Parisienne is making a feature of the *genre* of everything that is sweetly soft and feminine. So, my dear Peggies, let me see you all adopting as fast as you can the frilly and draped frocks which suit so perfectly your lovely English pink-and-white complexions and figures.

I saw one "treat-for-tired-eyes" last week on her way to her work, brave sweet thing, looking the last word in "It-ness." Her skirt might have been thought rather *outré* by outraged grandmammas; but, girls, it struck the top note of chicness. She sported the very ultra-last word in pleated shirts (a very good *geste*, this), a little suit of black satin, and the smartest wee toque I have seen outside Paris. Shoes and gloves were of the most finished, and she brought a thrill of ecstasy to my heart.

Now, I have a real true secret, whispered by my little Parisian bird, and if you listen and act upon it you will without a doubt be touching the very highest rung of feminine allure. It is this: wear as much jewellery as you can—real or sham, it 's all the same—and you will be the Ittest of the Its! So, Peggies, dig for diamonds!

Of course you will all have by this time discarded your Russian boots, which for three years I prophesied would become the Thing (and they did, girls!), so I am going to make another little prophecy as to what will be worn by all the Up-To-The-Minute Dressers next season. Look out for my article next Sunday—don't miss it, whatever you do—and you will be in the absolute van (not a "plain" one).

Now do all of you get yourself one of the lovely, soft, fluttering, feminine-looking *chiffons* that are so delicious on the figures of all you young, slim, dancing things, and, oh! so truly kind to you of more generous build, concealing lots and lots of your contour mistakes! You will bless me for this advice.

The waist-line is moving slowly but, oh! so surely. You of the slim build can naturally wear it *au naturel*, but to ye whose hips are not absolutely the last word in slenderness my advice is, "Keep it where it is."

Now this is all for the present. Look out for my very latest prophecy in Sunday's letter; and remember, girls, fluttering, feminine and fluffy should be your war-cry for the summer months!

Replies to Inquirers.

MRS. W. H. O. (Walsall).—No, I shouldn't have the evening frock for the whist-drive trimmed with sequins if I were you. Have something more up-to-date. What about black *ciré* lace, all a-glitter with *diamanté* embroidery? You should wear lots and lots of bangles and necklaces with this outfit. Best of luck to you and a lovely party.

MISS "BRIDE-TO-BE" (Southend).—I am overjoyed, girlie, that you have asked my advice about your wedding outfit. Nothing delights me more than the sound of wedding-bells and orange-blossom. I think that a little picture frock of frilly tulle would suit your fair hair and blue eyes beautifully; but why not have it of lace, which would be so useful for an evening frock afterwards? *Of course* you will carry a wee Victorian posy of multi-coloured blossoms. Do write me again if there is anything else. Best of wishes and oceans of happiness to you both, dear.

"AUNT JANE" (Portsmouth).—No, why shouldn't those who are of the "Not-quite-so-youngs" take an interest in clothes? If anything, they should command more attention than before, because remember, my dear, you haven't got quite the same background to work on. I love the sound of your *bois-de-rose* two-piece, but I will whisper to you confidentially that a three-piece strikes the latest and whitest note. No, on no account black patent shoes—positively you can only wear nude, with stockings absolutely to match. Ever so many thanks for your dear little letter.

BETTY BOGGS.—I am so bucked that you have asked me what to wear when you are accompanying at the concert next month. You must be very careful, for remember the accompanist is noticed much more than the singer, and a good impression is everything. Wear something that is soft and fluttering, say black chiffon or tulle, with an uneven hem and very low back line. With it you can wear as much jewellery as you can conveniently lay your hands on; and it is a very good *geste* to walk slowly to the piano and strip off your bracelets and lay them on the top of it. It calls the attention of the audience to you in a very satisfactory manner. Besides, it prevents the bracelets from annoying you or the singer when you are playing. I am too delighted that you like our page and find my advice so helpful. Yes, the accompaniment to "Angus Macdonald" is complicated—it is so difficult to get the sound of the pibroch realistically—but I am sure you won't be nervous on the night. Tons of good wishes.

Lady Fluff Campbell invites inquiries from readers.

BARBARA, LADY GUSSET.

Barbara, Lady Gusset,
Lives in Asphodel Square;
You can either tube or bus it
Or take a taxi there;
And once, by a stray connection—
Something she liked of mine
On the Joys of Recollection—
She asked me out to dine.

We spoke not much together,
No long discourse we had,
A word or two on the weather,
Which both agreed was bad;
For I might not cross the border,
And I could not let her know
How madly I adored her
In the dear dead long-ago.

Stouter she was, and gracious,
And oh, but her smile was sweet!
As ready to come, as spacious,
As pearly, as complete
As when my heart was porous
And she had been wont to sing
On the outside edge of the Chorus
In what did they call the thing?

Why did she wed another,
Or, to speak precisely, twain?
There was X., who was H.'s brother,
And somebody else again;
Ah, well, she was quite the fashion,
I had only loved from afar,
As the tree-frog sighs his passion,
Zoologists say, to the star.

There was wine and soup and laughter,
Salmon and pearls and glee,
But all through the pomp, and after,
Barbara, Lady G.
Never appeared to discover
The curious fact, though crude,
That the wraith of a one-time lover
Was pegging away at her food.

But still, when I woke next morning,
Her smile on my heart was graved,
And suddenly without warning
I cut myself when I shaved;
And I moaned with a noise like thunder
As I thought how things befall,
And how two lives drift asunder
And the whole confound-it-all.

And still when the sheaves are carried
And the rosier sunsets sink,
And the streets grow dull and arid,
I expect I shall often think
Of Barbara, Lady Gusset,
17, Asphodel Square,
Who was once—but why discuss it?—
In *The Girl from Finisterre*.

EVOE.

Canine Amenities.

"Lady desires post with dogs for daughter 17, Educated Cheltenham College. Six months' training with Sealyhams. Live as family."
Weekly Paper.



THE DIE-HARD

(FEATURING LORD BANBURY).

AN ITEM OMITTED FROM THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT (BY REQUEST).



TRIALS OF A HOSTESS.

THE COUPLE WHO OUTSTAYED THEIR WELCOME.

SUNLIGHT AND SUICIDE.

The Times "*Sunlight Supplement*," is a gallant attempt to revive interest in an ancient British institution, and should do much to make the forthcoming celebration of the Centenary of the English Summer a success.

I have always been rather a one for the sun myself, and have made experiments in radio-therapy all over the world. Sun-bathing, in my experience, can be divided into classes:—

(*a*) Sun-bathing in sunny countries,
(*b*) Sun-bathing in Great Britain;

and my general conclusion is that in the first kind you are blistered alive, and in the second you freeze to death.

Wherever it is practised, sun-bathing is hard work. There is no such thing as a peaceful sun-bath. On the golden sands of Jamaica (and would I were there this Arctic morning!) the bather cannot remain motionless for many minutes for fear of unequal grilling. A lady who is lobster-pink in front and *café au lait* behind seldom does well at the ball. Therefore the sun-sufferer must turn over and over, like a steak on a clockwork spit, till every side is evenly done.

Then there is the coker-nut oil. In the earlier stages of radio-therapic exposure the patients as a rule provide themselves with secret bottles of coker-nut oil, to protect the skin and assist the pigmentation. These bottles they convey to the bathing-place furtively under towels, for, however therapeutic and worthy the motive, it is difficult to carry about a bottle of coker-nut oil with very much dignity. After, or before, donning the University costume the bather anoints the body with the coker-nut oil, which is very oily oil and does the costume no good; he (or she) then lies down on the sand, which sticks to him and, if the body is already blistered, does that no good. As soon as he feels like a well-cooked sausage he enters the excellent Caribbean Sea. Emerging, he should again lubricate the affected parts, but meanwhile someone has trodden on the bottle, the cork has come out and the oil is gently oozing over the white flannel trousers. It is a hard life.

Little or no coker-nut oil is required in England. But sun-bathing has other difficulties. To begin with, it is nearly always illegal. There is almost no corner of this over-populated island where the citizen can lie about in a bathing-dress without attracting a crowd, annoying a policeman or infuriating the County Council. I read the other day of a lady who attempted a sun-bath in her window on the top floor of a high house in London. They called out the Fire Brigade and sent firemen up the escape to her. A readiness to expose the body to the English air is evidence of lunacy.

And then, in this country, the moment one takes off one's clothes one is wanted on the telephone. Last year I used to try a little radio-therapy at the end of my garden on the crazy pavement. It always took about half-an-hour to rig up a screen between me and my neighbours, arrange a cushion or two to lie on, find the bathing-dress and assume same. At the end of that half-hour the sun had generally completed its gesture for the day; and even if the sun was still out all my neighbours then began to come in. They looked over the wall and borrowed rakes; they walked round the screen and made remarks; their children fell out of trees and clamoured for assistance; men came about the rates, about the taxes, about the stopped-up drain; men delivered goods requiring payment on delivery, and the entire

population took off their receivers, demanded speech with me, and would not go away. With all these crises I was compelled to cope in a bathing-suit, and that is not the costume for a crisis. Once thus arrayed I was compelled to push a motor-car fifty yards down my own home-street. But that is another story.

This year I have had a brilliant inspiration. The roof! Sixty feet nearer to the sun than the garden and unfrequented by any neighbours. At last I have found a place where no one can get at me. I draw up the step-ladder behind me, close the trap-door and I am alone with the London sun. I am *out*, definitely *out*.

Here follows a brief diary of the first sun-bath, 1928:—

8.30.—Sun shining gloriously. Clear sky. Going to be hot. Read in paper therapeutic properties of sun. Ultra-violet rays. Direct exposure benefits skin, pores, circulation, nerves, tissues, organs—every darned thing. Experiments with sixteen Liberal children, who after four baths became Conservatives. Try the roof.

9.30.—Told Annie was out till 1.0. Ascended to roof with last act of tragedy in blank verse. Pulled up ladder. Alone with Nature. Chimney of No. 13 belching smoke, but that will stop. Sun glorious. Took off clothes. Sun rather chilly. Will warm up, doubtless. Began work.

9.31.—Pipe gone out. Have brought up no matches. Cannot get matches without dressing again. Pity. Have vague idea of holding pipe over chimney of No. 13. Abandon as impracticable. Never mind; better without it.

9.36.—Huge clouds cover the sky. Very cold.

9.39.—Sun emerges. Glorious. Almost warm. Settle down to work. Ultra-violet rays. Health. Strength. Alone with Nature. What is baccy?

9.40.—Aeroplane passes low over the house. Paris mail? Awful thought. Complaints by Lady ——; voyage to Paris ruined by spectacle of suburban gentleman in bathing-dress. Police. Fire Brigade. Annoyance to public. ROOF CASE—STARTLING DISCLOSURES. Never mind. Sun glorious.

9.41.—Clouds cover sun. Sneeze seven times. Never mind. Dr. —— says air-bath almost as good as sun-bath. But has he tried it?

9.43.—Observe aeroplane approaching. Dress hurriedly.

9.44.—Aeroplane passes one mile to westward. Undress again. Sun withdraws. ? annoyed.

9.45-9.47.—Work hard. Starving for pipe.

9.49-9.51.—Sneeze seven times.



Country Visitor (*keen amateur photographer*). "NOW, WOULD YOU BE SO KIND? JUST ONE MORE—WITH THE HAT OFF!"

9.51.—Feet cold. Get up and do vigorous exercises.

9.52.—Sun comes out. Glorious. Can feel tissues expanding like flowers in ultra-violet rays. No cloud in the sky. But chimney of No. 11 begins to belch clouds of black smoke and smuts.

9.53.—Chimney of No. 13 ditto.

9.55.—Colour of body definitely changing. But is this sun or smuts? New slogan, "All handsome men are slightly sun-blacked."

10.0.—Never mind. It is warm smoke. No neighbours, no duns, no telephone—Oh, the peace of it!

10.5.—Observe aeroplane approaching. Try to ignore it.

10.6.—One of the passengers suspiciously like a detective in plain clothes.

10.10.—Man emerges from roof of No. 14. Police. Dress hastily.

10.11.—Man not police. Is about to fix up a wireless aerial. This will take most of the day. His mate Bert is coming too. Undress again.

10.12.—Bert arrives. He says there is nothing like a bit of sunshine. Sun goes in instantly.

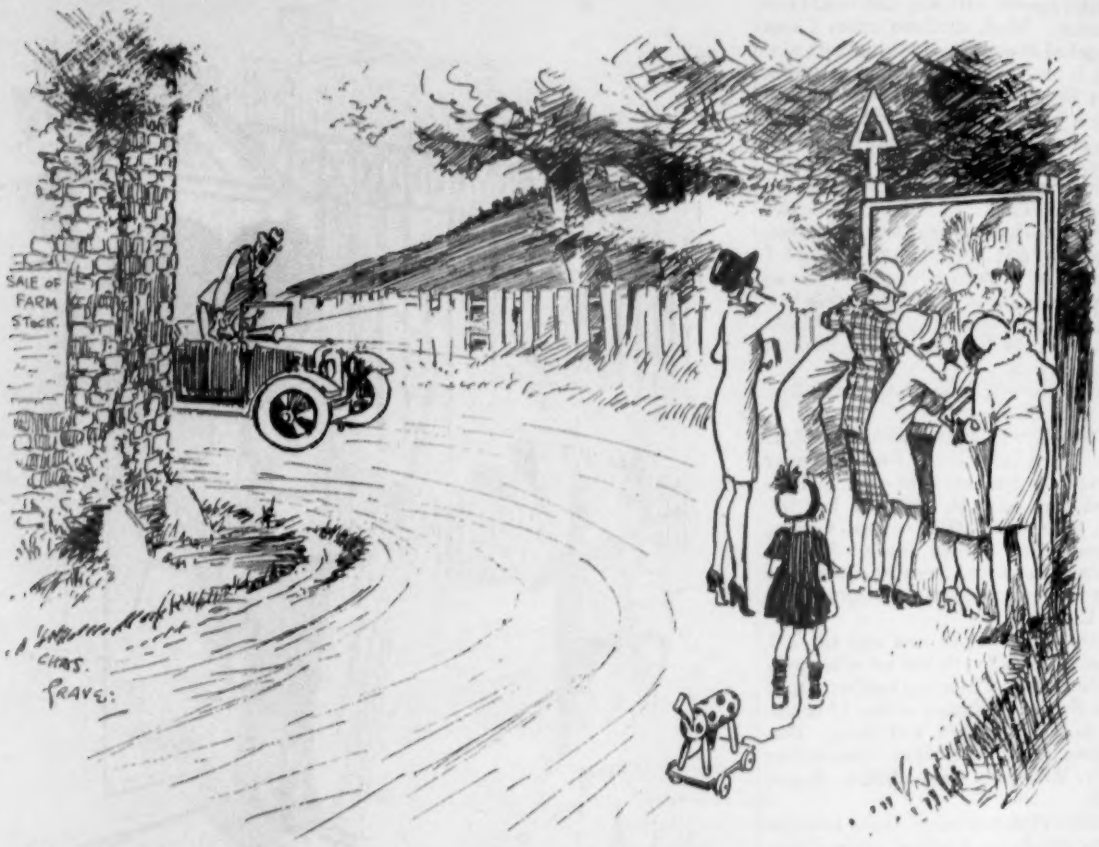
10.15.—Man emerges from roof of No. 9 to repair Mitchell's slates. Now we are quite a little party up here. Continue tragedy.

10.16.—By great good luck slate-man knows Bert. They converse over my body.

10.20.—Hail-storm. Abandon sun-bath, collect clothes and fall down ladder.

11.0.—Writing in bed, with a severe chill. As *The Times* says, sun-bathing should only be conducted under medical advice.

A. P. H.



LARGE MIRRORS ARE NOW BEING PLACED AT DANGEROUS BENDS TO ENABLE MOTORISTS TO SEE ROUND THE CORNER. WE UNDERSTAND THAT THE SCHEME IS A GREAT SUCCESS.

SIC TRANSIT GLORIA PONDI.

POND, by the road with big red buses skimming
Down by the chestnuts to the shops beyond,
Thy bonnet sedge, like Cam's, with bulrush trimming,
Minnowy, froggy, much belovéd pond;

Where Five-years-old plonks stones in as he wishes
(Few things in life are greater bliss to him);
Where, scaring ducks and scattering little fishes,
Biddy barks knee-deep but will never swim;

Pond, thine are great joys! On thy pigmy islet
Daffodils come before the swallow dares,
And the dim violet (locally the "vilet")
May be detected if one stops and stares.

Yet—I recall a famous phrase declaring
The heavy change now Lycidas is gone—
Yet no amount of standing still and staring
Now can find Mr. Swan or Mrs. Swan.

They were two dears. How often have we seen them
Sailing to stretch out yellow bills to us,
Begging for bread, shared carefully between them;
How could we dream that they would leave us thus?

Mr. Swan walked at night-time, absent-minded,
Where on the road no light sufficient shone;
There came a roar, a motor-horn was winded,
And the bus stopped too late, for he was gone.

And Mrs. Swan, perpetually mourning
The love her faithful bosom earliest knew,
Haunted the road, incessant traffic scorning,
Haunted the road till she departed too.

She is not dead, at least that we're aware of;
She did not share that unbefitting fate,
But those by whom our pond is taken care of
Thought it was well that she should emigrate.

So, that our sorrow fitly may be spilt on
Her sad exiling, his untimely bier,
I, with some slight indebtedness to MILTON,
Thus have exuded one melodious tear.

Proscribed Diet for a Hungary Patient.

"Bela Kun, who at one time was dictator of Hungary, was discovered here (Vienna), living on forged German passports. He was arrested by the Viennese authorities."—*Palestine Paper.*

"These slender metal ankle chains have caught the fancy of Paris. Sometimes the chain is worn just beneath the left knee, after the fashion of the Order of the Carter."—*Devon Paper.*

This no doubt is to distinguish them from the Navvying Orders, which wear leather straps below the knee.

ROYAL ACADEMY—SECOND DEPRESSIONS.



Venus (to Adonis). "DON'T TROUBLE TO TAKE YOUR HAT OFF IN THE PRESENCE OF A LADY; WE ARE QUITE UNCONVENTIONAL HERE."



The Man with the Black Cap. "JAMES, TAKE THIS FILTHY RAG TO THE PROPER PARTY; I'M ONLY A LORD CHANCELLOR."



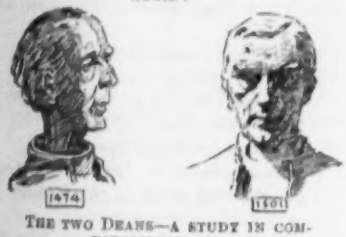
THE PAINTED LILY; OR, "HERE WE ARE AGAIN!"



"HEAVENS! A RABBIT! WHAT DO I DO NEXT?"



First Sister (to Second Sister). "I DON'T KNOW WHERE YOU'RE GOING TO SLEEP; THERE'S ONLY ROOM FOR ONE IN THIS BED."



THE TWO DEANS—A STUDY IN COMPARATIVE GLOOM.



THE LION COMIQUE.



Modern Young Woman (on holiday, to shocked Shepherdess). "I SAY, CHLOE, WAKE ME UP IF ANYONE COMES, AND *DON'T* LET THOSE SILLY SHEEP NIBBLE MY TOES."



INTERNATIONAL MIXED BATHING ON THE LOWER THAMES.

SHEET-SHAMMING.

THE annual bazaar in aid of our local branch of the New Guinea Cannibals Propaganda Fund has just taken place in the Town Hall.

I esteem the dusky man-eater, but it is most unfortunate that this event always occurs in a month that produces no dividend, but only a spate of Accounts Rendered.

So, as one cannot make a charitable splash upon 2/3¾, this sort of dilemma, annually recurring, has made me cunning. It has not, so far, turned me into an actual EDGAR WALLACE crook, because that requires brains and what is known in the City as "address," but I have invented a system which enabled me this year to leave the Town Hall without a stain on my character and with a reputation, even recognised by the clergy, for good works and a kind heart.

Last year the scheme I adopted was less subtle. It consisted in parading up and down the stalls with a shopping-basket stuffed full of parcels of all shapes and sizes which I had prepared at home. The result was an astonishing immunity from the onsets of those devoted ladies who begin, "Now, Can I Tempt You?" (The saucy old optimists!)

Unfortunately at the eighteenpenny lunch the curate sate himself by me and over his egg mayonnaise began to wax arch. Possibly the Sparkling Cherryette had gone to his head; in any case he suddenly exclaimed as he pointed to my brimming basket, "Ha! what have we here? The spoils of peace, eh?"

This flustered me, and to steady my mind I began to repeat the telephonic numbers of my friends.

"But, dear lady, this is a noble pile!"

"(*6210 Park, Western 6230, 167 Post Molesey.*)"

"The funds should benefit enormously."

"(*Maida Vale 2784.*)"

"Too kind, too kind. A very pillar. . . ."

"(*And Ealing 1650.*)"

"May I have a peep?" and the Reverend Cyprian Sillipew actually untied the top parcel.

I looked at him with the glazing eyes of a shot hare as the flint that I had extracted from our Kensington garden-path rolled out of the paper and opposed us at the board. Then came inspiration, and I looked the curate casually in the eye.

"It 's a flint arrow-head," I said carelessly; "Ancient British; from the antique stall; Dolichocephalic period. So much more characteristic, isn't it, than the findings of the Brachycephalic age. And" (under my breath) "*I hope you swallow the marble in the Cherryette bottle.*"

But that sort of thing is a great strain, and this year I discarded my scheme, for Mr. Sillipew might again partner me at lunch, so great has his faith in me become, in which case (*a*) he might repeat his exploration of my basket and exhume another flint, about which I should find nothing else to say; or (*b*) he might unwrap a chunk of coal, which would strike me wholly dumb, for I know no difficult words in connection with coal except "carboniferous," and he probably knows that one. And so my other plan was thought out.

Our bazaar possesses an unusual number of well-stocked stalls, but is rather apt to run to knitted napkin-rings, woolly boots and those outworn musical-boxes with cylinders covered with steel whiskers that play "Little Dolly Daydream" and "The Mabel Waltz" if you are not very careful. In short, we are old-world, and the rings, boots and boxes are vended by those who at home keep parrots, peppermints and elastic-sided footwear; who still say "'otel," "fippence" and "cawfee," and who still believe that *a young lady does not touch the cruet.*

Acting upon this knowledge I went one better in the matter of old-worldliness. Deliberately I proceeded along the stalls asking (another Victorian sin) for *what wasn't on the table.*

"I have come," I said with a benevolent smile, "to buy one of your sheet-shams."

The faded eyes of the relic-in-charge lit with pleasure at this link with her girlhood, even as her pretty old face fell with disappointment.

"I—we did not think they were used any more."

"What! not use sheet-shams?"

And I passed on.

I ran those sheet-shams among stalls 4, 9, 17 and 20. At stalls 5, 16 and 22 I made passionate inquiry for chenille antimacassars, and passed on, leaving the sellers looking guilty. At number 23 I requested ball-fringe for overmantels, and, failing that (what! no overmantels?), for jetted paduasoy for dolman capes.

By this time I was attracting attention. Already stallholders were rushing to each other to ask whether they had what I was searching for.

They were feeling very bad at turning good money away. Their embittered disapproval and terror of the modern young girl is well-known, yet they stood convicted themselves of a modernity in their wares that was positively futuristic.

I let them down as gently as I could and placed the coping-stone upon my morning's work.

"You see," I explained gently and with a wide-eyed look, into which I contrived to infuse modesty blent with respectfulness, "I asked for those things because I thought they would not sell very readily, and it 's The Cause that matters, isn't it?" And so passed out in a blaze of glory.

"What a *very* nice young woman!" remarked an octogenarian, and one could almost see her taking back all she 'd ever said or thought about the species.

Meanwhile my basket might be empty, but I had left them feeling themselves twenty years younger. I shall see the octogenarian yet upon a roof-garden in the arms of a lounge-lizard.

Next year I shall probably be asked to open the bazaar.

But first I must think up another ruse. I cannot, so to speak, hope to pull off the sheet-shams twice.

THE MODERN BIRD-STATE.

[Among the birds . . . in the Selborne Society's Brent Valley sanctuary is a woodpecker of destructive habits. The nesting-boxes provided are very much used by the birds, but the woodpecker has done his utmost to make housekeeping impossible for some of the smaller ones. He has destroyed upwards of a dozen nests. . . . The owls, having quarrelled among themselves, are reported not to have nested this year."—*The Times.*]

THE birds that live along the Brent
Need less elastic government,
For they, as far as we can see,
By no means "in their nests agree."
The woodpecker has run amok;
The owls have quarrelled, moped and
struck;
Clearly such breaches of the peace
Demand a prompt and firm police,
A force like that we pay with pride
To watch the shady Park of Hyde.
If *Peisthetairos* lived to-day,
"In Cuckoo-land, my friends," he 'd say,
"I taught you birds to rule a state
By constable and magistrate,
Where those with strongest bills and
claws
Were chosen to enforce the laws,
And malefactors in a squeak
Were nabbed and marched before the
Beak.
Bird-sanctuaries in that time
Deserved the name and conquered crime;
The city your forefathers ran
Showed as a pattern-state to man;
What 's more, the poet got to know,
Twenty-three centuries ago,
A fundamental rule of mine,
That woodpeckers must toe the line.
Zeus," he remarks, "does *not* confer
His sceptre on the woodpecker."*

* ARISTOPHANES, *The Birds.*

Our Mature Infants.

"Lady —— gave birth to a son of 5 —— Gardens."—*Provincial Paper.*



Typist (to business gentleman who is dictating a letter). "YOU CAN'T DO THAT, SIR."
Business Gentleman. "CAN'T DO WHAT?"
Typist. "SPLIT AN INFINITIVE."
Business Gentleman. "BELIEVE ME, MY GIRL, YOU CAN SPLIT ANYTHING IN BUSINESS."

THE WAR DIARY OF AMYAS PERKINS.

IV.—TELLING OF DIVERS OTHER COUNSELLES THAT I GAVE AND DEEDES THAT I DIDDE.*

Now also by the study of manie curious mappes and the setting of pinnes, and thinking that the greate armie of the Muscovites, coming at the Allmands from the Eastern partes, would of a certaintie overwhelme them, I likened it to a steame-roller, but afterwardes, men twitting me because this prophesie had not been fulfilled, to a steame-roller that runneth backwardes. For so afterwarde it befell with them. And no goode cometh out of Muscovy, but onlie evill, as the overturning of all law and governmente, and the placing of moneys upon a dudde, saving it were the caviare and ermines which are good and the dancers excellente. A rascally and rebellious race.

Soe then, their armie being driven into a greate marsh by one HINDENBURG, and this manne having a tall counterfeite of himself fashioned of deale, and set upp so that all men mighte drive nayles into it, I counselled that we too

* As his diary, or what he calls his diary, progresses, Mr. Perkins seems to become not only more and more muddled in the sequence of his narrative, but more outrageous in his misstatements and more callous and self-centred in his outlook on events. Nor does he substantiate by any documentary evidence his various astounding claims. A careful search through the *Gazette* for the whole period of the war fails to reveal his name in the rank of a temporary field-officer. There can be little doubt that the slight mental derangement which subsequently made him have the outer walls of The Eyrie pierced with arrow slits was already closing over him, impairing the native shrewdness of his wit and the accuracy of his memory.



A NORTHERN WOOING.

Lass. "WELL, THAT WUR A LUVLY LONG WALK, GEORDIE, BUT AH PROMISED MOTHER AH 'D BE HOME EARLY, SO WOULD YOU MIND IF WE WENT BACK BY TRAM?"

Swain (in alarm). "'ERE—'ALLO, GOLD-DIGGER!"

sholde have an image, but larger, of oake-wood and hammered on with brass tacks, to the ende that the war might be more swiftlie won. Came nevertheless no fruite of this plan because, forsoothe, it could not be agreed in whose image the lykenesse should be mayd, some saying one of the Generales, and some the PRYME MINISTER and some Master BOTTOMLEY and some as it were an angel in fulle armoure and mounted on horseback to enfeature ST. GEORGE.

* * * * *

And the same Master BOTTOMLEY holding that the warre sholde be won by man-power or by lung-power, I sayde No, but at the ende of it by foode-power and the lesse mixing on our parte of potatoes with bread.

* * * * *

I sayde now that America should come into the battel. The which people, being of greate wealth and quicke understanding, owing to the great quantitie of pepper which they eat, and a kind of gumme, which, not dissolving utterlie, they yet chewe, having now mayde so large provision of ordnance and food for us and for the French, and we owing a returne thereof, it were well methought for safety's sake they sholde have some interest in the businesse by fightyng. But at that time they would not, being too proude to fight.

* * * * *

And seeing the tortois in my garden att The Eyrie and noting how that it could suffer no harme from enemies by reason of the thickness of the shelle, and so went stedfastlye about its wayes (except coming to the border of the grass, when it was overturned), I sayde that this insect sholde serve for a modell to us to make a newe artifice of warre, as indeed the Romanes employed the *testudo* for the takynge of townes.

And in this sorte I, Amyas Perkins, invented the "tanke," to which many others also made clame, and got greate profitt thereby.

But the more to proove that I, Amyas Perkins, alone did thynke of this artifice, I made a drawing at the tyme, showing the heddes of men, and cannon also, thrusting out of a great shelle, and it moving swiftly upon a ground full of pittes and hillockes, as beetels do. The whiche drawing I loste after dinner by thefte in a taximeter carryage.

* * * * *

Was now mayd a Lieutenant-Colonel for the duration of these troubles, to the ende that I sholde visit the seate of warre, but not too nearly, and witnesse the provisioning of the trenches, the uniforme becoming me mightilie, and my whiskerados removed, so that I was more admired of women than ever before in my life, in especial the younger sorte, who nowe for the firste time so bedaubing themselves with paynt and powder that it were hard to know which were honest maydes, if indeed anie, cuttinge also their dresse and their hayre short, yet otherwyse did great servise in the makyng of munitions of warre, the cleaning and cooking for campes and the dryving of great cartes to the battlefield.

So that, I advising, they were afterward given the vote, for, God wot, I sayde, it will doe them no more harme than menne.

But my Lord BIRKENHEDDE was not of this mynde, he being a manne of the most subtle and ingenious parts that ever I mette, and very learned in the law, but having greate scorne of all otheres, in especial women, and being not so learnéd that he mighte perceive how for the moste parte men feare one who makes mocke of their braines, but will not advance him to rule over them. The same, becoming Lord Chancellor, was fain to putt baths in his house at the publick expense, and wrote treatisies on manie matteres, some sayde with his owne hand. But at this tyme was a member of the inner Council of Warre, and I, Amyas Perkins, collationed with him frequently.

* * * * *

Sayde again that America must come into the battel.

* * * * *

And it being decided, after manie delayes and uncertainties that now I sholde visit the battelfield, was carried over in a small packet-boat rocking mightilie, and I much a-feared lest it should be stricken by the Allmands from underseas, and thanked Heaven heartilye that I was saved. And thence made passage to the trenches, being shewne this and that, and especially the greate holes made by the ordnance of the Allmands, and the wyre having spikes being so muche in quantitie that it might have encompassed the whole world, together with many curious engynes and earthworkes conducible to warre, to wit, dumpes, and underground cabines, where those in command dwelt, or who might, by making favour, have permission to attende upon them, being attached, as they sayde, to the staffe.

And now, being brought neare to the parte where the front of the armies lay, and the sounde of the firing terrible, was entreated to a great banquet below the earthe, and wishing, for the better protection against poisonous vapours, to wear a gas maske over my face while I ate, was not able to doe this. And a captaine sayinge would I nowe goe further and see how the line of the enemie was disposed, and if so we must go right quicklie, for the Allmands had a custom of bombarding about thatte time, and then it was not salubrious to be abroad, or would I rather taste of a little rumme in a panikin, and so departe, I said soe I wolde, and was mightilie cheered, though there was much gravel in the same. But marvelled in going away that we wente over one part of the trench where the floor was of beefetins, as it were a solid pavement, not opened, and was told manie thinges concerning the provision of foode to the forwarde part of the armie, which was of great variety and abundance but not always. Inasmuch as a sheepe or bullocke, being broken up, has of meate a great deale but of kidneys, liver and suet not so muche, and that these pieces would remaine with the Quartermaster's partie, or the hedquarters of the Brigade, to the greate betterment of their breakfasting. And the tea having a filthie savour because of the medicyne putt into it against the pestilence, but the bread never lackyng, yet having a taste somewhat of canvas bagges.

So to Folkestone, and greatlie comforted by my safe returne from the horrors of warre.

* * * * *

Meditated much and often in Hyde Parke, it being evening, and this place notte yet become a publicke perille by reasone of the importunitie of the Watche.

* * * * *

Sayde now again that America must come into the battel at once. EVOE.



Man (in a hurry). "I SAY, WHERE DOES THE 4.37 GO TO? HURRY UP; I'VE GOT TO CATCH IT!"

LIVESTOCK IN BARRACKS.

X.—DROPPING THE CAT.

IT began, as most of these things do begin, after dinner on Guest-night at about 1 A.M. Captain Bayonet started it by remarking, in the course of a narrative about someone who had just got a good job, that he always fell on his feet like a cat. Lieutenant Holster, who was at the moment having a fearfully learned conversation with the Adjutant about internal stresses in lattice-girders, but didn't let a little thing like that stop him, instantly said over his shoulder that cats didn't always fall on their feet; and, all in the same breath, what did the Adjutant think of the *Mff* formula for rough calculations? Captain Bayonet at once repeated that of course they always did; and the Adjutant, who isn't good at more than one conversation at a time, remarked plaintively that he had never calculated, even roughly, the internal stresses of a cat. Lieutenant James had to be called in at this point to restore conversational close column, during which operation the Adjutant went thoughtfully to bed.

When things had settled down there emerged a hot argument between Captain Bayonet and Lieutenant Holster as to whether cats did or did not fall invariably on their feet when dropped. By 1.30 A.M. the Mess had become so heatedly divided over this controversy and Holster was drawing such weird diagrams of imaginary cats' supposed passages through space (with and without gravitational attraction) that the whole question was adjourned till after lunch the next day for proof by experiment.

At 2 P.M. next day therefore there were assembled on or about the lawn the following:—

(1) Captain Bayonet and his supporters (who had spent the morning making bets against the opposite or anti-footfall theory).

(2) Lieutenant Holster and his supporters (who had been taking them).

(3) Lieutenant James, the judge, with pencil, note-book, field-glasses, plumb-line and camera.

(4) The Colonel, reading a paper on the verandah and pretending not to notice.

(5) The Adjutant, still a bit puzzled about internal stresses.

(6) Private Trigger, mess-waiter, holding a droppable black tom-cat.

(7, 8 and 9) Privates Sling, Pullthrough and Rifle, each with two reserve cats, which they had been detailed to obtain from the barracks and bring up to the Mess.

The proceedings began in slight confusion, owing to Lieutenant James having omitted to tell Private Trigger exactly what the idea was; so that



"HOLDING THE CAT AT ARM'S LENGTH."

when Trigger, having advanced under direction to the centre of the lawn, holding the cat at arm's length, was told to drop it, he was visibly surprised.

"Pardon, Sir?"

"Drop that cat!"

Trigger stared at the cat, which, purring loudly, was hanging from his hands with its legs in all directions and its shoulders hunched up under its ears, looking, as only a cat can, thoroughly comfortable in an extraordinarily uncomfortable position.

"Drop it, Sir?" he inquired respectfully.

"Yes. On the ground."

Trigger's hesitation in letting go his grip was communicated to the cat, which, thus warned of impending danger, was instantly galvanised to action. Running swiftly and lightly along Trigger's outstretched arm on to his face, it galloped over his head and down his back, did a few yards on the flat, a few yards up the side of the Mess and came into view later on a chimney-stack, where it proceeded to lick itself all over in a calm and offensive manner.

There was a silence, broken only by Trigger's apologising and explaining that "the blighter was too quick, Sir."

"Never mind," said James cheerily; "there are six more."

This might have been true a few seconds before. At the moment, however, a panic had set in among the reserves, initiated by the black cat's get-away. Like grooms wrestling with nervous chargers startled by the sudden striking-up of the band, so were Privates Rifle, Pullthrough and Sling struggling each with their two cats.

Now two excited cats, composed principally of voice and claws, are not easy to hold, especially if you are a rather awed private in the Officers' Mess precincts and feel you ought to stand as nearly to attention as your burden will let you; so that during the excitement two more cats had ambled up the side of the Mess and were now with the black tom on the roof.

Private Pullthrough, who alone had his full burden, was hurriedly summoned and told to drop his struggling bundles one by one.

At this point another hitch arose. The cats refused to be dropped. They hung on to Pullthrough as though he owed them money. James tried to disentangle them and only got entangled as well. Being less restrained by discipline than Pullthrough (who was with difficulty confining his remarks to a respectful "Ouch!") he expressed his feelings well and methodically, while the rest of the Mess laughed till they cried, Captain Bayonet being so overcome that he had to lie down.

At last James, to whom both cats were now clinging and who was having as much success in getting rid of them as a child trying to throw away a fly-paper in a high wind, did manage to



WHAT OUR WAGS HAVE TO PUT UP WITH.

Wife of Humourist. "NO, DEAR, THAT 'S NOT FUNNY."

hurl one off fairly cleanly. It described an arc, and fell, all anyhow, on Captain Bayonet's face as he lay laughing on the grass.

Holster swore it fell on its left side, while Bayonet had positive reasons for asserting it fell on its feet—with claws out. James, the judge, making a despairing grab at his second cat as it escaped down his leg, had been too occupied to see anything and was only glad it had fallen after all, no matter how or where. So that the question was still undecided.

Private Pullthrough at this point saluted and asked respectfully if that would be all for him that afternoon.

Half-time was called and our dwindling stock of cats was soothed down on the riding-school command to "make much of your horses!"

Private Sling's cat was next declared well and truly dropped, chiefly because Sling, profiting by previous experience, had all its four paws grasped in one enormous fist till the very last moment. The eager onlookers saw it leave his hand on its downward course; but how it fell no one knew. For barely had it reached the ground before it shot backwards between Sling's legs like a streak of lightning and nothing but a quivering of the bushes at the side of the lawn told what had happened. Bayonet, a billiard player, accused Sling of putting a screw-back on it on purpose.

Great care was taken with the last cat. It was petted and soothed even while suspended, like Damocles' sword, by Private Rifle's finger. And it fell definitely on its feet. But the trouble was that it bounced. It bounced twice. Once from the point of impact to the verandah; once from the verandah through the Colonel's newspaper.

It is annoying to have a full-blown cat appear at you through a leading article on China, and the Colonel did not hesitate to say so. . . .

The subject of cats is now avoided in the Mess almost as carefully as the Mess itself is now avoided by all the barrack cats. A. A.



Fashionable Beauty. "YES, MY DEAR, I SHALL GO. OF COURSE ONE SIMPLY *HATES* THESE DRESSY AFFAIRS, BUT ONE *MUST* THINK OF THE POOR PRESS PHOTOGRAPHERS. WHAT *WOULD* THEY DO WITHOUT ONE?"

A TESTED REMEDY.

"THRICE daily" the doctor inscribed on the bottle,
But e'en while obeying I bitterly laughed
And said in a scornful soliloquy, "What 'll
Be gained by imbibing this ludicrous draught?
Though not over-bright, I am scarce such a dullard
As ever to think while I languish and pine
That water, however imposingly coloured,
Can cope with such cases as mine."

And so I was little inclined to regret it
When, after a couple of doses (no more),
In a slovenly moment I roughly upset it
And scattered its contents all over the floor;
I didn't pretend an appearance of guilt on
Perceiving I 'd wasted its uttermost drop;
"Cast physic," I jeered, "to the family Wilton,"
And rang for a maid and a mop.

What folly an invalid often supposes!
The very next morning amended my view,
For my carpet was robbed of the red of its roses
And thoroughly bleached was their border of blue.
Such proof of its strength was enough to reveal that
This physic deserved not my dubious mood,
And, quaffing a second consignment, I feel that
(Thrice daily) it 's doing me good.

Literary Economy.

"Valuable two-story plot with perpetual lease."—*Japanese Paper.*

In a Good Cause.

THE HERITAGE CRAFT SCHOOLS.

THE splendid response made to Mr. Punch's appeal last year for the crippled children of the Heritage Craft Schools at Chailey encourages him to persist in his importunacy on behalf of a charity that is very near to his heart. And indeed it wants more and more funds to meet the needs that grow year by year with the growth of its work. For one of its needs—an ambulance, to cost £1,000—the money was promised, as soon as it was asked for, at the Festival Dinner last Wednesday, when its twenty-fifth anniversary was celebrated. If for its many other needs the same sum could be raised by Mr. Punch's readers it would be a great inspiration to the loyal and tireless workers in this good cause.

Thanks to the excellent equipment and the advanced methods of scientific treatment employed, a very large number of the crippled children who are cared for at Chailey—there are to-day three hundred inmates—are cured of their pains and disabilities and sent out into the world to play their part as able citizens.

Mr. Punch begs to endorse the special appeal made at the dinner by the Duchess of NORFOLK to her neighbours of Sussex to support an institution which serves the county so well. But, apart from the universal sentiment to which the cause of crippled children appeals, the relief which the Heritage Craft Schools offer to the pressure put upon our overcrowded hospitals gives it a much wider claim on our support.

Gifts should be addressed to the Treasurer, Heritage Craft Schools, Chailey, Sussex.



"THAT BAUBLE."

SIGNOR MUSSOLINI. "WHAT DID MR. CROMWELL SAY IN 1653?"

[The right to give a free vote for a candidate independently chosen by the constituency has been permanently denied to the Italian nation by Signor MUSSOLINI'S new Electoral "Reform" Bill.]



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

THE Ministry of Health and the Board of Education both had their innings in Committee on Estimates this week. In neither case was any assault made on the general policy or methods of the MINISTER and in each case criticism and suggestion directed towards one particular point or another were tempered with some words of qualified praise from the Opposition critics. Even Mr. TREVELYAN saw some good in the system of establishing teachers' salaries on a permanent basis by arbitration and agreement.

Mr. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN devoted almost the whole of his speech to housing, with particular reference to slum-clearance and maternal mortality. On the latter subject he repeated the formidable figures which he gave at Leeds on Tuesday last and again outlined the measures which the Ministry proposed to take to combat the evil.

For his promised efforts in this direction the Minister received praise and encouragement from his Liberal and Labour critics. On the subject of housing he was less convincing and they were proportionately more critical. Mr. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN defended his reduction of the housing subsidy and was at pains to explain away the falling-off in house-building that has followed in its wake.

Mr. LANSBURY, who, it is rumoured, would rather move to reduce the MINISTER OF HEALTH'S salary than anything else in the world, was down on the Order Paper to do that very thing, but he was not in his place and his task fell to the more restrained but also more effective hands of Mr. GREENWOOD.

Mr. GREENWOOD saw in the MINISTER OF HEALTH a tripartite personality. There was the Minister of Health who had spoken that evening. He rather liked him. There was a less likeable Minister who was much too subservient to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. Then there was the third Minister of Health, a thoroughly detestable fellow, the political oppressor who callously threw the deserving poor off the dole.

Mr. GREENWOOD, much as he liked Minister of Health Number 1, did not think he had any right to congratulate himself on the housing position; and Mr. BRIANT, the Liberal Member for North Lambeth, an expert on



"CHILDE NEVILLE TO THE DARK TOWER CAME."

slums and housing, agreed. He was, he said, by nature an optimist, but he saw no cause for optimism in the housing situation. He dwelt on the slum problem, as did Mrs. RUNCIMAN, who followed him with her maiden speech. It was an excellent speech and well deserved the embarrassing compliment of swiftly-filled benches. The view generally expressed was that the problem of slum-clearance was an extremely difficult one, and not even the MINISTER ventured to suggest that it was approaching solution.

Lord EUSTACE PERCY'S survey of the position of Education provoked no gratified surprise. He pointed out that the birth-rate was falling; the children born in unusually large numbers during the war period were now coming to an end of their education and there would then be more room in the at present overcrowded classes, and it might be possible to consider raising the school age to fifteen. Mr. TREVELYAN criticised the "withering stinginess" of the MINISTER OF EDUCATION and declared that as long as he was the good boy of the Treasury, earning praise by reduced estimates, he would never do anything worth while for education. Mr. LOOKER, who represents South-east Essex, raised a voice of alarm over the London County Council's habit of encouraging its toilers to build their love-nests in other counties' territories, leaving the other counties to look after the enusing chicks.

Opposition to the Currency and Bank-Notes Bill, which got its Second Reading on Monday, took the form of an Amendment by Mr. SNOWDEN declining to proceed with the Bill until there had been an investigation into the constitution, policy and powers of the Bank of England in the light of modern developments in commerce and industry.

Before turning to the consideration of the Government's Bill, Mr. SNOWDEN and Sir HILTON YOUNG handed bouquets of praise—somewhat faint in the case of Mr. SNOWDEN—to the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street.

Mr. GILLETT, himself a banker and able to speak the language, put the Opposition case in a nutshell when he said that they were "frightened of further deflation." Mr. GRENFELL put the matter in another way when he read an extract from the report of the CUNLIFFE Committee, which advised that deflation should be consistently followed, but "with extreme caution and without undue rigidity." Mr. PETHICK LAWRENCE



MADAM BLAIZE OF THREADNEEDLE STREET.

"Good people all, with one accord
Make much of Madam Blaize,
Who 's never wanting a good word
From those who speak her praise."
"The Glory of her Sex," by OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

SIR HILTON YOUNG AND MR. SNOWDEN.

put the thing in a more picturesque way when he declared that by the Bill the Government proposed to revert to the practice of "tight lacing" in the matter of money, although trade and industry had in late years passed through just such a period of emancipation as had caused women to abandon whalebone corsets and wasplike waists.

The whole attack was in fact concentrated on the limitations placed by the Bill on the Bank of England's fiduciary note issue and the special provisions for its extension (Clause 8), which, it was argued, were intended to be resorted to only in cases of emergency and not in response to the new needs arising from the normal healthy expansion of trade.

The time as well as the interest of the House was absorbed on Thursday by the startling aftermath of the Hyde Park case, but the House managed in the afternoon to get through the Committee stage of the Currency and Banknotes Bill.

The main debate in the Lords this week revolved about Mr. KELLOGG's draft proposals for the outlawry of war—a phrase whose essential lack of meaning, since no "law" governs international affairs, definitely reproduces the atmosphere of high-minded nebulosity pervading not only the proposal but most of the speeches in favour of it. That of Lord READING, who moved a Resolution welcoming the United States proposals, was not different from those of Lord PARMOOR and LORD CECIL that followed. He made it clear that all he was asking their Lordships to do was to welcome the proposals and accept the principles.

Now Lord CUSHENDUN has a very matter-of-fact, even narrow, Ulster mind. He is also intensely Conservative. He is the sort of man who, if he met a friend running away from a mad bull, would urge him not to be precipitate. He urged their Lordships not to be precipitate and declared that he would have preferred not to give formal acceptance to the terms of Lord READING's Resolution, which lacked precision.

Now that is the deep gulf that divides Lord CUSHENDUN from Lord CECIL, Mr. GILBERT MURRAY and the rest of the ardent pro-Leaguers. They believe that a sufficient amount of eloquent idealism can produce concretely valuable results where precision is impossible of achievement. Lord CUSHENDUN wants to cut the cackle and come to the 'osses, failing to observe that the only 'osses in actual being are war horses.

Lord CUSHENDUN advanced the tried and rather hypercritical objection that it was unwise to accept proposals until it was certain that everybody concerned attached the same meaning to them that everybody else did—a state of things which the curse of the Tower of Babel was evidently intended to make impossible.

However, the House, disregarding Lord CUSHENDUN, passed its lofty Resolution. Mr. KELLOGG's proposals are welcomed and their principle is accepted.



THE THREE CHERUBIM OF PEACE
(one from each Party).
After DÜRER's "The Three Genii."
LORD CECIL OF CHELWOOD, LORD PARMOOR AND LORD READING.

The defeat of Lord ASTOR's Resolution (for, though withdrawn in fact, it was defeated in argument) to set up a Committee of Inquiry to examine the law governing testamentary provisions for husbands, wives and children turned rather unexpectedly on the argument that to give a woman a special claim on her husband's property was in effect to put her in a position of inferiority, and was a violation of the lofty ideal of equality between the sexes that women of our day ostentatiously pursue.

This aspect of the matter, it must be admitted, has not presented itself to the ardent feminists who in the Press and elsewhere have denounced the present right of a husband to bestow his money elsewhere and leave his wife penniless. As represented by Lord BUCKMASTER and the LORD CHANCELLOR they convinced the House, though not Lord CECIL, who advanced the formidable argument (strangely overlooked by the other speakers) that while it was right that a man should be able to do as he liked with his own property, there was good reason to treat some, if not all, of the husband's earnings as not his property, but the property of the joint *ménage*.

Lord MONTAGU OF BEAULIEU's important motion demanding an inquiry into the tearing-up of highways by public bodies and statutory undertakers wrung from Lord ONSLOW the assertion that the MINISTER OF TRANSPORT was fully alive to the nuisance and the promise that the Government would gladly consider any remedy that could be suggested.

The week's Questions produced nothing of an especially mirth-provoking character. Mrs. RUNCIMAN asked the MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE if he could do anything to stop the catching of immature herrings; but the Minister, mindful no doubt of the nourishing properties and indeterminate ancestry of whitebait, guardedly replied that the subject was highly controversial.

Sir KINGSLEY WOOD on Tuesday declined to consider Captain FRASER's request for a Committee to investigate the effects of noise on the health of the public. As noise seems to include anything from a speech in Parliament to a broadcast of Herr MELCHIOR's *Siegfried* one cannot help feeling that an inquiry might really have been productive of good.

A question by Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY elicited the rather surprising admission that ash boat-oars for the Navy are manufactured in the United States. All hopes of an all-British Navy, it seems, are reduced to ashes.

From our Americanized Navy the House passed to consider the celebrations of the bicentenary of Captain COOK. Would the Royal Navy, asked Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY, consent to be among those present in view of the great explorer's notable services to navigation? Lieut.-Col. HEADLAM assured the Member for Central Hull that one of His Majesty's ships would be off the coast near Middlesbrough (nigh to which Captain COOK first saw the light) on the date of the celebrations.



WORLD'S WORKERS.

EPICUREAN INSPECTOR IN EMPLOYMENT OF MULTIPLE SHOP COMPANY VISITS A BRANCH ESTABLISHMENT TO SEE IF THE FRIED FISH AND CHIPS ARE UP TO STANDARD QUALITY.

THE FUTURE OF THANET.

DR. EAGLEFIELD HALL, in his article in the *Monthly Musical Record*, on "The Magyar in Music," performs a useful service in calling attention to the various instruments used by the Magyars and the gipsies on the Puszta and elsewhere. These are the *Duda*, a goat- or dog-skin bag with three pipes; the *Furulya*, a kind of shepherd's flute; the *Tilinko*, a long wooden pipe; the *Kanasztölök*, a Hungarian oxhorn, and the *Terekö* or hurdy-gurdy.

The introduction of these interesting instruments into this country is probably only a question of time, as the happy result of recent momentous political *rapprochements*; and the Isle of Thanet suggests itself as an ideal spot for the establishment of a School of Hungarian music, in view of the homage recently paid to its Member, the Hon. ESMOND HARMSWORTH, by the grateful Hungarians. It is impossible to overestimate the exhilarating and stimulating effect on the neighbourhood if the strains of the Tilinko and Duda, etc., were perpetually impinging on the tympanums of residents and visitors.

Incidentally one may observe that the Duda is almost certainly the same instrument celebrated, though imperfectly spelt, in the refrain of a once famous song:—

"Going to run all night,
Going to run all day,
I 'll put my money on the bob-tailed nag,
Dooda, dooda day."

This however is only a side issue of a much more important and far-reaching scheme, that of the gradual Magyarisation of the Isle of Thanet.

It is admitted that the language question presents difficulties. As is well-known, Magyar belongs to the Finno-Ugric division of the Ural Altaic family, and amongst other peculiarities may be noted the absence of genders, there being no distinction between "he," "she" or "it" in the personal pronouns. There is also the peculiarity of nomenclature which resides in the position of the Christian name and title after the surname, so that, to take an obvious example, the Member for the division would become Harmsworth Esmond Honourable. But these cannot be regarded as insurmountable obstacles. Whether the inhabitants of Thanet should be obliged to change their names *en bloc* and at once is a matter for careful consideration, but at least a beginning might be made with the place-names. Margate, for example, might be re-christened Margitta, after the island on the Danube, and Bács-Bodrog and Hódmezö-Vásárhely shou'd prove euphonious substitutes for such homely names as Ramsgate and Broadstairs.

An interesting part of the scheme consists in the conversion of the arable land of the island into Puszta or prairie, thus immensely adding to the picturesqueness of the landscape. The Puszta not only provides the finest rough for golf courses but also affords excellent grazing for the bears, wolves, lynxes, wild cats, badgers, etc., which it is proposed to import in order to lend the right local and feral colour to the island.

The government of the Isle will of course be autonomous, resting finally on the Magna Carta of Hungary, the Golden Bull of Andrew III. (1222), and the two Houses of Parliament—the Magnates and the Representatives—will be convened by the King of Thanet and sit at Ramsgate.

Meanwhile the converse process of the Thanetization of Hungary is making excellent headway. Winkles, prawns and crabs are being exported in large quantities by aeroplane to Buda-Pest from Pegwell Bay, and a proposal to rename the Danube the Rother has been most favourably received in Carmelite House.

THE BABY.

FROM my bedroom, of which the doors were almost invariably left wide open by the nurse, I could see straight across the hall to the steps outside, the front-door being also left wide open. Thus the people who arrived on the doorstep, visitors and beggars and flower-sellers, could also see me. It was, as they say, matey. The baby was usually at the hall-door in the arms of the nurse or the cook or the Arab house-boy or anyone else who was handy, being shown to callers because it was such a good advertisement for the Clinique. The friendlier ones would call out congratulations to me in Maltese or French or Italian, or whatever their language happened to be.

"Ah, *le beau coco*!" said the nurse, embracing the infant unprofessionally. "We usually have fine babies here, but this one is superb. His mother," she added in a surprised undertone to the Sicilian flower-seller, "is *English*."

"*Dio mio!* The English, who are so anæmic," said the flower-seller. "But certainly he is a fine child, this little angel. I myself have seventeen, all beautiful as the morning——"

"No doubt," said the nurse. "I have none myself, but I can promise you I see plenty." And she shouted lustily to the fat baker's wife who was waddling past: "Madame Legrand, come and see my new baby. He is of a beauty."

The conversation was cut short, however, after a brief twenty minutes, by the selfish behaviour of a patient who kept on ringing her bell for something to drink. So the nurse dumped my offspring into my arms for half a minute. . . .

Then the house-boy came in and banged about with a broom, closely followed by the fat Maltese cook, who came to see if the baby's eyes were really blue, because they had had an argument about it in the kitchen.

"Blue eyes!" announces the cook triumphantly. "And his lashes curl! Where does he get that from, I wonder?"

"I think he gets it from me," I said complacently.

"It is rare that one sees a baby with blue eyes," said the cook, not taking any notice. "Black, yes, or brown—but blue, no! A superb child. I should know, for am I not the youngest of fourteen?"

"I should like some dinner," I suggested.

"You eat well," said the cook, a trifle ruffled. "I hope it is good for you. Ah, *le chou*, ah, *le coco!*" She embraced him rapturously. It was clear that no one was going to give me the smallest credit for my own baby.

Not even for his being a boy. It turned out that nine out of every ten babies born at my Clinique *were* boys—automatically.

* * * * *

"It seems to be quite a good baby," said my husband doubtfully. "But isn't it rather fat? I think a lean child, in good condition——"

"You idiot!" I said. "They have to be."

"Eight pounds when he was born," said the nurse, "and gained a pound in a week. They generally lose."

"All my family were very fine as children," said my husband. "I myself weighed nine pounds when I was——"

"I weighed ten," I said firmly. The nurse looked at me suspiciously. "And I won a beauty prize when I was six months," I added. The nurse flounced out of the room. I could see she thought I was getting above myself.

At some unearthly hour I was awakened from a lovely sleep to find a mysterious hag drawing circles on the floor and marking the baby's forehead with some sinister compound. Fathma-bent-Salem, an Arab friend of mine, hearing of the auspicious event, had rolled up to perform incantations. I was assured that the baby's prosperity was guaranteed for one year, thanks to her spells alone. I was properly grateful.

* * * * *

Hassan, the orderly, had been stationed at the front-door to run errands. It happened therefore that I overheard one morning a conversation between him and a passing acquaintance. I translate it verbatim.

"The peace of Allah be upon thee, Amor-ben-Kassem!" said Hassan.

"And upon thee," responded the friend. "What dost thou here?"

"I wait for orders, Amor," responded Hassan. "This day have I a son, beautiful as the morning."

"A son?" replied the other, justly surprised. "I knew not that thou hadst taken to thyself a wife."

"It is the son of my captain, who is as my father," declared Hassan. "So is not his son even as my own? The babe is of an unheard-of beauty—may Allah bless and preserve him! His eyes are black as night, the hair upon his head is the colour of jet and curled like a ram's fleece, and his face is as the full moon. Already he can walk, and his strength is as the strength of a child of two years old. Never has his like been seen—thanks to *me*, who made a pilgrimage to the shrine of Sidi Guenaou and thus assured the protection of the saint and the child's perfection."

So that explains it. I had already given up almost all claims to the child, anyhow.



Lady of the Manor (to disgusted conductor of local band). "I'M HAVING A BAND DOWN FROM LONDON FOR MY BALL NEXT WEEK, BUDDLE. I WONDER IF YOU'D MARCH YOUR FELLOWS TO THE STATION TO MEET IT."

Electoral Candour.

"Sir,—Allow me to thank those electors who have promised me their kind support. The South Ward being a large one, I shall be unable to call upon them all, and this no doubt will be appreciated by them."

Letter to Provincial Paper.

A Surgeon's Paradise.

". . . but now the conditions were reversed and seamen as well as ships were too large to pass through the locks in the canals, were cut in half until they reached deep water, where they were joined together again."

American Paper.

This is what is known as splicing the bo'sun.



SCENE—*Lounge of Hotel in Garrison Town.*

Phyllida. "MUMMIE, WHO IS THAT FAT MAN?"

Mother. "SH-SH, DARLING, HE'S THE QUARTERMASTER."

Phyllida (after thinking deeply). "MUMMIE, WHAT MUST A *WHOLE* MASTER BE LIKE, THEN?"

AT THE PLAY.

"ALIBI" (PRINCE OF WALES).

MORE blood and blackmail! (I seem to be rapidly qualifying for a job on the staff of *The Police Chronicle*.) And again we have as hero an astute gentleman of foreign birth, *Hercule Poirot*, resting in a quiet village in England and enjoying a busman's holiday by courtesy of the local gentry, who have provided him with a very pretty crime with romantic trimmings. *Poirot* himself is a man of sentiment, by no means the desiccated and mechanically controlled automaton usual in these affairs. Duty and love fight out their tense battle in his heart, and this conflict lifts the character to a higher plane of interest. The very proper convention which pledges the dramatic reporter to secrecy and the making of his bricks without straw again ties my hand; and if this crime business continues my occupation will be gone. I think however that this much may be said, that, although Mrs. AGATHA CHRISTIE (with Mr. MICHAEL MORTON in reserve as adapter), a conscientious worker in this field, displays great ingenuity in the handling of her well-disposed material and, as I I have hinted, makes a credible and human character of her hero, her other characters are the merest puppets, and her murderer—unless he was a maniac, which isn't playing fair—is provided by her with no sort of adequate motive for his highly unlikely and dangerous adventure. Moreover she doesn't disdain the adventitious aid of much fussy "business" with switches—unless indeed this be the work of her distinguished producer, Sir GERALD DU MAURIER. If that be so, and despite the deserved reputation of so clever a manipulator of this kind of show, I hereby enter a faint respectful protest.

Sir Roger Ackroyd loves a comely widow who has poisoned her husband—a disappointing fellow. Overwhelmed by the extortions and threats of a blackmailer who knows her dark secret, she poisons herself, first writing the confession of her love and her crime to her admirer. This is a great shock to the poor Baronet, but not so great, I conceive, as the plunging of the paper-knife into his back while he was sitting in his study. Clearly the most likely person to have done him this disservice is the sleek butler who makes such play with the switches and is always appearing round the many corners of the odd-shaped room. Or that secretary who has so evidently something on his mind. Or the maid, a mysterious person, clearly out of the class of ordinary serving-maids, who has been dismissed by *Sir Roger* that very day after many words and high. Or the Baronet's scapegrace nephew, who came secretly to the house on the night of the murder and has now disappeared.



Hercule Poirot (*Mr. CHARLES LAUGHTON*) *to Dr. Sheppard* (*Mr. J. H. ROBERTS*). "MY DEAR DOCTOR, OF COURSE I'LL SOLVE THE PROBLEM. THEY 'RE DOING IT IN NEARLY EVERY THEATRE IN LONDON EVERY NIGHT."

Plainly the young woman, *Flora Ackroyd*, who is so hard up—though she doesn't look it—and who will benefit enormously by her uncle's death, could hardly have the strength or the stupidity to do this thing. But why does she look so obviously guilty and lie so freely? As *Poirot* says, there isn't a single member of the house-party or the household, not excluding the blunt *Major Blunt* and the kindly *Dr. Sheppard*, who has a completely satisfactory alibi. In fact Mrs. CHRISTIE rather overdoes it.

Mr. MICHAEL MORTON cannot be blamed in that his stage-story is rather compressed, and the false trails of suspicion laid with an emphasis rather different from that in Mrs. CHRISTIE'S novel. On the contrary he is to be commended. The adaptation is skilfully done. But I think both author and adapter will agree that it was Mr. CHARLES LAUGHTON'S complete and triumphant entry into the skin of their *Poirot* that made the chief success of the play.

When an actor makes such rapid strides as Mr. LAUGHTON it is the natural, if disgusting, instinct of a critic to examine his work a little more closely. I could find nothing amiss in a performance which made the part, good enough as it was in the cold script, a really entrancing affair, opened wisely in a quiet unobtrusive way and worked up to the final passionate exposition and appeal which held the theatre in a breathless silence—that most flattering of all forms of approval. The character-actors have no doubt an easier task than the "straight" actors. But this was a signal triumph in its kind.

Mr. J. H. ROBERTS gave us one of his careful quiet character-studies as the *Doctor;* Mr. HENRY DANIELL'S smooth butler was an excellent performance; Mr. BASIL LODER in his casually explosive manner made an agreeable fellow of the tongue-tied *Major Blunt*. Lady TREE had unfortunately little chance with her *Mrs. Ackroyd*. Miss GILLIAN LIND, Miss JANE WELSH, Mr. HENRY FORBES-ROBERTSON and Miss IRIS NOEL did all that Mrs. CHRISTIE'S complicated machinery allowed them to do—which wasn't much.

T.

"THE HOUSE OF THE ARROW" (VAUDEVILLE).

Mr. A. E. W. MASON steps forward to take a hand in the movement that looks like becoming an institution of permanent crime-waving. He is skilled in mystery-mongering and has performed his difficult task of adapting for the stage his well-known novel with considerable adroitness. The exposition, a complex affair, hangs heavy on us at times, but the interest increases instead of, as so often, declining at the end, and,

best of all, our author plays the game, works out his thesis with a fine show of remorseless logic, gives us real characters of flesh and blood, and does not protect his master criminal from suspicion, though naturally and very properly he contrives with address to remove that suspicion almost as soon as it is conceived. Those who have forgotten how to read—and there are many, for the time we used to give to this sort of literature we now give to the night-club—can be sure of a supply of the now indispensable drug—thrill.

Madame Harlowe, a rich old woman with a romantic past, has been found dead of heart-failure in her house in Dijon. It so happens that Dijon has been suffering at the hands of "The Scourge"—a writer of venomous anonymous letters (here the author makes excellent use of a famous actual case). It is this cruel business of "The Scourge" that brings the famous *Hanaud* to Dijon. It is only incidentally that he suspects that the death of *Madame Harlowe* may be due to foul play; and here I think Mr. MASON fails to indicate quite clearly the reasons for the great detective's first suspicion. Who murdered *Madame Harlowe* with poison from the arrow-head that was kept in the treasure-room? Her adopted daughter and sole beneficiary, *Betty*? *Betty's* friend, *Ann Upcott*? The obviously unsatisfactory *Boris Waberski*, loafer and clumsy blackmailer? The sinister maid, *Francine*? The horrible little man who keeps the herbalist's shop near the Maison Grenelle?

It was pleasant again to see Mr. DENNIS EADIE in a character-part that really interested him. He has a great opinion of himself, this *Hanaud*, swaggering and bullying, yet with a kindly twinkle when he scents romance and taking, it seems to us, appalling risks of coming too late to save a second victim of the poisoner, just in order to make a neat curtain.

Miss VALERIE TAYLOR reveals a new power in her exceedingly competent handling of the part of *Betty*, so cruelly suspected, so sympathetic and, when roused, so fierce a tigress.

Miss PHYLLIS TITMUSS is the distressed heroine of the higher melodrama to the life—which I mean for a compliment. Only the true transpontinian could have done justice to certain sentences put into her mouth by the author in a moment of aberration—and for the false note struck in these she must be held blameless. Mr. ALAN NAPIER as *Boris Waberski* gave us also a sound portrait of shifty villainy in the appropriate key. It was Mr. JAMES DALE's business as the young lawyer, *James Frobisher*, to put a pattern of quiet humour and cheeriness in the background to relieve the general gloom, and he performed this function with great skill. Whether cheery young men can be quite so cheery in such tragic circumstances is a matter for the author's conscience. Miss ELENE ANDRÉ threw the appropriate amount of suspicion on the maid *Francine*. Mr. NORMAN PAGE moved his puppets and pulled his strings with the skill of the experienced producer—and production matters vastly in this business. Discretion, which is here the better part of criticism, prevents me being more explicit. The important thing is that Mr. A. E. W. MASON has emphatically pulled it off. T.



AN EXPERT NEEDLEWOMAN.

Francine Rollard . . . . . MISS ELENE ANDRÉ.
Ann Upcott . . . . . MISS PHYLLIS TITMUSS.
Betty Harlowe . . . . . MISS VALERIE TAYLOR.



THE ARROW-ROOT OF THE MATTER.

Hanaud . . . . MR. DENNIS EADIE.

"LO! THE POOR INDIAN."

(*A Cinema Disillusion*).

"THERE 's a Wild West film at the Picture Palace this week," said Jimmie.

"They have them fairly often, don't they?"

"Yes, but this is very special. They 've got some of the Red Indians who acted in it, and they come in front of the curtain before it starts."

"Not real Indians," I said.

"They 're real," he insisted. "Jones Minor says so."

I knew that if Jones Minor had given a considered opinion the matter might be regarded as settled. "All right, old chap, we 'll go."

I could enter into and even share my small nephew's feelings, for I had been brought up myself on FENIMORE COOPER and nourished my advancing years with the equally picturesque romances of Miss MARY JOHNSTON; also I had once sung in the chorus when our local orchestral society gave a performance of *Hiawatha*. Jimmie of course would not appreciate the pathos of these survivors of a past age, with their dark impassive countenances, aloof and austere, concealing under an impenetrable mantle of reserve their distrust and bewilderment in a world so strange to them.

"Will they do anything?" he asked, pink with excitement, as we entered the precincts of the Temple of Art. "I mean I 'd rather like them to brandish tomahawks and do some war-whoops."

"They might even scalp some of the people in the cheap seats," I said jocosely.

"Do you understand their language, Uncle?"

I had to admit that Choctaw was a sealed book to me and that all I knew of Ojibway was derived from the glossary kindly provided by LONGFELLOW with his poem.

"Most of them only say 'Ugh!'" I told him, "though *Hiawatha* was rather chatty. They may say, 'Hail! O Pale Faces, we greet you!

'We who come across Great Waters
To your far-off Eastern island,
On the fire-boat and fire-chariots,
Strange and marvellous your magic,
And the red man's heart is humbled.'"

"I say, that 's rather good!" said Jimmie. "Here we are. Shall we go into the ninepennies? They 're nearer."

It was dark in the hall, but we had hardly taken our seats when the lights went up. The manager came forward and announced the engagement, at considerable expense, of Chief Red Eagle, with his squaw and papoose, and as he came off the platform the Red Indian family advanced into the limelight.

The Chief's appearance was satisfactory; he was lean, brown and befeathered; but for Mrs. Red Eagle I should have recommended a slimming diet. The papoose was a beady-eyed little girl of about eight, who seemed to be suffering from a cold in the head.

The Chief took a purposeful step forward. I glanced at Jimmie and divined that he had not abandoned all hope of a war-whoop.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the Chief jauntily, "I 'm vurry pleased to see so many of you here to-day. This picture is a mighty fine one, and it cost two million dollars, employed fifteen thousand people for six months, and was one of the biggest draws in Noo York last Fall. Incidentally I would like to say that of the Indians who took part in the production a good number, including myself, were total abstainers and non-smokers, and not a few had college educations. I wouldn't like you to think that we 're not civilized these days. My papoose will now dance, and afterwards we shall be in the vestibule selling picture-postcards. Thank you, ladies and gentlemen, vurry much."

He bowed. The orchestra began to play and the papoose went through the steps of the Charleston for the gratification of our sense of local colour. There was some rather uncertain applause and the lights went down. I had not dared look at Jimmie. We sat through the film in silence, and on the way home we refrained from comment, but, when I asked him this week if he would like to go to a film of New Guinea, which is to be introduced by a Papuan in a grass petticoat and beads, he declined. I understand and respect his motive. After the Red Eagle wash-out anything is possible. The Papuan may boost his film in fluent English with a Melbourne accent; he may even be a convert of Mr. EUSTACE MILES; and Jimmie naturally wants to preserve untarnished his ideal of a perfectly good cannibal.

THE YOUNG AUTHOR'S GUIDE TO BOTANY.

No branch of natural science so well repays the author's study as botany. Few of his compositions are not improved by a judicious sprinkling of at least our British flora, while to some—in particular to nature-jottings, love-stories of the more treacly sort and most kinds of poetry—it is indispensable. KEATS, it is true, managed to conceal his ignorance of this important subject by remarking that he "could not see what flowers were at his feet," but his is by no means an example to be commended. The following list will enable the budding author (itself a botanical expression) to avoid the necessity for any such humiliating subterfuge and to make a selection to suit every form of composition:—

Aspidistra.—The symbol of suburbanity. May be used with perfect confidence either humorously or in the *Hindle-Wakes* vein of sardonic gloom.

Borage.—The cool green leaves of this otherwise obscure plant are found floating in various brands of cup. As pronounced by the best people it provides the only alternative rhyme to "courage," when (as often occurs) you can't introduce "demurrage."

Dog's-Mercury.—This hardy annual may truthfully be described as the Nature Correspondent's stand-by. At no season of the year is it not engaged in some sort of abnormal behaviour. It has the further advantage that only one reader in a thousand will have the faintest idea what it is.

Eglantine.—A favourite adornment of the heroine's humble cottage home. Do not however let her bury her blushing face in its fragrant clusters, as, in spite of MILTON, it is equivalent to sweetbriar and not honeysuckle.

Fern.—A pleasing touch of erudition can be imparted by the use of the term Osmunda Regalis, to which any variety will readily answer.

Hebenon.—The writer of thrillers might strike out a new line in murders by having the juice of this very unusual herb poured into his victim's ear while the latter is taking his customary afternoon nap in his garden. Should he be in the habit of sleeping on his back, a garden-syringe might be employed and would furnish a useful clue.

Ilex.—Equally handy as a setting for Italian countesses of the tragic and passionate type and for the composition of crossword puzzles. The plural should be avoided, and so should confusion with "ibex."

Jessamine.—Very effective for the rural cot in conjunction with eglantine (*q.v.*). Do not be deterred by the fact that it also blooms in winter.

Loosestrife.—Indispensable for the summer landscape. Should be placed in proximity to a weir (preferably "tumbling"). May safely be labelled purple, tangled or (in very exalted moments) lush.

Nightshade, Deadly.—A suitable decoration for poetry of the more advanced school.

Orchid.—May be used (*a*) to symbolise the expensive and voluptuous atmosphere of high life from which the heroine longs to return to her simple country home (*see Eglantine, Jessamine* and *Stinkwort*); (*b*) as a decoration of tropical forests; (*c*) in nature-notes, with the name of some insect (moth, flea, bug or beetle) prefixed.

Prickly Pear.—Invaluable for stockades and zarebas.

Stinkwort.—One of the simple country blossoms which lend an air of homeliness to the heroine's rustic existence, or verisimilitude to a nature article. Alternatively suitable to most modern verse.

Willowherb.—A safe and reliable concomitant of loosestrife (*q.v.*).

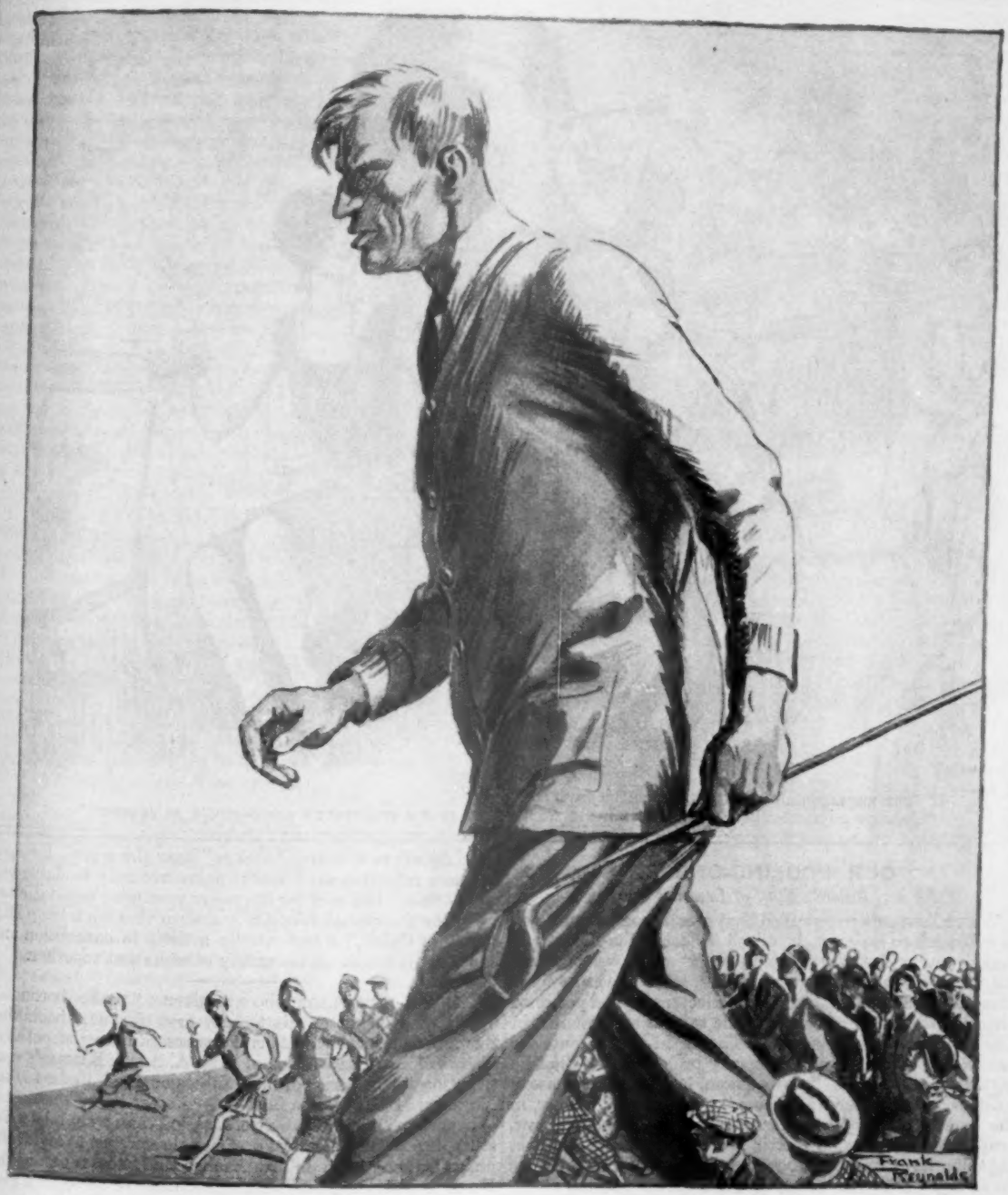
Yam.—No desert island is complete without an ample supply of this delicious and sustaining vegetable.

Zdinkwort.—Vernacular and even homelier variant of stinkwort (*q.v.*).

Hell-for-Leather.

"I have only recently finished my new book, 'The Final Burning of Boots,' and I am now taking a rest."
Interview with Authoress in Local Paper.

"Can anyone tell war widow of small professional man of a small self-contained Flat, rent £1 a week."—*Daily Paper.*
The question is, how big is the widow?



MR. PUNCH'S PERSONALITIES.

LXIX.—MR. ARCHIBALD COMPSTON.

OUR whitest hope, by whom the prize
In open field shall yet be snatched—
Look how the ladies flock like flies
After their He-man ("unattached")!



"JUST BIN LUNCHING WITH YOUR HUSBAND, DARLING."
"SO GOOD OF YOU, ANGEL; BUT I DO HOPE IT WON'T COME TO HIS SECRETARY'S EARS—SHE 'S *so* JEALOUS."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

WHEN EMERSON maintained that a craftsman should not be subjected to his craft, he added a rider to the effect that, though the perfect writer or the perfect miller was of value, the value of the perfect man was higher. Substitute "the broad-minded outsider" for "the perfect man," and you have Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT'S view of the subject as presented in *The Savour of Life* (CASSELL). The broad-minded outsider has the last word on contemporary problems. "What he says ultimately 'goes.'" This axiom, laid down in an essay entitled "Doctors and Medicine," holds good, I gather, in the case of military campaigns, religious ceremonies, law, sanitation, the English metric system, Relativity—in fact anything Mr. BENNETT chooses to write about, but collapses when applied to the novel, or what would become of our PROUST and the Russians? I enjoyed Mr. BENNETT'S preface, in which the novelist's liberty to blow on whom and what he pleases is urged against the recalcitrant Lord BIRKENHEAD; but, seeing that the arrogance of the expert is as nothing nowadays compared to the effrontery of the uninstructed, I should have preferred to see the better man in the less popular camp. As an essayist Mr. BENNETT is not of the blood. As a journalist I feel he lacks the true cateran capacity for lightning raids over other men's frontiers. Yet if he took, over the essay, the constructive pains he rightly recommends to "Young Authors" over the novel, I wager his more reflective work would prove not only readable but re-readable. His zest for life never precludes meditation—see "The Provincial Woman"; and in this book his "Discovery of Calais," a feat wholly artistic in conception and handling, is worth all his utility exhibits put together.

The mill-owner's son who was given a "pocket-borough" by his fond father on his twenty-first birthday, beginning thereupon one of the most brilliant careers in English political history, forms the subject of Miss A. A. W. RAMSAY'S contribution to the series of biographies entitled *Makers of the Nineteenth Century*. Her book—*Sir Robert Peel* (CONSTABLE)—is perhaps more a history of a period than a complete life-story, for beyond the most occasional reference to an ideally unspoiled home-life in the background, she regards him almost entirely as a public figure, actually in office for a very large proportion of his career. One is reminded in these pages that only a hundred years ago a public watchman in a London parish might be compelled to look on helplessly at a burglary on the other side of a street which he had no authority to cross in an official capacity; and, even more unbelievably, that the first Income Tax had not yet been introduced. It is agreed that Sir ROBERT PEEL deserves our gratitude for making good the latter deficiency, but it is of course the institution of an effective police force that is most popularly associated with his name. The writer shows him

as even greater in administration than as a legislator, greatest of all in personal character. In her friendly and convincing paragraphs the frigid exterior that repelled his contemporaries becomes merely a mask for unguessed shyness and sensitiveness, and the appearance of inconsistency on major issues no more than a willingness to sacrifice his reputation in the face of national necessity. He refused to the end of his career to put his party before his country, or to sound his "h's," preserving, along with the respect of friends and enemies, an unblemished Lancashire accent. Mr. STANLEY BALDWIN has declared that he prefers a history that is not unbiassed. Miss RAMSAY'S admirable volume fulfils even this requirement, for she sees very clearly that her duty lies towards her hero, and is positively vicious, for instance, when dealing with DISRAELI, the most unkindly of his opponents.

R. H. MOTTRAM'S *The English Miss*
Tells of the War days (ten years after),
A simple love-tale with scarce a kiss,
Lots of tears and a little laughter;
Young *Rex Proudfoot*, an infant yet,
And *Marny Childers*, just such another,
Are playmates only till in the net
Of the War they 're caught, and they love each other.

Young and innocent, then they two,
He for the camp and she for training.
Part, and presently *Rex* (of flu)
Dies in France, and his *Miss*, remaining,
Goes as a nurse to the Front, and there,
After the best in the book 's related,
With a heart half-healed and a sorrowful air
To her unit's surgeon is suitably mated.

"A freight of echoes" you 'd say of this
CHATTO AND WINDUS outbound packet,
But I like my *Marny*, our *English Miss*,
And I like her picture upon the jacket;
And what if the author undertook,
In a War-tale *now*, an eccentricity?
I 've, honestest Injun, enjoyed his book
With its quiet air and its quaint simplicity.



"CAN'T YOU STOP YOUR BEASTLY CAT WORRYING MY RABBITS?"
"WELL, THEY SHOULDN'T KEEP WRINKLING THEIR NOSES AT HIM."

When *Geoffrey Graham*, heir-presumptive to an English baronetcy, married *Athene Reid*, heiress-presumptive to unspecified dollars, none of the reasons usually adduced for the failure of Anglo-American alliances seems to have had anything to say to the match. *Athene* was not married for her money, nor—except perhaps sub-consciously—did she barter herself for a title. The groom's father, an ordinary hunting J.P., was more solvent than most country gentlemen nowadays; the groom himself (a younger brother promoted by the War to seniority) earned a modest but sufficient income as a lecturer in Economics; and his American bride, though the only child of rather tiresomely wealthy people, was an idealist of the first water. Yet it was precisely this idealism, the vague, facile, headstrong idealism of people who have never had to pay for their principles or suffer for their traditions, which brought *Athene* into conflict with an England which is expected to do both. With quiet discernment Miss SYLVIA THOMPSON perceives the tragi-comedy of the struggle. The American, yearning to uplift an unexalted world, postpones her own domestic happiness and her husband's; and her *Pendyce* mother-in-law and Bolshevik

sister-in-law (attractive and competent portraits both of them) cope admirably with marriage and motherhood while *Athene* is drawing up programmes. I doubt whether the masculine factor in the latter's rift with her husband need have been quite so hectically the villain; in fact I wonder whether he is as necessary to the spirit of the story as he is to its mechanism. But, though *Athene's* "elopement" and the conduct of her subsequent regeneration lack something of the subtlety of her introduction to England, *The Battle of the Horizons* (HEINEMANN) remains in gross and in detail a thoughtful, pleasant and entertaining novel of manners.

These books of antiquarian gossip remind me rather of old curiosity shops. Most of them contain one or two interesting bits, but whether they draw the customer again and again must depend chiefly on the personal element of the proprietor. Mr. R. THURSTON HOPKINS, I think, has a touch of the right spirit, and the reader will probably return to *This London* (CECIL PALMER) more than once. He does not deal with the recognised "sights," but prefers, very properly, to go poking about Soho or the Caledonian Market or the neighbourhood of the docks. He has the proper sentiment for your old inn or tavern. He treats feelingly of literary Bohemians of the past, from the Rev. C. C. COLTON, author of *Lacon; or, Many Things in Few Words*, to FRANCIS THOMPSON, almost the last of a hardy race. Also he has a number of interesting notes on various professors of strange surviving crafts who still pursue their ancient occupations in this rabbit-warren of ours. Chapter XII., for instance, deals with the last of the paper-marblers, who still apparently practises his trade somewhere off Great Queen Street, and another chapter further on gives details of the last of the Soho fiddle-makers. I like too some of his personal reminiscences of bygone characters, such as the Copper King, whom he once bailed out of Vine Street Police-station. Mr. HOPKINS in fact flings his net pretty wide and succeeds in bringing together a good collection of heterogeneous material, which he treats with a determined brightness that may possibly scare some nervous readers. Clearly, though tied to a bank by day, he is by inclination a man of letters and a humourist. Sometimes his writing is a shade florid, sometimes his humour is a trifle forced, but lovers of London will find plenty in his book to enjoy.



Drowning Man (as he rises to the surface for the third time, catching sight of his rescuer in the person of our well-known life-saver). "POT-HUNTER!"

When you open a story-book and chance upon such attractive appellations as *Morgans the Bakehouse*, *Sam Williams the Sack*, and even *Lewis the Cauliflower*, you naturally suppose you are about to read a fairy-tale or at the least a fantasy. But in *The Withered Root* (HOLDEN) Mr. RHYS DAVIES has written no fairy-tale, and if there is anything fantastic in his book it is simply because human beings under the stress of strong emotion are apt to become fantastic. And the Welsh mining-folk of whom Mr. DAVIES writes are, it seems, nearly always labouring under the stress of strong emotion. They are violent alike in their potations, their loves and their piety; and Mr. DAVIES has portrayed them at a moment of peculiar violence, in the midst of one of those storms of revivalism which periodically sweep the Principality. He narrates the brief life-story of *Reuben Daniels*, the young miner turned revivalist—his temptations, his preachings and his conversions, his ultimate disgust with the extravagant passions which he has aroused, and his tragic end. Mr. DAVIES writes with great sincerity and with a fervour which gives his book beauty in spite of the ugliness of many of its incidents. Perhaps the descriptions of the revival meetings, though extremely vivid, are a thought long-drawn, and there is a certain monotony in the persistency with which *Reuben* plays JOSEPH. Still, this is a book above the average, and we may look for something even better from its author, with a greater variety of character and event.

Whose were *The Footsteps at the Lock* (METHUEN), and why was the man who made them walking backwards? These are among the many riddles propounded by Father RONALD KNOX in his latest detective story, and ultimately solved with the aid of *Miles Bredon*, whom readers will remember as the private investigator employed in *The Three Taps*. The best kind of detective story, I suppose, is that in which the reader does not guess but feels that he ought to have guessed; is beaten, in fact, but not sold. The test is rather too severe for *The Footsteps at the Lock*. I felt no shame at the time in not guessing the solution, and I don't feel much now in confessing that I found some little difficulty in understanding it when it came. Such a complication of motive and incident was almost too much for me. Still, the detective story is becoming more and more of a complicated intellectual exercise and Father KNOX is only following the fashion. And he does at least contrive to leaven the process of logical deduction with a humorous and caustic commentary on men and things that is entirely his own.

In *The Guests of Chance* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) *Vera Halsey*, having met with misfortunes, changes her name and goes back to her family home, which has been sold and turned into a country gambling club, as assistant to the manageress. And soon after her arrival it must be patent to all readers not mentally deficient that she will presently be accused of stealing the priceless jewels which the club's guests have deposited in the safe. At once I marked down the manageress as a danger to *Vera*, but I admit that I did not plumb the depths of her infamy. Nor am I now going to do your plumbing for you and help you to penetrate Mrs. VICTOR RICKARD'S well-kept secret, thus spoiling a story which, though its atmosphere is too sultry for my individual taste, contains every element that lovers of sensation can reasonably want.

Mr. Punch welcomes a new and cheap edition of Mr. A. P. HERBERT'S *The Secret Battle* (METHUEN), for which an introduction has been written by Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL.

CHARIVARIA.

DIRT-TRACK-RACING for motor-cyclists is said to be a serious rival to greyhound racing, and surprise is expressed that the competitors do not require the stimulus of an electric pedestrian.

An effort is being made to save for the nation the original of "The House Beautiful" in *The Pilgrim's Progress*, one of the few BUNYAN relics remaining. "The Slough of Despond," of course, has been built over.

Fifty-six extras were scored in one innings at Br ghton last week. Sea-air has the same effect on landladies.

A motorist summoned at Mitcham for exceeding the speed limit stated that he was going so slow that a greengrocer's cart passed him. The magistrate fined him promptly before he could start backing into something.

"Animals are not surprised at anything that human beings do," says a naturalist. Then why are goldfish always gaping?

An American film-producer says that the children he employs often suggest ideas to him. That explains a good deal.

Mr. G. A. FAULKNER advises the young bowler to stamp his foot and grunt as he delivers the ball. Some bowlers don't do that till the umpire has said "Not out."

A writer says that a cinema organist is often required to imitate a dog-fight. This is done, we understand, by interspersing jazz with a little BACH.

Among references to notable ambidextrous cricketers we see no mention of those who bat left-handed and are right-handed with the pen.

The announcement that the Arsenal has signed on a new forward is a reminder of the approach of the football season.

Nothing is ever really lost, says a woman-writer. Not so long as the landlady has health and strength enough to make rissoles.

As an instance of the superstition that five-shilling pieces are unlucky, we read of a publican who would rather give a free drink than give change for one of these coins. We shouldn't wonder if some of his customers carry a five-shilling piece for luck.

French doctors have been instructed that they are no longer to address hospital patients in the second person singular. English doctors would never surrender the privilege of addressing a patient in the first person plural.

It appears that the proceedings in the new Ulster Parliament will be similar to those at Westminster. We should have thought they could have done better than that.



Motorist (who has knocked down point-duty policeman). "I THINK YOU 'LL FEEL BETTER PRESENTLY. BUT IF I WERE YOU I 'D TAKE THE REST OF THE DAY OFF."

A naturalist has discovered that the American Eagle on certain new coins is represented with the feet of a duck. This accords with the belief that Mr. KELLOGG is training it to quack as well as coo.

There is a persistent rumour that Mr. ADOLPHE MENJOU has been seen in London recently.

Lynching has decreased considerably in America, we read. And yet they still have a number of saxophonists over there who are simply asking for it.

With reference to the present likelihood of thunderstorms all motorists are warned to pass lightning flashes on the off side.

It has been pointed out by Mr. FRANK BRIANT, M.P., that a duty has to be paid on the squeaking apparatus in Teddy-bears. So far the taxpayer's squeal is duty-free.

It now appears that if war broke out between Great Britain and U.S.A. both Governments would boycott it.

One consolation about the new bobbed-haired lady cat-burglar is that our wives won't be so ready to make us get out of bed at the slightest noise.

"Shall we have an English summer this year?" asks a contemporary. We fear so.

Luckily for the success of the free spectacle, no lady waiting to be presented at Court has yet thought of employing a messenger boy to sit in her car and keep her place in the queue.

Some people think that the new female electorate will vote Labour. In that case it will have to be "The Beige Flag" or nothing.

President COOLIDGE says that, if we could surround ourselves with forms of beauty, the evil things of life would tend to disappear. We've tried this with Schedule D, but somehow it doesn't seem to work.

"Why do soldiers desert the Foreign Legion?" asks a correspondent in a contemporary. How else can they hope to join the staff of one of our syndicated papers?

"The plum-tree of a North London resident is covered with plums," says an evening paper. What did he expect? Bananas?

"LONGFELLOW TO DATE.

Be good, sweet maid, and if you can, be clever,
And do your best, nor talk about it long.
And so let life, death and the Great Forever,
Just come along.

The above version of Longfellow's well-known lines, 'Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever,' was suggested by Dr. Norwood, headmaster of Harrow, at the opening of Weston Birt, the new public school for girls."
Daily Paper.

You should hear our version of CHARLES KINGSLEY'S *Psalm of Life.*

"We do not recognise what the French call the crime passionelle."—*Evening Paper.*
Not in that gender, anyhow.

"AS YOU (APPARENTLY) LIKE IT"

(being some items of News Worth Knowing, with acknowledgments to our contemporaries.)

I.

MAN SWALLOWS MACKINTOSH.

AMAZING EPISODE AT OXFORD CIRCUS.

Considerable interest was aroused at one o'clock to-day by the sight of a man standing at the corner of Oxford Circus who suddenly swallowed his mackintosh.

The consumer was a middle-aged man with blue eyes and a small well-cropped moustache. When questioned by the policeman on point-duty the man stated that his name was Jones, that he was married and had a family of three daughters. He gave no reason for swallowing his mackintosh, but it seems probable that he acted under an uncontrollable impulse.

MOTHER-HATRED.

Professor Urge, the well-known psycho-analyst, told our correspondent this afternoon that actions of this kind are sometimes due to the unconscious recollection of some religious excitement in early childhood, but more usually to the suppression of a man's natural loathing of his mother.

"The presence of a mackintosh in the alimentary tract," states a medical practitioner, "sets up an irregular condition, but not necessarily a fatal one. Cases of mackintosh-craving have been rare in the British Isles in recent years."

* * *

PRETTY GIRLS' ORDEAL.

CHASED BY GIANT SHRIMP.

MYSTERY RESCUER.

The beautiful twin sisters, Margaret and Jeanne Swallow (aged 17), writes a correspondent, underwent a harassing experience yesterday afternoon when walking along the shore at Brighton. They had been chatting together peacefully for some time when suddenly they became aware that they were being followed by an uncanny and hideous-looking monster, which subsequently proved to be a giant shrimp.

CHIVALRY OF BELIEVED ARISTOCRAT.

"When we began to run," Jeanne told our correspondent, "the monster doubled its pace and almost made up on us. Had it not been for the courage and presence of mind of a passer-by, who headed off the beast and drove it into the sea, neither of us would have survived to tell the tale."

Although the rescuer wishes to remain anonymous, it is believed in some quarters that he is a scion of the Nobility, and that he has confidentially revealed his identity to Jeanne.

WOMEN ABOLISHED IN SANFIASCO.

DUNGEON FOR DICTATOR'S WIFE.

NEW MALE STATE.

From our Special Correspondent.

Women are the latest victims of the iron hand whose influence has been so strongly felt recently in the Republic of Sanfiasco.

A decree, issued yesterday by General Calluz, enjoins the immediate abolition of all women and girls over the age of fifteen.

BOTTLE-NECKED DUNGEON.

The General, who announces that he is determined to crush all opposition, has already given orders for his wife to be immured in a deep bottle-necked dungeon, which has been specially prepared for the purpose by German engineers.

"PREPARED TO ABOLISH EVERYTHING."

"The new Pan-Male Republic, which has become necessary owing to the ultra-emancipation of women," states General Calluz in a special message to our readers, "will remain friendly to Great Britain; but it is a mistake to suppose that the general policy of abolition can be relaxed at present. There is nothing which, if the welfare of Sanfiascismo demands it, I am not prepared to abolish. I shall visit your beautiful city as soon as I have crushed all opposition."

* * *

CHILD SWIMMING-PRODIGY TO ATTEMPT ATLANTIC.

WEBBED FEET THAT WILL HELP.

MOTHER CONFIDENT.

Bridget McGillicuddy, the swimming child-prodigy (aged nine), is to attempt to swim the Atlantic from Balswillie, on the West Coast of Ireland. If successful, this will be the first transatlantic swim from East to West.

She will be accompanied by a London Rowing Club eight on the journey, and fed from time to time on raw eggs and marmalade, with occasional sips of whey.

CLOSE TO GULF STREAM.

In an interview with our Correspondent, Bridget replied to questions as follows:—

"I don't expect to feel tired at all. Swimming in the sea is so much less tiring than in fresh water, and most of my practice has been done in the fresh-water baths at Hammersmith. I shall keep close to the Gulf Stream so as not to suffer from cold. I have webbed feet, which should make my task easier."

MOTHER'S CONFIDENCE.

Mrs. McGillicuddy, the little girl's mother, told our Correspondent that she is confident that the child will succeed. "We are a very determined family," she added with a smile.

SONG OF THE CAT-BURGLAR'S DAUGHTER.

FATHER 's an anxiety
All the time he 's "out,"
Putting filial piety
Wholly to the rout;
Only bent on winning
Perilous repute
By his skill in shinning
Up a pipe for loot.
O joyful JOYNSON, admirable JIX,
Father isn't strong enough to lay or carry bricks;
Father 's not the sort of man to occupy a pew—
Please send Father to the Zoo.

Some are born to trouble,
And I may remark
All his joints are double,
All his ways are dark;
Though he 's slim and fragile
He 's an acrobat,
And as cute and agile
As a super-cat.
O jolly JOYNSON, philanthropic JIX,
Rescue me and Mother and the little chicks;
Entertain the public — CHALMERS MITCHELL too—
Please send Father to the Zoo.

On the merry Mappin
Terraces he 'd play
With the lords of rapine
And the beasts of prey,
Cautiously retreating
From the lion's rage
To the central-heating
Of the monkey's cage.
O genial JOYNSON, generous-minded JIX,
Father is a funny man, full of monkey tricks;
We can spare him gladly for a year or two;
Please send Father to the Zoo.

Ev'ry Sunday Mother,
With the little 'uns,
Bert and 'Erb his brother,
And a bag of buns
(For Dad 's really rather
Fond of buns) would roll
Round to look at Father
Climbing up the pole.
O joyous JOYNSON, estimable JIX,
Help a harassed family in this painful fix!
Father 's coming out next week, so we look to you;
Please send Father to the Zoo.

Encouragement to Infanticide.

"Dean Inge counsels those about to marry to put babies before cars, the child before the machine."—*Daily Paper.*

"Thoroughbred English bulldog; eat anything: very fond of children: $25."
Advt. in American Paper.



ON, BRIGHTON, ON!

BEAU JIX (*to the* REGENT). "LET ME SHOW YOU ROUND YOUR BRIGHTON, SIR. YOU'D NEVER KNOW IT NOW."

[The HOME SECRETARY is to propose the toast of "Greater Brighton" on the spot during the Brighton Week, now current.]



MANNERS AND MODES.

LEADER OF FASHION CREATES A SENSATION IN THE PARK BY THE ADOPTION OF A STRIKINGLY ORIGINAL PET.

THE UNDERPAYMENT OF BURGLARS.

THE RECORDER OF MANCHESTER was told the other day, on the authority of a famous criminologist, that on an average burglars made fourteen-and-sixpence a week.

It doesn't seem much, does it? Why, EDGAR WALLACE gets more than that for merely writing about crime. Why should the men who actually do it get so little? Obviously the crime must be committed or the public would have nothing to read, and the public ought not to expect its crime at less than cost price.

This deplorable sweating of labour is going too far. It is time Professor KEYNES warned us that the cuts in burglars' earnings reduce their purchasing power and so depress the home market. It is useless for the Government to toy with this problem by suggesting emigration as the way out.

While emigration of unskilled labour has much to commend it, we cannot insist too strongly that it is not the unskilled worker who emigrates, but the skilled craftsman—I mean, cracksman.

Already the fine flower of our housebreakers has emigrated to America, where there are more cribs to crack and where private enterprise has so much more scope than here.

What has the Trade Union Congress done about this? Nothing. What has public opinion done? Nothing. Worse still, nothing has been done by the Government, which has always affected to treat this important trade as a sheltered industry, in the sense of providing free accommodation and maintenance with every modern convenience during periods of unemployment, with the result that it merely encourages inaction.

Although the industry of these burglars, who are the victims of economic circumstance, is temporarily depressed their skill is a national asset. The Stage could not get along without them. How could a leading lady (portrait on back page) maintain her position as a public favourite unless her pearls were stolen from time to time? And how can pearls be stolen without burglars?

This is unanswerable. There must be burglars, and they must be burglars of standing. Many of our old-established burglars have stolen the family jewels regularly year after year. Pearls cannot be entrusted to just anybody who chooses to set up as an amateur.

And yet these gentlemen are paid a miserable fourteen-and-sixpence a week. This, mark you, for night-work, which in the best Trade Union circles ranks as time-and-a-half. However inclement the weather, they carry on. While the rest of London is away at Cannes, or on the moors, they remain at work. After an arduous apprenticeship the skilled cracksman can only command a pittance which an unskilled untrained dustman would scorn. While he handles in his daily routine great quantities of plate and the most valuable of jewels his dependents are languishing in abject poverty. On this starvation pay I wonder that any of them remain honest.

Cause and Effect?

"A kitten with two complete heads and three eyes has been born at Long Sutton.

Mr. —— of Long Sutton, a well-known veterinary surgeon, has relinquished his practice to join the Church of England ministry."

Lincolnshire Paper.

"Mrs. ——, after leaving Bath, studied for some time in Paris under Paul Russel. She has sent two nieces to this year's Academy, one of which, 'The Fish Baby,' is intended as a garden fountain."—*West-Country Paper.*

All aunts with petrified mermaid nieces will hasten to follow this admirable example.

BILLY'S SHOP.

WHEN you have an Airedale puppy only a few weeks old, like Billy, very clever and very naughty and very adorable, it's extraordinary what a nonenity you become in your own home and how little you resent it. The front balcony used to be a favourite place of resort for the family, but since Billy decided that it was his own private property he has practically taken possession of it, and nobody minds. Billy likes it because he can stand up there feeling both superior and safe, barking at cats and the postman, and also because several rooms open on to it and there are lots of things in those rooms that are easy for him to bring out and arrange on the balcony in little heaps.

Billy has a fixed idea that anything he collects belongs to him, and indeed once it's been collected it isn't much use to anyone else. Slippers that Billy has dragged about for a bit look more like very dead animals or bits of animals than anything one would like to wear again; pieces of ribbon and lace, gloves and stockings never look the same after Billy has tried them on.

Alison and I have discovered that Billy has arranged the balcony as a sort of shop; he has taken quite a lot of trouble and sorted the things out into different departments, and as it's a game of course it doesn't matter that all the articles for sale have once belonged to some member of the family; you have to pretend that you have never seen any of them before, for they are Billy's now, and he invites you to come and play with them.

Out we go, Alison and I, on to the balcony. Billy gives an ecstatic wag. "Oh, *good* morning!" he says; "have you come to buy something? I *am* glad. And I've got such nice things—just come and look through this pile here. . . . Would you like a cap? It's a good cap, very well made. The lining? Oh, the lining's torn out—removed, I mean—it's so much cooler like that. . . . You don't fancy it? Well, this, then? What—a dead kitten? Certainly not, Ma'am; that's a bath-slipper. Don't you know bath-slippers when you see them? Such a pretty grey too—you'd find it most becoming. No, there's only the one, but it's extra cheap on that account, only half a cutlet-bone. . . ."

"No, Billy," I say firmly, "Madam is not one-legged, and besides it's no use as a slipper any longer. You know quite well where you——"

But Billy, like most salespeople, is paying no attention. He dashes off with a joyful bark to another heap of goods and paws them over with delight.

"Look here," he says, "I *think* this is a scarf—just the very thing for a nice birthday-present for somebody, and such a lovely colour. I sucked it to see if it runs, and it doesn't. Not really dear either—the price is only a chicken wing, or I'll let it go for a leg-of-mutton bone—a bargain."

"Billy," we say sorrowfully, "you've torn that scarf to bits. And *what* is this?"

"Oh, that," says Billy airily—"that's ribbon, several yards of it. Yes, it *is* a little soiled; it's been in stock some time, so it's ever so cheap—just three pats a yard. . . . Or how about a pair of shoes?—here, now! . . . No laces? No, Ma'am, we *never* sell laces in our shoes. Two chops a pair they are. Or perhaps a pair of gloves? Wait till I find them."

He worries underneath his pile and produces some mangled remains for our inspection.

"But, Billy," we say, "this isn't a pair. One is, or was, white, and the other's brown. And no buttons—look!"

"Oh, I removed the buttons on purpose," says Billy, grinning. "Those are *shopping* gloves, and the brown one's for use, so as not to show the dirt, while you just wear the other, and with no buttons they slip on and off so easily. A saucer of milk and a tennis-ball. Thank you. Good morning!"



Daughter (who has just introduced the male of her choice to her father). "NOW YOU 'VE SEEN HIM, DADDY DARLING, ISN'T HE JUST TOO *EVERYTHING* FOR *ANYTHING*?"

Father (who has not been impressed). "COULDN'T HAVE PUT IT BETTER MYSELF, ME DEAR."

THE GROCER'S NOSE.

By accident there has come to my hand an alleged copy of an alleged letter alleged to have been written to the B.B.C. by the wife of an alleged grocer at ——, a small country town:—

Dear Sir,—I have never written to the wireless before although my husban has a License but last night upset me very much Saturday night. The vicars young ladys called after supper for some beens that his reverence ad ordered off of us and my husban put on the wireless for the young ladys. They was very shocked and my husban as to keep blowing his nose very loud so as the ladys should not hear the jokes which was vulgar. The one about the girl in the shop. It is a good thing he can blow his nose hard but it is very difficult to keep on blowing your nose and he is very sore. The young ladys said it was lovely. I don't think it is right for the wireless to go about putting ideas in the heads of girls specially vicars daughters you ought to be bumped all of you. my husban would like you to have the piece about the girl in the shop again so please oblige on Wednesday December 10 at about 7 because he missed some of the jokes owing to blowing his nose there was somethink about stockings and nightgowns. yours truly,

Florence Mutt.

Friends have accused me of inventing this communication, but I could not have done it, and I do not know of anyone who could. It has the stamp of truth, as people say. I can see the picture—can't you? Entry of the Vicar's daughters, Emily and Teresa—Emily just finished with the High School and settling down to parish work; Teresa, I think, a little modern for a Vicar's young lady and rather a puzzle to Papa. Confusion of Mrs. Mutt, who has forgotten the Sunday beans, and of Henry Mutt, who is taking it easy in the back-parlour and his shirt-sleeves with the local paper. Florence, fussed and bothered about the beans, cannot bear to think of the Vicar's ladies standing in the shop for all the children to stare at, who will keep popping in for a penn'orth of bull's-eyes, so she ushers them in on top of Henry. Lazy fellow, sitting there with his feet up; let him do his bit—show off the wireless he wastes so much time over.

Henry, never a strong conversationalist and secretly radio-proud, eagerly hands over the duties of entertainment to Savoy Hill. Alas, had Henry had an old-fashioned gramophone he could have put on "The Lost Chord" or "The Village Blacksmith," and listened without a qualm. But with the wireless you never know; he who would feast at that table may not choose his dishes. This evening, unfortunately, the fare is no innocent Talk on Carburettors or the Gold Standard, no string quartet or pianoforte recital, but something labelled dangerously "Variety." Reception is not good, and many of the words have the sound of snorts, or hot potatoes in the mouth. However, the intention of the speaker is evidently humorous, and Henry smiles complacently, with one eye on Emily. Meanwhile he fingers the controls. And suddenly a single dreadful word emerges from the sea of shapeless noises—the word

Night-gown.

Henry pales. What horror can this be? He glances anxiously at the young ladies. Emily, he is sure, has never heard of a night-gown, and indeed her face remains expressionless as before. But Teresa pricks up her ears.

There follow other suspect words: stockings—dressing-gowns—gents' hose—corsets .... What to do?

Some of us may ask, Why at this point did not Henry do the obvious thing and switch off? There are several answers. Henry has a delicacy. To switch off would be to underline the horror. Besides, he wants to hear more. And so, he thinks, does Teresa.

That's why, as we have read, he compromises and, at dangerous moments, blows his chivalrous nose.

And as the painful hootings of the siren, oft repeated, lead through the fog the lifeboatmen towards the sinking ship, so did the loud nose of Henry Mutt draw the faithful Florence to his side. She too hears the awful list of lingerie, notes the set face of Emily, and in her heart applauds her husband's trumpetings. But Florence will have no compromise. She begins a voluble conversation about the beans, and Henry at last cuts off reluctantly the corrupting voice of London.

On Sunday afternoon, fittingly, Florence began her letter—alone. But, after his post-luncheon nap, Henry clearly came down and intervened. For in the first half of the letter, you will observe, the young ladies are shocked, but in the second they say it was lovely. Florence has been saying hard things about 2LO, and Henry's loyalty is stirred. Thinking it over, he is not even convinced that what he heard was shocking. His nose is sore, and he is not sure that it is not sore in vain. Anyhow, he wants to hear the thing again and judge for himself, unembarrassed by the vicarage ladies.



Hopeful Punter. "You wait; 'e's just nursin' 'im."
Pessimistic Ditto. "'E 'll 'ave 'im asleep afore 'e's finished."

And the sad, curious, disturbing, pleasing thing is this—that I believe I can satisfy his doubts. Many months ago, in these respectable pages, I wrote a monologue, of semi-pathetic intent, purporting to be the discourse of a young lady behind the counter in a multiple store. The young lady was telling to her colleague a painful tale of love and domestic unhappiness, which tale of course was frequently interrupted by her duties, the selling of ladies' garments and the direction of shoppers to the departments they desired—as "Silk stockings? Yes, Madam, straight through to the cambrics"—and so forth. I remember that the B.B.C. refused to broadcast the word "cami-knickers," though the word "night-gown" successfully passed the Censor. And I have a fear that it was these remarks, imperfectly heard, which roused the anxieties of the virtuous Henry Mutt.

Let me here assure him, if this be so, that never did a Variety more innocent ride the wireless waves, and never was nose so unnecessarily blown.

A. P. H.





FILM-LOVE.

BY OUR UNSUSCEPTIBLE ARTIST.

PIGGY-FACE.

"IF," said my daughter Jane, in that very impressive shrill voice that she reserves for matters of importance—"if Daddy had a piggy-face like Mr. Manders——"

Here I stopped her. A mother still has rights when her daughter is five, and this was obviously an occasion to assert them. Hugh was laughing, of course, and Jane goes far too far without any provocation at all.

"No, Jane, you mustn't talk of poor Mr. Manders like that."

Jane sniggered ingratiatingly at Hugh, who was very busy reorganising his face.

"But, Mummie——"

"No, Jane darling, honestly you must never, never talk about piggy-faces and poor Mr. Manders. God gave him that face——"

"But, Mummy, I was only going to say that *if*——"

"JANE!" (for, after all, Hugh has his moments)—"Jane, look quick; Felix has escaped. In the garden—quick!" And with a scutter of feet she was after the mirage of the nursery cat.

"But after all," Hugh remarked, "why should we stop her? There's nothing so terrible in saying Manders has a piggy-face. He *has*."

"You know what children are" (which Hugh doesn't, since he only sees Jane in her off-times), "and Mr. Manders is coming to tea on Sunday, and unless we get that 'piggy-face' out of Jane's head she'll be saying something drastic. After all, he *is* an influential client, Hugh, and Nannie is out on Sunday afternoons."

"Yes," mused Hugh, "poor old Manders! Enough to scare a highly-strung kid like Jane. Sure that's the right way to stop her, though? Repressions and complexes, you know—or is it only grown-ups who get those? *You* ought to know, because you went to those lectures on the Psychology of the Growing Child."

So we changed the subject. And so on Sunday, as scheduled, Mr. Manders came to tea.

As a precaution we had raided the nursery. Nobody had mentioned pigs for three days, but the pigs were removed from the model farm and "Piggy and his Tail" abstracted from the games. We scoured the Ark of Noah for his two, but failed to find them.

Jane, angelic and incredibly genteel from Nannie's final ministrations, descended to the drawing-room at four sharp. Pensive, she sat in a bundle on the pouf. Hugh and I made conversation till the bell rang and "Mr. Manders, Ma'am," was announced by Emily.

I watched Jane. Her mouth opened and her lips pursed ominously and my heart stood still. But Jane just gulped and remained curiously silent.

Mr. Manders, porcine even in his country clothes, was evidently embarrassed by the small silent female child. We sat down to tea, on thorns.

"Piggy-face, piggy-face, piggy-face" kept singing through my mind. Hugh's eyes were wary.

"Daddy," Jane began suddenly in a silence, "if *you* had a——"

"*Jane!*" interrupted Hugh wildly, "an extra choc biscuit to-day because it's Sunday."

The acute cardiac distress that had gripped me abated as Mr. Manders took up his pleasant booming on the Red Menace.

There were two more distinct attempts on Jane's part to assist in the conversation, and these were deftly blocked with more chocolate biscuits by Hugh. In this manner we reached the end of tea.

"*Now*," said Jane, with that ominous shrillness, "now me and Manders 'll play in the study." And she scrabbled ecstatically at his hand.

Hugh's eyes, set in a baleful MUSSOLINI-like glare, met mine. But to bereave Jane of her Sunday treat would mean an evening of mere riot.

"*Mister* Manders, darling," I said weakly.

"But," shrilled Jane, "he's got a——"

Hugh sprang upon his daughter and seized her; with a wild sweep he swung her to his shoulder, and with a yelp of joy and a dreadfully plebeian hiccough of repletion Jane clung to his hair.

Craven-hearted female that I am, I fled and, fleeing, heard the study door close.

Eventually, at Jane's bedtime, I descended to the silence that wrapped the sabbatical house. Perhaps the worst had happened, and perhaps Jane had taken it upon herself to tell Mr. Manders all about his unfortunate face.

Inside the study a subdued murmur of voices, wreaths of pipe-smoke and, deep in their armchairs, Hugh and his guest. Of my daughter at first I saw no sign.

Then Mr. Manders held up a warning hand, for across his waistcoat, curled and contented, Jane was snoozing off the surfeit of choc biscuits, anchored by one fist to a dishevelled cravat.

As he stirred to greet me Jane woke. "I *may* say it," she said calmly; "Manders says so; I asked him—you told me I mustn't—and he's not 'poor Mr. Manders' neither."

Feeling like death, I warbled, "What do you mean, darling?"

Very rapidly Jane intoned: "I may say what you said I mustn't say again, but I asked him if I might, and he said Yes, so I'll tell you what I was going to say when you said that I mustn't say it never again; I was goin' to say that *if Daddy had a piggy-face like Manders has I'd love him much more than wiv a nordinary face, and I love Manders, an'-I'll-marry-him-when-I-grow-up—so there!*"

Mr. Manders grinned amicably. "They called me that at school," he said, "and it makes me feel quite young again."

EMPIRE DAY.

THE sun, as you all know, never sets on the King's Dominions, and this keeps the sun frightfully busy. But it seemed to know this was Empire Day, and it found time to peep through the grimy windows of Northedge Council School. It lit up the date on the calendar below the schoolroom clock, turning its sombre red "May 24" to livid scarlet, and it shot a ray across the master's desk so that little specks of dust could dance like fairies in the spot-light.

School seemed drowsy and unreal. No books or papers were scattered over the desks. The teacher, conscious of his best suit, did not handle the chalk with his usual abandon, and the boys were all uncomfortable in stiff clean collars. This preliminary lesson had to be endured. It would be followed by the march past the Flag, a little "showing off" before parents, a few inaudible speeches from the grown-ups, three cheers from the very heart, and then cricket all the afternoon in the Rectory Field until the shadows of the poplars fell across the wicket and the last bottle of lemonade had been drained.

Six rows of boys sat with arms folded on the desks while the teacher recounted the story of Empire. He told them of RALEIGH in Virginia, of WOLFE in Quebec and of CECIL RHODES in South Africa.

And Sam's attention wandered. His fingers curved in sympathy with his thoughts and gripped an imaginary cricket-ball, for they were to have a real leather ball this afternoon, not a thing of hard composition. Cricketers could spin a real ball. His fingers itched to close round its seam.

Then silence uncomfortable and profound. Sam felt the teacher's eyes boring him and his lips beginning to frame a question. A beastly trick to ask a question on Empire Day.

"Have you been listening, Sam?"

"Yessir," he said automatically.

"Then perhaps you 'll be good enough to tell me what I've been talking about."

"The Empire, Sir."

"Very bright, Sam. Now will you



Mother. "WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO MAKE HER CRY?"
Son. "I ONLY ASKED HER HOW SHE SPELT 'SPINACH.'"

tell me the name of some of our great Empire-builders?"

Sam sat in stupid helpless silence.

"Then just one name," urged the teacher. "One name out of the dozen I've been trying to fix in your mind. Come, one. The name of one man who has helped to make the Empire great."

Sam racked his sub-conscious mind for a name. Suddenly light came to him.

"WILFRED RHODES, Sir," he cried triumphantly.

And it wasn't, after all, such a bad shot.

THE WAR DIARY OF AMYAS PERKINS.

V.—THE CONCLUSION OF THE MATTER.

HEARD aboute this time a very prettie sermon from that illustrious man, the DEAN OF ST. POULE'S, showing comparison betweene the drynking of cocktayles by younge girls and the sins of the Moabites in the booke of ISAIAH, these being sweetened and sucked upp through a strawe and a cherry therein, but not formerly taken excepte by menne, and these too of the more foolishe kinde.

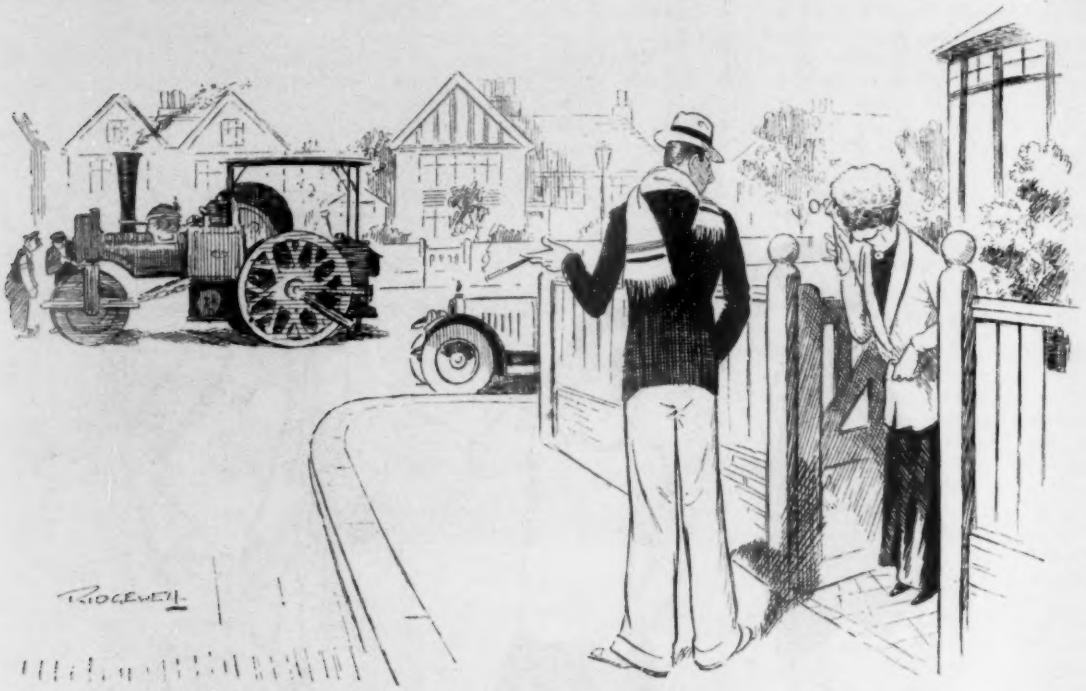
Nor was so common use made of smokyng by women untille this time, inasmuch as itte mighte seeme that there was nothing belonging to men but women mighte now have itte except onlie the going to warre, and this libertie they wolde cherysh afterwardes and not forgo, but rather the bearing of chyldren and the orderlie keeping of an house.

* * * * *

Came now, not leaste through my pleeding, America into the warre.

* * * * *

But this for some time availing little we were putte into a sore quandarie by the sinkynge of shippes and littel for-



"I THOUGHT YOU WERE COMING IN YOUR NEW CAR, REGGIE?"
"SO I DID, AUNT. IT'S OVER THERE."
"BUT, MY DEAR BOY, WHAT A VERY PECULIAR MAKE!"

warding of our battels on land, as though it were not possible for eyther side to gaine so muche as a small advantage withoute the more losse thereby. And tho it had been proved by computationes of those who were learned in arithmetick that many times all the foode of the Allmands, even unto the last potatoe, had beene eaten and their men killed, not onlie in battell, but by famine, yet stille itte seemed theire armies were not moved, nor coulde anie saye on what these troopes were now nourished, unless it were lyes: the Councill of Warre saying also sometymes that help sholde come from the East, yet at other times being in despayre of a favourable issue, I, Amyas Perkins, went unto them with this counsell which I had devysed from my own hedde, to wit, the Unitie of Commande.

* * * * *

For in anie business, I sayd, there is proffit if one onlie has direction, but if notte it is like unto the proverbe that too manie cookes spoyl the broth; and here indeede be so manie cookes, as the Frenche Commande, and the Englishe Commande, and the Councille of Warre, and those who looke to the East, and those who putte faith in the West, that if anything bee cooked at all itte shall be our owne goose. And the French being much in mutinie, and complayning of our armies that we have a score of menne in the backward parte of the field to one that goeth into the trenches, there shall be the less quarrell if they direct the whole matter, and the more because this warre is being foughte in their countrie and not in ours. The whiche, when the Councill of Warre herde, they burst out weeping and fell upon my necke.

* * * * *

My Lord Beverbroke also hearing of itte and we playing spillikins together, sayd to mee, "Amyas, my goode coz, you have this day saved England; nor am I like to forgette the verie presente help you gave to our counsells when I write my booke about these troubles and sette forth what was done, and by whom."

The same also was said to me by Master LLOYD GEORGE, and my Lord MILNER, and Sir HENRIE WILSON, and Master CHERCHYLL himself. But afterwardes they forgat.

* * * * *

And this is the nature of menne, as my father sayde to me, he now lying sick at The Eyrie.

For firste among the duties, he said, of those that have greate affaires is to take counsell willinglie and with gratitude, but afterwardes denying it to say boldlie, "I firste thought of this thing myselfe." Nor otherwyse woulde anie great man have anie reputation at alle.

* * * * *

And, my father being now dead, came my sister to visit me concerning his wylle, whereat much quarrelling, and she, being of a termagant disposition, did rounde upon me and abuse me mightily, not onlie in this matter but of all thinges which concerned the warre and those who had conduct of it.

For it were better, she sayde, if all menne were humble over this busyness, and not puffing themselves off praysed onlie those who felle, seeing that of Generales and Ministers, whether they be ours or the enemie's, there was none that did not get their countrie into a greater messe than ever did menne in tymes afore; and were rather dolles or puppets, moved this way and thatte by the turning of events, than having anie knowledge or wisdom what to doe, save the gathering together of alle the laste of the young menne and the using of all the brasse and gunpowder and poysonous vapoures in the whole worlde. And, if the ende sholde come before all these were exhausted, then indeede mighte we be thankfull.

And much more of the same foolishnesse, as that if menne mayd another warre they sholde firste sende to fighte those who were olde and cunning and



ANOTHER GLIMPSE OF THE OBVIOUS.

Burglar (to muscular householder). "YOU 'VE GOT ME."

made plannes and were filled with vayngloriousness, for so the mattere would hee more speedilie ended, and not in any wise worse.

So that to have done with this greate screamynge I saide that shee sholde have what furnishings of the house she pleased. And she took all the pictures made from Master LANDSEER and two Turkie carpets, and a clock, very cunning of ormulu, and much oake, but did not knowe the value of the walnutte. For which Heaven be praysed. But I straitly enjoined the parlour wenches that shee sholde not be suffered to darken the doores agayn.

* * * * *

Went about the makynge of my laste recipe for warre bread, having a pleasant nuttie flavour to overpower the taste of the bran.

* * * * *

Came now the end of these troubles, the Allmands, who had thruste against us in France, being sette back and crying loudlie for truce, the Bulgarians also and the Austrians running from the battell, and the power of the Turkes overthrowne.

* * * * *

Whereat I gave my laste greate counsell that no peace shoulde be mayd until the great galleasses of the enemie were given up to us and destroyed utterlie. This by wyre to Amirall BEATTIE, and in a long epistle to *The Times* for the purpose of more publicitie, but was nott thanked therefor.

* * * * *

Danced in Whitehalle on Armistice Nighte, having in my hatte a peacock's feather and in my handes castanets.

* * * * *

Came this daye to me Master LLOYD GEORGE, to urge upon me that I become Minister for the Disbanding of the Troopes and Restoration of Civile Affaires. But I said noe, I wolde not, for the busyness was besette with much difficultie, and all woulde have ended sooner had I beene in sole charge of affaires. Yet wished him grate joy of what wolde come. . . . EVOE.

A WILLOW PATTERN IN THE PARK.

WHEN May-time buds begin to break,
St. James's Park is green and gay,
And often by St. James's lake
I linger on my deskward way
To watch the buoyant ships of cloud
Adrift within the mirrored blue,
Until Big Ben intones a loud
Reminder that I 'm overdue.

And thus admonished I withdraw,
But always by the Horse Guards' gate
I turn to look where once I saw
A living willow-pattern plate;
I saw the bridge, remote and frail,
The formal trees, the flash of wings—
The morning mist had spread a veil
Transfiguring familiar things;

And, even as I stood to stare,
Across the bridge came speeding three—
A maid, two men—and then and there
From childhood-days came back to me
A tale I heard at ten years old
Of long ago and far away,
And once again I saw unfold
That fragrant legend of Cathay.

Was one of these who hastened by
A lowly clerk who thought to win
The peerless daughter of a high
And haughty Whitehall mandarin?
And had the lovers hoped to make
The registrar's, and crown their dream,
When, grimly pressing in their wake,
Her sire appeared to wreck the scheme?

If it were so, and if the twain
Should prove unlucky in their loves,
I trust the gods will hear again
And turn them into turtle-doves,
That they may live to coo and kiss
And interchange their plaintive vows,
Established in connubial bliss
Amid St. James's friendly boughs.

LIVESTOCK IN BARRACKS.

XI.—Not on the Strength.

No one in the battalion ever attempted to say what breed David was. Indeed, there was even a school of thought which held that he wasn't really a dog at all. As a matter of fact he appeared more like a mixture on an enormous scale between one of those weird carved figures on Nôtre Dame Cathedral and something which a toy-maker had found left over after finishing a Noah's Ark and couldn't trust himself to duplicate.

David first appeared, of course, during a route-march. All dogs do. This fact is well known. You have only to march a battalion through an apparently deserted village to bring to the surface fifty children and about a couple of hundred dogs. The children you leave behind fairly soon, but most of the dogs come for miles. Two or three nearly always stay with the regiment for the rest of their lives.

So it was with David. We marched through a village; we emerged at the other end, and there was David shambling monstrously along with No. 9 Platoon.

Captain Bayonet, hearing freely expressed comment, turned round, saw David, and said quite simply, "Good Lord!" Then he looked away, crossing his fingers and shuddering.

David certainly came as a bit of a shock. He stood about two-foot-six at the shoulder and three-foot further aft. He had a tail that looked like a worn-out shaving-brush. At some period there had evidently been a decided *mésalliance* in his family, for David had a distinct touch of the hearth-rug.

Lieutenant Holster of No. 9 Platoon said "Sh-r-r away!" and Sergeant Haversack, No. 9 Platoon Sergeant, said "'Op it, you ——!" but Private Trigger, who was right-hand man of a section of fours and had it up against Sergeant Haversack, rashly said under his breath, "Come along then, good boy," in an encouraging voice; and David promptly came.

He came for miles, always keeping station next Private Trigger, into whose stolid face he gazed anxiously most of the time. He appeared to be hopefully expecting another kind remark, but Trigger, now rather aghast at what had happened, kept silence. The men simply laughed at David; nevertheless he padded steadily along. He got on everybody's nerves at last, but even at the halts he couldn't be driven off. He ran away just out of range, plumped down on a set of haunches about the size of the seat of an armchair and waited expectantly for the march to be continued. When we fell in and moved off, David took up his position once more. The officers soon began to be humorous at Captain Bayonet's expense, and all the other sergeants pretended out loud that it was Sergeant Haversack's loving little heart that had attracted David. Private Trigger, who was conscious that attention would soon be focussed upon himself, began to wish he had never opened his mouth. When we marched into barracks David was still with us.



"He came for miles, always keeping station next Private Trigger."

While going up to my quarters I saw Lieutenant Holster talking severely to Private Trigger in the presence of Sergeant Haversack, while David, in close attendance, scratched himself happily on the back of the neck, looking something like an enormous mop in action. I assumed that David was being definitely discharged. Yet two days later, coming round a corner in "C" Company lines, I was run into by what I thought at first was a charge of cavalry, but proved simply to be David again. A moment later Private Trigger appeared with a determined expression and a large stick.

He stopped, looked excessively nonchalant and saluted when I came up. I could see that he was very angry. I asked him what was the matter and why the dog hadn't been sent away.

Trigger instantly poured out his woes to me. He had, it appeared, been considerably talked to about it already and was finding life rather hard.

"'E won't go, Sir. Nobody can't make 'im go. 'E just sits and looks at me loving-like. I ain't said a word to 'im neither since that first day, except to curse 'im. We all chase 'im away and throw things at 'im and he just stands and wags that blooming little shaving-brush of his at us. 'E won't understan' that he 's not on the strength. . . ."

He saluted jerkily as I went away, then picked up a stone and hurled it violently at David's head, which in a sort of loving anxiety had peeped round a corner.

During the next week David became a thorough nuisance in the barracks. He was not even a nice dog. He fought other and better-brought-up dogs. He disorganised drills by following Private Trigger through thick and thin, from extended order to close column. He ran down the line barking when the men fixed bayonets. During lectures on musketry he scratched himself continuously with a loud rustling sound. He raided the Sergeants' Mess larder. He had low brawls with cats during church-parade inspections. Everybody talked about him, and Private Trigger went about, almost with tears in his eyes, saying it wasn't his fault.

Captain Bayonet had Trigger up officially in the office and told him, without much inner knowledge of the real problem, that he was afraid he must dispose of his dog as it appeared to be becoming a nuisance. Trigger luckily was marched out of the office by the tactful Sergeant-Major Magazine before he was able to reply properly. Then the cooks were told that on no account must they feed David; but no discipline in the world will stop an Army cook giving food to a homeless dog. Sergeant Grenade, on having some important Musketry Records masticated, fired six rounds of revolver blank just behind him, and David only thought it was a game. The harassed Lance-Corporal Scabbard, on finding



OUR VANDALS IN THE COUNTRY.

"ARE THERE ANY BLUEBELLS LEFT, FLOSSIE—OR SHALL WE BE GETTIN' 'OME?"

that David had mistaken his bed for a private bone-yard of his own, threw a bayonet at him, and David brought it hopefully back. An orderly was even sent over to the village where we had picked him up, but the inhabitants wisely denied any knowledge of ownership. Everybody cursed David and threw things at him whenever they saw him, and his life must have become a misery. Yet he would not go. He hung persistently about, trying to look into Private Trigger's averted face, as if he hoped to find there a solution to his troubles. He only found foul language.

At last the Adjutant, whose wife had lost three of her best hens and suspected David, said definitely that Something Must Be Done. He was backed up strongly in this by Lieutenant James, whose fox-terrier had been attacked and badly bitten, apparently for merely wagging his tail at the jealous David's Private Trigger.

Next day the Adjutant interviewed the Colonel, letters were written, permissions were given, strings were pulled and we all waited. At last came official approval for the transferring of Private Trigger to another regiment.

Private Trigger on learning the news was heard to say that, Thank Heaven, he'd be shot of that —— dog at last. This, we all pointed out, was not at all the idea. A large party saw him off at the station and saw that David went too, his ticket being paid for by a whip round, heavily over-subscribed.

A. A.

HELEN AND THE ANTHROPOLOGISTS.

HOMER was by general consent a considerable poet in spite of occasional lapses into somnolence. But he was a most indifferent anthropologist. He gives us to understand that Helen was the most beautiful woman of her age, but never mentions even the colour of her eyes or the shape of her skull, and contents himself with the vague statement that it was no wonder that Greeks and Trojans endured many afflictions on her account for many years, because she was awfully like the immortal gods.

Her age, as the illustrious LEMPRIÈRE reminds us, has been the despair of chronologists; for, if born at the same birth with Castor and Pollux, who joined the Argonauts thirty-five years before the siege of Troy, she must have been no less than sixty years old when Troy was destroyed. Yet her beauty is said to have remained unimpaired throughout the siege, and proved a source of anxiety on her return to Sparta and subsequently in Rhodes and Egypt. But no evidence is available as to whether she was a blonde or brunette.

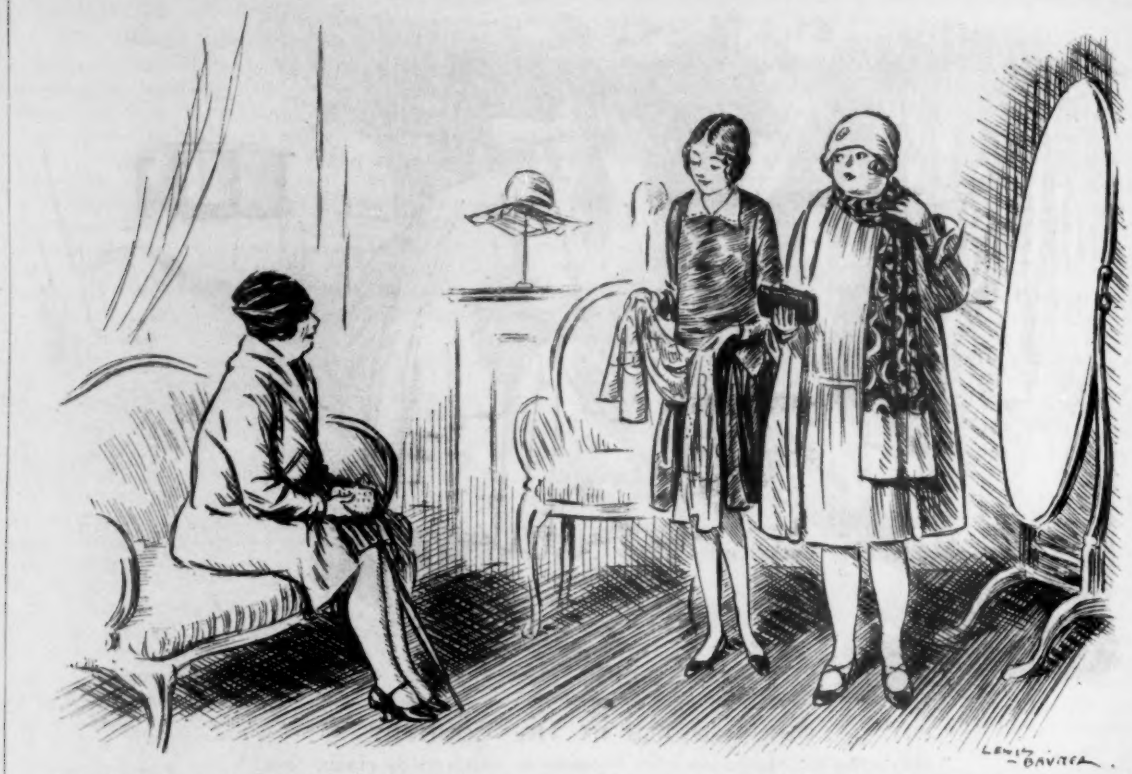
Professor MYRES, lecturing last week on "The Physical Appearance of the Ancient Greeks," cannot be said to have solved the problem. The ancient Greeks were of mixed stock, partly of a brunette long-headed type of North African origin, partly of a broad-built, sallow Armenoid or Alpine type, sprung from the mountainous regions of Asia Minor and South-Eastern Europe.

After carefully collating the data furnished by LEMPRIÈRE and MYRES Mr. Punch has come to the conclusion that Helen sprang from an egg that was only good in parts; that the Trojan war was undertaken on most unjust and inadequate grounds; that she was never imprisoned in Troy at all, and that she was probably of a dolichocephalic low-browed and prognathous type, with auburn hair, a snub nose and a sallow complexion.

Our Neo-Borgians.

"There will be 14 children, all clad in white, and cut in the Italian manner of the 15th century."—*Daily Paper.*

What is the N.S.P.C.C. going to do about it?



Friend (referring to "Apache" hat). "I LIKE THAT ONE, DEAR. YOU SEE, IT 'S NOTICEABLE WITHOUT BEING REALLY FIERCE."

ODE TO BRIGHTON.

[The lines which follow were sent to Mr. Punch anonymously and have been printed exactly as they were written. The probability seems to be that they were composed either by some Town Councillor of Brighton or by some other distinguished local resident. The temptation to suggest Mr. HARRY PRESTON's name is irresistible. But of course we cannot tell.]

God took a spade and a pail and a bathing-machine
And builded thee, Brighton!
Fairest of watering places that earth has seen.
Some Titan,
Labouring, fended the limitless force of the ocean,
And built on thy strand
The Métropole, Ship, Royal Albion, York and the Grand!
And the piers, where the beat
Of innumerous feet
Reverberate daily (when fine) with a hollow unceasing commotion.
The Dome
Was the home
Where the steeds of the mighty PRINCE REGENT found stall
And is now a most excellent concert-hall.
Throng daily the million
About thy Pavilion,
And woman, *mutabile, varium*
And splendidly-gowned,
On thy front may be found
With gaily-dressed beaux
As she was long ago,
From Hove to the site of thy soon to arise (but enlarged and more lovely) Aquarium!

Sweet town
By the down,
That hast ever increased in extent and in bustle
Since the day that the great Dr. RUSSELL
Did sing
Unsolicited praise of thy air as an extra good thing,
After which a chalybeate spring,
Shy haunt of some pagan divinity
That dwelt on the hill,
Bubbled out in th' immediate vicinity
And made thee more popular still!

O Brighton,
My loved one, my own,
By the sea-nymphs adored, where the Triton
Hath throne,
How much hast thou grown
(O Brighton)
Since Brighthelm the Saxon first beached on thy shingle
Till now, when all classes may mingle
Regardless of factions
And stand side by side
To enjoy the unlimited list of attractions
The Mayor and Town Council provide!

Start, start,
Bright town, from thy heart
Charabancs hourly for every part
Of the Sussex weald and the open spaces,
Filled with happy and laughing faces;
And, oh, let thy motor-buses depart
For even more neighbouring spots
Of which thou hast lots and lots,
E.g., the Municipal Schools of Science and Art,
Rottingdean, Kemp Town and the Races.
Bid pylons stand
On either hand,
Brighton most beautiful, Brighton most bland!
To tell men in what sort
Thou hast grown long from short,
Maintaining still thy popularity as London's premier health-resort.

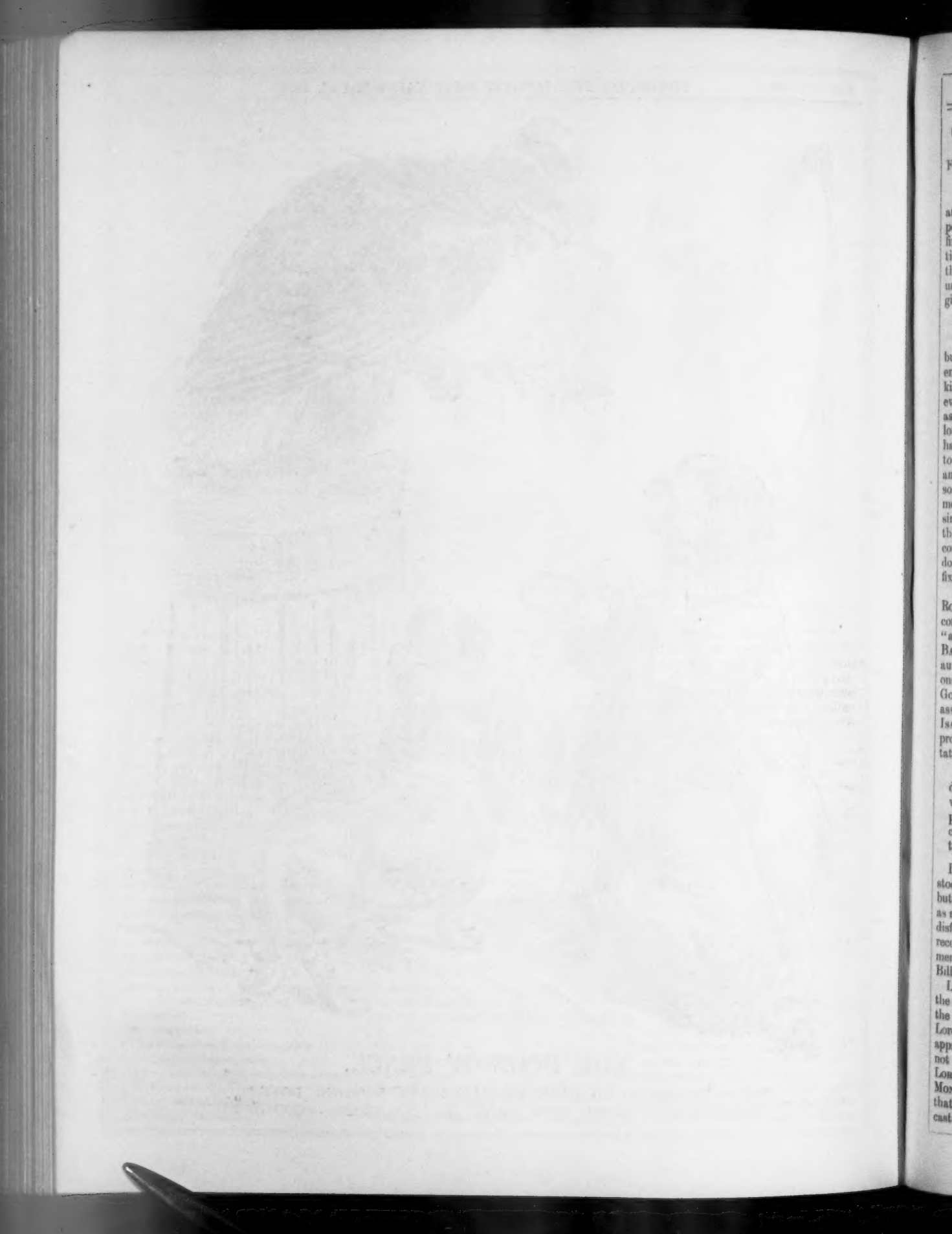
Break, break
On Brighton's pebbles, O thou sea!
Endeavouring still to make
A richer worthier ozone for the sake
Of newer nobler Brightons yet to be!

EVOE.



THE DOGS OF PEACE.

British Bulldog. "I'LL BARK YOU LIKE ANY SUCKING DOVE."
American Eagle. "GOOD! NOW THEN, ALL TOGETHER:—'COO-OO-OO!'"



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

THE House of LORDS' debate on the Franchise Bill was very much

"the play
Of *Hamlet* with the lordly ghost away,"

and Lord NEWTON, a whimsical opponent of the measure, confessed to finding himself somewhat in the position of "the priests of Baal calling their absent deity." Probably he is unfamiliar with a certain parody beginning—

"Alf was a great big news proprietor;
His voice was loud and it never grew quieter;"

but he confessed to finding himself enormously surprised that ALF's noble kinsman, whose news proprietorship is even more extensive and whose voice, as the Baal of anti-flapperdom, is even louder and more persistent, should not have found the time or the inclination to come down to their Lordships' House and oppose by vote the measure he had so strenuously assailed by lung. "To me," said Lord NEWTON, "the very simple explanation that occurs is that the noble Viscount has arrived at the conclusion that the seat of Government does not rest at Whitehall but is firmly fixed at Carmelite House."

In place of the fulminations of Lord ROTHERMERE their lordships had to content themselves with the "automatic" opposition of Lord BANBURY. It may have been automatic, but it was a "peppy" onslaught that left none of the Government's weak points unassailed. Lord BANBURY quoted ISAIAH, although his favourite prophet is JEREMIAH, with devastating effect:—

"As for my people, children are their oppressors, and women rule over them. O my people, they which lead thee cause thee to err, and destroy the way of thy paths."

Lord BANBURY repeated the stock arguments against the Bill, but rather disconcertingly urged as a reason for keeping women disfranchised the fact that they received no political enlightenment from the organs of the Bill's most vociferous opponent.

Lord HALDANE, on behalf of the party whose political clothes the Government, according to Lord NEWTON, had stolen, approved the Bill, though he did not philosophically re-echo the LORD CHANCELLOR's approval of MONTAIGNE's debatable thesis that "both male and female are cast in the same mould." But neither did he voice the belief, which his party is suspected of holding, that



STOLEN CLOTHES.

"The stealing of clothes is a well-known practice of politicians."—*Lord NEWTON in the debate on the Equal Franchise Bill.*

THE LORD CHANCELLOR.

the female of the species is far more deadly than the male—to the Conservatives!



OLYMPIAN ALOOFNESS.

Attention was called in the Upper House to the conspicuous absence of the Peer who had violently attacked what he was pleased to call the "Flappers' Vote" in his Press.

LORD ROTHERMERE.

Lord BEAUCHAMP gave, on behalf of Liberalism, a qualified approval to the measure, the qualification taking the form of a kind word for Proportional Representation and a regret that the Bill should multiply instead of abolishing plural voting. The Duke of NORTHUMBERLAND brought all the customary vehemence of the PERCYS to the assault and most of their lack of logic. Having demonstrated that none of the three political parties had been able to govern the country properly since the extension of the franchise in 1918, he claimed that the acid test of the Bill's merits must be whether the country would be better or worse governed after its passage than before.

Tuesday found a fresh contingent of Conservative *daimios* whetting their heavy swords against the Bill. Lord FORESTER, self-confessed backwoodsman; Lord CLIFFORD OF CHUDLEIGH, urging their Lordships to be, in the language of NAPOLEON, audacious and then some; Lord HUNSDON, certain that the Bill would reduce the value of the vote by twenty-five per cent; Lord BERTIE, not to be "bounced" into supporting the Bill, as the Conservative Party had been; Lord SALISBURY, cryptically reminding the House that sheep did not cease to be gregarious because they happened to be led astray, and warning his colleagues in the Government that there was nothing so terrible as the anger of Tory sheep—all these rallied to Lord BANBURY'S support. Against them came Lord LYTTON, deriding the notion that "qualities so exceptional, experience so great, intellect so trained, discrimination so pronounced" were required for the selection of an M.P. that young women of twenty-one could not be expected to possess them. Against them came Lord IVEAGH, pleading that the sooner women got the vote the sooner their political education would begin. Against them, finally and magnificently, came Lord BIRKENHEAD, still the unrepentant opponent of women's votes, still the voice of wisdom crying in the wilderness of second-class Conservative brains, still the statesman who, if he had resigned every time he had disagreed with his colleagues, would hardly ever have held office at all, still the jewel of consistency in the reptilian head of party politics.

Mitigated as his scintillations were by an almost totally opaque disregard for

the actual facts (it was not after, as Lord BIRKENHEAD averred, but before the end of the War that the Bill first giving women the Parliamentary franchise became law), they provided a sparkling conclusion to a vigorous debate. And whereas just ten men—or ten just men—went into the Commons' Lobby against the Bill, no fewer than thirty-five resolute Peers opposed their Partingtonian brooms to the feminine flood.

The debate on the Wireless and Cable Services Bill in the House of Commons was to some extent at least a pawing of the air, a laborious passing of the harrow of inquisitive ignorance through the dry sands of suspicion. The House, it is true, gleaned in the course of the discussion much interesting information about beam wireless and how its operation by the Post Office has driven down the price of external telegraphs to a point at which the Pacific Cable Company and other cable-operating concerns, and no less the Marconi Company, operating the old, slow, long wave-length system, must compete at a loss or be driven out of business.

What the House did not learn, even from Sir JOHN GILMOUR, its Chairman, who concluded the debate, was what decision, if any, the Imperial Wireless and Cable Conference had come to or was going to come to, and whether its deliberations will result in a recommendation that the Post Office external cable and beam wireless systems be turned over to the recently-merged Marconi and Eastern Telegraph Companies, or whether some other method will be evolved of turning the development of wireless telegraph communications over to private enterprise.

The suspicioning was done primarily by Mr. WALTER BAKER. He feared the Government had gone and committed the House to the policy of turning over the Post Office Wireless services to private enterprise without giving the House a chance to decide for itself what should be done. He suspected that that private enterprise would prove to be the Marconi Company, and that what was now a valuable and profitable asset of the Post Office would be surrendered to a concern that in its need to pay dividends on its enormously watered stock would make the public pay for its wireless messages through the nose.

Sir HAMAR GREENWOOD said he had no knowledge of what the Cable and Wireless Conference had concluded or might conclude, and he agreed with much that the Member for East Bristol had said about the Marconi Company. At the same time he was unequivocally in favour of the Wireless and Cable services being united in the hands of private enterprise. Formerly, when Governments were rich and individuals comparatively poor, it was right that the development of such great and costly undertakings as the Pacific Cable should be left to the former. Nowadays it was the other way round. Individuals and groups of individuals controlled great wealth, while the Government was too poor to spend the necessary money on the development of what might or might not prove in the end to be profitable enterprises. Sir HAMAR, as well as a subsequent speaker, Mr. AMMON, was careful to dissociate Signor MARCONI from any suspicion which rested on the Company bearing his name.

Sir JOHN GILMOUR reassured the suspicious Mr. BAKER and his colleagues in some particulars. He explained why he was Chairman of the Conference—he was told off to do it by the PRIME MINISTER and, being well disciplined, undertook it—but not why the POSTMASTER-GENERAL was *not* its Chairman. He assured the House that, although some representatives at the Conference had gone home, it was still conferring. He further pointed out that it could come to no operative conclusions, only make recommendations to the Governments concerned. Before any definitive action was taken the matter would be brought before the House.

For which relief, said Mr. HARTSHORN, many thanks; and the House passed on to the consideration of prisons, past, present and future, a debate enlivened only by Mr. MAXTON's striking picture of the fate that might haply befall the Member for Penrith should a reversal of political fortune find him undergoing a sentence for sedition. But, added Mr. MAXTON, when the CHAIRMAN had intervened, he did not really want to see his friend, Mr. DIXEY, in prison. He would prefer the humaner Russian method (as envisaged by the latter) of getting rid of him. But even that, interposed the CHAIRMAN correctively, would require legislation. "I think it would be almost worth it," retorted Mr. MAXTON unkindly.



OUR PROTEAN PEER

whose versatility was once again proved by his conflicting attitudes towards the Equal Franchise Bill.

[Proteus, who tended the flocks of Poseidon, could assume at will every variety of shape, including for a time that of the Great Seal.]

LORD BIRKENHEAD.

Close Shaves.

"A Shavian is a person who is always narrowly escaping trouble."
Daily Paper.

"FIRST TIME IN THE MARKET SINCE A.D. 1500.

Half-an hour from the West End, yet in a quiet secluded position, surrounded by commons, 500 feet up, on a gravel soil.—Genuine Queen Anne and Georgian Residence."
Daily Paper.

The Tudor, or pre-Tudor, architect of this house must have been something of a Futurist.

Our Muscular Archæologists.

"A monument of a Roman cavalry officer standing over 6ft. high, found during excavations at Colchester, is to be handed to the town by the finder, Mr. W. ——."—*Daily Paper.*

"John Geoffrey gathered the pale and wistful face into one hand, crumpling it up ridiculously, then he kissed it all over, released it, and put her head back on his waistcoat, smoothing her rumpled hair."
Religious Publication.

These pale and wistful faces make a very smart addition to a well-cut waistcoat.



ANOTHER TRIUMPH FOR SCIENCE.

"HAPPY IS THE BRIDE THE SUN SHINES ON."

[With the assistance of ultra-violet ray-projectors brides are now able to command happiness even on the dullest days.]

THE ARTISTIC TEMPERAMENT.

My brother Thomas has no fixed occupation. He "writes." At times, that is. When anybody asks him to do anything he doesn't particularly fancy, he is usually "awfully sorry but must get some writing finished." He is also subject to extreme and quickly fluctuating moods. These characteristics combined are, I understand, generally regarded as indicating the Artistic Temperament. Thomas has one.

Rosemary, our cousin, on the other hand, is really an extremely nice girl. As a child she was, I believe, considered somewhat unbalanced. She used, I know, to prefer Thomas's society to my own. But mature years have, I think, brought with them that clearer perspective of the value of—— Anyhow she must see that Thomas is impossible.

On the evening in question there was nothing particular to be done and no writing appeared to be in immediate need of completion. Thomas was staring moodily into the fire. The Artistic Temperament was clearly registering deep depression approaching rapidly, if not already arrived, from some quarter unknown. Rosemary was more usefully engaged. She was repairing what for the purposes of this story we may call a stocking.

"'Know then thyself, presume not God to scan,'" murmured Thomas. "'The proper study of mankind is Man.'"

I glanced apprehensively at Rosemary. She continued working unperturbed. But then we'd been expecting something of the sort.

"Nobody but a POPE," said Thomas, "could have written that."

The fire spat angrily into the grate. It was evidently of a different opinion. So was Rosemary.

"I should have thought a Pope would have been the last person in the world to have written it," she said. "It would be sheer heresy. He'd be disgraced. You're pulling our legs, Thomas. Anyway, which one was it?"

"ALEXANDER," said Thomas gravely—"ALEXANDER THE GREAT."

"I thought so," said Rosemary. "He wasn't a Pope at all; he was a conqueror of the Near East. It was No. 4 in last week's 'How Much Do You Know?'—so there. Or No. 3," she added more cautiously.

Thomas merely looked ashamed and said nothing.

"Come on, Thomas," I said; "no shirking. Parry that or admit you're beaten."

"'Know then thyself,'" replied Thomas, shamefully evading the issue. "Do you know that I've now been on passing acquaintanceship with myself for close on twenty-five years, and I'm still wondering whether I'm one of the world's wasters or possessed of a genius waiting merely for a chance to burst forth and stagger the world?"

We again took it quite calmly. The A.T. includes all that sort of thing.

"Candidly I had no idea at all," I replied. "I quite thought that the two of you were better acquainted. But let us go carefully into this and see if we can't assist you. For twenty-five years, you say, you have been acquainted with——"

"But you're twenty-nine, aren't you?" interrupted Rosemary.

"The first incident in my life that I can recall," said Thomas, "occurred when I was four-and-a-half years old. Therefore I say I have known myself for close on twenty-five years."

"Very sound reasoning," I said without conviction. "For twenty-five years then——"

"What was the first incident, Thomas?" interrupted Rosemary again.

"Come, Rosemary," I said, "that may be interesting, but it's hardly relevant to the subject. Besides, very likely Thomas might prefer to keep it to himself. For the past twenty-five years, then——"

"Poor old Horace," said Thomas.

"I beg your pardon," I said. "Horace?"

"The first incident," said Thomas. "Don't you remember him? He'd broken through the hedge into our garden—he was our next-door neighbour's dog—and I had stolen the thermometer and was trying to take his temperature. I'd had my own taken the day before and I wanted to compare the two. I was getting on well, I remember. I'd got it under his tongue and Horace was entering well into the spirit of the thing when in an absent-minded moment he closed his molars. Nice dog, Horace," he concluded sadly. "I wonder what became of him."

"Died of hæmorrhage of the gums," I said. "Didn't you hear?"

"I'm sure he didn't, poor thing," said Rosemary. "I think it's a perfectly sweet story. What a darling you must have been, Thomas!"

"I was," said Thomas.

"Twenty-five years," I said, "is a large slice out of a man's allotted span. He changes considerably in that period. I'm told I was considered quite stupid at the age of twelve. However," I continued hastily, "we again wander from the point. For the last twenty-five years, ever since the days of poor old Horace—from what we may term the Horatian era—Thomas has been wondering whether he is one of the world's wasters or a genius awaiting recognition. He is still wondering. And he wants our opinion."

"Does he?" said Thomas.

"Thomas is all right," said Rosemary. "It's a pity he's not more honest, but he has his points."

Thomas smiled sadly—for the first time during the conversation.

"Every man has some points in his favour, Thomas," I said encouragingly, "and, as Rosemary remarks, you are no exception to the rule. She also raises the question of your honesty, and perhaps if we start on that it may help you to clear the way to a better knowledge of yourself."

"It's curious you should mention honesty," said Thomas, still smiling; "perhaps I can assist you. Let me tell you a short story. A man once owned a small two-seater car. He went for a drive in that car and came to a cross-roads. In the middle of the cross-roads stood a man in yellow uniform and black gaiters. He was an A.A. scout. As the two-seater approached he waved it past and saluted the man at the wheel. That man was not a member of the A.A. Question 1: What should that man do?"

"Turn back and go round another way," suggested Rosemary.

"The following day," said Thomas, "that man joined the A.A., and—mark this—ante-dated his first year's subscription to include the day on which the incident happened. Question 2: Was that man honest?"



Bobby. "I'M ONLY GETTING BABY USED TO KISSING GRANDPA WHEN HE COMES TO STAY."

"Did that man also forward to the police-station a fine sufficiently large to cover the number of times on which he had exceeded the twenty-mile-an-hour speed-limit?" I asked. I don't claim to be as a rule quick at repartee, but I think in this case the question was singularly apt.

"Don't be silly," said Rosemary. "Of course he didn't. I think it was an extremely noble thing to do," she added, turning to Thomas. "But did you really do it?"

"Not personally," said Thomas, "for the simple reason that the occasion did not arise. But it was the unhesitating advice I gave to a close friend of mine."

"But what ever bearing has that," I asked, "on the question as to whether——"

"Did the close friend act on the advice?" asked Rosemary.

"Not personally," said Thomas. "You see the incident didn't actually happen to him. It occurred in connection with a story he was writing."

Thomas is really exasperating at times.

"Then that finishes it," I said. "Thomas has proved to you conclusively, Rosemary, that his integrity is beyond reproach."

"Oh, he's honest enough, really," said Rosemary. "Only he promised at least two months ago to take me to a night-club, and he's never done so yet."

Thomas laughed. "You didn't really mean it, did you, Rosemary?" he asked.

"Of course," said Rosemary.

"To bring in some nonsensical yarn out of some drivelling novel," I said, "when one is going out of one's way to help you to a better knowledge of yourself seems to me in doubtful taste. However, I'm glad we've managed to raise your spirits a little."

Thomas looked at Rosemary.

"I think he's wrong, you know," he said.

"Who is, pray?" I asked indignantly.

"ALEXANDER," said Thomas. "ALEXANDER THE GREAT."

I picked up the evening paper. It's really impossible to talk to Thomas.

"What's he wrong about, Thomas?" said Rosemary.

"The proper study of mankind being man," said Thomas.

"What do you think it is, then?" said Rosemary.

"Woman," said Thomas.

Dry Sport.

"DOWNS 85 CUPFULS OF COFFEE IN RECORD TIME.

Once more Gus Comstock, the coffee drink pride of Minnesota, has gulped his way into the national coffee drinking championship.

Downing 85 cupfuls in 7 hours and 15 minutes to-day, Gus won back the title from H. A. Streety, of Aramillo, Texas, whose 71-cup record recently had bettered Comstock's old mark of 62.

Comstock, porter in a local barber shop when not defending his coffee drinking laurels, was given an ovation by the crowd that jammed its way into a hotel where Gus did his stuff."

American Paper.

"'Another Country,' by H. du Coudray, is a prize novel, the award being gained by a Lady Margaret Hall, undergraduate."

Publishers' Circular.

It doesn't seem fair. The award should have been given to the author, H. DU COUDRAY, and not to the titled undergraduate, Lady Margaret Hall. That is the kind of thing that breeds Bolshevism.



Caddie (as famous surgeon misses another short putt). "LUMMY! FANCY BEIN' OPERATED ON BY *'IM!*"

AT THE PLAY.

"THE ROAD TO ROME" (STRAND).

WHAT with the critics and the compilers of preliminary gossip an ambiguous title soon loses its power to intrigue the public. Otherwise, since there is a large choice of roads that lead to Rome, people might still be imagining that Mr. SHERWOOD'S play was a topical entertainment dealing with the Anglican opposition to the New Prayer Book. It certainly isn't that; nor has it anything to do with the itinerary of HILARIUS BELLOC. It treats of the road to Rome, or rather away from Rome, as followed by HANNIBAL after Cannae, and purports to give motives for his diversion to Capua when the City was his for the taking.

The author's respect for even the main facts of history is so negligible that one wonders a little why he did not invent figures and places out of his head. Probably he thought that there would be an attraction in such familiar names as HANNIBAL and HASDRUBAL, FABIUS MAXIMUS and SCIPIO, with their vague appeal to schoolboy memories of the more elementary text-books. And anyhow with burlesque it is just as well that the main outlines of its object should be at least dimly recognisable.

Fabius, when the play opens, has just been appointed Dictator with the idea of restoring the fortunes of Rome. For his young and frivolous wife, *Amytis*, born Greek, the great news is of less concern than the fascinating purchases of chiffon that she has been making in the market. (The merchant was from Antioch, which may explain why the smart new frock she had bought from him bore so little resemblance to any known style of Roman dress). Hitherto she had only been loosely aware that there was a war on, but what she now hears of the supermanly figure of the Carthaginian general (pronounced "Carthageenian) makes her sit up and take notice. Might there not here be matter for an amorous adventure with somebody less mature than her husband?

At this juncture news arrives of the rout at Cannae. *Hannibal's* army is at the gates of Rome; its camp-fires can be seen from the defenceless City. *Amytis*, on the pretence of escaping, at her husband's desire, to the house of a relation at Ostia, sets off privily, with a couple of slaves, for *Hannibal's* headquarters on a mission that resembles that of JUDITH'S in only one particular, since she doesn't care a paltry denarius for the fate of Rome. There they are instantly arrested and condemned to death as spies. *Hannibal's* young brother, *Mago* (pronounced like Lady OXFORD, though the others had to be content with the old Latin pronunciation), thinks to amuse himself with her and invites her to inspect his elephant corps. But she insists on a private interview with the G.O.C. *Hannibal*, calmly indifferent, endorses the sentence of death.



THE CONQUEST OF HANNIBAL.

Amytis . . . . . MISS ISABEL JEANS.
Hannibal . . . . . MR. PHILIP MERIVALE.

At this point the extravaganza—that is to say, the intentional fun of it—ends abruptly, and we are switched off to serious romance and the still more serious problem of the "human equation." As soon as her charm has worked, *Amytis* changes out of all recognition. After a night in his tent—not, you would say, the best introduction to a higher moral outlook—she pleads with *Hannibal* to spare Rome; less for Rome's sake than for the sake of his soul. How should it profit him to look back upon so facile a triumph? Rome was bound anyhow before long to fall through its own weight (*mole*, in fact, *sua ruere*). The greater triumph would be to turn away in the very hour of physical victory.

No, thanks, she will not go with him. It shall never be said that he weakly sacrificed achievement for a woman's love. Let his spiritual triumph be made perfect by the loneliness of its splendour.



A CAPTAIN OF HEAVIES.

Mago . . . . . MR. HENRY KENDALL.

And so, with a quiet disregard of the noisy protests of *Hasdrubal*, an extremely ebullient leader of cavalry, *Hannibal* countermands the assault on Rome, and we leave his army on the march to Capua.

So long as the burlesque lasted there was some pretty, if rather easy, fun, and we laughed heartily with the author; but when his adventuress suddenly lapsed into idealistic solemnity our intelligence was invited to laugh inwardly at his expense.

No reasonable critic would

be enough of a pedant to quarrel with the improbabilities of a play that set out to be a burlesque of history. Little objection can be made to the elementary humour of its deliberate anachronisms, such as the suggestion of "a hundred-per-cent Mediterranean League." But this preposterous inconsistency in one of the chief characters—an inconsistency asserted by the author with the utmost gravity—justifies the critic in an equally solemn assertion of its absurdity.

If the play survives it will be Mr. PHILIP MERIVALE'S doing. His *Hannibal* was a figure of infinite charm, instinct with natural dignity and an unstudied grace of movement and poise. I don't say that I actually mistook him for a conquering warrior who had marched his men all the way from Spain, crossed the ice-bound Alps (very slippery for his elephants) and broken the Roman armies in three pitched battles; but his very air of unlikeliness for the job was part of his distinction.

As *Amytis*, Miss ISABEL JEANS, though she seemed a little too conscious of her own piquancy, did excellently in her lighter and moresalacious passages, but could hardly be expected to make much of the author's incredible idea of her spiritual transformation.

The modernity of Mr. HENRY KENDALL'S *Mago* was extremely diverting, and Mr. KERRIGAN'S *Fabius* was a pleasant travesty of the great Cunctator.

The discipline of *Hannibal's* army was of the worst. They saluted smartly enough with the arm brought across the chest (as distinguished from the Romans, who raised it vertically in the right Fascist manner); but, for the rest, they all, including the H.Q. guard, a very scratch lot, seemed to do just what occurred to their fancy. I can't imagine how *Hannibal* ever got them across the Alps.

A difficult feat, but not much more difficult than the feat of getting the character of *Amytis* across the footlights.

O. S.

"CALL ME GEORGES" (GARRICK).

Couldn't some knowledgeable man of the theatre have buttonholed little Mr. TRUEX—as I hope we may affectionately call him—and insisted on his not producing *Call me Georges*? Is there no professional devil's advocate retained to attend the last rehearsal who could wag a gaunt finger and announce that this kind of thing won't do—if it won't? And it won't.

Mr. TRUEX is so pleasant to watch and flatters his author's lines so consistently with that apparently artless but in fact highly artful manner of his that, if there had been anything in this trifle, he would have succeeded in getting it over to us.

My mind horribly misgave me when I read in my programme the name of the first character, *Walter Waterhen* I foresaw many tiresome jokes about



BROADMOOR CALLING.

No. 61 . . . . . MR. ERNEST TRUEX.
Veronica Waterhen . . . . . MISS NADINE MARCH.
Walter Waterhen (her Father) . . MR. HUNTLEY WRIGHT.

that humble fowl. And I was not disappointed. It ought by this time to be realised that it takes a good deal of tact to make jokes about funny names which you have yourself invented and put in to make it more easy. It *can* be done, of course, but it is a dangerous business, and our ingenuous author did not escape the dangers.

The *Comte de Brousillac* met a convict (No. 61) on Dartmoor who had lost his way in the fog; changed garments with him (the *Count* was bored, I think); presented himself at the house of the *Waterhens*, made love to *Miss Veronica Waterhen*, who was engaged to *Sir Richard Hasluck*, who was Deputy-Governor of the prison; borrowed a suit of *Mr. Waterhen's*; was put up for the night at the instance of *Veronica*, who was also bored; and the next morning breakfasted at the *Waterhens'* between the Deputy-Governor and the bovine gentleman from Scotland Yard who had been called in by the prison authorities to find their mislaid convict—which my instincts tell me was a most unlikely proceeding on their part; steals the detective's car and arrives in his own London flat, where a very attractive young lady from the dressmaker's is taking off most of her few and exceedingly dainty clothes and trying on sundry costumes ordered by him for *Mrs. Waterhen* and her daughter, who are to be his guests. She continues to do this for the benefit not only of the *Count* but of the inevitable *Mr. Waterhen*, who has been overwhelmed by his first cocktail. Nothing cou'd have been more charming than the way this pretty young lady, Miss BARBARA GREY, accomplished this embarrassing feat; and nothing more unreasonable. But pray do not think that the author does anything very venturesome or mirth-provoking with this intrusive episode.

Mr. TRUEX himself (the *Count* with the very charming Franco-American accent); Mr. HUNTLEY WRIGHT, the stiff ultra-Victorian *Waterhen;* Miss MARY JERROLD, his wife, with her unrivalled capacity for saying the least tactful thing in the most charming manner; Miss NADINE MARCH, *Veronica*, the young Georgian Miss in revolt, did their clever best to pull the thing out of the slough of despond into which it slowly slipped and became embedded. Mr. DINO GALVANI and Mr. GUY BUCKLEY contributed two tolerable but unnecessary character-studies as a waiter and a warder.

I am sadly afraid that we shall not be calling Mr. TRUEX *Georges* for long, but am conscienceless enough to hope that by some happy chance I am mistaken. He is such an engaging fellow to watch.

T.

"This wealthy young American was married yesterday to Miss ——, the nineteen-year-old London cabaret dancer."—*Sunday Paper.*

Faint heart never won . . .

"CRICKET.

Turnbull took up the cue and made a beautiful drive to the ladies' pavilion at the expense of Tate."—*Cambridge Paper.*

What would he have done with a bat!

THE TEMPESTUOUS TRIPPERS.

I.

WHERE the bee sucks, there suck I
Oranges, and by-and-by
Throw the peel about to lie
Where each daisy blinks an eye
Scandalised and scornfully.
Merrily, merrily let us wreck now
Most of the blossom that hangs on the bough.

II.

Come unto these yellow sands
And scream in bands;
Picnicked when you have and flung
The tins of tongue;
Fling them wildly there and here
Bottles that have held your beer.
Scream! Squeal!
Fling bun
And scatter peel.
What *fun*!
Hark, hark! the clang
Of homeward honking "cherrybang";
Bank Holiday is done.

III.

In débris deep your Forest glooms;
Of its groves were cafés made;
These were dryads' drawing-rooms
Where the littered blossoms fade;
See! a paper-pocked burlesque
Of itself it stands, grotesque.
Bluebells sadly ring the knell
(Ding-dong)
Of silvan beauty,
Ding-dong, bell!

AN HERALDIC EXHIBITION.

FANTASTIC splendour filled the College of Arms when the Heraldic Beast Breeders' Association held their quincentennial show, the most brilliant armorial event since the famous Agincourt exhibition in 1415.

Once again HIS MAJESTY was awarded the open challenge escutcheon in the Lions' Section for a notable pride of three beasts *or*, of the English *leopardé* or *passant-guardant* variety, while a lean but vigorous *rampant gules* animal from his Scottish stud took the trophy for the best single lion.

The classes for double-queued, bi- and tri-corporate and dismembered lions attracted no entries, and it appears that leonine freaks are no longer fashionable among armigerous fanciers.

Tactlessness was shown by the organising pursuivants in quartering the English lions within roaring distance of the Clydeside unicorns. For a time it looked as if the animals would become *rampant-combattant*, but trouble was averted by the traditional expedient of issuing rations of white bread and brown, and it was unnecessary to proceed to the extreme course of drumming the disputants out of town.

Owing to the prevalence of langue and ungule disease, harts and stags were barred, but there were two fine spotted yales and an interesting miscellany of tusked tygers, cats-a-mountain, camelopards and sangliers.

Eagles, displayed, rising or volant, were numerous in the Birds' Section, but the once popular class for "preying upon a babe in swaddling clothes" was omitted on the representations of the N.S.P.C.C. Political changes on the Continent accounted for the absence of entries in the class for foreign bi-capitate or double-headed eagles. An American competitor was disqualified as unheraldic, but it is understood it may be admitted to the beakless and talonless class at the next show on condition that it undergoes the necessary disarmament.

Pelicans-in-piety were a dismal lot, but peacocks-in-pride and popinjays made a dazzling display.

As usual the Monsters' Section attracted the greatest interest on the part of the public. Asbestos cages were used to house the incensed or fire-breathing specimens. The judges wore gas-masks and the fire-brigade was in attendance. Despite all precautions one or two visitors who disregarded the injunction not to poke the exhibits with umbrellas received slight scorches.

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE carried off the first prize in the dragons' class with a fine leek-fed monster from Carnarvon Boroughs. By a curious error the City of London dragon presented itself for competition among the gryphons, and upon being directed to the dragons' quarters retired *affronté* to its pedestal in Fleet Street.

Of the cross-breeds, wyverns made an impressive display, the winner being the PRIME MINISTER'S family crest; but the only hippogriff was slightly spavined. Cockatrices were good in the pseudo-poultry class, but an exhibit illustrating an attempt to produce a peacockatrice was condemned by the judges as undesirable.

The prize for the most complicated hybrid went to the Irish enfield, which, with its fox's head, greyhound's chest, eagle's claws, lion's body and wolf's hind legs and tail, seems to have been expressly bred to be represented *courant after the hare électrisé*. The rumour that this creature has been acquired for the new Chamber of Horrors is denied by the authorities at Marylebone Road.

Urcheons, bagwyns, opinici and musimons, represented *statant*, *sejant* or *segreant*, and in every variety of metal, colour and fur, completed an exhibition which was both boastfully heraldic and pompously powerful.

LITTLE DOG RILEY.

LITTLE dog Riley's mamma,
Kin to a champion, took
Someone as Riley's papa
Not in the Kennel Club Book;
But little dog Riley, we hopefully feel,
Favours his mother a very great deal.

Little dog Riley 's, oh, quite
On the fox-terrier plan;
Little dog Riley is white,
Little dog Riley is tan,
And much like another he 'd be had not Fate
Found him a heart twice too big for his weight,

Which is the *awkwardest*? Hang!
Here comes the butcher's white "bull";
"Pin him," says Heart, "with a bang,
Pin the big blighter and pull!"
Then, all in a moment of dust and disgrace,
Little dog Riley 's a surgical case.

Little dog Riley is slick
Varmints to tackle and "larn";
Little dog Riley is quick;
Let us go up to the barn—
Look, while young Vicky 's still shaking her rat,
Little dog Riley 's nipped two—and the cat.

Little dog Riley 's no art
Lightly to make you his friend,
But, if he 's given his heart,
Then it is yours to the end,
For little dog Riley, I 'd wish you to know,
Sticks to a friend as he sticks to a foe.

Little dog Riley's mamma
(Hush, for I 'd whisper it) chose
Something as Riley's papa—
Just what it *was* no one knows;
But what 's a bend-sinister stain of the stud
If you stand like a paladin prince of the blood,
Or like little dog Riley whose pedigree 's mud?

P. R. C.

Activity in the After-Life.

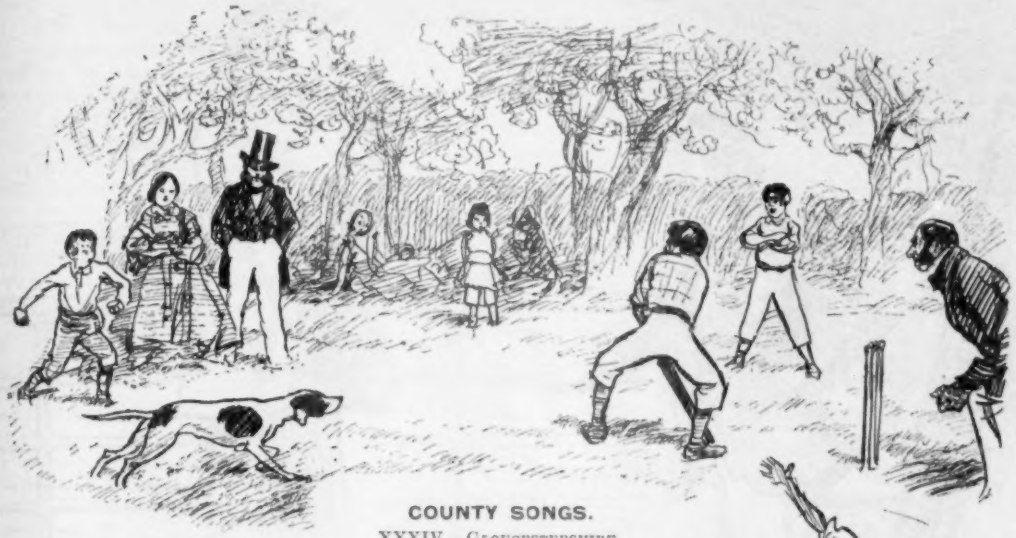
"It would be a great he p towards keeping the churchyard in good order if others would follow the example of those who clip the grass on their own graves."—*Parish Magazine.*

"Inmates of the Iowa State prison are allowed to breed canary birds in the institution."—*Vancouver Paper.*

Elsewhere known as Sing-Singing birds.

"The crew, a chosen set of ruffians who might have shipped with Moby Dick to search for the white whale."—*Manchester Paper.*

In accordance with the sound old maxim,
"Set a whale to catch a whale."



COUNTY SONGS.

XXXIV.—Gloucestershire.

Though cricket is changing and few are the traces
Remaining of W. G.
(Why the ball smaller?
Why the stumps taller?
Why twenty minutes for tea?),
Gloucestershire still is "The Home of the Graces"
To every old buffer like me.

Three was (as ever) the number of Graces,
Gloucestershire brothers, our Three:
E. M. the oldest,
Of fieldsmen the boldest;
G. F. the stylist was he;
And—highest in cricket for ever his place is—
Wonderful W. G. E. V. L.









Plus-One Cokernut-shier (to fellow-traveller). "IT 'S DIFFICULT TO REALISE IT 'S BANK 'OLIDAY IN THE MIDDLE OF THE OCEAN."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IT seems a long time since FERDINAND BRUNETIÈRE astonished many lovers of French poetry by denouncing BAUDELAIRE as "*Un Satan d'hôtel garni, un Belzébuth de table d'hôte*," and refused to recognise any merit in the greater part of his work. The wheel has come full circle, and the author of *Fleurs du Mal* to-day stands unchallenged as one of the great poets of the nineteenth century. In his brief but masterly preface to the definitive edition of that book, M. JACQUES CRÉPET has written a succinct account of the poet's life and work; and now, in *Charles Baudelaire* (WISHART) M. FRANÇOIS PORCHÉ gives us an enlargement of the same theme. "Depressing" is the word for BAUDELAIRE'S saga; from the early days when he sponged on his mother and threatened to strangle his step-father; during the years when he lived with his illiterate and disreputable mulatto, to the last scene of paralysis and aphasia, the story of his life is a pitiful and sordid record of self-torture and misery. M. PORCHÉ, however, makes a good point when he contrasts this undisciplined external existence with the orderliness of the poet's inner life—"an inward order . . . which gave to his art, to his technique, precisely those virtues which were lacking in his life—stern discipline, hatred of go-as-you-please, love of symmetry and balance and perfection." In the lives of great men there are generally some humble admirable figures in the middle distance or in the background. BAUDELAIRE'S mother is one of these, and another is ANCELLE, the trustee, whom BAUDELAIRE despised and reviled as a bourgeois and a bore—a comic Balzacian figure, who nevertheless was faithful to the end and wept at the funeral. M. PORCHÉ'S book is well translated—with a few lapses from elegance—by Mr. JOHN MAVIN. But it makes one wish to forget the poet's life and to remember him only through his great poems—*Recueillement*, *Don Juan aux Enfers*, *Hymne*, *Le Voyage* and so many others.

Adventures, as *Sidonia* told *Coningsby*, are to the adventurous. Mrs. ROSITA FORBES is as adventurous as they make them. She does not wait for adventures to come to her, but goes and looks for them—in Africa mostly, though her ardent spirit is not to be confined by a continent. And she finds them too. So she is fully justified in ranging under the generic heading of *Adventure* (CASSELL) the loosely-connected but mainly autobiographical chapters which constitute her latest book. "A gipsy salad," she calls the result; and that too is appropriate. For Mrs. FORBES is both a wanderer and a mixer. She has mixed, for instance, with the Mecca pilgrims, and though she did not get to the Holy City it was not for want of trying. In a "habbara" and a dyed skin, with a little Arabic and a great deal of cheek, she is ready to go anywhere. How she got to Kufara, the secret city of the Sahara, has been told in another book; here we have the narrative of a most perilous and uncomfortable journey to Jizan, in Asir, where no white woman had been

before her. Mrs. FORBES is intrepid, but confesses to knowing fear and has a good deal to say of that interesting emotion, with some astonishing examples from experience and observation. What she has to tell of witchcraft is even more astonishing and a real contribution, I fancy, to ethnology. She knows the harem inside out and is on the easiest terms with sheiks. And she is a writer of unflagging vivacity.

When E. F. BENSON sets out to make
The hearts of his numerous readers quake,
When he comes along with a tale to unfold
That 's intended to make their blood run cold
And their hair stand up like the quills that line
The back of the fretful porpentine—
When this is the mark that he aims to hit
You can take my word, if you ask for it,
That the job will be well and truly done,
As witness *Spook Stories* (from HUTCHINSON).

Each of the dozen has points that might
Be counted as good for a sleepless night,
But the thing that utterly lays me out
Is the number of spooks he knows about.
There are spooks that whistle and spooks that jeer,
Spooks that hang themselves once a year,
"Elementals" that rule the roast
As half a reptile and half a ghost,
Spooks primæval that fill the room
With an all-enveloping sense of doom,
Spooks that act in a friendly manner,
Spooks that strum on the grand pianner,
Spooks that react to your sense of touch
And grip your throat with an icy clutch,
And one who is haunted himself for the sin
Of doing his wicked old uncle in.

Every one of them touches the spot;
You can take your choice or swallow the lot.



Small Urchin. "'ERE, THIS BAT DON'T ARF STING AT THE BOTTOM, AN' THE 'ANDLE KEEPS KNOCKIN' ME IN THE TEEF."

Mr. FRANK GRAY demands of our dreary modern existence the nearest thing to adventure that it can provide. His experiences as a private in the War did not prevent him from becoming a newspaper correspondent in Ireland during the troubles which came after the troubles which followed the troubles which had just gone before. He made a Parliamentary election in Oxford really "hum," and he then made a hobby of tramping, to such an extent that he now makes a hobby of rescuing down-and-out tramps. Small wonder that, having visited West Africa as a mere tourist, though with a good deal more enterprise and inquisitiveness than the common globe-trotter displays in such a fatiguing climate, he decided to cross the continent from Lagos to Massawa in a motor-car. This is a long spin. It took, in fact, about two months to accomplish, and, as in his former journeying, he saw much that was strange and comments shrewdly thereon. He has no bias against imperialism packed up in his kit-bag, as most modern travellers seem to have, but if he doesn't like things he says so and tries to say why. He meets on both trips amusing and hospitable men, now white, now black. I like especially Chief DORE, of the Warri district in Southern Nigeria. Chief DORE was surmounted by an enormous satin hat of royal blue, with tassels falling over the brim, and the word DORE emblazoned on the crown in large block letters of silk. Chief DORE entertained Mr. GRAY in his theatre (a roofed but unwalled building) to champagne and cigars, and made his twenty-seven wives dance in honour of the English guest. A meal was also spread upon the stage, but not for Mr. GRAY. It was for the departed spirit of the dead father of the chief. *My Two African Journeys* is published by METHUEN and contains matter for serious meditation as well as for mirth.

He who sees no romance in cooking is both a barbarian and a fool. I am sufficiently fond of my meals to prize old menus as memorable literature, and even to gloat over them occasionally, and I am sure that all wise people will agree

with me about the intellectual joys which spring from the contemplation of food. In *Prudence and Peter* (BENN) Miss ELIZABETH ROBINS and Dr. OCTAVIA WILBERFORCE have set out to give children, in the guise of a novel, a zest for cooking and a knowledge of simple recipes. Unlike most authors who attempt to coat the didactic pill, they have succeeded in making the story worth reading for its own merits, and this is saying a good deal. *Prudence* and *Peter* are twins who decide to go out into the great open spaces and do their own cooking at the end of the garden. At first, as may be imagined, the fruits of their camp-fire are not particularly edible, and their mother contemplates recalling them, for the sake of their digestions, to the dining-room. An agreement is made that they may practise while she is away, and that a grand luncheon in the garden when she comes back shall decide the fate of all such orgies. The story is concerned with their efforts to become accomplished chefs in a very short time; with their alliance with *Mrs. Barber*, the cook, to whose amplitude one warms from the beginning; with the guerilla warfare with the *Old Turtle*, the governess; with the Great War and the General's Dinner; and of course, very properly, with their triumphs. It is a practical introduction to cooking, written in a savoury way which should appeal to all epicureans, young and old.

Tailors have always been sneered at by the rest of us with our "nine tailors make a man" and so forth, and it was high time that Miss NETTA SYRETT should champion them as efficiently as she has in her latest novel, portraying them as merely men and tradesmen—nothing more or less—and as likely to be good men and good tradesmen as anyone else. *Julian Carroll* (HUTCHINSON), her hero, doesn't go to the length of being born into tailoring, but he embraces the career at an early age and sticks to it throughout his working life. Certainly the iron enters into his soul, but it is the iron of disappointment and renunciation rather than the tailor's goose which saddens him. Though he might have preferred a profession he buckles to and achieves an almost international success from the humblest of beginnings. *Julian* is a fine character and as charming at eighty years as he is at eight. That he insists on concealing his own good birth from the commonplace children and grandchildren of his marriage is almost the only concession to snobbishness in his whole history, and his love for *Lydia*, the playmate of his aristocratic days, who afterwards becomes the *Countess of Carwyn*, is a really beautiful thing. Personally, I got so excited over his struggles for success and the use he made of it when he got it, and his joy in the one grand-daughter who resembled his own lovely mother, that I wished his creator had allowed him to live even longer than he does beyond the allotted span. A really interesting novel, well made from good material, if not quite in the fashion of the moment.

In the year 1896 *Lieut. Chantry* loved a Chinese girl not wisely but too well, and from his moral lapse arose dangers to his family which Lord ERNEST HAMILTON has most skilfully told in *The Four Tragedies of Memworth* (GOLLANCZ). Four calamities in one book may perhaps seem excessive, even to those of us whose appetite for sensational fiction is not easily appeased, but prospective readers of this story have no cause to be alarmed by its title. So cleverly and with such restraint has the author staged his quartet of tragedies that I, at any rate, suffered from no sense of surfeit. And in at least one respect his story is distinguished from the ordinary tale of its type. No criminal is hunted down and exposed; Lord ERNEST is content to put the facts clearly before us, and we are left to draw our own conclusions. And in this exercise of my intelligence I have found abundant and varied entertainment.

The tales in Miss TENNYSON JESSE's new volume, *Many Latitudes* (HEINEMANN), have their settings in lands as remote from each other as Cornwall and Russia, Ireland and the West Indies. The variety indicated by the title, however, is even more a matter of the emotions than of geographical position, for the stories range between the extremes of torrid passion and frigid virtue, not to mention, by way of completing the analogy, the doldrums of despair. It is perhaps in the last-named latitude that Miss TENNYSON JESSE appears to the best advantage; but she is very good in a grim little story of the Russian Revolution called "The Love Letters," where she makes effective use of her gift for exploring the darker byways of the human mind; and in the tale called "Baker's Fury," a clever study in that kind of unrelieved tragedy which seems so often to be inspired by the Duchy called Delectable. The salty flavour suggested by both the title and the paper "jacket" is only present in the first, the longest and incidentally the least successful of the seven stories which make up the volume. The successive camouflagings of *Captain Smith's* stolen ship and their acceptance by port authorities, Customs House officials and other people commonly credited with some share of ordinary commonsense make so frankly incredible a yarn that no amount of careful technical detail can render it convincing.



Unhappy Passenger. "CAN'T YOU STOP THESE BEASTLY WAVES FOLLOWING US ABOUT?"

In the earlier chapters of *Red Scar* (HUTCHINSON) *Alaister Diarmid* was so anxious to be accused of murder that I failed to comprehend his motives. Eventually, however, Mr. ANTHONY WYNNE gives an explanation of his extraordinary conduct, and it is reasonable enough. So successful was *Diarmid* in bringing suspicion upon himself that he had been found guilty of murder, and was actually on the point of being hanged, when "steps came rushing across the flagged pavement to the shed," and someone shouted "Stop . . . stop!" So they stopped; and *Dr. Hailey*, whose detective gifts have already won admiration from readers of Mr. WYNNE's novels, was in a position to place one more feather in his cap.

CHARIVARIA.

An unreported incident of the theatrical slump is that, on a recent first-night, at the final curtain the manager in a graceful little speech informed the author that the audience was not in the house.

We understand that the apes at the Zoo accept no responsibility for the opinions attributed to Mr. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW that recently appeared in *The Daily News*.

The parents of boy and girl twins have had them christened Amanullah and Souriya. The next move is with the N.S.P.C.C.

A boy of sixteen who was called as a witness at Wood Green said that he could not read. Mr. EDGAR WALLACE is reported to be bearing up as well as could be expected.

Now that the Greater Brighton celebrations are over we understand that preparations are in hand for a Much Greater Thanet Week.

The readiness with which Thanet longshoremen have complied with the new *Daily Express* system of collecting weather forecasts from seaside experts is regarded as proof that journalistic courtesy is not dead.

It is rumoured in Fleet Street that Lord BEAVERBROOK has given instructions that a reciprocal spirit is to be shown with regard to any little thing *The Daily Mail* would like to know.

Mr. T. P. PERKINS, the Amateur Golf Champion, is a chain-smoker, we read. Apparently he doesn't find that his smoking is affected by excessive golf.

The seventy-fifth anniversary of the foundation of the *Pester Lloyd*, the leading Hungarian daily paper, which was celebrated last week, was of course not allowed to pass without congratulations from its English equivalent, the *Pester Baldwin*.

There is no doubt that the inadequacy of the salary of a Prime Minister in this country, to which attention is drawn, is what deters many parents from putting their sons into politics.

Bobbed heads are going out of fashion, and among those who are said to be letting their hair grow longer is Mr. LLOYD GEORGE.

Dilatory play in recent important golf contests has been the subject of complaint. The offending players ought to be reminded that it isn't cricket.

The Yugoslav demonstrations against those inhabitants of Dalmatia who have opted for Italian nationality were due to resentment of the idea that any Dalmatian should wish to change his spots.

Annoyance is expressed by more than one correspondent of *The Times* at the indistinct gabbling of actors and actresses on the stage. The same defect characterises much of the conversation in the stalls.

"Leather is Leather," says a headline. Some seaside landladies seem to think it is steak.

Fungus has killed thousands of salmon in a Highland river. Fergus and Angus are nothing like so destructive.

Suits of armour are said to be in increasing demand in America, where a romantic interest is attached to canned ancestors.

A dog that can remember dates is now appearing on the music-halls. It would surely be more usefully employed in the Home Office.

"Life is all a matter of form," says an essayist. Ours, alas! is rather overshadowed with Schedule D.

Lady REITH, wife of Sir JOHN REITH of the B.B.C., has given birth to a son. We understand that the fact that one day he will have to listen-in to the Children's Hour is being kept from him.

A Norwich man who claimed to have lived for three months on two apples a day was taken ill recently and had to undergo medical treatment. We assume that the doctor was away at the time.

Members of the Eureka Bachelor Club have to pledge themselves to be bachelors all their lives. Several married men have offered to join providing that the pledge can be made retrospective.

According to the Mayor of Colchester oysters do not sing. And in any case what have they to sing about?

The question of the pronunciation of the Welsh word "Bwlch" seems to be causing difficulty in some quarters. It should, of course, be pronounced "Bwlch."

According to a fashion journal women will wear flimsy frocks at the Derby. Men of course will carry a spare shirt or two.

Musical compositions by the wives of HENRY VIII. were recently played in London. It is stated, however, that these compositions were not the main cause why HENRY VIII. changed his wives so often.

At one time codfish formed the currency in Iceland. We are very glad that we didn't have to go round with the plate in church.

It is said that the power of the pulpit is declining, but, on the other hand, it may be that in these nervy days we suffer more from insomnia.

A scientist suggests that paralysis may be cured by wireless. We ourselves have seen an invalid, who could hardly move for rheumatism, leap straight up to turn the thing off when a talk was announced.

A new song is entitled "I'd Like a Cup of Coffee at Your Place." The number is said to be full of homely sediment.



THE BETTING AUTHORITY.

Bookie. "MY FRIEND HERE HAS JUST BROUGHT WORD FROM MR. CHURCHILL. WE 'RE NOT TO PAY ANYONE UNTIL—NEXT WEEK."

THE CURSE OF THE COUNTRYSIDE.

[A writer in *The Times* echoes the indignation of the public at the neglect of the police to carry out the law which requires motor-cyclists to use a silencer.]

TO THE FORCE.

OF cases I have heard report
Too scandalous for me to touch on,
Where those you charged have left the court
Without a stain on their escutcheon;
And through its nose the Press has sniffed,
Robert, to see you biffed.

I loathe to kick the losing side
When it is down; so, not to hurt you,
I'll call it energy misapplied
Or, let us say, excess of virtue—
A vice (see ARISTOTLE'S views),
Yet easy to excuse.

But, if in your exacting tasks
You suffer from superfluous vigour,
Why don't you work it off, one asks,
By carrying out, in all its rigour,
The Law forbidding hogs to raise
Hell on the King's highways?

See where the cyclist rends the air,
Blasting the country's placid beauty,
While you, its guardian, you stand there
Indifferent to the claims of duty;
Your ear is deaf and blind your eye
As he goes hurtling by.

O Robert, you who should deter
The mokist from these foul abuses,
You who should be his silencer
When he ignores that gadget's uses,
Why don't you lift your hand to stop
His pestilent pop-pop?

Bulwark and bastion of the Law,
For whom my heart delights to cherish
Affection (modified by awe),
That sentiment must never perish;
So for this monster set your gin!
Trap him and run him in! O. S.

HOME LIFE OF A CLOTHES-MOTH.

I FLICKED at her with the evening paper, but she eluded me and settled on the table just out of my reach.

"That was very unfriendly on your part," she said, glaring at me with her beady black eyes; "you might have killed me. But there—you are no worse than other people; everyone is down on clothes-moths. I am beginning to hate humans."

"You 're a destructive little creature yourself," I retorted; "you do no end of damage."

"There you go," she said; "isn't that like a man? Suppose I *have* made a meal off your dinner-jacket and eaten bits of your golf stockings; I must live, the same as other people. I suppose you 'll admit that? . . . No, no, keep your distance, please."

"I wish to goodness you 'd keep your distance from my wardrobe," I said.

"I can't starve just to suit your convenience," replied the clothes-moth. "You mustn't think that I eat cloth for the fun of the thing. I have to. That flannel suit of yours was not at all to my liking, and I don't know what I should have done if I hadn't come across a pocket-handkerchief just in the nick of time. My life is not all cambric and muslin, I can assure you. We moths have a hard struggle sometimes. I got shut in the bathroom once at holiday time and had to live on huckaback and linoleum for a fortnight. Ugh! How would you like it yourself? But everybody 's down on us; it 's nothing but an organised persecution from one year's end to another. Even the Sunday papers give instructions for exterminating us."

She passed her antennæ before her eyes and an awkward silence followed.

"At any rate," I ventured to remark, "you 're living in luxury here; you have everything that a reasonable moth can want."

"There are worse cupboards, I admit," she replied. "Some of the things here are quite nice. And I came across a lace curtain yesterday that tickled my mandibles immensely. . . . Now put that book down, please, or I shall be off at once! Very well then, where was I? Yes, I 'm rather partial to curtains and art squares and flimsy things like that. It may be lack of judgment on my part, of course. I have a—a friend who 's always chaffing me for what he calls my 'depraved taste' for Continental kickshaws and Oriental goods. He 's Old English in his ideas and eats nothing but homespun and billiard-cloth. But that 's only narrow-mindedness, as I told him yesterday at the party."

"What party?" I asked.

"Oh, just a little informal affair that I was invited to in the spare room. The usual sort of thing, chintz and Kidderminster for grown-ups, and chopped baize for the pupæ. We broke up early; there was such a horrible smell of naphthalene and camphor! We nearly all had headaches. I can stand petrol, because the smell goes off after a while, but naphthalene is too much. It ought not to be allowed."

"You have your troubles, then?" I remarked sympathetically.

"I should think we have," replied the moth sadly. "My cousin Gladys, for instance, has been a great anxiety to us all. You see she was so obstinate and democratic in her ideas and—well, it 's no use beating about the bush—she married beneath her. Poor thing, she regrets her mistake now that it 's too late."

"Isn't she happy then?"

"Happy?" cried the moth. "Would *you* be happy in the servants' quarters, living on dish-cloth and old chamois-leather?"

I was about to ask her views on spring-cleaning but she had disappeared—probably into my new lounge-suit for supper.

Things which might have been more delicately expressed.

"'The Hon. D. Lloyd George,' whose portrait is not one of Sir William Orpen's best—the sitter's head seems swollen."
Provincial Paper.

The Bluejacket's Head-bags.

"In the course of years the bluejacket has gradually discarded several time-honoured articeles of kit. His cloth trousers, that buttoned up outside the serge frock, have on a crowded mess deck, and unless the brim was turned down—which spoilt it—was about as effected in keeping off the sun as a guardsman's bearskin."—*Anglo-Chinese Paper.*

"What are the best sellers among gramophone records? A man who works with —— assures me that the best sellers are Bach (organ and piano), Beethoven (excerpts from *Die Walküre*), Schubert, Brahms, Mendelssohn."—*Weekly Paper.*

The Beethoven is of course a posthumous work.

For the Bank of England on taking over from the Treasury the issue of paper currency:—

"A chiel's amang you making notes,
And, faith, he 'll prent 'em."



THE TWO VOICES.

FIRST SOCIALIST (*Politician*). "VOTE FOR MUNICIPAL TRADING!"

SECOND SOCIALIST (*Co-operative Trader*). "DOWN WITH MUNICIPAL TRADING AND ALL MONOPOLIES—EXCEPT MINE!"



Nurse. "BOBBY! WHAT WOULD YOUR FATHER SAY IF HE SAW YOU 'D BROKEN THAT BRANCH OFF?"
Bobby. "HE 'D SAY TREES ARE NOT SO WELL MADE NOW AS THEY WERE BEFORE THE WAR."

THE MERRY PARTY.

THE Merry Party may be found quite unexpectedly in certain hotels on the sea-coast, just as a patch of rare wild flowers may be met with suddenly in a field. It is unmistakable, never to be forgotten. There can be no doubt that the hotel belongs to it. The very stones cry out. . . .

It is not clear what relationship, if any, the members of the Merry Party have to each other, nor by what process they have become as familiar as trick-wrestlers or a troupe of performing seals. Still less is it clear by what process they have managed to turn a place of public refreshment into a kind of country-house of their own.

They are not all young. Far from it. If they were all young their gaiety might be forgiven them. I am the first person to pardon a certain amount of mild hilarity in the young and healthy of every lower animal species. But the infallible sign of the Merry Party, as seen and suffered in an English hotel, is that the oldest members of it are by far the most gay. They rise earliest, make the most noise, enter the sea with the largest splashes, wallow in it for the longest periods, uttering loud offensive cries, such as "Come along, Bill! And bring out Muriel's bathing-shoes. The water's as warm as warm!"

As a matter of fact the water is as cold as cold, and it is only because the elder members of the Merry Party have some kind of internal heating apparatus that they are never unhappily overtaken by cramp. They emerge from the water, their senility enhanced by an ever-ripening bloom. They eat porridge for breakfast; they practise swings in the hall; rabid with vitality they sing songs and they leap half-naked about the stairs.

The young of the Merry Party are comparatively quiescent. They dance a little, golf a little and fetch round the motor-cars from the garage; but they do not desecrate the early hours like these aging acrobats with their boisterous cries.

The Merry Party feeds in a gang at the best tables and drinks coffee in a gang, occupying the best chairs in the lounge. It is floridly arrayed. It golfs in a gang. The details of every round played by every member become rapidly known to all persons staying at the hotel. The quiet meditative guest feels in the presence of the Merry Party much like a man suddenly surrounded by bisons. They are wondering what he is there for, and he begins to wonder himself. At any moment he feels they may begin to push him out into the street. What, after all, is the use of a man who does not understand the joke about Harold's trousers, or why Daphne is usually called Miggs?

The staff of the hotel has become powerless against the Merry Party long ago, partly from financial reasons, no doubt, but partly, I believe, from sheer terror of so much high spirits and obstreperous glee. Get the head-waiter quietly into a corner and he will admit that he is cowed. The porter, who is of foreign extraction, came to the hotel long after the Merry Party had commandeered it for week-ends. To him it seems to be merely one of the strange phenomena of England. And perhaps he is right. The rosiest and stoutest member of it, who bellows most loudly in the ocean, is the porter's *beau idéal* of John Bull. He is Bison No. 1.

What the Merry Party does when not engaged with the golf links and the sea has never been known. It is wealthy. It must have a dark and dreadful life elsewhere, presumably supported by some commercial activity. But it is easier to imagine it as a kind of patriarchal tribe or herd, living under nomad conditions and moving by motor-car with every kind of sporting implement from hotel to hotel.

Such a Merry Party most certainly infested (and disgraced) the Grand Hotel at Pebbly Bay when Frederick and I paid a brief visit to it a fortnight ago. Frederick had recently re-

turned from Persia and was still a little dazed by the horrid customs of the Western world. Sitting in the lounge of the Grand Hotel, Pebbly Bay, we became mute unwilling watchers of the antics of the Merry Party as it romped and pranced around. Rubicund septuagenarians, of whom the tallest and stoutest apparently answered to the name of Tiny, slapped each other on the back and jollied each other about their slices at the fourth. Playful ladies of every age dashed into the sea with them, danced and played bridge with them, hovered about the steps waiting for horses and made bets on to-morrow's round. Everyone cracked jokes with the proprietress. Nicknames re-echoed up the corridors. Mixed parties, with bathing wraps flung open, would suddenly sweep down the stairs like a posse of Russian dancers, or be flushed from corners of the smoking-room. It was difficult, we found, even to make conversation amongst this riotous and familiar crowd.

"How different," I kept wanting to say to Frederick, "from the home life of your own dear REZA KHAN!"

Quite obviously we were intruders. And yet we had come to the hotel in perfect innocence, as *bond-fide* travellers wishing no harm.

We got to know a good deal about the Merry Party, their taste in cigarettes, what they liked on the wireless, their differing handicaps, how much they got out of their cars and how much they put in, how funny they found it to wake each other up with sponges in the morning and keep the bathrooms for each other and away from everybody else; how lazy Clara was, and how late Wilfrid went to bed. But which was father, mother, husband, wife, daughter, son, we never disentangled, nor how many families were interwoven to form the strange maritime unit that they composed.

They are going to the Derby, it seems—going on a motor-bus. Perhaps we shall meet them there. I hope we shall.

On our last evening at the Grand Hotel the Merry Party was very merry indeed. Frederick and I were in the lounge sadly sipping cocktails amongst the palms when they came in like a tidal wave in a tropical island, and Tiny ordered drinks all round. Deafened and almost submerged, we shrank into the dining-room. Soon after dinner we stole sadly to bed. They were re-enacting one of Wilfrid's putts in the vestibule.

When we left next morning some of them were already splashing about in the brine. They had sticks and dogs and a kind of pink india-rubber horse with them. The water was rough, yellow and cold. Tiny was there; his voice was raised in song. It was a terrible scene.

As we lunched at Dorking, Frederick had the curiosity to examine the items of his bill at the Grand Hotel, Pebbly Bay.

"Good heavens!" he said, growing more or less white under his tan, "what's this?"

Opposite the printed word *Cocktails*, on the date of the evening before, was the entry 15/-. I looked at my bill also. There was the same entry.

Unless we can rectify this matter it will always be a bitter thought to Frederick and me that we helped out of our own pocket to encourage the Merry Party in its noisome and uproarious *rôle*, especially, as Frederick puts it, when we could have shoved opium into their confounded coffee at half the price.

EVOE.



THE POETRY OF GOLF.

"WHEN DAISIES PIED DO PAINT THE MEADOWS WITH DELIGHT."
Love's Labour's Lost, Act V., Sc. ii.

Another Headache for Natural Historians.

"Mr. —— holds out no hopes for the cultivation of the deserts, where any animals, even if they survive, succumb to starvation."
New Zealand Paper.

"This Academy of the Empyrean renews the tradition of that happy garden near Athens where Plato sat and taught. To we who are young, it is the key to the realms of gold, for learning, etc."—*Wireless Paper.*

Us who are older have no use for these purple patches.

"GOES WEST TO GET MARRIED.

Nearly two years ago her fiancée, ——, a motor mechanic, emigrated to the States, where he secured a position with the —— Motor Co., and now, after eighteen months, holds such a good job that he has been able to send home for his finance to come out to him."
Belfast Paper.

In spite of the headline, this marriage is not being made in heaven.

SIX PASSENGERS IN SEARCH OF A PORTER.

(With apologies to Signor LUIGI PIRANDELLO.)

["Once a character is born, he acquires such an independence even of his own author that he can be imagined by everybody in situations where the author never dreamed of placing him." So says PIRANDELLO. Let us then place his "Six Characters" at a seaside terminus in search of a porter.]

SCENE—*A Platform.*

Characters:

A Father. *A Mother.* *A Son.*
A Step-daughter. *A Small Boy.* *A Baby.*
A Porter.

Father. Too many people go down to the sea in trains! There are too many people on this platform! There are too many people in the world! We have our rights!

Mother. Can't you get a porter?

Father. All these people, all these insignificant nonentities, have porters, but we—WE have none!

Step-daughter. Although you are not my real father——

Mother. Hush, dear—in a public place.

Step. I was saying, although you are—what you are, you might at least carry one of these suit-cases for me—or take the canary.

Father. Very well. Give the suit-case to me. I have taken upon myself your burden. But keep the bird.

Step. We all deserve it, so the Censor said.

Father. Look at this pile of luggage! There's nothing imaginary or unreal about that.

Mother. Unhappily.

Father. And yet, considering the way we are neglected, you would think it didn't exist.

Son. If you must travel with this unfortunate family of Mother's, if you *will* subject me to the indignity of their company——

Mother. Son, desist! For mercy's sake fetch a porter! The woman at the lodgings will think we're never coming and let our rooms to someone else.

Step. Oh, why did we ever come to the sea?

Father. There—that's gratitude.

Step. Gratitude indeed! I have no reason to be grateful to you.

Father. Will you never forget the past that never happened? Will you never forgive the offence which never took place?

Step. Never, until you find a porter. Are we to remain here all night?

Son. The breakers are breaking on the shore; I can hear them. The ozone is oozing from the ocean; I can smell it, and taste it on my lips. The wind is wafting over the waves; I can feel it stirring my hair. Soon they will be lighting up the pier, but we shan't be there to see.

Step. The Pierrots are pirouetting on the beach, the goat-carriages are promenading the promenade, and sticky children are eating sticks of native rock—but look at our children. Look at the tragic mites.

Mother. They are asleep on the luggage. They move uneasily in their sleep.

Father. The boy is having a bad dream, native rock or no native rock.

Step. Rock-a-bye, babies!

Son (morosely). Ba-ba, black sheep!

Father (to Mother). People are gaping at your widow's weeds. I wish you wouldn't dress like that on a holiday. It puts me in an ambiguous position.

Mother. I was a grass-widow for so long. There are always weeds in long grass. Let them think what they like.

Step. Whatever they think, it could not be as bad as the truth.

Son. It is so bad that it can only be done decently in Italian or French.

Father. And yet it never happened.

Mother. Can anyone get a porter?

Son. It's no use looking at me, Mother. It isn't meant that I should get a porter.

Father (excitedly). He's right; it isn't meant. If a porter came to us we should no longer be in search of one, and by that much we should cease to exist.

Step. (wailing). We are weighed down by our black unlovely possessions, eternally, eternally within sound of the waves.

Father. Chained to our inanimate belongings——

Step. And the canary? How like you to forget the canary! Stop singing, you little prisoner!

Son. And yet there is something to make a song about. He knows.

Step. And I know everything in all those boxes! I can see them all. It is as if the things were all spread out to view.

Mother. Hush, my dear.

Father (frantically). Porter! Porter! Even at the risk of annihilation, even at the risk of disintegration, I bid a porter come! We must end this somehow!!!

Son (grimly). I agree. It is time.

Enter Porter. The Family and their luggage fade and vanish.

Porter (looking round, bewildered). Well, I'm blessed! I could have sworn I heard someone calling. Could have sworn there was a pile of luggage here and folk standing round! What's this? A canary in a cage! Queer.

HOMAGE.

[Girls who are anxious to keep slim are said now to prefer cigarettes to chocolates as presents.]

YOUNG pagans were wont to make vows, we are told,
To please some divinity lovely and cold,
And, eager to earn an encouraging sign,
Buy incense and bring it to burn at her shrine.

In chivalry's era the lover devout
In mail cap-à-pie on his charger set out,
And, dented a little, returned to his sweet,
With loot and with laurels to lay at her feet.

Knight-errantry passed, and the chocolate came
To play a great part in the charming old game,
More easily won and more welcome to boot
Than old-fashioned tribute of laurels and loot.

Ah, then the fond lover required little art
To show what he felt to the girl of his heart;
How simple, how sweet was the language of chocs—
The warmer the feelings the bigger the box!

Alas, like the smoke-ring a draught blows away,
This code disappears from our customs to-day;
For the sake of good form—hers, and therefore his own—
Such fattening gifts he must now leave alone.

The ardent young lover who comes to adore
Approaches his goddess with incense once more;
He brings her the brand that she's known to prefer,
And it's zealously burned—not by him but by her.

W. K. H.



Maid (who has been asked to report on the barometer). "PLEASE, SIR, IT 'S POINTING TOWARDS THE DRAWING-ROOM."

MALIGNING THE MERMAID.

BY MARIE MORGAN, OF BRITTANY.

[It is suggested by a correspondent of *The Times* (May 31) that the family of mermaids which Mr. FISCHSTEIN has landed at Plymouth from Aden may be specimens of the dugong. "They might certainly," he cynically adds, "be mistaken for mermaids by anyone who could accept a mermaid as hideous."]

IT seems almost incredible that a paper of the standing of *The Times* should have given currency to such an extraordinary libel on our species.

Just consider the facts of the case, and take the mermaid first. By an overwhelming consensus of opinion, drawn from the folk-lore of all civilised countries and summarised in *The Encyclopædia Britannica*, the mermaid is admitted to have the head and body of a woman, usually of exceeding loveliness, while below the waist she is fashioned like a fish. Her hair is long and beautiful, and she is often seen combing it with one hand while in the other she holds a looking-glass. She is also endowed with a voice of singular beauty and fascination. (See HOMER, THEOPHYLACTUS, CHAUCER, GRIMM, WALTER SCOTT, PONTOPPIDAN and BARING GOULD *passim*.) Her reality is also attested by the fact that mermaids or mermen occur in the coats-of-arms of at least a dozen noblemen and gentlemen. It is further related that a mermaid captured on the shore of Belfast Lough in the sixth century was not only baptized but canonised as a saint; and STOWE in his *Chronicle* relates how at the end of the twelfth century a man-fish was kept for six months and more in the castle of Orford, in Suffolk.

Now for the dugong. The dugong has no head worth speaking of, its lips are described as gross and thick and its snout truncated. It has no proper arms or hands, but only flippers. It would therefore be absolutely impossible for a dugong to comb its hair with one hand and hold a looking-glass in the other. Besides it has no hair. Its tail is broad and crescent-shaped; the best mermaids have a slim compact tail.

Again, the dugong is chiefly valued as

an article of diet. Now I ask you, Mr. Punch, is there any record anywhere of anyone ever eating a mermaid? Imagination's widest stretch in horror dies away before such an act of constructive cannibalism. Also the oil produced from the blubber of the dugong is now very largely used in Australia of late years as a substitute for cod-liver oil. No one in his wildest moments has ever connected mermaids with the pharmacopœia.

In fine, however you regard it, the comparison is degrading, deleterious and disgusting. We appeal to you, Mr. Punch, in virtue of your invariable chivalry and support of the oppressed, to champion our claim to redress. Parliament, I fear, will do nothing, an appeal to a Scottish M.P. having elicited the unsympathetic reply that he was more interested in immature fish than mature mermaids.

Great Expectorations.

"The flames broke out in all directions, but the firemen were soon on the spit, and the flames were extinguished."—*Sussex Paper.*

"With the crumbling and decay it is the duty of posterity to grapple immediately."
From Church Restoration Appeal.

The worst of posterity is that you can never get it to do anything immediately.

PASSING SHOWS.

THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT.

OWING to the demands of Whitsuntide, by the time this tribute appears in print it will be almost an obituary notice. But there will, I believe, be a day or two left in which any laggards may still take their families to see a brilliant and inspiring show.

There is little new to say about the Royal Tournament; there can be little new to do in the Royal Tournament; and yet, unlike certain humorous papers, it is always better than ever.

This year, in the Toy Soldier event, produced the most novel and imaginative turn we have seen at Olympia for a long time. The boys of the Duke of York's Royal Military School, admirably doll-like in their scarlet tunics, with a hectic doll-flush on every small cheek, jerkily, precisely and almost invisibly performing their complex military movements, thoroughly enjoyed themselves, I should say, and so did we. The simultaneous "upsetting" of the dolls was beautifully done, though the illusion and surprise would have been even stronger, perhaps, if they had fallen higgledy-piggledy instead of uniformly.

But to me by far the most thrilling and spectacular event will always be the Inter-Port Field-Gun Competition. And it seems a fault of production to give it always the first place in the programme, so that the unpunctual miss it and the punctual see the best thing first. It is the only event which has the attractive element of visible rivalry, and it is far the most obviously dangerous of all the dangerous performances in this entertainment.

The makers of this year's programme ingeniously and graphically expressed in terms of pianos the weights of the various heavy objects which the intrepid teams of mariners and marines convey in succession over walls, banks and rivers. It would have been clearer, perhaps, if we had been told whether the pianos were grand or upright; but there it is—the gun-carriage (with wheels) and the limber (with wheels) are *each* equivalent in weight to *two* pianos, the gun *alone* is nearly equivalent to *three* pianos, and the total weight of the field-gun (complete) is SEVEN pianos. And, whatever the dimensions or horse-power of the particular pianoforte referred to, the careless airy manner in which they are flung about approaches the miraculous. Only two men were hurt in this event at the dress-rehearsal, and these not seriously, which also is



ROYAL SCOTS MAK' SHOR-R-R-T WOR-R-R-K O' THE LADDIES FRAE MOSCOW.

a miracle. The men seem to go mad. They could not take less care (apparently) of their lives and limbs if there were a war on. They fling piano-worths at each other; they place their heads or arms on walls and allow piano-equivalents to be dropped upon them; they fly through the air across rivers embracing moral pianos and are shaken off like flies when the pianos arrive; they keep their heads turned away and motionless while metal pianos dash along the aerial wire towards them and miss those heads, seemingly, by the merest chance. It is all in the game; their supporters, kneeling at the end, urge them on; the race is thrilling; and who cares? It is like several games of rugger proceeding at the same place and time, and played with steel pianos instead of balls. Last time I saw the event I wondered whether on active service any ammunition wou'd remain unexploded when the river was crossed, and this time I wondered whether any gunners would survive to fire it off.

Another pleasing thing in this event was to note the differences of technique and method with which different teams performed the same small parts of the operation, showing (what we all know) that genius and individuality may still survive within the machine of discipline and Service Regulations.

After this everything else is for this humble spectator an anti-climax, however efficient and pleasing to the eye. The gun-business should be No. 6 or 7, instead of No. 1. Not that there is no more danger or daring. What looked like a nasty smash (but, I believe, turned out all right) in the diagonal crossing movement of the Musical Drive (done by "M" Battery, R.H.A.) showed us very clearly the perils and complications of those pretty pattern movements which have always looked so smooth and easy before. One realised the weight and momentum of the limbers, the fatal "way" they have on them if anything does go wrong. The whole turn is like a lot of battleships playing the tricks which taxis play with each other in the narrow streets of Soho. A dress-rehearsal, with a snag or two in it, is always more instructive to the looker-on than a first performance which goes without a hitch (dramatic critics, by the way, should always go to dress-rehearsals and never to first-nights); and this unhappy and frightening accident beautifully displayed the imperturbability and genuine carry-on-ery of the Services. While two horses and a driver were being extricated from beneath the limber (unhurt apparently) a reserve team appeared almost unnoticed in the arena, and, without a word said, with

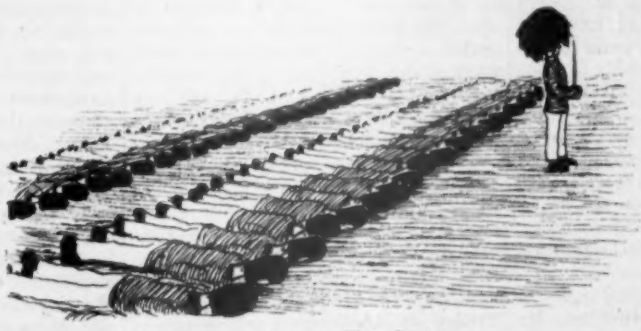


THE DRUMS OF THE FORE AND AFT.

scarcely a sign, the six teams refound their places, and the event was serenely continued to its conclusion as if nothing whatever had happened.

The Musical Ride of the Royal Scots Greys—2nd Dragoons—(carrying the obsolete lance) was lovely, and I hear from a daughter that the concluding historical display (by the Royal Scots Fusiliers) was prettier than usual and had fewer "shoots." All the other events were first-class in their different ways—the Guards' Drill, P.T.I. by the Air Force, and Riding (or Equitation, as they call it now) by various units. The whole show is a great piece of organisation, a great exhibition of the powers of the human body and mind, and of the value to the human frame of Service discipline and training, and, so far as I know, the only good thing that I get from the State. Really, I have half a mind to pay my income-tax.

A. P. H.



GENERAL SALUTE, NEW STYLE.

NEGATIVE AIDS TO KNOWLEDGE.

(Italian Art Section).

ALESSANDRO SCARLATTI
Did not compose "Batti, Batti"
For ADELINA PATTI.

The talented author named DANTE
Makes no mention of Asti Spumante,
Nor yet of the steed Rosinante—
He lived far too many years *ante*.

The eminent artist named TITIAN
Was a painter and not a musician.
He had not a *voce di petto*,
Like that of the great TINTORETTO,
But only a feeble falsetto.

ARCHANGELO CORELLI
For Miss ARANYI (JELLY)
Did not compose,
As some suppose,
The famous Devil's Trill;
TARTINI the goods delivered
And, showing how Satan shivered,
Inspired our MARIE'S quill.

Cardinal ALDOBRANDINI,
BENVENUTO CELLINI
And NICOLO PAGANINI
Never enjoyed the boon
Of hearing TETRAZZINI
Or seeing GENE TUNNEY and HEENEY,
Because they lived too soon.

ORLANDO LASSO
Did not play on the contrabasso.
He never set eyes on
TORQUATO TASSO
And did not discover the
Sea of Sargasso.

PALESTRINA
Did not play the concertina
Or the ocarina;
And yet some village churches in the Quantocks
Perform his works more frequently than BANTOCK'S.

"A. ——, son of the old international sprinter, established himself as Victor Dudorum of the —— College Sports."—*Daily Paper.*

He seems to have been a bit of a lad.

"Another hint which helps to prolong the life of a shoe is to wear it on alternative days."
Fashions Paper.

A shoe every other day keeps the cobbler away.



Doctor. "AH, WE MUST HAVE YOU AT MY NURSING HOME."
Patient. "BUT, DOCTOR, YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND. I'M FEELING *REALLY* ILL."

BRIGHTER GOLF.

IT was resolved this year that the final of the Empire championship should be over eighteen and not thirty-six holes, as other arrangements did not allow of more than a week being allotted to it. The two competitors, Mr. Sandbox (Careful and Ancient) and Mr. Brassey (Slow-on-the-Wold) are known to belong to the advanced school of golfers, a school which realizes the truth of the adage that genius consists in taking infinite pains, and it was considered that three holes a day would put a sufficient, if not an excessive, strain upon their powers. Colonel Eyre Shott acted as referee, and accompanied the finalists in a bath-chair drawn by an ex-service man who had been partially disabled in the Ashanti Campaign of 1874.

The start was advertised for ten o'clock, and punctually at that hour Mr. Sandbox, to whom had fallen the honour of taking the opening drive, appeared on the first tee, amid loud applause from a crowd numbering several thousand people. It was rumoured that his opponent was still in bed, having left instructions that he was not to be disturbed until Mr. Sandbox showed signs of beginning his preliminary waggles.

Mr. Sandbox, after a few moments' silent meditation, devoted a quarter-of-an-hour to an inspection through a pair of binoculars of the fairway to the first hole.

AN INTERESTING INCIDENT.

He then walked at a moderate pace to the spot where he anticipated that his drive would alight, a distance of some 250 yards from the tee, and proceeded to make a microscopical examination of the vegetation in the vicinity, crawling about on his hands and knees to do so. These activities were witnessed by the spectators with absorbed interest. Meanwhile, in order not to delay matters, the strength and direction of the wind were being accurately tested with an anemometer, which one of his attendants carried. These details having been adjusted a return was made to the first tee, where immense excitement was created by Mr. Sandbox asking one of his caddies to bring him the bag containing his fourteen drivers. Campstools and books were hastily put away, for it was felt that things were beginning to move. A message was sent to Mr. Brassey's hotel, and there was some talk of awaking the referee, who had fallen into a peaceful doze. At 10.40 it was announced through a megaphone that Mr. Sandbox had eliminated all his drivers except three, and would proceed shortly to a final choice. He was now engaged in deciding which of twenty-three different makes of golf-ball would be best suited to the ground and to the weather.

FIXING THE PEG.

The important ceremony of fixing in the ground the small white celluloid peg which Mr. Sandbox uses as a tee now took place. Three caddies assisted in this operation, one to hold the peg, another to push it in, and a third to measure the correct height in millimetres. At this juncture there was some interruption of the proceedings, for an intimation was received that Mr. Sandbox might after all employ a spoon instead of a driver for his initial stroke. It transpired that he was concerned about three rabbit-scrapes and the mark of what appeared to be a horse's hoof at 253 yards from the tee. In view of the risks involved he thought that it might be judicious to limit his drive to 230 yards. Further reflection, however, decided him to adopt the bolder course and to let himself go, as he phrased it. This resolution was received with acclamation and recognised as being characteristic of the dashing spirit which distinguishes the golf of Mr.

Sandbox. With the same daring nonchalance he disregarded an announcement conveyed to him by his meteorologist that the wind had shifted the fraction of a point and had stiffened slightly. He merely nodded his head with unruffled serenity.

The peg, which had not been removed, was therefore allowed to remain *in situ*, and after a brief interval a Highflier, Yellow Spot, No. 3, the ball selected by Mr. Sandbox for the first hole, was deposited carefully upon it. The spectators, with their nerves strung up to a high pitch of expectation, contemplated for ten minutes the immaculate white globe resting upon its diminutive eminence.

The supreme moment had now arrived, or nearly arrived. The word went round that Mr. Sandbox was about to divest himself of his pull-over. The stewards hurried about with ropes, marshalling and controlling the excited onlookers, so as to secure a broad lane for Mr. Sandbox's drive.

AN OPTIMISTIC FORECAST.

At the apex of the wide angle thus created Mr. Sandbox himself was seen lying prone and taking a further and final survey of the horizon. His waggles and trial swings would soon begin, and then, as a cheerful bystander assured us, we should not have long to wait. "This," he added, with reference to the preparations we had been privileged to witness, "is quick work. It is on the green when they are studying the lines of their putts that they like to take their time about it."

It was the more disappointing that at this ecstatic moment your correspondent became aware that the last train for the South was on the point of departure. As he had the whole forenoon at his disposal he had hoped to be able to describe for the benefit of your readers at least a hole or two, but he is now constrained regretfully to admit that his report is more in the nature of an introduction to the great struggle than an actual account of it. He is consoled, however, by being able to conclude with an important item of information. For on examining an evening paper purchased at Peterborough he learned from the "Stop Press" that Mr. Sandbox had made a good drive, though unluckily a slight hook had carried his ball into the short rough. In a brief interview Mr. Sandbox ascribes this misfortune, for it cannot be termed otherwise, to his use of Number 7 instead of Number 10 driver, as well as his neglect to take into account the increased strength of the wind. He will, he adds, devote more attention to his second shot, which he hopes to play some time during the afternoon.

A. C.



Club Bore. "I *MUST* TELL YOU THIS ONE—SCREAMINGLY FUNNY—STOP ME IF I 'VE TOLD YOU BEFORE."
Victim. "YOU HAVEN'T—IF IT 'S FUNNY."

THE PARA-TYPHOID SUSPECT.

(By One of Them.)

THE para-typhoid suspect groans
And loses weight by stones and stones.
Nurses insert with "holy glee"
Beneath his tongue the mercury,
And, pleased with thermometric arts,
Compile the most exciting charts.
And next the good Clinician comes,
Prods your abdomen with his thumbs,
And, pondering with chin on fist,
Sends out for the Pathologist.
Pathologists with horrid jests
Take blood and other gruesome tests;
For Para-typhoid "A" and "B"
They cultivate industriously.
If the results are negative
No clear certificate they give;
The tests are merely inconclusive
Because the microbe 's so elusive.
And thus, whatever your condition,
You can't eliminate suspicion.
In fact, quite often, I 'm assured,
Before you 're diagnosed you 're cured.
Alternatively it is said
You 're only diagnosed when dead.

"CHARGE OF ARSON AT PRIESKA.
ASBESTOS MINER COMMITTED FOR TRIAL."
Headlines in South African Paper.

Unfortunately with an asbestos prisoner you can't find a punishment for arson to fit the crime.

LIVESTOCK IN BARRACKS.

XII.—PIGEONS.

A SHORT while ago Division decided that they would have Minor Operations. Minor Operations, as distinct from Major Operations and Manœuvres, generally mean more paper from Division and Brigade and more work for us. In this case, however, it meant more fun too, for our battalion for some inscrutable reason had had attached to it for the week a Brigade Signalling Officer, complete with a Mobile Carrier Pigeon-Loft.

That pigeon-loft was an object of great curiosity to us. We wanted to go over it and investigate it thoroughly, for we always *were* fond of animals and birds and so on in our Mess; but, owing to the Operations, we never seemed to get a chance. Also there were about seventy other people displaying a curiosity in the pigeons, too, from the Brigade Major, who wrote every day to know if they were still all there, to the battalion cooks, who tried to steal them for pies every night. In fact the only person who didn't seem to care about them was the gentleman *in loco parentis*, the Brigade Signalling Officer. But then he, poor chap, had just got engaged, and everyone knows what that means—telephone messages in feminine voices all day, a preoccupied look when at work, total absence from 4 P.M. to midnight, and his sleeping quarters littered with crumpled white ties—"some of our failures," in the words of the beau's valet.

For a week, while the Operations were on, we could not investigate the loft and only saw the pigeons on duty. On Saturday our battle ended; on Monday the loft was to return; therefore on Sunday morning we went down *en bloc* to see the pigeons unofficially for the first time. The Signalling Officer, poor fool, had gone away for the day with a fatuous smile and new lavender spats; so Captain Bayonet, whose aunt has an aged and foul-mouthed parrot, and who therefore affects to know everything about all birds, appointed himself leader.

The first person we saw (after, of course, the sentry, placed day and night over the loft with instructions to shoot any approaching cook on sight) was a signaller, armed with a long pole with which he was beating round the top of the loft, sending the pigeons out for their morning exercise. We were rather impressed by this; it looked like a combination of lacrosse, getting apples from high boughs and tossing the caber. Our Lieutenant Swordfrog, who is young and enthusiastic, was permitted to have a try, and at the first drive brought down several ripe pigeons who hadn't properly woken up yet. One large fat sleepy fellow came down on to Captain Bayonet's cap, dropped into a profound slumber, and had to be picked off by hand. This gave us an idea. We decided that we would ourselves test these pigeons at their job by taking a few over to the Mess and sending messages back to the loft.



"LIKE A COMBINATION OF LACROSSE, GETTING APPLES FROM HIGH BOUGHS AND TOSSING THE CABER."

A moment later Bayonet and Holster and I were on the Mess tennis-court, each holding a somnolent pigeon. James and Swordfrog awaited us at the loft. The signaller had told us that the way to send off a carrier pigeon was to hurl it along just above the ground. Bayonet led off.

He unfortunately had the sleepiest pigeon. It hit the ground almost at once, bounced twice and rolled to a standstill in a clump of grass at the edge of the lawn, where it tucked its head under its wing and dropped off to sleep once more. Bayonet got it out of the rough into the fairway with his second, and managed to launch it with his third. Flapping languidly, it just cleared the bushes at the far end of the aerodrome and winged heavily off. Then we remembered that in the excitement of getting the bird away we had forgotten to send any message. I may say here that James and Swordfrog subsequently spent several minutes searching this pigeon all over for any remarks. James eventually decided it must have eaten them, while Swordfrog was of the opinion it had committed them to memory.

I tried my pigeon next. Unluckily I forgot about the tennis net. I disentangled it and claimed a second service, as my first had not got over. This time I managed to put a leg break on it, and it went off at a sharp angle. This surprised it. It rose vertically like a helicopter, circled the Mess twice in startled fashion, and finally sat on a chimney-pot, where it began to preen itself. A well-directed pebble recalled it to the path of duty, and it went on its way, carrying to James the message, in imitation of the Brigade Major's daily query: "Please report by carrier pigeon how many carrier pigeons you have."

It was some while later, while Holster's pigeon, a stout well-favoured bird, was being retrieved from the Mess kitchen, where it was discovered being heavily fed by the waiters, that a private appeared bearing in his hand a pigeon with a message round its leg. He saluted, and presented the bird to Bayonet. It was James' answer:—

"Yours received. Total strength of carrier pigeons 39

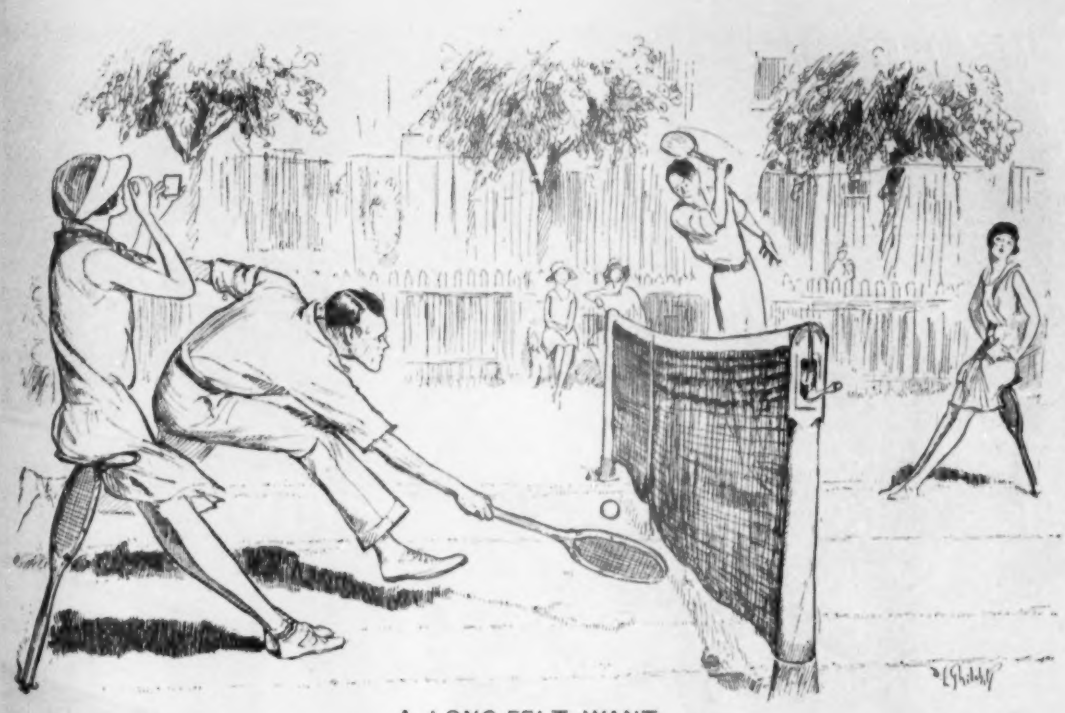
Made up as under:—

Pigeons seated in loft 22
Pigeons on duty 1
Pigeons on leave 1
Pigeons absent without leave . . 3
Pigeons flying round me and dashed difficult to count—presumably . 12

Reply is being sent by carrier pigeon as requested, but orderly accompanies, as am informed these are only one-way pigeons."

We stopped after that. We felt that if we were reduced to sending pigeons about by hand we might as well telephone and have done with it.

The mobile pigeon-loft returned to



A LONG-FELT WANT.

FOR THOSE WHOSE PARTNERS DO ALL THE WORK: THE COMBINED RACQUET AND SHOOTING-STICK.

Brigade the following day. The three pigeons absent without leave turned up a short while later and looked rather startled—and quite rightly. After all it does rather strike at the basic idea of carrier pigeon work if their home is a mobile one. A. A.

PSHAW!

WHEN Miranda was convalescing from an attack of influenza I made what I now realise was an extremely foolish suggestion. I suggested that I should read to her.

She was enthusiastic about the idea.

"Oh, do!" she cried; "I love being read to;" and she settled herself snugly in her chair.

I selected a novel. The opening chapter was conversational. Carefully regulating my breathing and speaking from the back of my throat, I imparted to the cold print a warmth and colour which I think did me credit. The light and shade of the dialogue was nicely balanced, the individuality of each character brought out with a virtuosity that would certainly have gratified the author. I was proud of my rendering of that chapter and was naturally hurt when, at the end of it all, I discovered that Miranda was fast asleep. When I rebuked her she pleaded the after-effects of 'flu and the soothing quality of my voice.

"As a matter of fact," she said, "I think it is a horribly dull book."

"On the contrary," I ventured, "I am enjoying it immensely."

Miranda explained that it was not good for an invalid to argue, and requested me to continue the interrupted story.

Suddenly turning over a page I came upon the word—exclamation or whatever it is—that is written thus:—"Pshaw."

Now "Pshaw" is an exclamation, or whatever it is, with which until that moment I had never been on speaking terms. I had met it before in books, of course—novelists are very fond of it—but I had merely observed it and passed on. Now, however, it stood menacingly in my path.

I looked at Miranda. She was listening expectantly.

"Pshaw," I read.

"P. Shaw?" asked Miranda. "He's a new character, isn't he?"

"This 'Pshaw' is not a man," I said. "He—or rather it—is an expression of contempt or impatience."

"Oh, you mean 'Pish,' don't you?" she said rather irritatingly.

"When I say 'Pshaw' I mean 'Pshaw,'" I replied with hauteur—at least it would have been with hauteur had the word not been what it was.

"Let me see it," Miranda commanded. "I don't know what you're talking about."

I handed her the book, and she studied "Pshaw" carefully.

"Isn't it a kind of Persian ruler?" she inquired; "I think I must have seen it in cross-word puzzles."

"No, no," I cried. "'Pshaw' is just 'Pshaw,' and you cannot make it anything else. In effect it does mean 'Pish' or 'Tush,' but it has nevertheless an individuality and special sense of its own."

"Very well, have it your own way," said Miranda. "Anyhow I think you read very badly. You don't articulate at all well."

I ignored this and proceeded with my reading. I was again becoming greatly interested in my rendering when I saw to my horror that I was bearing down upon an even thornier problem than "Pshaw."

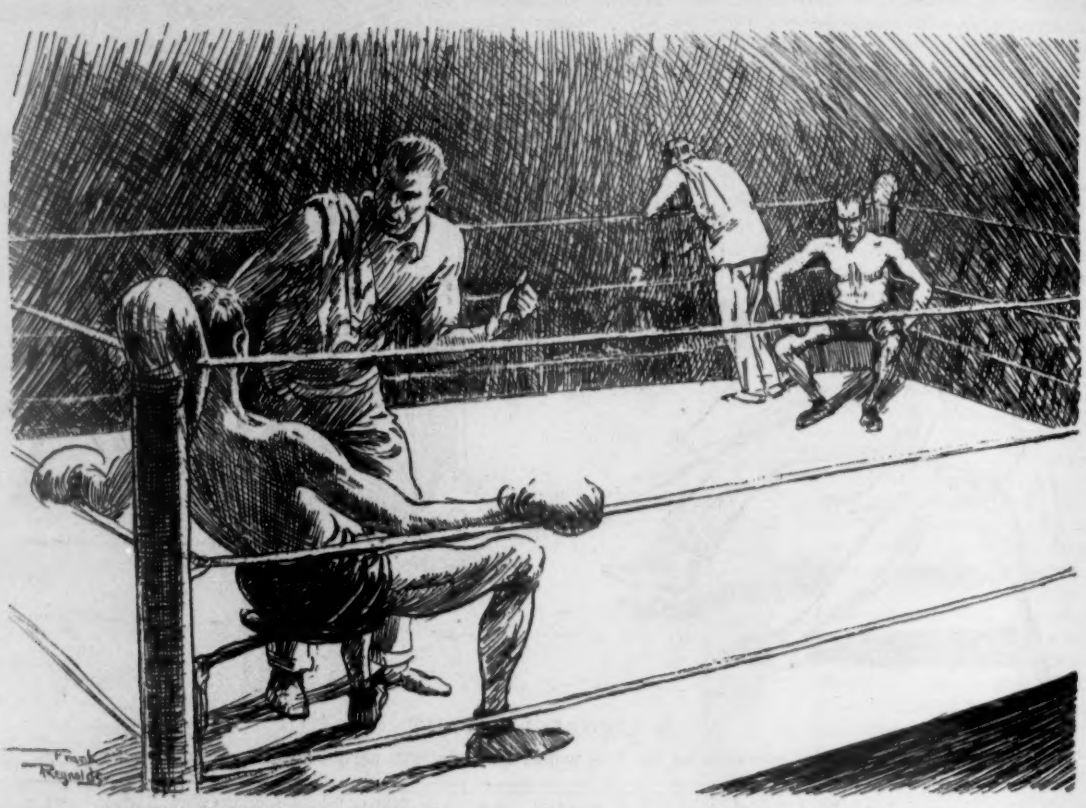
A few lines ahead I caught sight of "Imphm."

I looked at Miranda and again her eyes were closed.

"Miranda," I asked, "are you listening?"

"Pshaw," she murmured sleepily.

With a sigh of relief I closed the book.



Second. "DON'T KID YERSELF ABOUT THIS BLOKE; 'E MAY LOOK LIKE A ''AS BEEN,' BUT 'E AIN'T ONE OF THE 'NEVER WAS-ERS'; 'E'S A 'STILL IS ER.'"

LORD CHARIOT'S GAFFE.

"Toto is a broken woman," remarked Nitocris Jones; "she's brooding. I've just been sitting with her. By the way, have you a death sentence? She smoked all mine."

"Then," I said, offering my cigarettes and a match, "there is still something left of the Toto we all love."

"You knew (puff), thanks (puff), she gave up good works, didn't you?" said Nitocris.

"Yes, but why?"

"She found herself getting so frightfully matey with the ignorant poor that it was all she could do not to be rude to her committee. Then of course she went all Chelsea. There was nothing else for her *to* do, was there?"

"Get married," I suggested.

"Bless you, darling," said Nitocris, "the man she feels she wants isn't *nearly* divorced yet. Well, to plod on, she got in with Désirée Mondschein's gang—Hereward Gobbins, the one-jade-vase-against-a-passionate-black-wall young man, and Lady Wangle——"

"Who *is* Lady Wangle?"

"Darling, no one knows. And the late Sir Silvester was a bit of a dark knight too. But there she is—1919 Honours List, oodles of money, as kind as treacle and *rather* naughty."

"I know," I said, "I know."

"Then there's Penelope Chevronny, the good old family gone bravely to seed, my dear; and little Percy Stedge, he talks about Bund Street, and the bold bad Bart., and——"

"And now there's Toto le Mousine."

"Was, my lamb," said Nitocris.

"Do you mean she's stopped being Chelsea already?"

"She's left that gang, anyhow—since last night. I'll tell you all about it."

I produced another cigarette and another match.

"Well (puff), thanks (puff), last night Désirée Mondschein and Lady Wangle gave a joint bottle-and-pyjama party in Désirée's studio—you know, everyone brings a bottle of something, wears pyjamas, looks resigned and talks about urges. And no one started the evening more resigned than Toto. In fact, she told me she felt a hundred-per-cent Bohemian.

"But last night Lord Chariot," Nitocris went on impressively, "was dining at his club with a friend who had saved his life in the Crimea or something of the sort, and it appears from his subsequent excuses to Toto that the friend said to him with the third brandy, 'Chariot, what's happened to your seven girls?'

"'They're married,' said Lord Chariot. 'No, begad, they're not. There's Toto.'

"'What's Toto doing?' said the friend.

"'Begad,' said Lord Chariot, 'what *is* Toto doing? I'll find out.' And he rang up Chariot House and asked was Miss Thomasina in.

"Well, the housekeeper, who, as you know, has mothered Toto for years, piped up in rather a distressed fashion from the other end, and said that Miss Thomasina had left the house wearing a fur coat and pyjamas, and with a bottle of whisky under her arm, about half-past nine. And she supplied Désirée's address from the invitation card that she had found on Toto's table.

"So Lord Chariot came back with all this to his friend, and the friend said, 'From what I hear, if your daughter can be seen in a particular place nowadays, *you* can. Let's go and see what



THE LIBERTY OF THE SUBJECT.

THE DERBY DOG. "I ENTIRELY ENDORSE THE RECENT DEMAND FOR AN INQUIRY INTO WHAT I CAN ONLY STIGMATISE AS THE TYRANNICAL METHODS OF THE POLICE FORCE."



"DARLING, SHORT FROCKS ARE ALL VERY WELL, BUT THERE *IS* A LIMIT."
"BUT, AUNTIE, YOU CAN'T CALL THIS SHORT. WHY, IT'S NEARLY DOWN TO MY ANKLES—IN PLACES."

this affair is like. You can say you've come to fetch her.'

"'I understand we must take bottles.'

"'By all means,' said the friend. So they each pocketed a bottle of beer.

"Well, they arrived, and Lord Chariot said to Percy Stedge, who had drifted down in mauve pyjamas to open the door, 'Good evening. I'm Miss le Mou-ine's father. I've come to take her home when she's ready. I hope you don't mind?'

"'Oh, no,' said Percy; 'how precious! I say, do come on up. Did you bring a bottle? Beer? Oh, no. How enterprising!'

"So they burst in on the studio, where the party was reclining desperately on cushions and divans, and Toto was positively jerked to her feet by the sight of them.

"'Toto's father has come to take her home,' said Percy, and there was some jolly tolerant laughter.

"'Dear old-world person,' said Désirée.

"'Formidable!' said Lady Wangle in her best Deauville accent.

"They sat down, splitting a pouf, next Toto, and waited hopefully for something devilish to happen, but nothing did. The gramophone surged on, one or two danced, and the rest looked old before their time—*you* know.

"Then a young person subsided by Toto and started to talk about table decoration, which was apparently the young person's life-work at the moment.

"Toto brightened up wonderfully. 'Too clever,' she said; 'just one papier-maché raspberry, you say, varnished, in an amber dish? Too clever and direct, isn't it, Daddy?'

"'Quite,' agreed Lord Chariot; 'but may I be introduced to this young lady?'

"Well, my lamb," said Nitocris, "that rent everything, because the young person was Hereward Gobbins. And he got up and simply cast his cigarette on the floor and strode away to the bar. Poor Toto shuddered. 'Oh, take me home, Daddy,' she moaned, 'take me home. You don't know what you've done!'"

"And what terrible thing had he done?" I asked. "I mean, it's a mistake that anybody——"

"Why," said Nitocris, "Hereward will never speak to Toto again now, and she did want to stay friends with him long enough to find out where he got his hair permanently waved."

MR. MAFFERTY GOES TO THE DENTIST.

"Good mornin', Mr. Dentist," said Mr. Mafferty, entering the fatal chamber, "it's a bright day, surely, an' at this rate, as you say, I wouldn't wonder at all if we had a warm August, or maybe September. No, there was no rain fell in me fine suburb this mornin', only a little hail at breakfast time an' a small shower of snow as I left the house. Yes, it's quare an' cold for the time of year, as you say, an' the crowd an' traffic in the streets is excessive, as you say, an' the Government slides slowly down from blunder to blunder, as you say, the way you'll see an old pig rollin' down the rocky hillsides of Killibeg, an' it dyin' of the Pigs' Mischief, an' maybe we'll have summer again in a year or two, as you say, an' in the meantime there's worse lives than suicide, as you say, an' it's a strange thing a man would be puttin' himself to the trouble of killin' an' murderin' the poor old tobacco-woman at Putney, as you say, the one that's dead in the evenin' papers this mornin'.

"But in the name of torment, Mr. Dentist, for what cause do you think

I 'd be troublin' me dejected mind with speculations of that like on this morn of mornin's? It 's well enough for your own self to be standin' there by your instruments of torture with a glad welcome in your eyes an' a great smile upon your face, an' the merry talk on your lips concernin' the rain, an' the income-tax, and the latest murder, an' the like. But it 's meself came knockin' at your door this noon with never a laugh in me heart. Isn't it destroyed I am, and tremblin' a week of days since we fixed this meetin', and I not able to be takin' pleasure in the light of the sun, or the shine of the stars, or the sound of music or the kiss of a young girl, for the black thoughts do be crowdin' in me mind of fillin's an' excavations an' extraction itself? It 's the wonder of the world, Mr. Dentist, if I 'm alive at all, an' I starvin'. For how would a man has undertaken to visit yourself be relishin' a spring chicken or lingerin' over asparagus itself the way every bite he 'd take would be remindin' him of his poor teeth an' the distressful wheel you have there? Believe me or not, Sir, for it 's no matter what you do at the latter end, it 's twice or more times I've rejected ripe strawberries thinkin' of you, an' that 's more than many a young widow can say, an' she bereaved no more than a fourth part of the year. If I've given me mind to any person but yourself since the time of breakfast the day before yesterday, it 's the lord of liars I am. You 've blackened the week for me, I 'm tellin' you. An' now let you cast off the mask of kindliness an' goodwill an' keep silence about the Government, for I've not the heart to be discussin' trivialities in this place. Take out your knives an' pokers an' I 'll show you me teeth.'

"Yes, you may look round the mouth if you 're wishful, Mr. Dentist, but let you keep your hands from pickin' an' proddin', an' making holes where there was no holes before. It 's the fine salubrious set of teeth I had before the dentists took to cuttin' them up, like a row of white stones you 'd see borderin' a flower-bed an' they polished with the rain. There 's maybe one or two at the back has been excavated an' filled with metal by your great profession, but there 's no flaw in the rest of them at all, only it 's a delicate kind of tooth they are, an' sensitive, by reason of the rare breed they come from. So I 'd not be insinuatin' an' scrapin' at them with your sharp points, Mr. Dentist, for fear they 'd crumble like the petals of a rose an' it blown by the wind. Nor I 'd not be grindin' at them with your terrible wheel, Mr. Dentist, for fine as they are it 's the quare slender foundations they have, an' I wouldn't wonder but with one revolution of that machine you 'd see them fallin' from me head like hail-stones in the time of Spring, by reason of the vibration. So let you have done with that idea from this out, Mr. Dentist. But if you 'd like a quiet peep with your little glass an' no more, you 're welcome, surely.



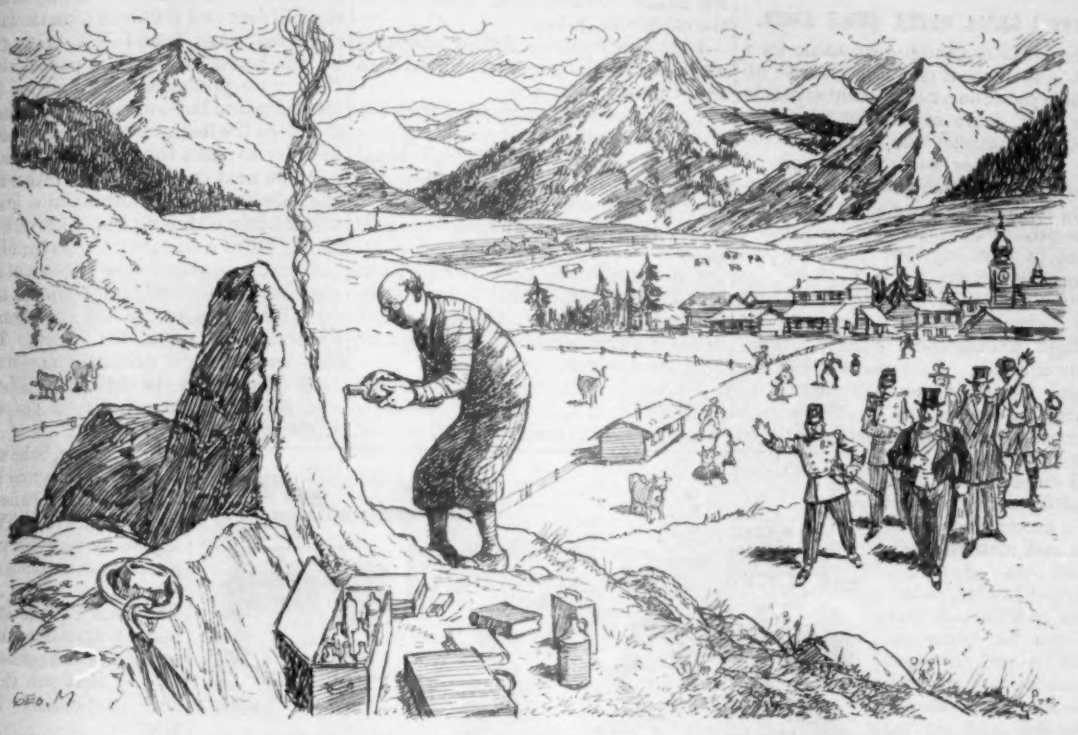
Boy (eating sweets). "NO, YOU CAN'T 'AVE ONE, BUT YOU CAN LISTEN WHEN I BLOW UP THE BAG AN' BUST IT."

"No, there 's no pain at all. No, there was never any pain. Well, I won't deceive you, maybe there was a little pain on Saturday last, an' maybe there was a small little pain on Sunday. But since Monday mornin', when we fixed this meetin' on the telephone, the pain 's been smaller and smaller, an' now there 's no pain at all. It could be that I imagined the pain, Mr. Dentist, for it 's the quare fanciful fellow I am, seein' things everywhere that no man saw before or since, an' apt to be dreamin' at night, the way I'd be hard put to it sometimes to look back into the past an' say did this or that happen at all, or was it a dream entirely? I 'm thinkin' it 's a bad dream vexed me on Saturday an' Sunday, an' I tossin' in the night-time.

"Or maybe there 's a kind of a magic in you, Mr. Dentist, an' it needs no more than the sound of your soft voice on the public telephone to heal an abscess or take away pain. Anyway, here I am sittin' cosy in your great chair, an' not a twinge or unpleasantness in me mouth at all. I 'm thinkin' me teeth was never better, so it 's good you 've done me already, an' you 've no call, you understand, to be plannin' any drastic action with picks an' shovels an' wheels an' the like, for I 'll not require it.

"But I see it in your mind, Mr. Dentist, to be askin' me what for I 'd be comin' to see you at all with me teeth in the grand condition they are. Well, I 've told you for why. It 's the healin' spirit an' presence of you I 'm after seekin', and if I sit here a small while longer, I 'm thinkin', talkin' easily the way we are, it 's not me teeth only will be the better for it, it 's such a way you have with you. I suffer from indigestion, Mr. Dentist, an' it 's a martyr I am to rheumatism, but there 'll be no more of them troubles from this day to the world's end after one dose of your medicinal society.

"But I wouldn't like you to think I 'd be wastin' your precious time; an' now you speak of it there 's a small matter besides is in your own line of business. I 've a sore tongue, Mr. Dentist, continually, an' that 's a great fret in the life of a man, an' he talkin' an' eatin' from one day's end to another. No, it wouldn't be the tobacco at all, for it 's the quare moderate smoker I am. There 's no smoker, Mr. Dentist, smokes so moderately as meself, without the word of a lie. I don't believe it 's more than twenty pipes I 'd be smokin' in one day, or maybe thirty in the rainy times. For you know well there 's no man in this sad country takes the liquor or the baccy because they like them at all, but to keep their sanity only, an' they wanderin' in their minds with misery by reason of the rain an' the hail an' the taxes an' that like. I 've had a great spate of misfortune lately, Mr. Dentist, an' there 's a quantity of rain fallen, but it 's the quare small smoker I am nevertheless, so it can't be that is frettin' me tongue.



CHEMIST ATTEMPTS TO RE-DISCOVER THE LOST ART OF SOFTENING ROCKS WITH FIRE AND VINEGAR, AS PRACTISED BY HANNIBAL IN HIS PASSAGE OF THE ALPS. THE AUTHORITIES, INDIFFERENT TO THE ADVANCE OF SCIENCE, PROTEST AGAINST EXPERIMENTS BEING MADE ON A LOCAL ASSET.

I'm thinkin' there might be a sharp corner of a tooth in me mouth that 's tearin' me tongue with every syllable I'm speakin'. How would it be now if you were to set down that murderous instrument you have an' take a wary search for jagged edges with your finger only? You can't find anythin'? Well, that 's a wonder now, an' a pity besides; but I thank you kindly for your kind intentions.

"An' now, Mr. Dentist, I wouldn't say I'd be givin' you any more of me time, for it 's a pressin' appointment I have for luncheon, an' there 's great grief bitin' the heart of me to think I 'll not be takin' you with me, an' you not known to the lady. It 's a fine talk, surely, we've had this day; an' you've done me good, Mr. Dentist, you 've done me good—an' what more can one man say to another than that? Good-day to you, Mr. Dentist; an' maybe I 'll be payin' you a visit another day if I have the pain again."

A. P. H.

Our Fascinating Constabulary.

"On Tuesday morning the inhabitants of —— witnessed a rather exciting incident when a pony ran away. . . . Constable —— gave chase on foot, and with the assistance of a number of spectators, captivated the frightened animal."—*Irish Paper.*

RUMTI.

ONE moment, please. Observe him passing by,
Pride in his port and amber in his eye;
With silken paws and elegance endued,
Despair and envy of a meaner brood,
Rumti the Persian takes the evening air
Along the path. You see? Just over there.

Noble the stock from which our Rumti grew;
Though grey in fact, officially he 's blue.
He sports plus-fours, he manages a ruff,
Not very wonderful, but good enough.
In one thing only do his efforts fail—
He cannot compass an effective tail.
No show-cat, therefore; but his special bent
Is for a country life, and he 's content.

To slay the land-rat and the water-rat,
To climb the tallest trees and keep down fat,
To lurk amid perennial phlox, and stalk
The careless starling on the winding walk,
To chase the shrewmouse in the quiet field
And prowl the copse to see what copses yield,
To hunt by night with Oberon the Fay
And bask upon an onion bed by day—
No championship could such keen pleasure give.

Yet Rumti seems a little sensitive.
A word, a glance, I fancy, calls to mind
The sad deficiency of hair behind.
Therefore our garden is a solitude;
No common cats may come, for they are rude.
To-day a ginger cat put in his head;
"Oh! what a tail," is what I think he said.
His voice grew louder, he began to shout,
And Rumti turned and promptly laid him out,
Stamped on him, rolled him over in the mud,
And bit him till he fled as best he could,
Ejaculating "Woe!" and "Out, alas!"
And leaving fur in ounces on the grass.

Wherefore our garden is a danger zone,
And Rumti takes the peaceful air alone.

Indiscretions from Barmouth.

"THE BEAUTIES OF BARMOUTH.—Mr. —— said he greatly admired the magnificent beauties of Barmouth district, with pr,fflR& (NoiIHvi bii IIIK wl."—*Welsh Paper.*

There 's many a slip twixt the Bar and the Mouth.

WHY I SHALL NEVER SMILE AGAIN.

NEXT to chipping one's name on a public monument or writing it with indelible pencil on a newly-painted seat in the park, there is nothing which so generally satisfies the human craving for immortality as a photograph. I had heard so much about a new lightning method of leaving eight successive face-prints on the sands of time that I went to have my own features permanently recorded by it.

"No waiting whatever," announced the commissionaire encouragingly. "Eight photographs, eight positions, eight minutes. Price one shilling," he added cautiously, possibly because he thought I looked the kind of person who would murmur "Press" and try to get in for nothing.

I entered. A businesslike young woman in a brown overall and red sash instantly indicated one of several things like a large wardrobe or a Turkish bath cabinet for home use, with a sort of open verandah at one end. She shoved me into the verandah and sat me down on an adjustable music-stool.

"Have you got a shilling?" she demanded briskly.

I had.

"Give it me, please."

I gave it her. She was one of that managing sort. She dropped it into a slot on the verandah (which I would have liked to do for myself).

A fierce white light shot up mysteriously and illuminated me and the verandah. She placed a hand to the right of me. "Look at my hand," she commanded. "Smile."

There was a faint click from the interior of the Turkish bath.

She moved her hand to the other side. "Now look here. Smile." Another click. "Now look down here. . . . Try to smile more naturally. . . . Now up here. You 're not smiling properly. . . . Now up in this corner. And don't look so serious."

"I shall burst into tears in a minute," said I, unfortunately right in the middle of another click; "I never could bear being ordered about."

"Now look down into this corner," she continued without the slightest pause or notice. . . . Now here. . . . Now right into the camera. Laugh if you feel like it. Thank you. Pass out on the other side, please."

I left the verandah feeling about as much like laughing as a one-legged man on a tight-rope.

There was another small slot at the front of the cabinet and another girl in a brown overall and red sash stood guard over it. "Is that where the photographs come out?" I asked.

She nodded coldly and made no pretence of moving aside so that I could get at them first. This depressed me. I had a premonition that I ought to be the first (and probably the last) person to see my photographs when they were duly exuded from the machine.

I waited. She waited. We both waited. It struck me that we were silently disliking each other. Less and less did I want those photographs to be seen first by a person who disliked me to begin with. But there was no budging that maiden in charge of the exit slot.

Presently a strip of white paper slithered down into the slot. The maiden seized it and looked it over carefully (holding it in such a way that I couldn't see it at all). Then she looked at me, and then she looked at the strip again. With a slight frown she decided that we tallied.

"These are yours," she said dispassionately. "Very good."

Fury seized me as I took the proffered slip—a cold fury as I realised that my worst fears were justified.

"Very good," I said with a composure equal to her own. "But unfortunately your otherwise admirable machine has managed to mix me up with some of its earlier clients. This one, for instance, is undoubtedly myself—I recognise the left ear. But these two are obviously the full face and profile of a particularly depraved 'yegg' from U.S.A. I imagine he was being held by the police while they were photographing him for the identification bureau and he has wilfully distorted his features into a hideous leer in order to make the record valueless.

"The next one looks to me rather like the late Emperor CALIGULA in a jovial mood while watching one of his victims strangled at a banquet. The wolf-like and sardonic grin on the features of the next exhibit (entirely unknown to me) is, I believe, a recognised symptom of general paralysis of the insane. The last two, though evidently unrelated, both happened to be delirious. I hope you had them removed to a hospital without delay."



Persuasive Estate-Agent (to prospective buyer). "ALTHOUGH OFF THE BEATEN TRACK, YOU WILL FIND THE VILLAGE IS BY NO MEANS WITHOUT SOCIAL AMENITIES. NEW MEMBERS ARE ALWAYS WELCOMED BY THE GIGSBY FOLK-DANCING SOCIETY."

"Of course," she said idly, "the machine has to photograph what 's in front of it. . . . They say some people's proper character comes out when they laugh. . . . They will cut the strip up for you at the counter and make enlargements of any that you think are particularly like you."

I did not go to the counter. I went back to the bath-cabinet and the verandah.

"If I have another bob's worth," I said very sternly to its custodian, "can I please myself whether I smile?"

"Certainly," she replied; "it 's all the same to the machine."

I produced another shilling. I looked here, I looked there, I looked down, I looked up; I gazed slap into the lens; and all with great composure and gravity. And take my word for it, the result was reassuring.

But what did that other abominable girl say about the first lot? "Some people's proper character comes out when they laugh." On the whole I do not think I shall ever smile again. It seems to me a duty that I owe to society.

Our Cynical Advertisers.

"Advertisements of Hotels, Boarding Houses, etc., in addition to a Free Insurance Coupon offering £500 in case of death and other benefits."—*Advt. in Town Guide-Book.*

Another Impending Apology.

"Two distinguished Argentine Architects, Professor —— and Senhor ——, are now in Rio de Janeiro. They are being very much entertained by their colleagues here."

Brazilian Paper.



Inexperienced Judge (*anxiously keeping the score*). "THE RULES SAY: 'UPSETTING THE OBSTACLE—WITH FORE-LIMBS, FOUR FAULTS; WITH HIND-LIMBS, TWO FAULTS'; BUT DASHED IF I KNOW WHAT THIS COUNTS!"

THE GREAT PYRAMID.

WHENEVER some prophet of destiny sings
That a week from to-morrow the world disappears,
I always allow all my letters and things
To get hopelessly into arrears;
For what is the use of a stamp for a bill
Or a couple of buttons sewn on to a shirt
When one happens to know that the universe will
Very shortly dissolve into dirt?

But somehow the avalanche never occurs;
I sit with a telescope watching the sky,
But nothing eventuates, nobody stirs,
ZOROASTER is done in the eye;
And this is extremely annoying, because
I am forced to explain to my friend Mrs. Gledd
My reason for cutting her party, which was
That by rights we are both of us dead.

Last week I believed I was perfectly safe
In permitting a long invitation to dine
At the Barnacle Club, from my great-uncle Ralph,
To remain, without dropping a line;
For why should I feed with my great-uncle when
(So it seemed from the Great Pyramid)
The whole of creation, from ganders to men,
Would be gone by the day that I did?

I will not have laces put into my shoes
Or go to my hatter and buy a new hat
When the trump is about to be blown; I refuse
To be quite such an idiot as that;
And the book I had promised a publishing firm—
Well, why should I write about POPE
When I knew the apocalypse threatened a term
To mortality's feverish hope?

But the Pyramid failed me, and never a spark
Of a meteor crashed from the blue,
And the earth that to-day should be dismal and dark
Appears almost as good as when new,
And my great-uncle Ralph will be frightfully vexed,
The instalments remain on my car,
I am left with my bills, saying, "What will come next?
How deceitful astronomers are!"

EVOE.

Conversion While You Run.

"—— makes an enthusiastic secretary of the tract section of Heriot's Cross-Country Club."—*Edinburgh Paper.*

"A rogue of orange shade in cream form is intended for blondes."
Fashion Note in Calcutta Paper.

Although gentlemen prefer blondes, it seems that blondes prefer rogues.

"Having sold their brick works near Peterborough to a London firm, the directors of —— have given their staff 1 for each year of service. This involves a total expenditure of £3,000."—*Evening Paper.*

We begin to understand the cost of building.

"They visited the Cathedral at Christ Church, and had pointed out to them the hat of Cardinal Wolseley—amongst of course many other things."—*Provincial Paper.*

Including, no doubt, the field-marshal's bâton of Viscount Wolsey.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE SQUEAKER" (APOLLO).

The latest Evening Wallace! This versatile gentleman having received in these columns a polite but firm denial of my ghost-theory of WALLACE mass production, I am, as a serious student of my fellows, driven to elaborate yet another. Is it possible that a man with this extraordinary preoccupation with crime, with such knowledge of the devious ways and obscure idiom of the underworld, of the thousand-and-one methods of artfully contriving death and of raping treasure from the hands of its unfortunate possessors, is himself the master-mind of a world-wide criminal organisation which he has invented and financed—for copy's sake? Is it not even just possible that he is himself *The Squeaker*, a much more attractive and ethical type of squeaker, of course, than the dissolute gentleman who is the villain of his latest stage romance? I am compelled to some such speculation.

The Squeaker, *Sutton*, is ostensibly a dealer in motor-cars, actually a fence on a heroic scale, who plays very fast and very loose with his agents (and with women), betraying the former to the police when it serves his purpose, betraying the latter freely for his own pleasure. One of his astute devices is to instal in his office as manager an old "lag," who is also a gallant ex-officer, so that, if anything of his primary business be discovered, it will be easy to throw suspicion on a manager with such a record. I am not here committing myself to the opinion that this is as clever a dodge as Mr. WALLACE would have us think; on the contrary there are many loose joints in the armour of *The Squeaker* generally if you go into the matter; but the ingenious author takes no liberties which are not fairly plausible in this romantic environment.

At the start *The Squeaker* (Mr. GEORGE RELPH), is about to marry beautiful *Beryl* (Miss MERCIA SWINBURNE), ward of a now highly-respectable but once notorious criminal in the fencing business—the Jew *Friedman* (Mr. LEWIN MANNERING). It so happens that *Captain Leslie* (Mr. HARTLEY POWER), the old lag, is in love with her. When *Sutton* finds that, owing to the attentions of a certain *Inspector Barribal*, London is getting too hot for him, he plans to leave England and the little spitfire, *Millie*, one of his wives—he is a trigamist; you don't get half-measures from Mr. WALLACE—with poor *Beryl*, whom he has just married by special licence—she, poor darling, having realised too late that she loves the unfortunate *Captain Leslie*. You can see that *Sutton* is going to have a poor time with *Leslie* when he hears this disquieting news. And indeed he is killed in a night-club with a bullet fired from a noiseless and German pistol.

Our author unravels this mystery gradually and most ingeniously before our eyes. This is one of those backward-glancing plays, where we know the main facts from the beginning. The solution is unfolded through the workings of the mind of *Collie*, crack reporter of *The Post Courier*, and the scene opens in the sub-editor's room of a newspaper office. I am not sure that our newspaper proprietors will appreciate this scene. It is very much the real thing and very unlike what the guileless public supposes the real thing to be, as my nimble-witted friend, QUEX, sorrowfully acknowledged. *Collie*, the pawky Scot, infuriating his chief by his apparent unconcern as to the passage of the swift moments, but actually and always delivering the goods just in time, is a well-drawn and likely character, excellently played by Mr. CAMPBELL GULLAN.

The outstanding success of the evening however, to be shared by author and actor in equal parts, was Mr. HARRY WENMAN'S *Bill Annerley*, the porter of the Leopard Club. This lovable, humorous rogue is a delightful invention. Indeed, quite seriously it is amazing how the hard-worked author keeps his wit so fresh. Mr. HARRY WENMAN always gives a good account of the character-parts entrusted to him. But nobody has provided him with so superb an opportunity as this. It would be a difficult part to make a complete failure of, but to make so admirable a thing as Mr. WENMAN made of it requires a sense of comedy and an expert technical handling which are rare. And, very happily and ludicrously, Mr. EDWIN ELLIS as *Bill's* son *Jim* was just the sort of son that *Bill* and only *Bill* could have begotten. An excellent duet indeed.

Mr. GEORGE RELPH'S smiling villain, Miss MERCIA SWINBURNE'S distracted heroine, Mr. LEWIN MANNERING'S *Friedman* —with perhaps a little too much elaboration of his grunting technique—and Mr. HARTLEY POWER'S gallant *Captain Leslie* —all these helped to make this a jolly good piece of Wallacery I feel quite sure that the author will find it difficult to get the time to add up his daily takings for another six months, and we can see the narrow eyes of his District Inspector of Taxes glinting with sinister delight. T.



SQUEAK NO MORE!

Sutton (*the Squeaker*) . . . MR. GEORGE RELPH.

"SKIN DEEP" (CRITERION).

Mr. ERNEST ENDERLINE—the young man from Manchester who, with a bashfulness which we do not readily associate with the Cottonopolitan character, fled from an audience clamouring for him to receive their thanks in person for his highly entertaining first venture —has treated that old theme, the fading of a woman's beauty with the approach of middle age, without offence or the ready sneer of the self-sufficient arrogant male. And this is certainly to be accounted to him for righteousness. He has also enlivened his theme with a happy play of wit and ingenious invention of situations which disarm criticism of certain crudenesses in the tying of his threads, and the introduction of a tiresome character so elaborately overdrawn

as to upset a balance that has on the whole been discreetly maintained. In fairness one must say that this overdrawing may be an effect of producer's emphasis; Mr. LESLIE HENSON may have a comedian's preference for exaggeratedly broad effects or judge that we have. Or again it may have been lack of tact in the actress playing the part.

Olivia (Miss ATHENE SEYLER) is being patiently wooed by *George*, one of those faithful, friendly, abject little men of the doormat breed. But *George* is dull, and Mr. FREDERICK LLOYD makes him tactfully and pleasantly dull; and *Olivia* is a restless vivacious little woman with an ear brightly cocked for the echo of the horns of romance. You can't see her settling down with a *George*. She enters, at a very late hour, to her friend *Edna* (Miss HENRIETTA WATSON), also a comely spinster who is fading a little more noticeably and making less strenuous efforts to arrest the process of decay. *Olivia* is obviously flushed with the remembrance of an adventure. She has been rescued from the attentions of a necklace-snatcher by a handsome boy, a naïve provincial newly come to town, with a pathetic belief in the wonder of London and its brilliant inhabitants. The glamour and gloom of a London night flatter *Olivia's* beauty. The boy's heart is aflame; *Olivia* burgeons anew in the warmth of it.

But the cold day is to come, when *Steve*, horrible thought, may see her as her over-candid friend *Edna* evidently does. What about that famous recipe for renewing youth and beauty "confided to an Indian army officer" by some mysterious Oriental? *Olivia*, for *Steve's* sake, and *Edna*, who has long had designs on *George* and sees her chance, send for the beauty-doctor, and we mere men are let into the awful secrets of the beauty-parlour, the wrappings and slappings and anointings with the unguents that "bring out the high lights and do not mark the pillow," the application of knobbly rollers, the grotesque gymnastic evolutions on the floor of the boudoir—the author here stepping down from his platform of comedy into the broadest of farce, and Miss SEYLER making a delightful exhibition of herself with a gusto which entirely justified the change of key.

By a happy stroke of irony it is the pretty, coldly efficient, young American, *Miss Baxter*, from the beauty-parlour—a well-written part, admirably played by Miss CAROL GOODNER—who inevitably and without conscious intention seduces young *Steve* from his allegiance to his fading princess. And here, by a further modulation of key, the author gives a hint of the real pathos of the situation, again sedulously avoiding the cheap sneer and ending on a note of half-mournful relief, with the two disillusioned spinsters—*George* has eluded *Edna* and turned to a little widow in Wimbledon—resolved to have done with *Miss Barter* and the Indian army officer and all his works and apparatus, and planning a nice, indigestible and flesh-forming little dinner at the crack restaurant of the moment.

A pleasant and ingenious affair, made memorable by the accomplished way in which Miss SEYLER and Miss HENRIETTA WATSON played their bright rallies—Miss SEYLER with her bubbling sense of fun, her resourceful methods of conveying it by subtle or extravagant gesture and pose, her genuine touches of real feeling—a difficult synthesis cleverly contrived—and not least her admirably clear elocution; and Miss WATSON, with her quiet sly sardonic humour, her equally efficient technical skill in getting her effects and her unselfish readiness to play second-fiddle according to the author's intention.

Mr. LEONARD UPTON played carefully and intelligently the guileless provincial; Mr. FREDERICK LLOYD was easily amusing as that abject ass, *George*, and Miss RUTH MAITLAND was, I thought, much too exuberant as *Olivia's* expansive friend, *Blanche*.

A very pleasant evening. T.



REDUCTIO AD ABSURDUM.

George Merridew . . . . . MR. FREDERICK LLOYD.
Olivia Brandon . . . . . MISS ATHENE SEYLER.

The Theatrical Garden Party in aid of the Actors' Orphanage will be held on June 12th at the Royal Hospital Gardens, Chelsea. New attractions will include a miniature railway 4½ inches wide, which engages to carry real passengers; also a model factory, in which the Flower of Fashion, in return for the many services rendered to Society by the Stage at charity matinées, will cut out and fit a costume per minute.

Tickets (3*s.* before the day) may be had from all theatres and agencies, or from Mr. A. J. AUSTIN, 3, Middle Temple Lane, E.C.4.

A NEW GUIDE TO THE PEERAGE.

WHILE I was waiting on the platform at St. Pancras a little anxious and hurried man bearing a parcel, whom I had been watching for some time, came up to me and said, "Excuse me, but are you Lord Blank," mentioning a title that I had never heard before. "No," I said; "I wish I was," and he resumed his romantic quest.

Seated in the train, it pleased me to reflect upon the changed condition of my life had I been able to say "Yes" instead of "No"; were I really and truly a Lord. I went on to wonder if I really wanted to be one. To be called "My Lord"—that must be very comforting, and also it ought to be stimulating to the character. *Noblesse oblige*, and all the rest of it. On the other hand, the responsibility? Having been born to this high estate or raised to it by one's sovereign, one ought to play the game, to be so much finer than the others, the common folk. Wouldn't that be rather

a grind? Yet worth it? Still, even if one forgot the obligations of nobility there were advantages. Not so many as once upon a time, but a few. No longer are hereditary peers (and I might have been one of those) automatically wealthy: "as rich as a lord," they used to say. Once I should have been automatically gifted with the complete art of intoxication: "as drunk as a Lord," they used to say—but that comparison is obsolete too. Yet it is still possible, I thought with satisfaction, to be an object of solicitude and affection, for the number of those that "dearly love a Lord" does not much decrease.

Very well, then, since we all like to be liked, a Lord I would be; but what kind? Bee or drone? I passed in review the more conspicuous of the busy ones, each with his own particular brand of lustre, and endeavoured to make a choice. I assure you it is not easy. Did I want to keep the world informed, on the Day of Rest, of the wickedness of the preceding week? Did I want to control public opinion by means of a hundred mouthpieces? Did I want to smoke incessantly the longest cigars? Did I want the anxiety of owning the Derby favourite and a possible Derby winner? Did I want to devote my hours to the complexities of the laws of divorce? Did I want to get into trouble with protectors of cruelty to animals more whole-hearted than myself? Did I want to be a solicitor under a cloud? Did I want to be even more the motorists' champion than the A.A. or R.A.C.? For all these activities are now practised by members of the peerage. And above all did I want my food to cost me more, which I am told is a necessary corollary of nobility—at any rate when one travels abroad and fails to conceal one's identity? Most certainly not.

And therefore, when next a little anxious man, bearing a parcel, approaches me and says, "Excuse me, but are you Lord Blank?" I shall reply, "No, thank Heaven." E. V. L.

"AS YOU (APPARENTLY) LIKE IT."

(Being some items of News Worth Knowing, with acknowledgments to our contemporaries.)

II.

LOST TEN WAVERLIES.

AMERICAN GIRL'S ROMANTIC FIND.

Lecturing to the Caledonian-American Literary Association at Acharachal (Pitscottie) yesterday, Miss Janette P. Blurb, the well-known American girl-novelist, mentioned that she had discovered that afternoon the lost ten Waverley novels of Sir WALTER SCOTT.

Miss Blurb stated that she had found the manuscripts hidden in a disused bagpipe in the Tolbooth prison. "I hope," says Miss Blurb, "that these great works (one of them contains over 1,100 pages) will be published early next autumn, and the public, I am sure, will lose no time in reading them."

Hitherto the title of only one (SCOTT'S *Wha hae*) of the long-suspected works has been known. We are able to reveal four more titles now deciphered:—

The Drums of Fife.
Red Knees (Tales of a Deer-Stalker).
The Abbot of Edinbro' Rock (based on the life of a previous Lord Inchcape).
The Master of Gleneagles.

Following on the discovery of "The Lost Chord" by a young Bradford organist and the unearthing of a herd of fossil centaurs at Lympne, this constitutes the third remarkable discovery since yesterday morning of which we have given our readers exclusive information.

* * *

ASTOUNDING LONGEVITY.

"UNCLE ADAM."

ALL HIS MEALS IN THE MORNING.

Interviewed by our Bicentenary Correspondent this afternoon, Dr. Joseph Pott, a resident of Oldham, who celebrates his two-hundredth birthday to-day and is known amongst his friends as "Uncle Adam," said:—

"I am two hundred years old. I cannot remember the South Sea Bubble, but I was one of those who assisted PRINCE CHARLIE to escape. Up till now I have concealed this fact for fear of the vengeance of the Whigs. But the Whigs nowadays are not what they were. I attribute my longevity to the fact that I have all my meals in the morning instead of at the usual times."

Dr. Pott, who is a life-member of several clubs, including the Oxford Union, still reads the newspapers without the help of a microscope, and, although completely deaf, is much annoyed by the wireless. His wife died in 1798, when he was 70 years of age, and he has not married again. He has outlived 152 great-grandchildren.

* * *

TELL-TALE SPONGE.

THIEF'S FATAL CLEANLINESS.

The house of Mr. Augustus Smithe, the famous Camberwell collector, was broken into last night and a priceless collection of bus-tickets (dating from the earliest buses) was stolen. It appears that before leaving the house with his booty the intruder indulged in a hot bath. This, it seems likely, will be his undoing, since finger-prints left on the sponge have provided the police with an important clue.

Detectives are scouring the underworld, questioning all habitual burglars who appear to have bathed recently.

No arrest has been made.

* * *

HEN FLIES OVER MOUNT EVEREST.

SNAPPED BY PHOTO-TELESCOPY.

Señor Alfonso Quixotescu, the brilliant Spanish-Roumanian pioneer of photo-telescopy, or long-range photography, in a special and exclusive interview with our Correspondent this morning stated that, although it had long been possible to photograph the stars, circumterrestrial photography was a new development, and that he was now able to take photographs of everything, irrespective of time, light or distance. Only yesterday he had been able to "snap" a common Dorking fowl flying over Mount Everest.

"I have been working for years," said the Señor, "on this new and important branch of science, and I expect great benefits to accrue to the human race from it. It was not, I believe, previously known that common hens could survive the rigours of the Himalayan climate, and I anticipate many new discoveries of this nature."

"NEGATIVE ONLY INVERSE."

"The prism of the telesco-photor," added the inventor, "is radiated by an oscillating tri-valve and works on the same principle as the double-lens wireless photo-meter. Consequently in photographing events which have not yet taken place or episodes of the remote past, the negative is at present only inverse and, though pellucid, invisible to the human eye. This, however, is a defect which I hope soon to overcome by means of a bi-carbonating projecting lens. I am forty-three years of age."

* * *

END OF WORLD IN SIGHT.

The Director of Blink Observatory (Northern Alaska) cables that with the new seven-hundred-foot extra-refractory telescope the end of the world is visible. It is definitively approaching at a terrific velocity. He predicts that it will arrive at 4.30 this afternoon.

Later. Director states it was the other end to which he referred.

Our Tactless Firemen.

"Sir,—May I encroach upon your valuable space to express my sincere thanks to the —— Fire Brigade for their heroic and tiresome efforts to extinguish the disastrous fire at my garage."
Letter to Local Paper.

"Perhaps some of your readers have heard of other strange cases of mental operations of a literary turn in dreams?"—*Weekly Paper.*

No doubt a connection of the secretary-bird.



SIR ARTHUR K. YAPP.

If you want a religion that's more than a creed,
The Y.M.C.A.'s is the one for your need;
In camps and in cities all over the map
Their watchword is "Service," their watchdog is YAPP.

MR. PUNCH'S PERSONALITIES.—LXX.



Very Rich Man (after minor accident). "AH! I THOUGHT SO—A DISTINCT DENT. NOW THE QUESTION ARISES: WHAT MAKE OF CAR SHALL WE HAVE NEXT?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THERE is only one person who is certain to laugh on the Last Day, and that, according to the *Vulgate*, is the valiant woman of the Book of Proverbs. When she has finished planting vineyards and considering fields and buying them and feeding the poor and clothing her servants and all the other domestic and foreign enterprises so lavishly assigned to her, *ridebit in die novissimo*. Yet it is precisely the modern counterpart of this figure—the woman who still inherits traditions of untrammelled domesticity, culture and public spirit—whom Mr. BERNARD SHAW seeks to convert to a narrower creed in *The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism* (CONSTABLE). Before the rabble "whose political minds . . . have been formed in the cinema" rush in to darken what counsels still exist, this ingratiating book, written in the best *Parson Lot* style of Socialist apologetic, is to win the worthiest supporters of the old order to a favourable consideration of the new. I doubt if it will accomplish its purpose, but I see no end to its usefulness nevertheless. It is easily the most stimulating social treatise I have encountered since the War. True, the metaphysical will to equality does not (as it very sagaciously doubts) exist. True, the State, an artificial family, has never yet been known to survive the disintegration of the real family. True, our over-industrialisation will have to be carried still further to facilitate the division of labour which is Mr. SHAW'S "civilisation," and the equality of income, which is his elixir of life. But, if you are not prepared to lend a hand towards the establishment of his Utopia, are you prepared to go on as you are or have you a better alternative? Undoubtedly we owe this brilliant book an audience and an answer.

Many readers, it seems, have asked Mr. DENIS MACKAIL where Greenery Street is. After reading the new *Tales From Greenery Street* (HEINEMANN) they will ask no more, because they will know, and know perhaps better than Mr. MACKAIL himself. As the home of *Ian* and *Felicity Foster*, Greenery Street might have been in Chelsea or anywhere, but with the *Cubitts* and the *Hunters* and the *Meiklejohns* and the *Lovetts* just over the way it is obviously a street in Paradise. No earthly street can ever have witnessed such a congestion of connubial bliss. There are at least ten young couples mentioned in this book, all of them ideally suited and entirely and idiotically happy. And all of them so very, very much alike. They have the same little worries with overdrafts and domestic servants and the same adorable little quarrels to serve for the redintegration of their loves. Do their names really matter? I think not. I doubt indeed whether Mr. MACKAIL has really visualised any of them except the *Fosters*. As novelist and author of *The Flower Show* he knows that you cannot give your characters individuality by alloting a Sealyham and a little girl to one young couple and a Peke and a baby-boy to another. All these young people in fact are just *Fosters* under other names. And no one who has read *Greenery Street* will ask for anything better than that.

It is something of a surprise, not to say a shock, to find Miss BEATRICE HARRADEN of all people, in her new story, *Search Will Find it Out* (MILLS AND BOON), invading the chosen stamping-ground of Mr. EDGAR WALLACE. Her tale is of a famous violinist who is found murdered in his room at the Ritz, and the subsequent discovery that the priceless Strad which he has recently acquired has been abstracted from its case and a modern copy left in its stead. There are several possible criminals; but, though I spotted the winner, so to speak, at the start, I cannot lay claim to much detective acumen on that account, since the densest policeman who ever blundered through the pages of a crime novel could hardly have come to any other conclusion. Altogether, though the story is a thoroughly competent one, the im-

pression it leaves is precisely what one would expect, namely that there is a good deal more interest for the reader—and, I imagine, the writer—in the personages of the narrative than in the crime with which they are all more or less entangled.

These essays, newly
By JENKINS bound,
Entitled truly
The Joy of the Ground,
Are on seeds to water
And on beds to plan,
By Flora's daughter,
By MARION CRAN.

Here 's herbs and spices
And every flower
That ever entices
To a garden hour;
But of buds that crinkle
And of blooms that be
"The Red Periwinkle"
Is the one for me.

Is duckweed hateful?
Is he your foe?
Read here, be grateful,
And then lay him low;
Walks the green-fly prouder
Than the peacocks do?
Know that Keating's Powder
Shall show who 's who.

This book on gardens
That ask our love
When a cold sky hardens
Or when June 's above,
Should, dear Sirs and Madams,
Be brought home in sheaves
By gardening Adams
For gardening Eves.

I cannot see Herr EMIL LUDWIG writing the life of BISMARCK as if there had been no German Empire; and why he should attempt to write the life of JESUS as if there had been no Christianity, passes my comprehension. He does not, he says, profess to understand theology; but would a biographer equally ignorant of politics feel justified in handling the Iron Chancellor as a good husband and accomplished country gentleman with a bee in his bonnet about Teutonic expansion? Apart, however, from the unhistorical character of the whole undertaking, Herr LUDWIG's study is a dull and clumsy production. The arbitrary fantasies of RENAN'S *Vie de Jésus* and *Histoire d'Israel*, whose method is largely adopted in *The Son of Man* (BENN), were at least redeemed from their inherent flimsiness by an exquisite style and incomparable sensibility to nature. But, unless his very competent translators have belied him—and I have seen too much of their work to think this possible—Herr LUDWIG's verbal effects are of the cheapest, while his background is about as stimulating as the "Palestine" of a Biblical dictionary. None of these accidents would matter if the narrative were consistently documented or if its psychological guesswork bore the mark of inspiration. I could understand the shelving of ST. JOHN—from Herr LUDWIG's point of view—but even ST. MATTHEW is dropped overboard without apology the moment he threatens to prove tiresome. The book's running comment on the outlook and motives of its subject is, I suppose, its *raison d'être*. It suggests a kindly, rather soft young labourer, reluctantly identified with the Messianic aspirations of the Jews. He is not a very interesting nor, to my mind, a very credible figure; in fact he is considerably less human than the Man we believe to be divine.



Girl (*putting on new hat, to friend*). "DO YOU LIKE IT?"
Friend. "NO, I DON'T. TOO MUCH FACE."

Dr. CHARLES HOSE must be accounted fortunate in that he found himself offered, at a very early age, precisely the sort of appointment that gave the fullest scope to his peculiar qualities. Through his uncle, who held the combined bishopries of Singapore, Labuan and Sarawak, he obtained a cadetship in the service of Sir CHARLES BROOKE, second Rajah of Sarawak, and landed at Kuching in 1884, being than barely twenty-one years of age. The story of

his life constitutes the chief part of *Fifty Years of Romance and Research* (HUTCHINSON), a book that makes excellent reading for the youth of the country as well as for the scientist interested in anthropology, natural history or those researches into the causes of beri-beri which are fully described in the chapter called "An Eastern Scourge." For Dr. HOSE possesses still, we gather, a boyish spirit of adventure and a perennially youthful outlook. His preparation for the charge of a district in Sarawak consisted of a boyhood spent in an East Anglian rectory, a few years at Felsted School, and a few more at Jesus College, Cambridge. To both of these foundations he is loyal with the loyalty of those who remain young at heart. Jesus rewarded him, forty-four years after he had gone down, with an honorary fellowship. Presumably the honour was awarded rather for his scientific work than for his success as an administrator, but it is to the administrative part of his life that most readers will naturally turn. It makes a fascinating story, illustrated, by the way, with a profusion of excellent photographs. The secret of the admitted success of the Government of Sarawak under its three White Rajahs lay, according to this book, in its informality. There was not only an absence of officialdom, but of officials. In the Baram division, for instance, HOSE had one or two European assistants, ten or fifteen police and perhaps thirty soldiers (Sarawak Rangers) to help him look after some ten thousand square miles of territory. In his eyes this made for efficiency. It certainly makes for the reader's interest in an adventurous and varied career.



Enthusiast. "GREAT IMPROVEMENT ON THE OLD ROWING-BOATS, AREN'T THEY?"
Friend. "QUITE. ONE—GETS—BACK—AGAIN—SO MUCH—QUICKER."

There is every reason why a good journalist, if he will but take the trouble, should make a good historian. It is of the essence of his job to have a sense of the actual and of the salient. He is less likely than the man trained in the schools to be overawed by his documents. Undue reverence, whether for men or for books, is one of the things which he cannot afford. Mr. HAMILTON FYFE certainly shows none. His "historical sketch" of *The British Liberal Party* (ALLEN AND UNWIN) is a journalist's history, but it is soundly based on the facts as well as being lively in narrative and pungent in characterisation. Having been connected with the most prominent Conservative papers and edited the principal organ of Labour, he might be expected to view his subject with detachment; but he has preferences and is not afraid of them. His sympathies are with the left wing of a Party which in his view has always been hampered in achievement by the incompatibilities within its ranks. He dislikes a Whig as heartily as Dr. JOHNSON did, and, if he has a hero, it is Sir CHARLES DILKE, whose obscuration he regards as a tragedy as much for the Party as for the man. Another tragedy was GLADSTONE's obsession with Home Rule, which drove CHAMBERLAIN and his ideas into the Tory camp. But, though he criticises the G.O.M., he is too intelligent merely to sneer, as some of our bright young critics do, at the man who, whatever his shortcomings, was for long the dominant force in English politics. To certain later statesmen he is less amiable, and many who have never professed Liberalism will find his strictures on Lord OXFORD and Lord GREY something over-drastic. But impartiality is a dull virtue, and it is the reader's gain that Mr. HAMILTON FYFE prefers to be provocative. He is not bold enough, however, to prophesy the future of the Party.

Stories of undergraduate life at Oxford have not up till now set the Isis on fire, and I doubt if *Neapolitan Ice*, though believed by its publishers (CHATTO AND WINDUS) to be the first novel "to describe the life of a Women's College at Oxford," will gain a lasting success. When *Sylvia Verney* went up as a freshwoman to St. Ursula's, she left a home vulgarized by an appalling stepmother and by a sister and her attendant swains. Men at that time were of little importance in *Sylvia's* life, and it is illuminating to anyone who has followed Oxford's fortunes during recent years to find that, although *Sylvia* was in no sense a man-hunter, she was soon involved in a flirtation with an undergraduate, and a much more serious affair of the heart with an older man. To me, whose years at Oxford were over before the feminine invasion reached its flood, this is a story of so much enlightenment that more than once I felt as if Miss RENÉE HAYNES had given me the *entrée* to scenes from which the Principal of St. Ursula's would have rigidly excluded me. It is an enterprising tale, and I am certainly in Miss HAYNES's debt for introducing me to a side of Oxford life of which I knew next to nothing.

In days when the majority of novels are nothing if not robust, it is a refreshing change to spend a few hours with work as delicate as Miss ELINOR WYLIE's *Mr. Hodge and Mr. Hazard* (HEINEMANN). Conceivably it may be too subtle in form and treatment for those who insist that their fiction should provide them with palpitating excitement; but its freshness and quaint humour are bound to commend it to the intelligence of the kind of reader for whom it is written. In 1833, *Mr. Hazard*, aged forty and a romantic, returned to England after an absence of fifteen years. His past, which was distinguished in some respects and notorious in others, acts as a background to the tale. Disconcertingly vague as he was, we must accept Miss WYLIE's view that he was neither madman nor fool. He was just a child basking in delusions which were swept away by a single sentence from the mouth of the worldly-wise *Mr. Hodge*. I am very pleased to have made the acquaintance of this pathetic type.

Victims of the Tote?

"Two blue book-makers were left in the Lady Chapel on Easter Eve. We thank the anonymous giver."—*Parish Magazine.*

"Time was when the Tory Government in England made for their friends positions that were nothing more nor less than sincures."
New Zealand Paper.

Surely they were a little more than "sincures."

CHARIVARIA.

A FARMER whose bull killed an Alsatian declared that the dog had been making his cows run like racehorses. We wonder if a dog like that could have done anything with Fairway.

Jokes about Sir WILLIAM JOYNSON-HICKS have been eliminated from a new London revue by the CENSOR. This confirms the impression in some quarters that the HOME SECRETARY is no joke.

An essayist says he would like to spend a holiday in the wide, open and deserted spaces. He should rent a London theatre.

It is regarded as evidence of a concerted scheme to refute the report of a theatrical slump that managers are refusing to put out the "House Empty" boards.

When a lion recently walked into a Paris cabaret the dancers stampeded for the exits. To stampede London dancers it takes a policeman in evening-dress.

Several lions have been seen near the quay recently at Mombasa. Can they have heard that one lion in Hollywood has earned ten thousand pounds in the last five years.

SIR GILBERT CLAYTON reports that motor-cars are superseding camels in Arabia. Camels, however, are still unrivalled for the number of miles they can do to the gallon.

Now that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, speaking at an Inverness fête, has urged the Celt to get rid of his inferiority complex, we expect Scotsmen to bear themselves more as if England belonged to them.

A rising politician is mentioned as possessing the rare gift of remembering what any given person has said on any given occasion. *He*'s the man to tell us what GLADSTONE said in 'seventy-eight.

Agricultural experts associated with the University College of Aberystwith, who promise to provide the country with pasture of an excellence hitherto unknown, are said to have been working for ten years in comparative silence. Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, on the other hand, who has a similar object in view, has been working comparatively loudly.

Sufferers from one form of hay fever, we are reminded, dare not go near a horse. This accounts for the large number of starting-price backers.

Senator CURTIS, a fancied candidate for the United States Presidency, is said to have been reared by his Red Indian grandmother on a reservation. "From Wigwam to White House" is indicated.

We understand that the mascot of the Grocers' Company is a camel. The farmers' is just a hump.

Unsatisfactory legislation is attributed to the sedentary habits of M.P.'s. An effort should be made to persuade them to give up sitting.



Dear old Thing (contemplating a visit to a popular cinema-show). "ARE YOU GOING TO WHERE THEY HAVE '*Wings*' ON?"

A campaign with the object of preserving the beauties of Oxford is to be inaugurated next month, but it is feared that it will be impossible to prevent the going-down of some of the loveliest undergraduates.

Young women are observed to be using a brighter and gaudier lipstick than they did a few weeks ago. Lips in regimental and club colours would give variety.

Writing in a daily paper Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT admits that as a young man he spent large portions of his time in being bored. And now, of course, he has to spend all his time being ARNOLD BENNETT.

A lady-novelist admits that she inherits her mother's dislike of very recently-born infants. Some families have the same horror of very recently-published novels.

Although a coroner has pointed out that pedestrians are not required by law to leap out of the way of motor-cars, we fancy that many will continue to do so from sheer exuberance of spirits.

Twelve girls have come here from Iceland to give gymnastic displays. No doubt one of the orders to the squad is, "In your own time—deep depression."

It is announced that the gaol at Douglas, Isle of Man, is now empty. It is not known why criminals are not patronising the place, as the service is said to be very good.

A motorist at Colchester recently found a swarm of bees in the back of his car. This is a shade better than finding it in his bonnet.

A Member of Parliament who wants to instal soda fountains on battleships says that sailors do not fight better on rum. But think of having to sing "Yo ho! and a spoonful of ice-cream."

One of the exhibits at the Chemists' Exhibition is called Tetraiodphenolphthalein. We understand that some of our hustling young chemists call it Tetraiodphenolphthal for short.

A successful author is the man who can draw a composite picture of HELEN OF TROY and JOAN OF ARC so convincingly that every girl thinks he means her.

A horse recently ran away with a hansom cab in North London. One theory is that it was stung by a two-seater.

Breaking Up Bach.

"ORGAN RECITAL.—Mr. —— again afforded lovers of organ music with a pleasing experience on Wednesday, when he gave a series of selections from the works of J. S. Bach. Each item was interrupted very faithfully and very effectively."—*Local Paper.*

"OYSTERS SING TOO MUCH."
Headline in Daily Paper.

Obviously practising to become oyster Pattis.

DO THE DEAD READ?

ASTONISHING SERIES OF STATEMENTS FROM THE SHADOW WORLD.

CELEBRITIES OF OTHER DAYS DISCUSS A FASCINATING PROBLEM IN OUR COLUMNS.

DARK BARRIER NEED NOT SEVER US FROM *THE DAILY BLURB*.

WE CIRCULATE BEYOND THE GREAT DIVIDE.

THE attention of *The Daily Blurb* to the wonderful possibility that interest in its pages may not be confined to the living has been aroused by a letter from a dauntless and indefatigable reader, which runs:—

"DEAR SIR,—I am not a wise man or a philosopher, but I have often wondered whether over my shoulder, as I read the leader page or the sporting selection in *The Daily Blurb*, there might not be looking others whose presence was invisible, but who were just as much enthralled and captivated as myself. Are possibly your paragraphs perused by the ghostly eyes of great men who are now no more?

THE BEST LIFE INSURANCE IS *THE DAILY BLURB*

Again, we do not know precisely what happens to old copies of *The Daily Blurb* when they have passed beyond their original use as literature and their secondary use as wrapping material for fish, butter, sandwiches and the like. Most probably they are burnt. Is it not possible, nay more than possible, that the vapour into which they are transformed is diffused into an airy substance capable of being apprehended and re-read by those whose nature is now also of an ethereal kind?

Many of your readers as simple as I am will doubtless welcome an inquiry into this problem, even if it entails for a few days forgetfulness of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER'S new scheme for Rating Reform, the Land Question or the flappers' vote.

Yours sincerely, G. A. G.

The Daily Blurb has no idea whatsoever who G. A. G. is. He may be a tall, red-bearded, blue-eyed man living at Battersea, or a frail spinster residing at Ponders End. But as soon as he or she had flung this challenge to *The Daily Blurb*, we felt that we were bound in honour to reply.

A well-known medium was at once requested to get into touch with the most notable of the dead and ascertain whether they read any newspapers in the world beyond, and, if so, which, and what portions of them with the most delight.

The result of the inquiry, it may be said without boastfulness, was gratifying in the extreme to *The Daily Blurb*.

SPINOZA in the course of a long interview declared that his favourite reading had always been *The Daily Blurb*.

"We watch out for it here," he said. "My own favourite portion is the Pets in Toyland page, which I read from

WHO USED TO BE WHO.

BENEDICT SPINOZA was born at Amsterdam on the 24th of November, 1632. He believed that Extension and Thought were Attributes, that which the mind perceives as constituting Substance. Extension is visible Thought. Thought is invisible Extension. He is a constant reader of "The Daily Blurb."

end to end, eagerly awaiting the next day's instalment. I was particularly impressed also by the full outside page advertisement scheme, which I believe to be the making of the modern popular newspaper.

"I often say to DESCARTES [Descartes *was the author of the famous dictum (a Latin phrase)*, 'Cogito, ergo sum' —cogito, *I think*; ergo, *therefore*; sum, *I am*], 'There is no daily paper so grateful and comforting as *The Daily Blurb*,' and he replies, 'In order to think it is necessary to read *The Daily Blurb*.'"

The philosopher KANT was equally enthusiastic.

"I take particular pleasure," he said, "in the racing prognostications of Mr. EDGAR WALLACE in *The Daily Blurb*, which I often find a great help. If any

PERSONALITIES OF YESTERDAY.

IMMANUEL KANT was born at Königsberg in East Prussia in 1724. He wrote "The Critique of Pure Reason," invented the categories, and is now a regular reader of "The Daily Blurb."

spirit puts to me the question, 'Where are the dead certs?' I say instantly, 'On the sporting page of *The Daily Blurb*. Their tips for Epsom and Newmarket are intuitively sound.'

"I enjoy also the weather reports, especially the accounts of depressions from Iceland, and the crossword puzzle for Tiny Tots."

The poet SHAKESPEARE, considered by CHARLES BUCHAN, the great footballer, to be England's premier poet, has followed every word in *The Daily Blurb* since the day of its first issue, and even now takes as much interest in the City news as in the photographs on the back page.

"We are such stuff" (he remarked at the end of a short interview)

"As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep. Nay more, Polonius,
There is no simple, nor no sovran herb
So apt for slumber as *The Daily Blurb*."

The testimony of GALILEO served only to confirm the opinion of previous speakers.

"The constant adherence," he said, "of the leader-writers in *The Daily Blurb* to the view which I propounded many years ago, namely, that the earth goes round the sun, is the source of the greatest satisfaction to me, and at the same time of annoyance to my enemies. '*E pur si muove* (It is a live wire),' I often say of your paper laughingly to ARIOSTO. 'Round the Town' I think is my favourite

PROMINENT MEN IN HADES.

GALILEO, one of the foremost thinkers of his age, was buried in the church of Santa Croce at Florence in 1642. Had he lived he would most certainly have been an insured reader of "The Daily Blurb."

column. I also delight in the trenchant satire of your cartoons."

No less pleasing than these congratulations from the dead was the comment made upon them by famous living men.

"I am not surprised," says Mr. BERNARD SHAW. "If I were dead I should read *The Daily Blurb* myself."

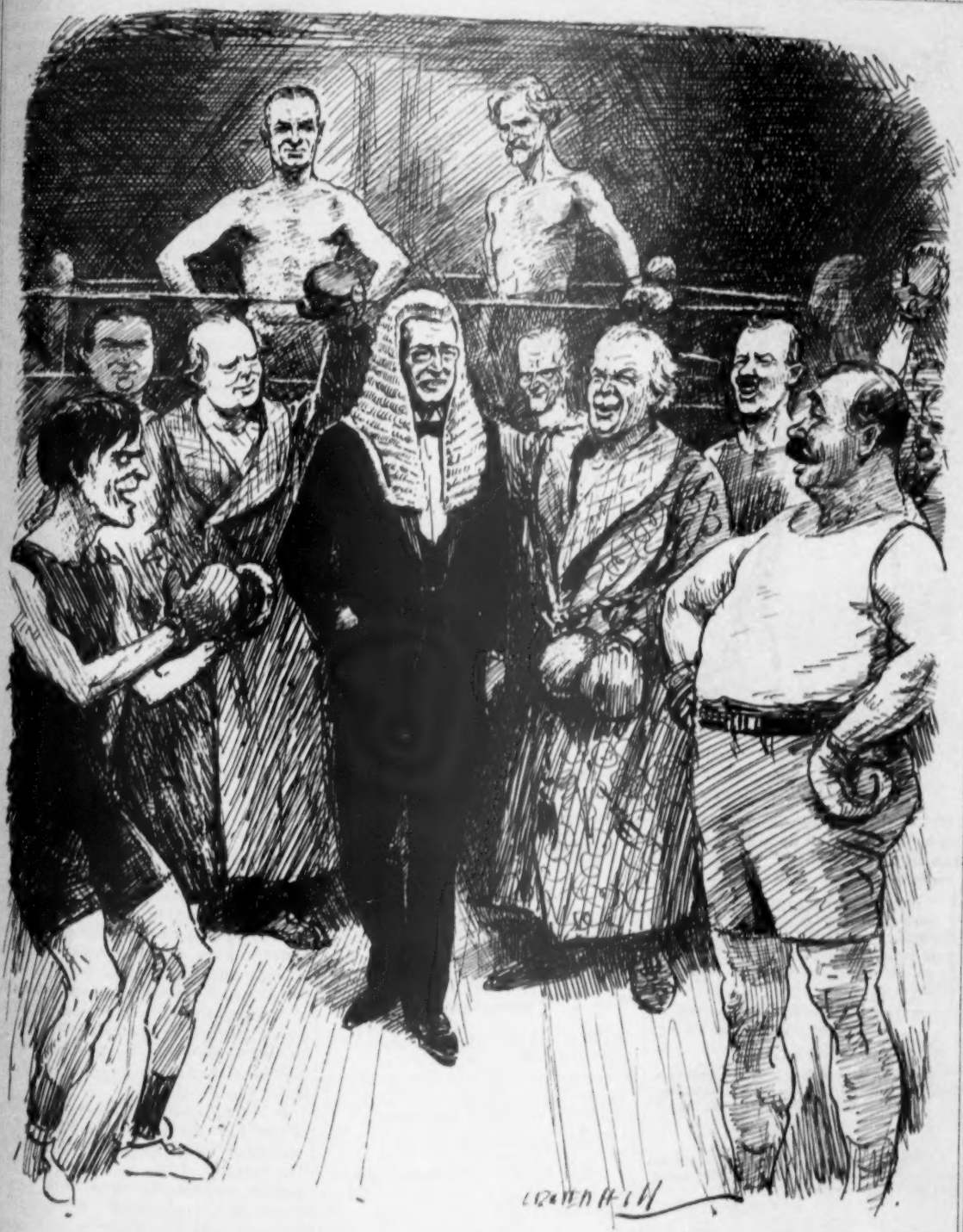
On another page the Champion of All Bedfordshire, an insured reader of "The Daily Blurb," discusses the back-swing in croquet.

"Nothing could be so agreeable," writes the Dean of ST. PAUL'S, "to the eye of CALIGULA or VITELLIUS as the attention devoted to *panem et circenses* (biscuits and racing) by a modern daily newspaper."

"I know nothing about *The Daily Blurb*," said Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT, "but I 've always hoped against hope that HAZLITT, COLERIDGE and JOHNSON were reading my literary criticisms in the evening Press."

"Too lovely for anything," was the comment of Miss BETTY NUTHALL when she was told.

"Those who have gone to another place," says Sir ALFRED MOND, "cannot



THE REFEREE'S FAREWELL.

ALL. "FOR HE'S A JOLLY GOOD SPEAKER!"

[The Rt. Hon. J. H. WHITLEY is to retire from the Chair on June 19th.]



The Lady. "DON'T YOU THINK YOU COULD GET A MORE LUCRATIVE JOB THAN THIS?"
The Caddie. "AY—BUT WE HAE TO TAK' WHA THE CADDIE-MASTER GIES."

fail to be interested in the fortunes of those who stay behind."

DETAILS OF THE SCHEME BY WHICH COPIES OF *THE DAILY BLURB* CAN STILL BE DELIVERED TO THOSE WHO HAVE MADE THE FULL CLAIM ON OUR INSURANCE POLICY WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 4.

EVOE.

Commercial Candour.

"The wise housewife knows the quality of the goods retailed by ——, the Direct Imposters."
New Zealand Paper.

Sacrificial Art.

"'The Letter' was preceded by a one-act play . . . which allowed everyone to be seated in time for the major performance."
Liverpool Paper.

"The Vicar, the Rev. ——, presided at the annual vestry meeting of the —— Parish Church. Messrs. —— and —— were repainted churchwardens."—*Northern Paper.*

We have always given our support to the Brighter Vestry Movement.

BOLSHEVISM IN THE BATHROOM.

IN these days of distrust and unrest it is the first duty of every right-thinking Englishman to combat any dangerous tendenc'es in his own home; so it is with regret that I notice almost every morning when I go to my bath the legend

BATH MAT

on the mat that lies beside it. I am no Russian scholar, but there is a sinister look about the spelling comparable to Przemysl or Tomsk, while the initial B sufficiently resembles the Russian V to place the matter beyond doubt. We cannot be too careful; for what, I say to myself, is the use of outward patriotism and writing to the papers once a week about social reform if I allow this sort of thing to go on in my own house?

You will say that it is a little thing that a bath mat should be upside down, and that if I feel strongly about it I can easily turn it back again. It is plain that you have not grasped the underlying principle. You, a stranger, would not suspect our little maid-of-all-work of communism, but I, who am experienced in these matters, have had every chance of observing her carefully.

It is significant that the side of the mat she likes to see exposed is nearly all red; she likes to feast her eyes on a colour which conjures up happy dreams of wading through bourgeois blood—mine; while the apparently meaningless symbols could no doubt be deciphered with ease by the youngest member of the Tcheka.

It is not, however, the mere reversing of the mat that I mind, but the whole organised rebellion lurking behind it. The turning of the mat may be but a gesture, the words themselves but a slogan of the oppressed; it is not till I discover that the water is cold again that I become seriously agitated.

"COLD WATER FOR CAPITALISTS."

I see it blazoned on a banner and carried through the streets, with "Boiling

Baths for Bolshevists" as a possible corollary; assuming that children of freedom will ever lower themselves to indulge in anything so bourgeois.

I know that if I inquire the wherefore I shall be confounded with a plausible excuse; the coal has run short or the sweep has delayed his visit and the kitchen flues are choked. But, as NAPOLEON once remarked, "There is no such thing as an excuse, there is only an explanation." My own task-master, I fear, would turn a deaf ear to me were I to appear half-an-hour late at the office unshaven and protest that I had run out of razor-blades and had to wait for my breakfast (which would incidentally be a lie, because my breakfast generally has to wait for me).

However, I am straying from the point. It is the revolt within the home against which I strive to give timely warning; the door that will not stay shut, but opens suddenly, heralding a rude blast which overturns top-heavy flower-vases and scatters my papers to right and left; the door that will not stay open, but slams with vicious abandon, shaking everything in the house; the tabby cat who listens to my lectures on monogamy and moderation with an expression of mulish disregard, and then continues to produce proletariat families once every three months with the utmost regularity and to rear them in the most unexpected places, such as the green-house, my wife's half-open hat-box, or under the bath. She catches my eye and leads me to them with every evidence of maternal pride, so that I, being a soft-hearted fool, forbear to drown them but litter the neighbourhood with unwanted kittens.

Trivial things, you will say. Possibly, but made unconscionable by the spirit that moves them. I cannot but feel that the cat glances with gay abandon at the symbolic script on the bathroom mat, knowing that she has once more flouted my sovereign wish, or that the lukewarm water gushes derisively from the tap like the headlong speech of a Communist orator with one watchful eye on the dogma of his creed—

ВЛАИ НЛАТ

"Those," it seems to say, "whose place is beneath shall be on top; blood (which is thicker than water) shall triumph at the last!"

Asking for It.

"QUESTION BOX.

BARUY (Salford).—R.S.V.P. is short for *Responde se'ivous plait* (Please reply).
Manchester Paper.

The bride who caused a sensation by saying, "I won't," at the altar should of course have said, "I will not."



"I COULDN'T HIT THAT FAST CHAP."
"NEVER MIND, DEAR, HE NEVER HIT YOU ONCE."

RENUNCIATION.

Belinda, though I certainly intended
To lead you to St. Peter's, Eaton Square,
I fear that our engagement must be ended,
VORONOFF has reduced me to despair;
This scientist has wrecked my expectations
By vivifying all my rich relations.

Aunt Jane, revolting from her bronchial kettle,
No longer hibernates at Tunbridge Wells,
But mountaineers on Popocatepetl
And frequently has swum the Dardanelles;
While in Montmartre one constantly may meet her
Eluding gendarmes in a fast two-seater.

My Uncle James, whom death has laid his hand on,
Once comatose, rheumatic and obese,
Foxtrots and jazzes with a wild abandon
And motor-cycles round the Chersonese.
All which is very, very hard on me
Who was residuary legatee.

No Chicken.

"Poulet Poele, Grand Mere."
Item in Menu.

We have met this type before, but never on such a frank introduction.

"Her eyes are scarlet cherries, round and rare . . ."
Extract from verse in Magazine.

We suggest bathing them with boracic lotion until the inflammation subsides.

ST. VITUS'S DRAMA.

SOMEONE has been complaining of the elaborate and literary stage-directions with which modern dramatists adorn their published plays, and Mr. ST. JOHN ERVINE pertinently inquires whether the complainant would prefer to read a producer's "prompt copy," in which the movements of the actors are tersely set down in terms of Left, Right and Centre, and there is no lettered chat about the condition of their minds.

I picked up the other day on the Underground a few stray leaves of what appears to be a "prompt copy" of a play called *Romeo and Juliet*, and I am forwarding them to Sir BARRY JACKSON, for I judge from the fragments that a performance of *Romeo and Juliet* in modern dress is in preparation. Apart from the references to certain modern "properties," the marginal notes show the restlessness and itch for movement of all present-day productions. In real life we constantly begin and finish a conversation sitting in the same chair or standing in the same place. But in the modern drama, as you may have noticed, the actor is never allowed to say more than two sentences without moving somewhere unnecessarily or doing something unnecessary. He must sit down in a chair or get up from a chair, light a cigarette or pour out a whisky-and-soda, look out of the window or poke the fire. And if there is nothing else to do he must "cross" one of the other players. When the innocent spectators see Basil leave the fireplace and go to the sofa, while Helen leaves the sofa and goes to the fireplace, he does not realise what thought and trouble have been devoted to the execution of that simple "cross," and, if he did, he would probably remark, ungrateful wretch! that Basil and Helen might just as well have remained where they were. But doubtless the producers know their job, and it is not for us to criticise them. My only aim is to support Mr. ERVINE and to ask his friend if he would really like to read this sort of thing—lighting directions and all.

ACT III.—SCENE V.

Capulet's *Orchard*. Juliet's *Chamber above*.

Enter Romeo *and* Juliet, *U.L. Gramophone* OFF. *To open ff. When* Romeo *lights cigarette, pp. Amber in floats, perches.*

Jul. Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day.

[*Points window.* Rom. *turns back and comes down, L.*

It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree:

[*Sits top corner divan, R.* Rom. *lights cigarette.*

Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

[*Stop gramophone.*

Rom. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale: look, love, what envious streaks

[*Cue for spot batten.*

Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east: [*Pink in floats.*
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain-tops.

[*Throw away cigarette. Cross to divan.*

I must be gone and live, or stay and die. [*Kneels, L. knee, below her.*

Jul. Yon light is not day-light, I know it, I: [*Bring up perches, slowly.*
It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,

[*Gets up.*

And light thee on thy way to Mantua:

[*Going up to window, C.*

Therefore stay yet; thou needst not to be gone.

[Jul. *looks out window.* Rom. *stands, crosses to table, C., and mixes whisky-and-soda.*

Rom. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death;
I am content, so thou wilt have it so.

[*He goes up, she comes down. They meet below armchair, L.*

I'll say, yon grey is not the morning's eye.

[Rom. *takes* Jul.'s *L. hand in his R., whisky in L. hand. Gramophone* (OFF), *pp.*, "*Till I Wake.*" *Cut four lines of text.*

Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so.
How is't, my soul? Let's talk; it is not day.

[*Drinks whisky. Check blue in floats.*

Jul. It is, it is: hie hence, be gone, away!

[*Two paces back and up, pointing R.*

It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps.

[*Stop gramophone. Cut six lines of text.*

O, now be gone; more light and light it grows.

[*Flood back-cloth pink, bring up perches.* Rom. *crosses to armchair L. and sits, leaning L. elbow on L. knee.*

More light and light; more dark and dark our woes!

[*Crosses legs. Enter* Nurse, *U.R.*

Nurse. Madam!
Jul. Nurse? [*Goes down R.*
Nurse. Your lady mother is coming to your chamber;
The day is broke; be wary, look about.

[*Yellow on back-cloth.* Jul. *looks about. Exit* Nurse.

Jul. Then, window, let day in and let life out.

[*Points window L. hand, scratches head R. hand and crosses to* Rom. *above armchair. Sits L. arm of chair.*

Rom. Farewell, farewell! One kiss and I'll descend.

[*Cut kiss here.* Rom. *gets up and mixes whisky-and-soda.* Jul. *goes to fireplace L. and fingers ornaments on mantelshelf.*

Jul. Art thou gone so? love, lord, ay, husband, friend!

[*Business with handkerchief.*

I must hear from thee every day in the hour,
For in a minute there are many days:
O! by this count I shall be much in years
Ere I again behold my Romeo!

[*Gets up. Business with handkerchief as before.* Rom. *drinks whisky, puts down glass, replaces stopper decanter and crosses to chair, L.* Jul. *powders nose and comes down to meet him. He stands a little above her, R., L. hand on her L. shoulder.*

Rom. Farewell! (*Kiss.*) I will omit no opportunity
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee. (*Long kiss.*)

[*He swings her round with L. arm, they go up to the window,* Rom. *lights cigarette, offers* Jul. *one, she refuses, short kiss, he descends. Perch limes change to blue gradually, check ambers in batten.*

Jul. O! think'st thou we shall ever meet again?
Rom. I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve
For sweet discourses in our time to come.

[*Gramophone softly* (OFF). *Pale blue on back-cloth.*

Jul. O God! I have an ill-divining soul!
Either my eyesight fails or thou look'st pale.
Rom. And trust me, love, in my eye so do you:
Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu, adieu! [*Exit.*

[Jul. *blows kiss, sound of* Romeo *blowing kiss* (OFF), *check floats to right out, stop gramophone,* Jul. *waves handkerchief, count ten, come down C. and light cigarette. Count twenty, enter* Lady Capulet.

A. P. H.



Small Girl (*to Brother*). "YOU 'RE A HATEFUL BOY, DEREK—THE SORT OF BOY THAT IN OLDEN DAYS WOULD HAVE PULLED A GIRL'S HAIR."

THE TAR BABY.

THE Tar Baby was the smallest but by no means the least important member of our naval camp in the Ceylon hills.

He attached himself to us the very first day we arrived there. We were still rhapsodising over the view, the flowers and, above all, the cool fresh air after the sticky heat of Colombo, when an exceedingly dirty small figure appeared in the verandah of our bungalow. I had a vision of very long black tousled hair and a pair of huge pathetic eyes; then a timid little voice said insinuatingly, "Lady want caddie?"

I shook my head and smiled, and he smiled in response, a wide smile which showed all his white teeth.

"Afternoon?" he suggested hopefully.

I shook my head again and waved to him to go away.

He looked at me reproachfully and disappeared, but after a short interval he returned to the attack, armed with a small bunch of flowers which undoubtedly had been picked in our own garden.

"For lady," he said, holding them out to me, and, as I took them from his hot hand, "Lady want caddie tomorrow?" he whispered.

It was a case of compounding a felony as well as accepting a bribe, but what was I to do? I made a half-hearted protest.

"But you 're much too small for a caddie; you 'd never carry my clubs," I objected.

Indignantly he informed me that he was ten years old, that he had been a caddie for ever so long, and that he also worked in the tea-fields, was an experienced tennis *podian*, delivered the milk for his grandmother, who kept cows, and, when he had nothing else to do, attended the local school to learn "Eenglish." It took me some time to

understand all this, for the attendances at school were evidently very infrequent, his "Eenglish" being of the scantiest, but he was determined that I should be under no misapprehension as to his exceptional qualifications, so he was very patient with me.

I gave in weakly.

"Well, I'll try you," I said. "You can come along to-morrow if you like."

Early next morning I found him waiting for me on the verandah, busily engaged in cleaning my clubs. He was obviously anxious that his appearance should do me credit, for, in addition to the usual torn and grubby shirt and the red-and-white *sarong* flapping about his legs, he wore an ancient blue waistcoat, which at one time must have been the property of a petty officer of portly build, and round his neck, tied together with a piece of string, was the remains of a stiff collar. He saluted me gravely.

"Lady's clubs all ready," he informed me. "I show lady the way," and, shouldering my bagful, he strutted off through the garden on to the links which lay just beyond.

He certainly proved to be the most excellent caddie.

The course of our "United Services Golf Club" is what you might call a sporting one; that is to say, it abounds in natural hazards, such as swamps and ditches and trees, rocks and holes; and the ideal equipment for a golfer, as recommended in the Ward-room Amendments to Local Rules, is a niblick, a spade and a ferret. It is further complicated by the habits of the populace, who delight to sit in front of the browns and are deaf to any cry of "Fore," and by the Tar Baby's grandmother's cows, who stray everywhere. It is not a particularly easy course, therefore, and, left to myself, I should have certainly lost many balls, damaged a few cows and finally given up in despair, but in the Tar Baby's charge I met with no disasters. He possessed an uncanny instinct for finding balls and never failed to retrieve them from the most hopeless-looking jungle; and he dealt with the local populace and his grandmother's cows in a manner that I can only describe as masterly. He also had a pleasing trick of saying "Goo-ood shot" whenever I managed to hit the ball at all, and his chivalrous "Oh, *poor* lady!" when I landed in a bunker almost made me believe that my luck was bad and not my play.

This same chivalry of his sometimes proved embarrassing, for, having become my regular caddie, he also constituted himself my champion, and never in any circumstances would he admit my defeat. "Lady win" was his invariable remark at the end of a match, and when I indignantly disclaimed a victory that was too seldom mine he would regard me sadly and say, "Lady no count right." That is why I am still uneasy about the great golf-match which took place just before we left camp, between the Admiral's Office and the Admiral's Bungalow, each side putting a team of five into the field.

I was at the tail-end of our side and had to play the assistant-assistant-secretary, who was a fair golfer, but was handicapped by being violently in love (for the eleventh time since we left England). Love and golf do not seem to go well together, and so we were all square when we reached the last tee—a particularly nasty hole, both the tee and the brown lying in deep valleys, with a hill and ditch between them. My best drive just carries the top of the hill and rolls down on the other side with a little luck, so I sent the Tar Baby on ahead as fore-caddie, then, concentrating all my energies, I drove. The ball travelled quite well, but, as usual, I pulled it badly, and as it disappeared over the hill I knew that nothing could save it from going into the swamp that lies on the left.

"Bad luck," said the A.A.S. as he drove a real beauty, straight as a die, over the centre of the hill, and his caddie, beaming with satisfaction, scurried on to find the ball and gloat over the Tar Baby. Then from the further side of the hill rose shrill sounds of wrath and disappointment. My poor Tar Baby, thought I.

But when we crested the hill it was not my small caddie who was squeaking with indignation. He was standing happily and quietly in the middle of the fairway, just short of the ditch, and beside him was a little white ball nicely teed up.

"Lady's ball hit stone," he announced with a cheerful grin. Then he pointed to the swamp, where the A.A.S.'s caddie was dredging forlornly and filling the air with lamentations.

"Master's ball hit stone too," explained the Tar Baby, and added sorrowfully, "*Poor* Master!"

As I said before, there are lots of rocks about the fairway, but—— I looked at the Tar Baby sternly. His huge dark eyes met mine without a quiver, then, "Both balls hit stones, Lady's *and* Master's," he repeated meekly.

I consulted the A.A.S.

"What shall we do about it?" I asked. "It's pretty suspicious, to say the least of it. What about driving again?"

But the A.A.S. was in a hurry to finish the match in order to keep an assignation with the present object of his affections, so he plunged bravely into the swamp. It took him four shots to get out, and then he put his ball into the ditch, and by the time we'd removed the leeches he had collected on his person it was getting so late and his temper was so ruffled that he picked up.

An anxious crowd hailed us as we left the links.

"Who won?" they shouted. "We're all square so far, so you two decide the result."

The Tar Baby raised his voice in a shrill cry of triumph.

"Lady win!" he answered, and, dropping my clubs, he turned three somersaults running to relieve his feelings.



Charlady of Ultra-Modern's studio (to privileged friend). "'E NOW 'AS AN EASEL BY 'IS BEDSIDE TO BE READY TO PAINT. 'E *FORGOT* 'IS LAST NIGHT-MARE."

Another Impending Apology.

"EMPIRE DAY DANCE. The duties of M.C. were ably carried out by Mr. ——, and the refreshments were ably carried out by Mrs. —— and her helpers."—*Surrey Paper.*

"Furnished Bungalows To Let; three and six rooms; near Sea and Beach; uninterrupted mews. Apply ——."
Advt. in Local Theatre Programme.

These, of course, would be seamews.

PAVILION CRICKET.



"YES, THIS BOY CAN BAT A BIT. REMINDS ME A LITTLE OF OLD A. I ONCE SAW HIM MAKE 120 NOT OUT AGAINST YORKSHIRE ON THIS VERY GROUND."

Tall Hat . . . 120 for 0.



"A? OH, YES. I REMEMBER B BOWLING HIM ON ONE OCCASION; IT WAS THE MATCH WHEN C KNOCKED UP 183 BEFORE BEING RUN OUT."

Tall Hat . . . 120 for 1.
Straw Hat . . 183 for 1.



"C WAS NO GOOD AGAINST REALLY FAST BOWLING. I REMEMBER HIS BEING CLEAN BOWLED BY D, THE LANCASHIRE MAN, IN BOTH INNINGS FOR A PAIR OF SPECTACLES; THAT WAS WHEN E CARRIED HIS BAT FOR 200."

Tall Hat . . . 320 for 1.
Straw Hat . . 183 for 3.



"AH! BUT E DIDN'T LIKE THEM WHEN THEY GOT UP; HE WAS ONE OF THE VICTIMS WHEN F BROUGHT OFF HIS FAMOUS HAT-TRICK IN THE GENTLEMEN *v.* PLAYERS."

Tall Hat . . . 320 for 4.
Straw Hat . . 183 for 3.



"E WAS A FINE CRICKETER ALL THE SAME, AND A RATTLING GOOD PAIR OF HANDS. I SAW HIM BRING OFF FIVE CATCHES IN ONE INNINGS AND THEN CARRY HIS BAT FOR 93."

Tall Hat . . . 416 for 4.
Straw Hat . . 183 for 8.



"WELL, ANYWAY, I REMEMBER THE TIME THAT HE DROPPED AN EASY ONE AGAINST THE AUSTRALIANS AND LET THEM PUT ON 300 FOR THE THIRD WICKET, AFTER WHICH G TOOK SIX ENGLISH WICKETS FOR TEN RUNS."

Tall Hat . . . 426 all out.
Straw Hat . . 483 for 9.
(Straw Hat takes points for first innings.)

FELSTEAD'S DERBY.

I SHALL never quite forgive myself for not having backed this horse Felstead, which won the Derby last week at odds of thirty-three to one. . . .

In the first place I suppose I was the only man in England who thought of taking a Vergil down to Epsom in order to foretell the result of the big race on the course. When the champagne and the lunch and the thermos flasks and the overcoats had been safely put on board the motor-bus, a sudden wave of inspiration washed over my brain.

"We have forgotten," I said to the conductor, "the *Sortes Vergilianæ*."

"Very well, Sir," he said; "we'll wait while you get it."

He spoke quite calmly and much as Charon himself might have done. It is very difficult indeed to surprise a London omnibus-conductor.

I used the Oxford pocket edition, which, according to the editor's foreword, follows the text established by HEYNE, except for certain emendations by PHILIP WAGNER. I put it in a basket, which seemed to contain lettuce, chicken and salmon.

On reaching the down I could not find that any of the recognised tipsters were making use of the great mediæval wizard in order to solicit patronage. The gipsies were silent about the *Sortes Vergilianæ*. A very dirty one gave me Sunny Trace on a very dirty piece of paper for fourpence. There was a gentleman in a grey morning-coat and a white top-hat who ran continually round and round in circles, holding his hat in his hand and bellowing so loudly that on any less delightfully fine day he would certainly have brought down the rain. I think he said he was an ex-trainer of Newmarket, a profession at once vague and seductive that brought him many admirers. He had a friend with him who, judging by his apparel, seemed to be an ex-jockey of Daly's Theatre, and who went on bellowing the moment his partner had left off. They relied, apart from lung-power, on a sheet of black cardboard, upon which were written what purported to be their successful prophecies in former years. Both of them offered a hundred pounds for denial; but there was found none so bold as to attempt this easy, if inglorious, way of earning money upon Epsom Down.

Neither of them made any reference to VERGIL. Nor did the decorative negro. Nor did the venerable tipster like a dissenting minister, who said that he had been giving tips for forty years, before some of the other tipsters were born. Like the stentorian dandy and the negro, he was giving Fairway. I did not attempt to profit by his life-work, because I had another source of information with which I intended to supplement VERGIL. I acquired it from an evening paper, which pointed out that in every leap-year since the beginning of the century every Derby winner had had "ST" in its name. For this reason I had already backed Royal Minstrel and Ranjit Singh, remaining aloof from Sunny Trace, Scintillation and Yeomanstown out of a mere petulance and a desire not to rob the bookmakers of their money. They seemed quite pleased with me for backing Royal Minstrel and Ranjit Singh, and I obviously went up in their esteem.

When I went back to the motor-bus I found that almost everybody had had the incredible folly to back Fairway, except the driver, who rather dourly, I felt, had put his money on Black Watch.

It was at this point that my misfortunes began. A friend of mine, who wore a white bowler-hat and was therefore obviously to be trusted, told me that, as a mere freak of fancy and because he had a cottage in Essex, he had put some money on Felstead for a place. I could conceive of no worse reason for backing Felstead than this. If I had had a cottage in Essex myself I might have followed his lead. But how could the Essex cottage of another man, even a man wearing a white bowler-hat, help me to stay a mile-and-a-half on a hard ground at Epsom? It was not to be thought of.

I turned to VERGIL, who has been the solace of so many great men in their moods of despondency, and was at this moment lying behind a half-empty bottle of champagne.

"Shall I open the book for you?" said another member of the party. He was Irish and had had a life-long experience of horses, so I judged that he was the right man for the job.

I read the page earnestly until I came to the words

"*cum flos succisus aratro.*"

"That must be it," I exclaimed.

Here it was, of course, that I went utterly wrong. Anybody but a blind fool would have seen that VERGIL had no interest in flamingoes, a species of wild bird which was probably quite unknown to him. Anyone but a mere idiot would have noticed that the words "cut down by the ploughshare" indicated "felled." Anyone but a mug would have remembered that the letters "FEL" had to be combined with the previous tip, "ST." Finally we must remember that the racing colours of Felstead's owner were grass-green.

What wonder then that Felstead, coming up to the two leaders in the straight, never looked like losing? The whole thing was a deplorable fiasco from my point of view and a lesson to all careless backers who study form but do not study it closely enough.

Sadly roaming the course and meditating on my folly, I heard a loud roaring noise, and came upon the gentleman in the grey frock-coat with his light operatic friend.

"Who gave you Felstead?" he was crying to a tepidly interested ring of spectators as he pranced round in a circle waving his white top-hat. "A hundred pounds for denial! Who gave you Felstead this afternoon?"

There is a power of sudden recuperation about a tipster to which the ordinary plunger cannot so speedily attain.

I forbore to bet on the last three races, but what really annoyed me was that,



Wife (whose husband has laid out burglar by means of a lucky one with the poker). "OH, HENRY, W-WHAT WILL HAPPEN NOW? C-CAN THEY ARREST YOU F-FOR C-CARRYING F-FIRE-IRONS?"

when I went into my tobacconist's in the evening and told him of my troubles, he said—

"Ah, well, I did better than you, staying at home. I backed Felstead and Black Watch."

"Why did you back Felstead?" I asked with some interest.

"To tell you the truth," he said, "I meant it to be Fernkloof, but I got them mixed up."

No one, it seems to me, except the Mantuan poet, really knew. EVOE.

"Miss Hilda May Gordon, the first woman to travel round the world on her paint brush . . . landed at Southampton yesterday."
Belfast Paper.

Much nicer than a witch's broomstick.

We understand that there is no foundation for the rumour that a girl went into a hairdresser's shop at Weymouth and asked for a Tidal Wave.

From a Sunday paper's Cambridge correspondent :—

"At the Festival Theatre *The Birds* are being performed."

Oh, are it?

HELEN.

AT the lecture yesterday
On the Græco-Trojan quarrels
Mr. Pott arose to say
The seeds of their dissensions lay
In HELEN's execrable morals.
Mr. Gibbs confirmed that statement,
Said he welcomed an abatement
Of the meretricious view
That HELEN was a woman who
Because of an uncommon beauty
Might evade her wifely duty.
Mr. Obadiah Cramp
Unequivocally stated
He himself had always rated
HELEN as the world's worst vamp;
Said it grieved him much to see
The younger poets' tendency
To laud the doubtless handsome features
Of this most depraved of creatures;
Said it was a sheer disgrace
For a flaunting female's face
To upset the good relations
Of a pair of friendly nations. . . .
HELEN, did you hear, I wonder,
All the horrid things we said?
Did your lovely ears burn red
Before our Mr. Gibbs's thunder?

HELEN, HELEN! When one thinks
Of those dear sons and brothers slain
On the bloody Trojan plain,
Frankly, were you not a minx?
Were you *worth* that fire and slaughter?
As an honest Briton's daughter
I agree with Mr. Pott
That you certainly were not.
Yet, O HELEN, what an air
And a grace you must have walked with,
What a manner must have talked with!
HELEN, what a queen you were!
In that grace a nation trembled,
For that air two nations bled;
Through your too delightful head
Half the world in war assembled.
HELEN, did you even *mind*?
Or did I hear, when Mr. Cramp
Labelled you the world's worst vamp,
A golden laugh go down the wind?

The Penalties of Achievement.

From a Schoolboy's Examination Paper:—

"The man who won an Olympic Game was crowned with a coral reef."



Mother. "DORIS, DEAR, WHY DO YOU ALWAYS ASK ME TO READ THIS SAD, SAD POEM?"
Doris. "I LIKE SAD POEMS; THEY MAKE MY NOSE ITCH."

LIVESTOCK IN BARRACKS.

XIII.—THE BAND'S RABBITRY.

I DON'T know why regimental bands should be treated differently from the remainder of the brutal-and-licentious in any battalion; but most certainly they *do* cut it pretty fat. They only attend occasional selected parades, at once organising a convenient band-practice if anything really arduous, like battalion drill, appears on the horizon; they have special leave privileges, almost equal to those of the higher command; they escape all hard manual labour because it spoils their touch; they get passes frequently; they swear terribly; in fact they are altogether nasty men. I am speaking, of course, as one who is not musical.

Anyway, what with one thing and another, the efforts involved in keeping a regimental band in funds and out of mischief are a perpetual source of anxiety to everyone. Take, for instance, this business of our band's rabbitry.

It was over a year ago that the Adjutant had the original idea, and perhaps it would be more generous to let bygones be bygones. However, briefly it was this:—

In order to build up a fund for the renewal of the band's instruments and the purchase of new and unsuspected ones, the Adjutant proposed to breed rabbits. The scheme, as he explained it on paper, certainly seemed highly profitable. You first bought two mixed rabbits at two shillings per rabbit. In a couple of months you might reasonably expect to possess $2+x$ rabbits, x being the average number in a litter as given in *The Manual of Rabbit Care and Maintenance;* while in a further two months you had a total of $2+x+x$ or $2+2x$ rabbits. Then came the exciting part. Two months later still you had, of course, $2+3x$ rabbits, and you had in addition very possibly a new generation, numbering $\frac{x}{2}$ x or $\frac{x^2}{2}$ rabbits. By the end therefore of a single year your effective rabbit strength would be $2+6x+4\frac{x^2}{2}+2\frac{x^3}{4}$ rabbits, which, taking x to be an average eight, works out at 434 rabbits, or, if you cared to wait a further two months, 1,114—an overwhelming total.

Our Lieutenant James, by the way, made it 11,140 rabbits, but that seemed over-generous. Besides he never was good at arithmetic and probably misread his slide-rule.

Now the cost of feeding rabbits is negligible because they pick up what they can, or so the Adjutant was assured by his cousin, who was himself thinking of starting a chicken-farm. And thus if you could get, say, 1*s.* 6*d.* per rabbit, you had in hand, after fourteen months, rabbits to the value of £83 11*s.* 0*d.* on an original outlay of 4*s.* A clear profit of £83 7*s.* 0*d.*, or more than enough to arm each member of the band with a banjo and mouth-organ apiece.



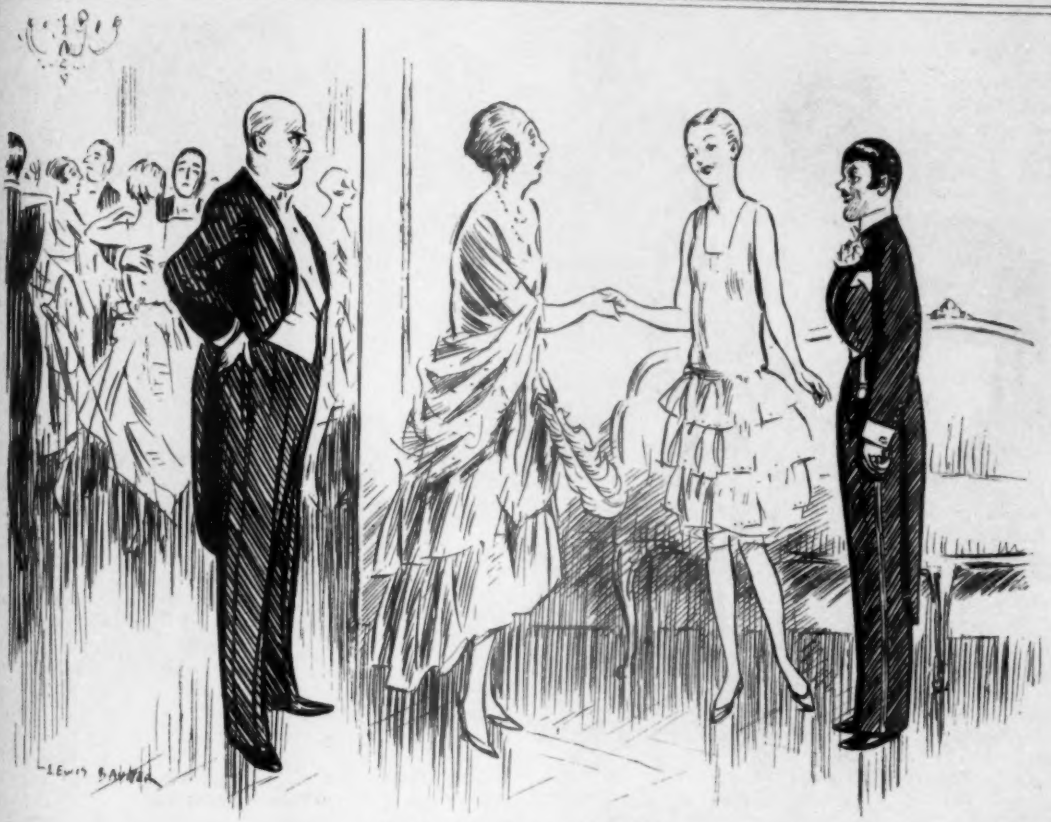
"RABBITS WERE EVERYWHERE."

At first we all felt that there must be a slight mistake somewhere, or why didn't everyone in the world keep rabbits? But having checked the calculations over carefully—as you are at liberty to do—and being unable to detect any error, we accepted the Adjutant's scheme unanimously. The unmusical section then protested against the allocation of the future fund to "the purchase of instruments" as being a controversial object, and after heated discussion, during which Captain Bayonet offered to sing by way of showing his lack of ear, the wording was altered to "the general benefit of members of the regimental band," which seemed to satisfy everyone. The Adjutant then retired to hunt up lists of Rabbits for Sale (or Would Exchange for Quiet Tortoise).

Next day, amid scenes of enthusiasm, two rabbits were formally presented to the band, who were given permission to wire off a portion of an old parade-ground behind the band-practice hut as a rabbitry. A *pro formâ* for a Return of Rabbits on the Strength was next drawn up and instructions issued that it was to be rendered weekly to the Adjutant's office.

For weeks the return read solemnly: "Rabbits on the strength at Band Rabbitry, 2," and the Adjutant's original enthusiasm slowly waned. When finally, one busy morning, he found the current, and recurrent, affirmation of the presence of two solitary rabbits filed among some important papers to do with a court-martial, he lost his temper and told the orderly-room clerk, Private Rifle, not to bring him that infernal thing again. He meant to add, "until there is some change," but, being excited, he forgot to say so. When therefore the very next week the arrival of the usual Rabbit Return in the clerks' office was later followed by a chit from a proud band sergeant to the effect that there was now an error in the return, please, and for "Rabbits, etc. . . . 2" one should read "Rabbits, etc. . . . 10," Private Rifle obediently filed it away without bringing the matter to the Adjutant's notice. So in due course the Adjutant and everyone else (for life in our barracks is one mad whirl) forgot all about the band's rabbitry.

The months went by and, incredible as it may seem, the rabbits began to fulfil the promises of the Adjutant's calculations—if not those of Lieutenant James, who had made the error with his slide-rule. But this we did not suspect. In the first place the rabbitry was behind the band's practice hut, and the band's practice hut, for reasons which will be apparent to the meanest civilian intellect, was on the furthest possible confines of the barrack area. In the second place there was some work going on in the barracks, and so the Adjutant did not think to inquire more deeply into the large amount of wire netting and even cement which were apparently being used by someone. Thirdly, he did not hear till afterwards



TRIALS OF A HOSTESS.

Young Lady. "OH, LADY DUNDERLEIGH, DADDY WAS *so* SORRY HE COULDN'T BRING ME—HAD TO GO DOWN TO THE HOUSE OR SOMETHING—SO I RANG UP THE 'NIGHT BIRDS' AND GOT A SUBSTITUTE."

of the enormous bill for green food that had been run up with the canteen.

Upon all of us, therefore, the rabbits broke one morning (as the rabbitry wire-netting had broken half-an-hour previously) with something of the suddenness and universality of one of the Plagues of Egypt. One moment there was nothing; the next minute THERE WERE RABBITS.

Rabbits were everywhere—on the parade-ground, in the Mess, in all our quarters. Swordfrog swore two rabbits rushed into his room and hid beneath his valise; the Sergeants' Mess cook swore that two rabbits rushed into his oven and hid beneath a crust of pastry. The Adjutant was furious and cursed the band powerfully for not reporting such an excessive number of rabbits; and when the current Return was produced by Private Rifle, showing "Rabbits, etc. . . . . approx. 200 (E. & O.E.)," he cursed them even more powerfully for allowing the rabbitry to burst its banks. Finally he 'phoned for a contractor to come next day and make an offer for rabbits in gross.

The contractor came. And there was not a rabbit to be seen. They had vanished as completely as if they had met a conjurer. The contractor, after submitting a bill for expenses, returned in a huff, and the Adjutant set himself to probe the mystery.

Eventually the band shyly admitted that, feeling it was up to them to put things right, they had had the rabbits for their supper. When pressed, they admitted that some might have run away, and further that a few friends might have helped. In point of fact, we believe every one in the battalion had rabbit that night, but as only the band confessed to it and as the object of the rabbitry was clearly stated to be "the general benefit of members of the regimental band," we could do nothing about it.

But we still survey the band with awe. Officially it works out at seven-and-a-half rabbits per head, including buglers. Almost Gargantuan. A. A.

"You'll see, for the first time on the screen, the World-Famous Henley Regretta!"
South African Paper.

It will be if the usual deluge comes.

SOME ASIATICS.

I.—THE ANNAMITE.

IF you would like to have a fight,
Go and annoy an Annamite;

For if he thinks you 've done him down
He turns a most peculiar brown,

And then he 's apt to drop beneath
Your guard and start to use his teeth.

His favourite bite is in your calf;
If you object he 'll only laugh.

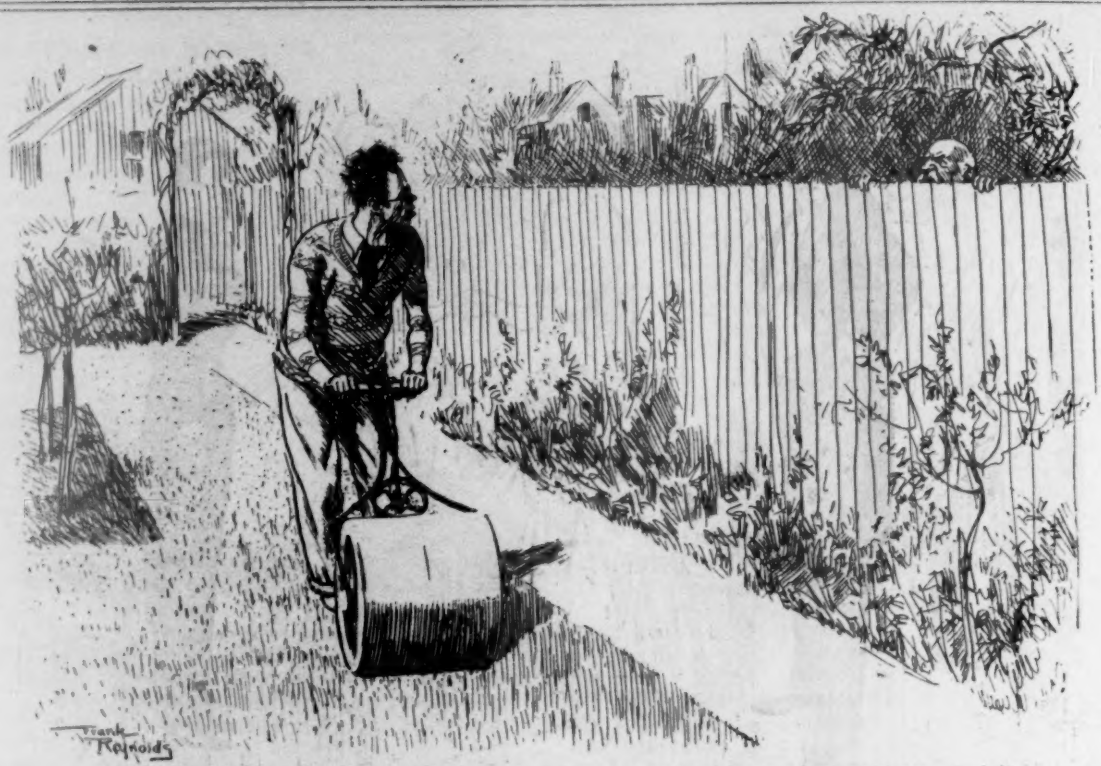
To change his method of attack
He 'll sometimes kick you in the back;

And, if he really *does* see red,
He rips out pieces from your head.

Experience here has always shown
It 's best to leave the man alone.

"Assistant or Under Manageress required for small exclusive sea and country hotel in Devon. Must have good all-round hotel experience, good caterer and deceptionist."
Daily Paper.

O happy land of Devon!
Far from the haunts of sin,
Where every day in seven
Guests can be taken in.



Exasperated Neighbour. "CAN'T YOU DO SOMETHING TO STOP YOUR INFERNAL ROLLER SQUEAKING, SIR?"
Modernist. "POSSIBLY I COULD, SIR, BUT I FIND ITS CHAOTIC DISSONANCE RATHER PLEASES ME."

THE MOVEMENT TOWARDS WOMANLINESS.

"WOMEN," she told me with a certain grave emphasis, "have got to grow more womanly."

"Back to VICTORIA," I agreed with enthusiasm; "or even further still."

"Is there a further still?" she asked.

"One could inquire," I said. "At any rate back to chaperons again. Every girl must have her chaperon once more."

"If you think," she exclaimed with a touch of heat, "that any woman not absolutely bed-ridden is going to spend her time running after every wretched little flapper that her relatives choose to plant on her while they go out enjoying themselves, you're wrong. No wonder chaperons rose up and freed themselves once for all. If any young girl thinks she is going ever again to force us under that yoke—*No!*"

"The chaperon," I explained deprecatingly, "I only meant for a symbol, for a sign of that return to a gentle clinging dependence which will surely mark a re-born womanliness."

"That," she cried earnestly, "is what we want. We don't think a true woman ought ever to do anything that's a bore; there ought always to be men anxious to do it for her."

"Yes," I agreed; "and things like cocktails and cigarettes, they should be finally branded as unwomanly."

"You mean," she asked with a certain hostility in her manner, "that men are to be allowed to keep all the good things for themselves alone? Being womanly doesn't mean that."

"At least," I pleaded, "you'll return to the days when a skirt was a skirt and not merely an elongated bodice."

"Well, anyhow," she retorted sharply, "an elongated bodice, as you call it, is better than what wasn't so much a skirt as a carpet-sweeper."

"At any rate," I urged, "you agree that for the future it must be the leading article of a woman's creed that her home should come first?"

She nodded gravely. "One of our principal points," she said. "What would be the fun of going out if you couldn't feel that you were leaving your stuffy old home behind?"

"Then, too," I went on, encouraged, "you'll agree there are certain professions in which men should be free from woman's competition—I mean occupations to which men are obviously from the nature of things better suited?"

"Oh, yes," she agreed, "every woman knows her dressmaker must be a man, and somehow it seems that a really good cook must always be a man. That's in the absolute nature of things and can't be disputed. But then there are other professions that ought to be kept for women, professions that wear smart uniforms, for instance. It does seem such a dreadful waste to dress up a lot of mere men in such lovely clothes—gold lace, and perfect dreams of hats, and boots that are just too beautifully Russian, and all wasted on the Horse Guards every day at ten sharp."

"Well, then," I asked, "how do you intend to set about growing more womanly?"

"Our starting-point," she explained, "is that a woman is never so truly a woman as when she is truly herself, when she is in fact realizing her own personality. That is our ideal, if you understand."

"I think I do," I said. "You mean when she is doing just whatever she happens to want to do."

"That is not," she complained, "a very nice way of putting it, but it is rather what we mean." E. R. P.

Erratum.

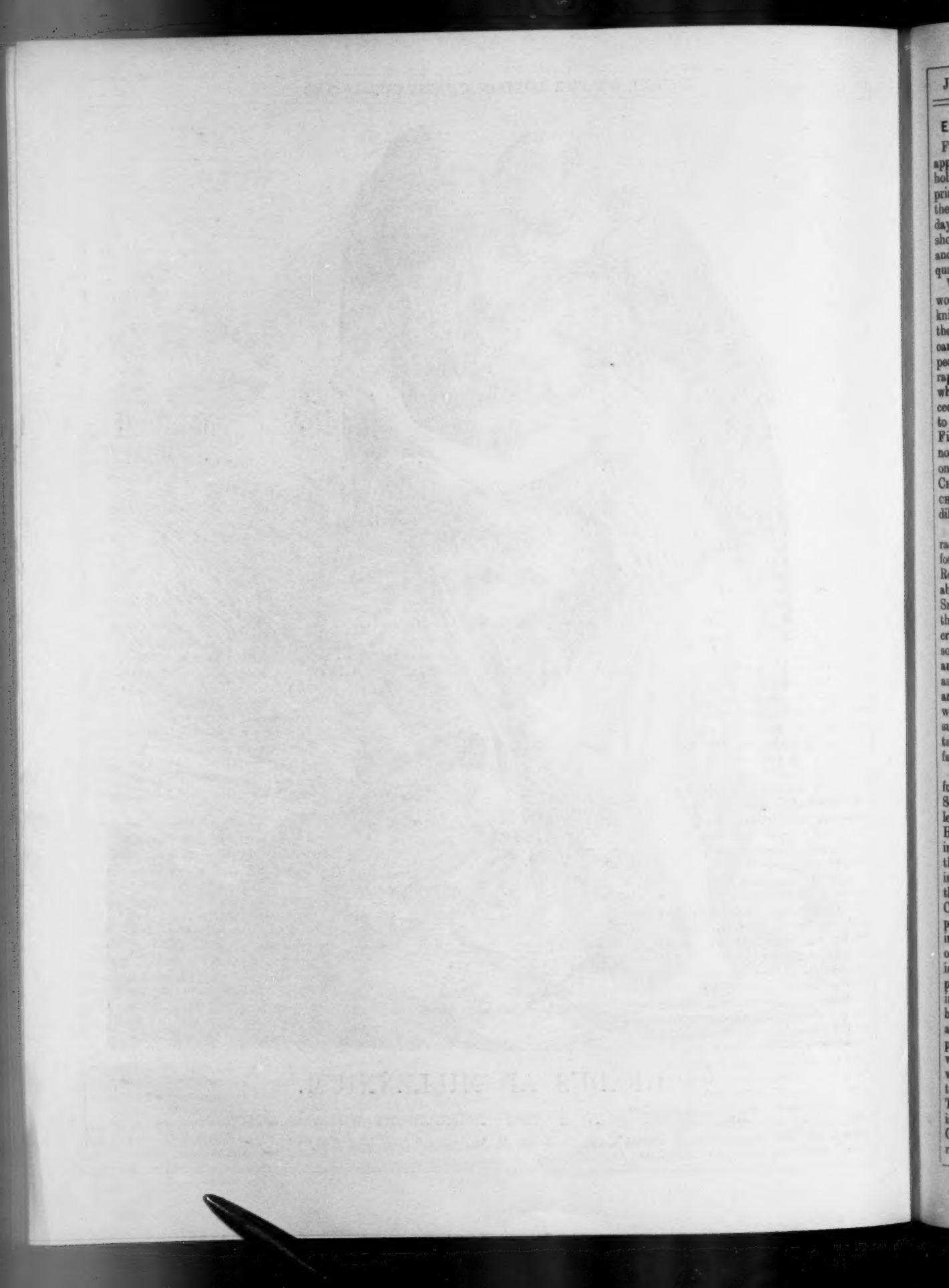
In the legend of last week's picture of the Royal Tournament (p. 624), for "Royal Scots" read "Royal Scots Fusiliers."



GRADUS AD MILLENNIUM.

MR. BERNARD SHAW AS THE "INTELLIGENT WOMAN'S GUIDE."

(With apologies to G. F. WATTS'S "Love and Life.")



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

FINANCE Bills are dull meat to political appetites returning keen-edged from holiday, and it is not surprising that the assault on the Bill moved on Monday by Mr. A. M. SAMUEL should have been languid and its defence, though adequate, little more spirited.

Whether the struggle would have been closer knit if matters had run their intended course one cannot say, but, as it happened, Questions were so rapidly disposed of that when the SPEAKER proceeded to call the faithful to public business and the Finance Bill was announced as the first item on the programme no CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER was present to dilate upon its charms.

After a slightly embarrassing pause Mr. SAMUEL formally moved the Second Reading of the Bill and abandoned the floor to Mr. SNOWDEN. Thus called upon to cry down the Bill before hearing its author crying it up, Mr. SNOWDEN showed some diffidence. A Bill is not exactly an abstraction, but it is infinitely less assailable than a speech about it, and the parliamentary procedure which requires a Ministerial measure to be defended first and attacked afterwards tells heavily in favour of the attackers.

Called upon to get his blow in fust, like the man i' the adage, Mr. SNOWDEN was more philosophic and less trenchant than is his wont. He admitted that the present rating system was archaic and that the need to assist the depressed industries was great, but intimated that he saw nothing about Mr. CHURCHILL'S scheme that would prevent what was being given going into the pockets of those that had, or would prevent it being taken, in the last analysis, from the pockets of those that had not. He instanced the petrol-tax, which was being handed on, with something added on for profit, by the transport companies to the public. It was estimated that the petrol-tax would cost the co-operative societies a quarter of a million a year. That was to be paid by the impoverished public to enable the Imperial Chemical Industries, Ltd., to obtain relief (according to Sir ALFRED MOND'S own statement) to the extent of two hundred thousand pounds—a nice little addition to the four million pounds' profit it made last year!



"GOOD DOG! ON TRUST—TILL NEXT YEAR."
MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL.

Had Mr. SNOWDEN contented himself with following up this line of attack he would have left his adversary in some difficulty and strictly on the defensive. Instead, he argued that the landlord was the ultimate profiteer and urged that the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER would have done better to re-rate the country on the basis of site values.



A BARON OF BEEF (SYNTHETIC).
Sir ALFRED MOND has been predicting the supersession of meat by a chemical product.

This allowed Mr. CHURCHILL to take the floor in attack. While gracefully admitting that the arguments he himself had used a generation ago in support of the taxation of land values had lacked lucidity and reason, he pointed out that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S land taxes, sound as they were in theory, had yielded £130,000 in eleven years and had finally been done away with by Mr. LLOYD GEORGE himself. The trouble all arose, Mr. CHURCHILL intimated, from the erroneous assumption of HENRY GEORGE, the single-taxer, that land was the only essentially taxable thing.

Mr. CHURCHILL passed on to argue—less convincingly—that it was impossible to choose, when it came to relieving the burden of rates, between one industry and another, since there were prosperous firms and failing firms in every industry. They could not give relief from rates on the coupon system; they could not relieve Liberal cocoa and leave Conservative beer to take care of itself.

This, or perhaps some slighting reference to the Liberal Yellow Book, brought Sir JOHN SIMON to his feet, who declared, not without a measure of truth, that the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER had scornfully brushed aside Mr. SNOWDEN'S Amendment and addressed himself almost entirely to the Liberal Amendment in advance of its enunciation.

It is true that Sir JOHN went on to enunciate the Amendment, which declared in effect that, instead of rating relief, depressed industry should be helped by reduced expenditure on armaments and taxation of land values; but it is equally true that Sir JOHN did not seriously address himself to these points, but opposed the Bill chiefly on the ground that industry, declared to be on the immediate brink of disaster, was required by Mr. CHURCHILL to wait a matter of eighteen months or so before any actual relief would be forthcoming.

Having on Tuesday launched the business of providing money for the relief of industry and agriculture from the burden of rates, the House on Wednesday passed to the not less practical business of deciding just how and to whom the relief should be given.

The Government's ideas on this head were unfolded by the MINISTER OF HEALTH in moving the Second Reading of the Rating and Valuation (Apportionment) Bill. Narrowing his assailable front, like the good tactician he is, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN reminded the House that it had already accepted the principle of helping industry and agriculture by relieving them from rating and it only remained to consider who should be relieved.

This, the Minister explained, the Bill before the House did not pretend to do. It provided the machinery for ascertaining what properties were or were not to be relieved from rates, what sums rating authorities were going to lose and the amounts of the block grants they would require to receive in compensation from the Exchequer. This machinery would take time to set up and more time to do its work. There would be published lists and Assessment Committees and appeals to Quarter Sessions and what not.

Mr. SNOWDEN, with his tidy mind, should not be the man to refuse to fight on a well-defined front, and his Amendment, which declined in effect to assent to a Bill which gave rate-relief without discriminating between area and area and factory and factory, was sufficiently restricted in its terms. This did not prevent him from arguing from the general to the particular, without, however, actually getting to the particular. He advanced the theory that rates are not a burden but an essential part of the costs of production, and that increased rates were not really a factor in trade depression.

The proportion of rates to profits on which the MINISTER OF HEALTH had broadly based his discrimination between the industries to be primarily relieved and those needing no relief, was, said Mr. SNOWDEN, of no moment. What mattered was the proportion of rates to the total costs of production. The relief provided by the Government's scheme would only amount to something like one-and-a-half per cent of the total cost of production, taking industry as a whole, a trifle that would do nothing to relieve industrial depression.

When a Minister has supported a measure with one set of figures and a Leader of the Opposition has countered with another set of figures, there is seldom much left for the Back Bencher to say, and on this occasion the rest of the speakers found themselves largely confined to denying the accuracy of the conclusions of one or other of the principal speakers.



CROAKINGS FROM A CRICCIETH RAVEN.

"Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, in his speech, was mainly concerned with making prophecies of evil which might never eventuate."
Sir ROBERT HORNE.

It took the House yet another day, to wit the whole of Thursday, to give the Rating and Valuation (Apportionment) Bill a Second Reading, and so advance *pro tanto* what Mr. CHURCHILL called the Government's "concerted and symmetrical scheme" for tonicking moribund industry. Mr. LLOYD GEORGE assailed it chiefly on the ground that the need was urgent—relief tarried. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER'S pockets were bulging with money, but industry was not to be handsomely rescued—if it did not expire in the meanwhile—until after the General Election.

Sir ROBERT HORNE shared Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S view (though otherwise in disagreement with him) that the Government might start relieving somebody, the railways, for example, right away.

Mr. CHURCHILL, in reply, defended the whole scheme with considerable energy, but while defending admirably its theoretical symmetry was less definite in the matter of its promised results. They could not tell exactly how or exactly when or exactly in what form its benefits would inure. But that everything would be somewhat better, as a result of this removal of a great adverse factor from the efficiency of our production, no one could doubt.

Such cautious phrases of deferred expectation do seem to justify those non-politically minded persons who pin their hope of industrial revival, not to Government palliatives but to the star of that beneficent financial octopus, that *clarissimum Mondi lumen* whose ascent to a higher political heaven leaves Carmarthen Memberless.

Sir ALFRED is not the only Member to have additional greatness thrust upon him. On Tuesday the House greeted with friendly cheers Mr. GODFREY LOCKER-LAMPSON as he Right Honourably rose to answer a question about China.

Mr. AMERY has also acquired a new and honourable title, that of Planter Leopold. He does not know a better cigarette than they make in Rhodesia, and if he did he would not smoke it. Nor has a pipe any message for him, but he can still pipe and twitter twenty million praises of the fragrant Imperial weed. Unmoved by the taunts of its Free Trade critics on Thursday, he stoutly maintained its supreme excellence and assured Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY that if he would call at the Colonial Office he would be regaled exclusively with Colonial cigarettes.



MR. AMERY GIVES A PUFF TO AN EMPIRE CIGARETTE.



LESS-KNOWN SIGHTS OF LONDON.

STUDENTS' DAY AT THE CRIMINAL MUSEUM, SCOTLAND YARD.

THE TRIPLE TROUBLE.

(BY PROFESSOR OPHIS DOTT.)

THREE great problems are exercising the minds and consciences of the community to an extent which threatens the peace of England, if not the stability of the Empire:—

How to dispose of the razor blade;
How to revive the straw-hat trade;
How the plague of oil on the sea can be stayed.

The correspondence columns of *The Times* are full of suggestions and complaints, but as yet I have failed to discern any constructive treatment of this triple menace, though Luton is depressed, Harley Street perturbed, humane ornithologists indignant, and bathers infuriated.

The method I now propose is simple yet comprehensive.

All visitors to seaside resorts should be obliged to wear straw hats as an integral part of their costumes on entering the sea. On encountering patches of oil they would then remove their hats and employ them for the purpose of baling out the viscous fluid, and on returning to the shore would be supplied with razor-blades fitted to a *strigil* of the classic pattern to scrape off the oil adhering to their persons.

In this way the grievous mortality among sea-birds would be abated; the distressing baldness so prevalent among young men, who at present are addicted to the hot and insanitary felt hat, would be effectively combated, and the export of disused razor-blades to the natives of Africa would no longer be necessary.

I can only add that in view of the facts that I am not interested in the hat trade or concerned in the manufacture of razor-blades—I have a full beard and never wear a hat—the disinterestedness of my proposals is above suspicion.

New Duties for Ushers.

"Miss Savidge accepted Sir John Bankes's invitation to be seated, and, having removed her hat, the usher placed . . ."—*Daily Paper.*

Our Pampered Examinees.

"It was recommended that there be two centres for the examination, one at —— and one at ——, and that an invigorator be appointed at each centre."—*Wiltshire Paper.*

Candidates will be allowed to choose between sunbaths and cocktails.

The Truth about Golders Green.

"'The West Coast of Africa to-day is as civilised as Golders Green,' said Dr. ——, who has returned from a visit to Sierra Leone. 'I should not like to say that cannibalism has entirely disappeared.'"—*Daily Paper.*

Frère de Bohème grillé is, we understand, a favourite supper dish in the Garden City.

GLOOMY GEORGE.

[George, the Zoo mandrill, has grown so moody and miserable of late that the authorities now supply him with two pints of beer daily.]

THINK not, men in arm-chairs sitting,
Of the creatures of the wild
As invariably emitting
Joyful notes and accents mild;

That upon the veld or prairie
Bustards make the welkin ring;
That the blameless cassowary
Is more cheerful than our INGE.

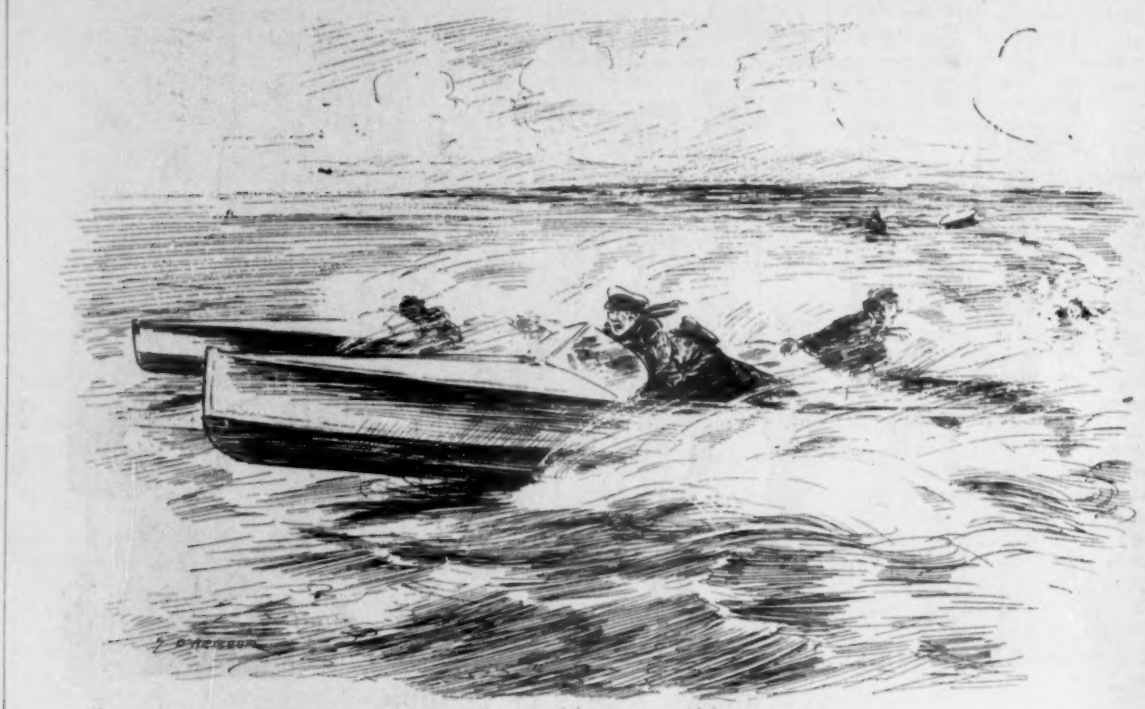
Crocodiles, though big and bulky,
Are alleged to weep and cry;
Elephants can be sad and sulky
Just as much as you or I.

In his anguish the gorilla
Dominates the forest's hum,
Registering woe that WILLA
CATHER's pen can never plumb.

Though the donkey, on his campus,
Sometimes simulates a laugh,
Grins come never from the grampus
Or guffaws from the giraffe.

Even hens are often broody;
And the mandrill, as we hear,
In captivity grows moody
And must be revived with beer.

So, proud man, no more insult your
Poor relations, nor presume
With the mandrill and the vulture
To contest the palm of gloom.



Mechanic of racing motor-boat. "OWNER—GONE—OVER STERN!"
Driver. "STOUT—FLOAT WELL—PICK HIM UP NEXT LAP!"

THE PROPHETS.

"Make me a prophet, I will make you rich."
Italian Proverb.

FAR be it from me to rub pepper into a gaping wound, and far be it from me to deprive a fellow-being of the means of his livelihood, but, this being the morrow of the Derby and my wallet empty, I am moved to speak of prophets, and of prophecy, that most gratuitous form of error.

I address particularly the proprietors of the daily newspapers.

There is a body of men, increasing in numbers and self-importance, who make it their business every day of the week to offer to the people elaborate predictions concerning the conduct, celerity and endurance of race-horses and the order in which they will respectively arrive at a given point on a given day. These forecasts purport to be based upon a scientific study of the parentage, history, physical and pyschological peculiarities of the individual animals engaged. And to the acquisition and distribution of this information these gentlemen devote their lives. They travel assiduously from one speed-contest to another; they gaze through high-powered glasses at the competing horses, and in their minds make copious notes of what they see—as that this horse perspired and that did not, that this ran willingly and that without enthusiasm; they hang about with jockeys at the stable-door; they compare opinions with the trainers and jockeys, owners of horses and even with those degraded men who crouch behind bushes and spy upon the innocent rehearsals of the creatures; they ogle the blushing filly in the paddock before the race, and from her skin, her carriage or the lustre in her eye form an estimate of her velocity and resolution which will govern their minds far into the future, so that, if she be sweating and yet contrives to win the race, that guilty warmth will months afterwards be remembered against her and published in the Press.

Nothing therefore could exceed the industry, the patience, faith, sincerity, knowledge and experience of the prophets. But if it can be shown that with all these advantages their predictions are no more likely to be correct than the haphazard selections of a girl-clerk who chooses a horse for the sound of its name, then it would appear that this vast fabric of prophecy is founded on a morass; and it then becomes a question whether the forces of justice should not be set in motion. For it is notorious that the greater part of the newspapers printed in this country are purchased, not for the literary matter they contain and not for the guidance which they offer in matters of politics or religion, but for the equestrian pages of which these predictions are the essential feature; and certain journals now publish mid-day editions which consist of nothing else. These papers are eagerly bought and blindly followed by vast numbers of the population, whom no discouragement or proof of error seems able to dissuade from their pathetic faith; those who sell them undoubtedly hold out to the purchaser that one man by care and study is better able than another to predict the conduct of a horse in given circumstances; and to obtain money by pretending a non-existent fact is to be guilty of obtaining money by false pretences.

It may be urged that these predictions have a literary value which makes them worth the money; and there is something to be said for this. Certainly the prophets are growing more and more elegant in style, and no living writers that I know of are such masters of the arts of oblique statement and ornamental variation. I take from Wednesday's and Thursday's papers these choice examples of prose, which may or may not by their literary quality console the prophets' victims:—

"Whatever beats Fairway will win."
"Whatever beats Sunny Trace will win."

"There is one thing I cannot picture, and that is Fairway being well beaten."
(Wednesday.)

"I can claim to be one of the few people who were not surprised at the result of the Derby." *(The same writer, Thursday.)*

"Fairway has done all that was asked of him, like a good horse."

"The hard going should flatter Fairway."
(Wednesday.)

"Doubtless the hard going affected Fairway adversely." *(Thursday.)*

"The gallop on the Limekilns is all against the collar, but Fairway never once changed his legs, so I am convinced that he will not fail for lack of stamina." *(From "A long talk with one whom I consider the best judge at headquarters.")*

"Fairway's neck is now much heavier."
(Ditto.)

"Fairway is a lazy horse, because he sets out not to tire himself." *(Ditto.)*

"It is thought Royal Minstrel will want quite a lot of beating."

"To sum up, I think that Royal Minstrel will win." *(Mrs. EDGAR WALLACE.)*

"A thick-winded horse must be thoroughly wound up to give of his best."

"Royal Minstrel throws his legs out."

"Bubbles II. has a nice turn of foot."

"Unless any mistake has been made, Sunny Trace should prove a good thing."

"Flamingo's trainer is quietly confident that the colt is going to win."

"Gordon Richards believes enormously in Sunny Trace."

"Weston's final word was, 'I still think I shall win.'"

"Gang Warily must be mentioned."

"Camelford can get the trip."

But pretty phrases are not everything, even in the elegant world of racing. And it is now my painful duty to compare positive predictions with actual events. By now the prophets' followers have almost forgotten the Derby and are doubtless, with unshaken confidence, investing money in prognostications equally confident concerning the races to-day. But I, foul fellow, am still thinking of the Derby, and I have before me the inspired pronouncements of thirty-three prophets concerning the first three arrivals in that race—

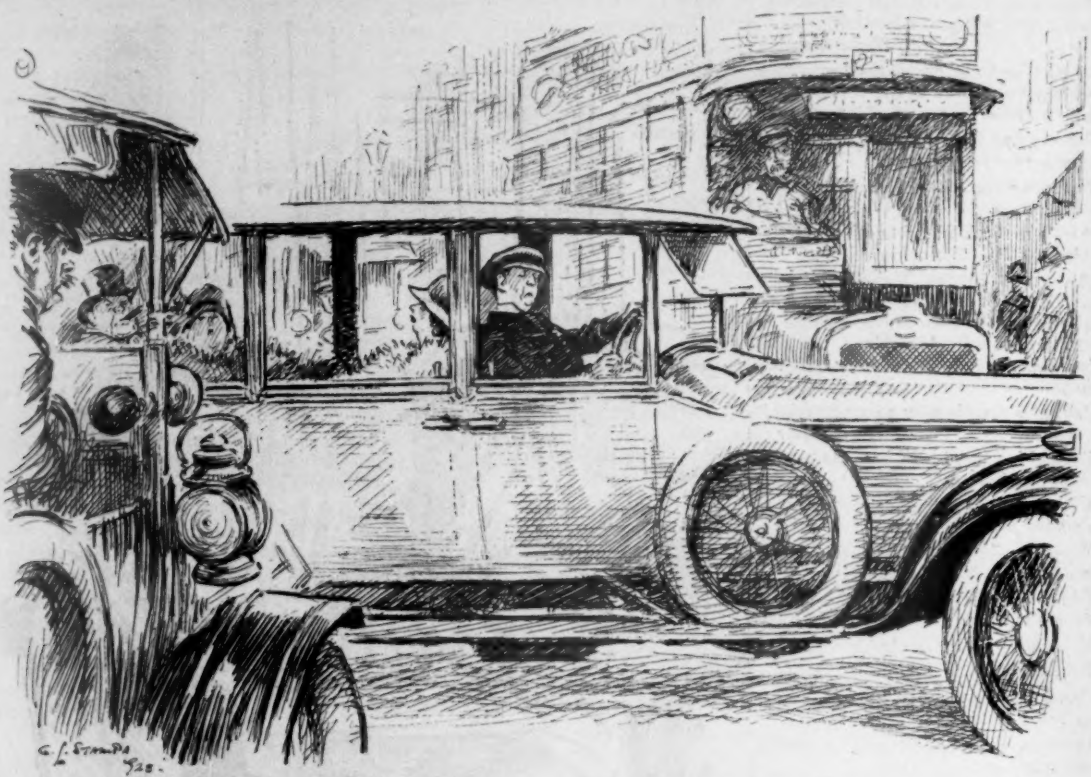
19	of these	gave	FAIRWAY	as the winner.
8	"	"	FLAMINGO	"
4	"	"	SUNNY TRACE	"
1	"	"	FERNKLOOF	"
1	"	"	RANJIT SINGH	"
0	"	"	FELSTEAD	"
0	"	"	FELSTEAD	for a place.
0	"	"	BLACK WATCH	"

"But," you will say, "this was an exceptional and unfortunate race." Very well, then, let us turn to the tables provided in another page of the same admirable paper. These tables show the result to an imaginary but industrious backer who has been putting a level one-pound stake on the Favourite in every race at every meeting since March 26th. The result, I gather, is that he has won £22 9*s*., and lost £22 4*s*. If however he backed Second Favourites he has won £21 5*s*. and lost £33 9*s*. It follows presumably that it is better to back Favourites than Second Favourites. But whether a profit of five shillings is a satisfactory return for ten weeks of steady work (to say nothing of expenses) is not stated in the paper. And since favourites are made by the study of form, and form is the foundation and sheet-anchor of the prophets, I cannot see that these tables do the prophets much honour.

The sad fact is that the respect paid to "form" is based upon a monstrous fallacy—upon the idea that from the conduct of a horse to-day it is possible to



The Big Man. "LIFE'S A COMIC BUSINESS. BEFORE THE WAR I WAS A PROFESSIONAL ELEPHANT-HUNTER."
The Little Man. "REALLY! AND WHAT ARE YOU DOING NOW?"
The Big Man. "TRYING TO SELL INSECT-POWDER."



Taxi-Driver (to haughty Chauffeur turning in Bond Street). "WOT YER WANT TO COME 'ERE TO LEARN FOR?"

deduce its behaviour to-morrow. As I have observed before, it would be as reasonable to predict with confidence the conduct of a woman; but nobody attempts that. Among the dicta quoted above there is one pregnant and important statement, and one alone, and that was the only one which neither prophet nor backer appears to have taken into account:—

"FAIRWAY IS A LAZY HORSE, BECAUSE HE SETS OUT NOT TO TIRE HIMSELF."

For it is a profound truth that horses are only human after all, and if the prophets had had my experience with horses they would be less assured than they are.

Two questions therefore arise: Are not these gentlemen wasting their lives; and ought we to allow it? Such diligence, such ceaseless labour, such feats of observation and memory, such penmanship and such inventiveness, such disappointment nobly borne, such error bravely thrust behind them! What qualities! What small rewards! Where could they not excel? Authors and business men, nay, even politicians, after a fundamental bloomer suffer loss of credit and sometimes ruin. But these gay fellows, day after day asserting that such and such a thing will happen, hold on undaunted by the fact that it does not. And even while we revile them for their last mistake we eagerly embrace the next. A happy knack. They should marry. They should be in the Government.

As to the other question—well, I am sending this paper to the Director of Public Prosecutions. A. P. H.

"YARROW UNVISITED."

[After WORDSWORTH, on learning that this weed has valuable properties as a hair-restorer. It will be recalled that, among the various reasons that the poet gave to his "winsome marrow" for failing to visit Yarrow, was the thought that if life became dull it would soothe his sorrow to reflect "that earth hath something yet to show."]

As every passing day goes by
I note with perturbation
The way my vanished locks defy
Attempts at restoration;
But, deeply as my state may fret
And grieve my "winsome marrow,"
Whate'er she says, I won't as yet
Avail myself of yarrow.

Of means to make them sprout again
I'm not entirely chary;
I've sampled Hocus (for the mane)
And Pocus (makes you hairy);
But, though, despite the use of these,
My parting grows less narrow,
I disregard her fervent pleas
And keep away from yarrow.

For, while all other means I try
To better my condition
And desperately cope with my
Capillary attrition,
I still can brush despair aside
By murmuring, mid my sorrow,
"There's something yet remains untried,
The fertilising yarrow."*

*WORDSWORTH'S rhyme, not mine.—*Author.*

Utopia in Sight.

"BERLIN. A note has been handed to the American Embassy. It is understood that it approves the proposal of the United States Secretary of State (Mr. F. Kellogg) for a treaty to outlaw work."—*New Zealand Paper.*

The Modern Ulysses.

"SIRENS GREET SIR ALAN COBHAM."
Daily Paper.

"At this moment the Paris-Toulon express came in sight, fortunately travelling at a reduced speed, caught the disabled car and propelled it thirty to forty years along the permanent way."—*Daily Paper.*

Or practically permanent.

AT THE PLAY.

"MANY HAPPY RETURNS"
(DUKE OF YORK'S).

THE general absence of noise on the stage and in the orchestra was very satisfactory, but I'm afraid that the actors and management may have been less pleased by the reciprocal calm of the audience. The truth is that there was very little in this pleasant entertainment to provoke uproarious mirth. Perhaps the funniest thing was the living (and singing) tableau of "Two Lost Souls" (*Air*: "Three Blind Mice"), in the manner of Mr. JOHN COLLIER'S problem pictures. But there were a great many turns that appealed to the kind of intelligence that is never very loud in its demonstrations of joy. Of these the first place, by a long interval, must be given to Miss ELIZABETH POLLOCK'S burlesques of popular actresses. Her Edna Best was the most faithful imitation, her Gracie Fields the most amusing, and her Gladys Cooper (dilating on her own face cream) the most severe. Though she also did some good teamwork, Miss POLLOCK'S tall figure and remote personality lend themselves to isolation, and her perfunctory assistance in the reunion of the general finale, where she was obviously out of her element, must have been a concession to the claims of camaraderie.

Mr. MORRIS HARVEY'S humour, which was given a lot of hard work, was at its best in "The Chef d'hors d'œuvre," by Mr. REGINALD BERKELEY. His Cockney restaurant-cook, who for commercial reasons assumed the style and dignity and language of a prince of *cordons bleus*, was a great performance. Miss MIMI CRAWFORD was another hard worker, though her exquisite lightness of foot suggested an effortless ease. She threw off with considerable assurance a monologue ("In the Looking-Glass") of a girl dressing sketchily for a dinner with her "boy" and deliberately rehearsing the indignant protests which she would offer to his advances in a *cabinet particulier*. A clever, if rather frank, exposure of a familiar type of *demi-vierge*. Miss CRAWFORD'S singing voice does not pretend to be the best part of her, and anyhow I think she might do well to forgo that song of hers (by Mr. HERBERT FARJEON), "I've danced with a man who danced with



ARS LONGA.
MISS ELIZABETH POLLOCK.

a girl who danced with the Prince of Wales."



"O YOU 'LL TAK' THE HIGH WAY . . ."
MISS MIMI CRAWFORD AND MR. MAX RIVERS.

It is usual to include in these revues a comic revival of Victorian manners and modes; and among the "Many Happy Returns" was one that took us back, not very happily, to what purported to be that era. The scene was a riparian picnic, and I cannot remember to have ever seen so hopeless a medley of periods. They must have covered nearly a century. The singer of "Champagne Charlie" wore the Dundreary whiskers that had gone out at least a generation before this incredible song was invented. Much the same may be said of the pantalons-down-to-the-ankle exhibited by the youngest member of the party. Someone else sang "Remember the Maid of the Mill," a popular drawing-room song that one recalls from an age when "Champagne Charlie" had long been forgotten. And, finally, two of the men wore the tie-less collars of their shirts outside their coat-collars, a loose habit that only began to assert itself when the twentieth century was well advanced in degeneracy.

By way of compensation for this reckless travesty of the facts I cherish the memory of some true satire in the item, "When our Grannies were Sweet Twenty-one," where the grandchildren of the modern flapper reflect upon the grace and courtliness of an age whose ideals were the Charleston and the Black Bottom.

In "Moments with the Really Great" the effects were perhaps a little too momentary. You hardly need a separate scene for the mere statement that Mr. BALDWIN'S pipe has burst, or another for the information that Mr. NIGEL PLAYFAIR has been made a Riverside Knight. (*Cheers.*)

In the individual dancing, which was excellent, we were spared an excess of acrobatics, and the Chorus, small and select, with pretty faces and shapely limbs and full of an unaffected *joie de vivre*, was never too obtrusive. I am grateful too for escaping the boredom of sentimental songs; indeed there was hardly a moment's lapse into real dulness. This praise is not so negative as it sounds. I positively love the surprise of sitting through a revue without having to yawn.

Mr. ARCHIBALD DE BEAR is always trying after something better than the common. You can see him

trying, and he has a pleasant habit of seeming to take you into his confidence about it. "You are an intelligent audience," he says in his sanguine way, "too intelligent to be satisfied, like the others, with mere noise and banality."

And that, of course, is where the heavy risk comes in. O. S.

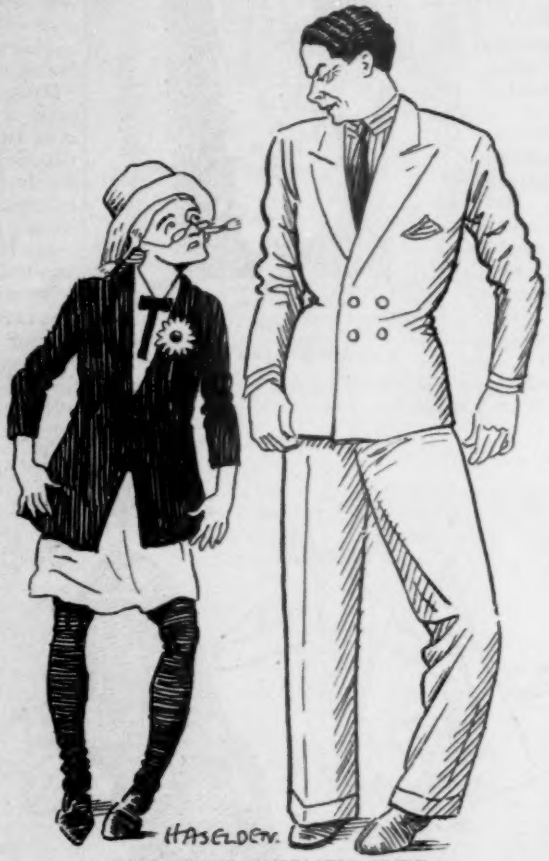
"THAT'S A GOOD GIRL" (HIPPODROME).

So many of us having been badly let down in the early afternoon by that depraved animal, Fairway, it was sôme consolation in the cool of the evening to see the money so freely chucked about in *That's a Good Girl*.

Moya's aunt, *Helen* (Miss KATE CUTLER)—*Moya* (Miss MAIDIE ANDREWS) was the good girl—had a cool million of surplus to dispose of, half to *Moya* if she'd be a good girl and marry, half to *Bill* (Mr. JACK BUCHANAN) if he could produce two friends of birth, breeding and respectability and proceed with them to Nice, where the aunt and *Moya* and *Moya's* father were living high and steadily bickering. A difficult feat for *Bill*. He could only raise a Scots operatic tenor, *Francis Moray* (Mr. RAYMOND NEWELL), and a gentleman with no visible means of support but probably remotely connected with the stage. At any rate the latter had the price of the fares, and the trio arrive. *Aunt Helen* likes the aimless impecunious *Bill* (no wonder!) and fixes on *Moray* as a suitable husband for the dutiful *Moya*. But *Moray* is unhappily entangled with a soprano robusto, *Sunya Berata*, a woman with the biceps of a Hercules and the temper of a cyclone. It is indicated not uncertainly what is coming from *Sunya* to *Bill* if he aids and abets *Aunt Helen* in her matrimonial intrigues. And *Bill* is not a person of high courage.

Bill of course wins his half-million, with other perquisites; the tenor gets his *Moya* with another half, and *Sunya* is flogged into submission by her turned worm of an impresario; and all ends happily. An exceedingly jolly and expensive affair.

Mr. JACK BUCHANAN, too long away on tour, for surely no comedian does his bit so charmingly, with his husky *diseur's* technique, his obbligato of grimace and gag to the theme of the moment, with his loose lithe limbs, weaving themselves into easy rhythmical patterns, and the light tap-tap of his nimble feet in his inimitable step-dances, received a royal welcome. And there was Miss ELSIE RANDOLPH, an entirely suitable and adequate partner in the dance and in the burlesque exchanges. Happily this excellent artist had a chance to show the beauty and grace of her movements in a "straight" dance before being absorbed into the elaborate grotesque of her impersonation of the half-witted Niçoise, the postmaster's daughter, and deliverer of countless threatening telegrams from the infuriated *Sunya*.



THE LIGHT FANTASTIC KNEE.

Joy Dean . . . . . MISS ELSIE RANDOLPH.
Bill Barrow . . . . . MR. JACK BUCHANAN.

Miss KATE CUTLER'S almost indigestibly rich contralto and her admirable sense of comedy made *Aunt Helen* something much better than the stock middle-aged foil of musical comedy.

Mr. RAYMOND NEWELL (*Moray*) sang pleasingly as the tenor, and the rag of opera—an eternal theme but here freshly decorated—by *Bill*, *Sunya* and *Moray*, was a good piece of fun. I always privily wonder how opera survives these sound unscholarly criticisms!

The book, by Mr. DOUGLAS FURBER, with additional "lyrics" by Messrs. IRA GERSHWIN and DESMOND CARTER, is in fact well plotted and full of amusing nonsense. The music, by Messrs. PHILIP CHARIG and JOSEPH MEYER, is more than ordinarily tuneful, the number, "Fancy our Meeting," being the most conspicuous melodic success. The Hippodrome is the original home of the Beauty chorus, and as for this one words fail me! If a modern Paris were to sit in judgment on it he would perforce have to divide the apple into twenty-five pieces. The Eight TILLER GIRLS—beauties also—added their astonishing precision of movement and superb gymnastic accomplishment; and Miss MARGOT ST. LEGER interposed a graceful dance in a pseudo-classic vein, while the Middy's step-dance by DAVE FITZGIBBON was an excellent affair of its kind.

Altogether an admirable romp and tonic. T.

THEOCRITUS.

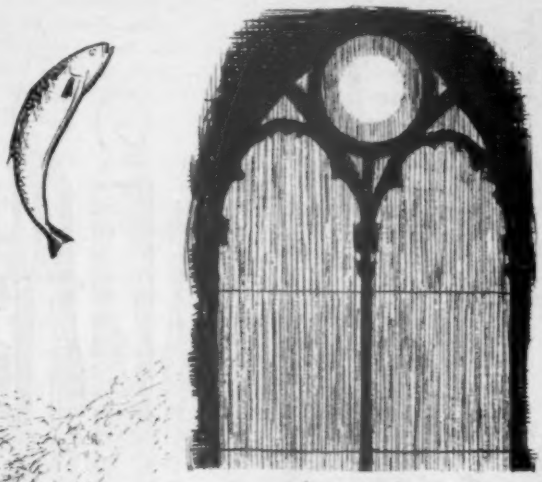
WE heard the pines that stand
On Langdon Hill
Sigh classically and,
While noon was very still,
Thus said the little pines, it seemed, and thus—
"Theocritusss," they said,
"Theocritusss."

And could they better talk,
Remembering
Here, on the Berkshire chalk,
Their kith who heard him sing
Of hills and shepherds and the shepherd's Pan
Where first sweet song began,
sweet song began?

And how in checkered shades
Of upland pine
Stole boys and rustic maids,
Dear playmates half-divine,
A-tiptoe to him through the dapple bright
In the expectant grove on the blue height?

And yet nor Daphnis came
Nor Amaryllis
To hear their poet's fame,
With us, where Langdon Hill is,
Although as sweetly did the needles seethe
As if "Theocritusss" 'twas Pan did breathe.

P. R. C.







COUNTY SONGS.

XXXV.—MONMOUTHSHIRE.

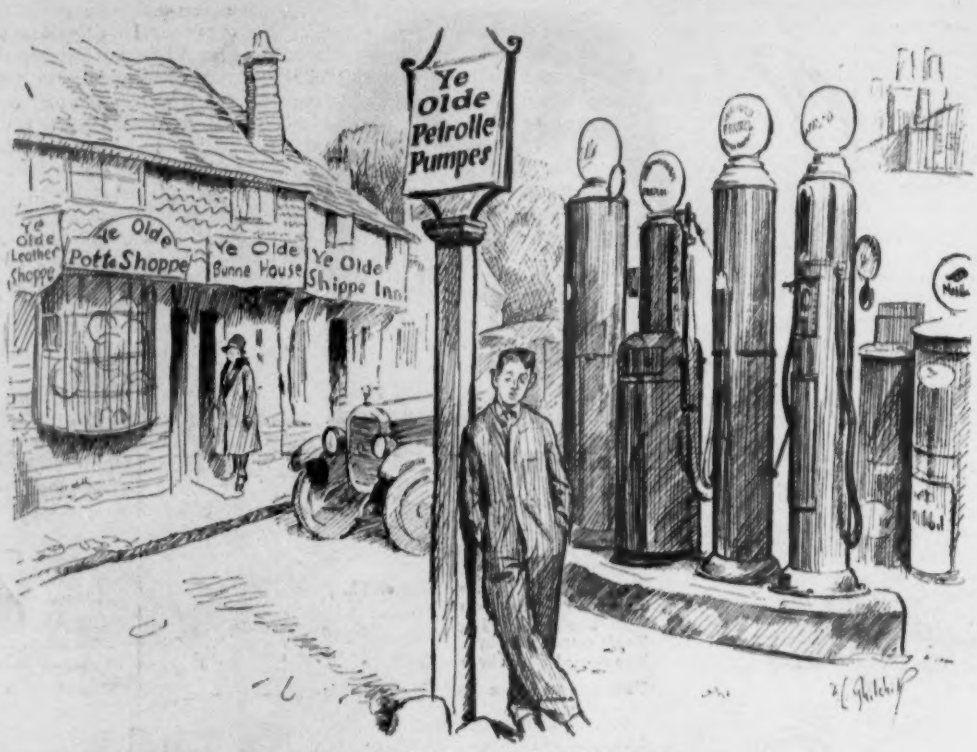
THE hills and vales of Monmouthshire
So famous are for beauty
That folks crowd in from near and far,
In charabanc and motor-car,
As 'twere a sacred duty,
To sit ecstatically by
The storied Usk, the winding Wye.

Though some love best old Tintern's walls,
Where daw the monk replaces,
And some await the salmon's leap,
And some explore a Norman keep,
And some the Romans' traces—
They all in one respect agree:
A passionate desire for tea.

Should good KING ARTHUR once again
Set up his full-sized Table,
A rapid fortune could he make
By serving tea (with jam and cake)
As fast as he was able,
With GUINEVERE and LANCELOT
Alert to keep the water hot.

E. V. L.





THE CRAZE FOR ANTIQUITY.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IN the second volume of *The Life of Lord Curzon* (BENN) the spark has been applied to the tinder and seven years of Indian administration bring out the quality not only of the Viceroy but of the man. Lord RONALDSHAY, CURZON'S biographer, steps discreetly into the background. "He is of age, let him speak for himself" might be the motto of the present book. And CURZON does speak for himself—a privilege he renounced in his lifetime more often than many of us suspected. With all his faults, his loyalty to his Sovereign, to India and to himself is pathetically evident here. Pathetically, because its most disinterested manifestations came in for the unkindest strictures, and the inconstancy and shortsightedness of his public would have harrowed a harder man than CURZON. His rule was at the outset popular. He found a system "radically vicious," but admitted that he was magnificently served in it. For him India was destined to be the greatest partner in the Empire and her frontiers must be assured from encroachment at all costs. That the home Government, fully occupied for the greater part of his reign with South Africa, was wedded to less grandiose schemes and less definite commitments was for CURZON unendurable. Yet he did endure it, and succeeded in getting the lion's share of his own way, while playing the game in an above-board fashion conspicuously lacking in the engineers of his overthrow. Education, railways, police, local government, the Victoria Memorial, the Durbar—all bore the imprint of his convictions. Yet his dread that he should be thought "an Imperial Buffalo Bill," a blend of BARNUM and Balliol, will not, I think, be justified now. His motives were greater than their trappings.

What is the peculiar fascination exercised over the public mind by the thought of millions and their possessors? Whenever the name of ROCKEFELLER, FORD or ROTHSCHILD is mentioned, a vision springs up in my mind of a sombrely-clad and portly individual seated at a lonely writing-table in a vast room engaged in the enviable occupation of signing cheques in a forlorn endeavour to make his expenditure keep pace with his income. Yet I suspect that the reality is very different—a suspicion in which I am confirmed by reading Count CORTI'S picturesque account of *The Rise of the House of Rothschild* (published by Mr. GOLLANCZ with the reprehensible omission of an index). For a hundred years the ROTHSCHILDS have enjoyed in popular esteem a reputation for political power that I do not find warranted by the facts which Count CORTI has so laboriously brought to light from dusty archives in Vienna, Frankfurt, Paris and elsewhere. What is most remarkable of all is that this great Jewish financial house owed no small part of its success to the good offices and abilities of two Christians, BUDERUS, and that engaging yet venal friend of METTERNICH, FRIEDRICH VON GENTZ, who records many "pleasant financial dealings" with the ROTHSCHILDS in his diary. METTERNICH did not scruple to use the ROTHSCHILDS both for his own and Austria's benefit, while the English Government contrived through their intermediacy to pay WELLINGTON'S troops in the Peninsula by sending the money by way of Paris under the very nose of NAPOLEON. But what I have found most interesting in Count CORTI'S narrative is not his recital of the ROTHSCHILDS' wealth and power, but his description of how AMSCHEL MEYER ROTHSCHILD with marvellous patience and invincible optimism built up the greatest of financial businesses out of a small antiquarian shop in a mediæval street in Frankfurt. The friendship between the ageing

Frankfurt Jew and the aristocratic DALBERG, Archbishop of Mainz and Grand Duke of Frankfurt, throws a curious and illuminating light on the history of NAPOLEON'S short-lived Confederation of the Rhine.

Helen (from LONGMANS, GREEN & Co.)
Is a pleasant story, as stories go,
But every one in it talks such a lot
That they constantly seem to forget the plot,
Though that, to be sure, when you smooth it out,
Is hardly a thing to worry about.

We start when *Helen* arrives on earth,
Or rather the evening before her birth,
And we go right on to the period when
She has captured the hearts of a score of men,
Some in the country and some in town,
And finally turned the whole lot down.

And, just as we're dropping a silent tear
To think that *Helen*, who's rather a dear,
Must fizzle out at the end of the book
Without a suitable male on her hook,
Up turns one of the turned-down batch,
And just at the close she achieves a catch.

In fact I think, though I may be wrong,
That it's not too short and it's not too long,
It's not too broad and it's not too deep,
And it weaves no nightmares into your sleep;
And GEORGETTE HEYER must write again
In an equally pleasant and placid vein.

The *English Men of Letters* to which Mr. HUGH WALPOLE'S *Anthony Trollope* (MACMILLAN) belongs is avowedly a critical series; but it is difficult to criticise TROLLOPE, because he neither indulged in æsthetic convictions himself nor unconsciously manufactured them (to any notable extent) for other people. His preferences were personal and moral, and, though his personality was an attractive, it was in no sense a rare one. His morality, a liberal version of the morality of his day, was a matter rather of taste than dogma. It substituted "deep chest" for "fat stomach" in the proofs of *Barchester Towers* to please the publishers, and refused to delete the festive description of a dance in *Rachel Ray* to placate the editor of *Good Words*. The point, in fact, of TROLLOPE, as Mr. WALPOLE rightly sees him, is that he never let down his world and he never went beyond it. So, having polished off the main facts of his life in one sympathetic chapter, the critic devotes the rest of the book to the novels themselves and the problems they faced or did not face. The novels—save the best of the Barsetshire series and *Orley Farm*—are perhaps a little too simple to reward such scrupulous anatomizing. To appreciate Mr. WALPOLE'S critical quality it is necessary to hear him as *advocatus diaboli*. Why, for instance, is *The Warden* not great in the sense that *The Return of the Native* is great? Or (though more dubiously) why are political novels in general, not only *Phineas Finn* and *The Prime Minister*, almost always the worse for their politics? The book's affectionate treatment of TROLLOPE and his characters will delight the enthusiast for both. What is given away, so to speak, with the TROLLOPE tea should allure the indifferent.



Old Lady (to butler with fly-beater). "AND REMEMBER, JENKINS, A SLIGHT TAP IN A VITAL SPOT IS QUITE AS EFFECTIVE AS A HARD KNOCK IN A LESS VULNERABLE QUARTER."

From a sufficiently substantial volume that is descriptive rather than biographical, entitled *Ibn Sa'oud of Arabia* (CONSTABLE), one may learn, at the price occasionally of rather close attention, all one need wish to know about that rather austerely-impressive monarch of the wilderness-peninsula who has been of late so much under public notice. AMEEN RIHANI, the author, a Syrian gentleman more in touch with America than with England, has an incurable

trick of breaking away into side issues, and he does give rather the feeling that he is more interested in himself and his own surprising exploits than in *Ibn Sa'oud* or any other person; yet, even if he has not followed Mr. PHILBY all the way across Arabia, he has at least penetrated as far as Ar Riyadh, the capital of Najd, and has lived on terms of intimate friendship there with the famous Sultan of the Wahhabis. His estimate of that leader's personality and position, though not free from exaggeration, is shrewd and convincing enough and leaves one not a little aware of the greatness, in his own domain, of this modern conqueror who "perfumes himself profusely" and loves to play with a magneto-electric machine, but controls a fanatical priesthood and has made the desert caravan-ways safer for life and property, it is claimed, than the cities of the West. In this volume, and almost buried in it, along with much that is merely local history, is a sketch of the rise and significance of Wahhabism; and, interspersed amidst the tale of the writer's emotions at various stages of his journey, are very many fascinating details of the life and organisation of this strange country where singing is forbidden by law and smoking a cigarette may mean—Allah keep thee!—a public flogging. The book is well worth traversing in spite of a good many desert patches.

In *Memories of Land and Sky* (METHUEN) Miss GERTRUDE BACON relates the experiences of one who for half a century has been "a hanger-on to the skirts of great movements." Her father, the late JOHN M. BACON, was a distinguished scientist who must have been something of a godsend to the newspaper reporters of his time, for he was both "reverend gentleman" and "intrepid aeronaut." As a father he brought up his daughter on the strictest Victorian principles, knowing nothing, poor man, of the modern blessings of "companionate parenthood." She ought to have feared and hated him when she grew up, as any young parent of to-day will tell you, but actually she worshipped him and became his inseparable companion. It was against the rules, of course, but then Miss BACON has broken a good many rules in her time. Being of her generation she ought not to have gone up in balloons or down under water in a diving-suit, and I am not even sure that she ought to have dashed off, as she did at various times, to Norway, India and America merely to capture the two-minute thrill of a total eclipse of the sun. It was too enterprising and too sensational to be altogether nice, if we are to judge her by Victorian standards of niceness. However, she has done these things, and the modern young woman may just put that in her cigarette-holder and smoke it. Miss BACON was in fact a good deal more than a mere "hanger-on," although it is in that capacity that she has written the best chapter in the book, "The Birth of Flight," in which she recounts the exploits of the earliest flying-men, most of whom she knew. Miss BACON had a story well worth telling and she has told it very well indeed.

The Rainbow of Saba (NELSON) is a brave tale; it was also a stone, in which dwelt "The Angels of the Almighty," and it had been filched from the reigning house of Astara, its hereditary owners, by the *Shah of Karismia*. To recover this magic gem was the ambition of *Princess Vartagni* of Astara, and after a peaceful mission to the *Shah* had been received with threats and contumely, she and her faithful followers succeeded in escaping from his country and made their way to the *Khakan of Mongolia*, who was preparing to attack the Karismians. Among the devoted adherents of *Princess Vartagni* was a young and perfect knight, who performed prodigious feats of valour and ultimately restored the stone to its rightful owner. Blood flows copiously in these pages, but it is not a bloodthirsty story, and both for its valiant deeds and for the manner in which Major GEORGE BRUCE reproduces the spirit and atmosphere of the thirteenth century I deem it a worthy gift for any boy of mettle.

Mr. CHRISTOPHER ISHERWOOD is either badly troubled with that kind of portentous solemnity which so often accompanies the mental growing pains of very young authors, or else he has written his novel, *All the Conspirators* (CAPE), with his tongue in his cheek. If the latter, it is a clever skit on that school of modernist fiction which looks upon Mr. JAMES JOYCE and Miss GERTRUDE STEIN as its apostles. Plot, of course, it has none worth speaking of, its business being to detail, in jerky disconnected sentences and with a wealth of psycho-analytical jargon, the mental processes, chiefly rather half-baked, of a group of attitudinising young men and women of the type which describes a rock on the seashore as "absolutely Epstein . . . three corpses, and the centre one has got its stomach eaten out by rats." Altogether, the book leaves behind it a faintly nasty taste, suggestive of what Mr. ISHERWOOD himself describes as a "mosphorescent phelon."



Victim. "WHO DID THAT?"
Woolley (apologetically). "'OBBS, OFF TATE."

Rousing tales of the sea are none too easy to come by, and so I hope that those who enjoy a real story of storm and jeopardy will thank me for directing them to *The Missing Island* (NELSON). Mr. OSWALD KENDALL's heroine, if any, is *Flora Macdonald*, the magnificent yacht in which his cleverly-selected company of adventurers set forth on their enterprise. Of this company my heart warmed, especially to the *Captain* and the *Cook*. The former, when wrecked and in hazardous, if not hopeless, case, remarked, "We have nothing much to make repairs with, so we must make repairs with nothing much." A delightfully calm man. As for the *Cook*, I cannot imagine a more efficient and entertaining companion for a holiday.

What Happened at the Sixteenth Tee?

"THE NEW DRILL HALL AT STUBBINGTON.

The recreation room has been fitted with a tttttt tttt tttttt—? —? —? —? —? billiard table."—*Provincial Paper.*

CHARIVARIA.

WE are authorised to contradict the rumour that, in view of the alleged effect of the Derby crowd on Fairway's nerves, the Jockey Club is considering a proposal to allow the St. Leger to be run *in camerâ*.

Mr. G. B. SHAW has seen and heard himself on the "Movietone," and is believed to have been favourably impressed.

The picturesque view of Gravesend from the river has moved a writer to express regret that he cannot paint. That wouldn't deter an artist.

Wingless birds, according to a naturalist, are confined to the Southern Hemisphere. He forgets the Soho chicken.

An observer remarks that you have to make up your mind where you are going when you cross a one-way street. A good deal, of course, depends on the life you've led.

Nothing has been seen of Mr. EDGAR WALLACE for three days, says a gossip-writer. WALLACE, Where Art Thou?

It is anticipated that the Tribunal's report will say that the famous Scotland Yard interview should have been accompanied by music. It might have soothed the SAVIDGE breast.

A visitor from Italy says that our women have lovely hands. Yes, but they simply *will* over-call them.

In order to paint pictures of fish and submarine vegetation an artist is said to have gone down in a diving suit. And of course he used under-water colours.

Suits of chain-mail and knights' armour preserved by the City of Lichfield are so small that, for the customary periodical inspection, they are worn by errand-boys. This throws a new light on knight-errantry.

Miss HELEN WILLS has confided that she puts all thoughts of tennis aside when she writes verse. It is to her credit too that on the courts she does not allow problems of prosody to cramp her style.

The need of a museum for things connected with the drama is mentioned in a morning paper. We have often felt this in a theatre.

At a mock parliament to be held in Manchester a well-known actor is to take the part of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE. Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL cannot imagine any person wanting to take the ex-Premier's part.

An operatic tenor is reported as saying that he dares not dine in a restaurant because shouting to make himself heard is a strain on the voice. Many vocalists make the same complaint of Grand Opera.

A man sent to prison at Hull pleaded that he was only an amateur burglar. It is feared he will now lose his amateur status.

There is to be no contest for the Speakership, but we understand that the name of Mr. JACK JONES, M.P. for Silvertown, would have been put forward if the House had been looking for a loud speaker.

Among the "dark" candidates for the United States Presidency, we note, is a negro. He would be.

It is hoped that the complaint of Mr. J. A. R CAIRNS that Metropolitan magistrates are terribly overworked will not be without its effect on delinquents.

Sir WILLIAM JOYNSON-HICKS has intimated that he does not regard the game of darts as illegal. As nothing was said about fretwork, we presume the HOME SECRETARY has an open mind on the matter for the present.

A gossip-writer mentions that when Mr. NOEL COWARD left London *en route* for America he wore a green hat. COLUMBUS wouldn't have done that.

The waterspout seen in the Channel last week is said to have been the highest experienced for many years. Everything seems to have gone up since the War.

Can't this dissension in "The Magic Circle" be settled by arranging a contest in which the members can make each other disappear?

A sparrow with a growth like blinkers by the side of its eyes has been found in Hyde Park. We are not surprised.

In order to eradicate the Isle of Wight disease in bees, they are being sprinkled with a mixture of petrol. But isn't there a danger that they may start hooting instead of humming?

A clergyman writing to a daily paper says that he can play the mouth-organ. It was a manly confession and we respect him for it.

"The modern tendency," we are told, "is to have plays with unhappy endings." These sometimes occur after only about a week's run.

A film was recently shown in a London restaurant. A happy *réplique* to the enormous amount of eating that goes on in cinemas.

Pet dogs are denounced as the greatest menace to married happiness. Another view is that there is no greater menace to married happiness than a wife.



Wife. "HENRY, THERE'S A BURGLAR DOWNSTAIRS! THAT'S THE THIRD ONE I'VE HEARD THIS WEEK."
Husband (fed up). "PERHAPS IT'S BURGLAR WEEK."

Our Dry Fry Fishmongers.

"THE WISE HOUSEWIFE SHOPS HERE.
WET, DRIED AND FRIED FISHMONGER."
Advt. in Surrey Paper.

OUGHT WE TO THINK?

STUNG by the vivid interest provoked in *The Daily Blurb's* controversy, "DO THE DEAD READ?" and not to be outdone by *The Daily Blurb*, *The Daily Dope*, it will be remembered, propounded two days ago the interesting question which forms the headline of this article.

The Daily Dope's leader, it will not be forgotten, concluded with the following forcible words:—

"We give it as our considered opinion that thought is on the increase in the West End of London, and even more so in the outer suburbs. In Kensington, Hammersmith, Highgate, Norbury, Sydenham, to name only a few places, thought is rapidly taking the place of cinemas, cricket, theatres, cocktails, tennis and bridge. *Many are thinking now who have never thought before.* We invite the opinions of readers on this important topic, which cannot fail to have a bearing on the future of our race, or at any rate of our race for circulation with the other Metropolitan newspapers."

ARE YOU A THOUGHT-BLOWER?
See pictures on back page.

No sooner were these words published than a positive shoal of correspondence filled our letter-bag; in the opinion of our letter-bag opener, the most positive shoal that has ever filled the letter-bag of any newspaper in the world.

The first one to be opened was typical of the rest. It came from Finsbury Park. It ran:—

SIR,—In thinking that people everywhere are thinking more than they used to think, you think only the truth. For months now, at my own earnest request, my family has set apart one hour of the day for silent meditation. Jumpers are laid down, the wireless is turned off, cards are forbidden and the cud of thought is chewed alone.

How delightful it would be if during this hour some text for our meditation could be supplied by *The Daily Dope*, in addition to the more frivolous matter with which it is obliged from time to time to deal!

Paper pattern instructions for elegant over-blouses suitable for thinking in will be found on another page.

All your readers should be grateful to you for ventilating a matter of so much public concern and encouraging us to think somewhat more thoughtfully about thought than we used to do.

Yours faithfully,
FATHER OF FIFTEEN.

Only a little further on in our letter-bag we came upon the following significant note:—

SIR,—A special room in New Scotland Yard is set aside for private meditation. COLLINS.

Further proof of the growing interest in thought is provided by the behaviour, observable everywhere, of readers of *The Daily Dope* in underground railway-carriages and omnibuses. They have a look of purposeful concentration. Their eyes are glued to the page, and seldom turned away to examine the skirts, shoes, hats, etc., of their fellow-passengers. Often enough they may be seen still

THE DAILY DOPE HAS THE BEST INSURANCE SCHEME IN THE WORLD.

perusing *The Daily Dope* as they cross the street to their offices.

"Do we think enough?" said a prominent District Railway traveller interviewed by *The Daily Dope* yesterday. "I am inclined to think not. *The Daily Dope* is doing a good service in pointing out the valuable adjunct provided by thought to the monotonous routine of every-day life."

RODIN'S famous statue, "Le Penseur," is considered by many to be one of the finest pieces of sculpture in the world.

Details of "The Daily Dope's" Travel Bureau, giving advice to all week-end excursionists to the Continent, will be found on page 5.

Ancient writers, both of the Eastern and Western worlds, are never tired of extolling the virtues of meditation. . . . *The Prince SIDDHARTHA, founder of Buddhism, was continually brooding.* He used, in fact, to sit for weeks at a time plunged in profound abstraction, solving the causes of things. Great poets have been equally eloquent on the advantages of the speculative life. "Life is real, life is earnest," said LONGFELLOW.

THE DAILY DOPE'S FINANCIAL PAGE GIVES ADVICE TO SMALL INVESTORS.

Women in particular should be encouraged to think, for the long hours during which the bread-winner is away from the home give ample scope for reviewing the purpose of existence while perhaps the busy fingers are employed on one of *The Daily Dope's* crochet patterns described on p. 6.

Thought too provides a far better basis for the *soigné* tea-party than the mere tittle-tattle of idle gossip about our neighbours' affairs.

"Does Matter exist as well as Mind?"—"Did the Hen arrive before the Egg?"—"What is the content of the Noumenon?"—"Are Time and Space *a priori?*"—"Can the Atom be Resolved?"—"What is meant by the Persistence of Force?"—these and a hundred other kindred topics which will be discussed from day to day in *The Daily Dope*,

BEGIN YOUR SUBSCRIPTION NOW.

should prove a welcome change from the usual anagram supper, the whist-drive and the spelling-bee.

CURIOUS INCIDENT AT LORD'S.

An unusual episode occurred at Lord's yesterday when J. W. HEARNE, after being constantly reminded by the spectators that he had not increased his score for several overs, confessed to the wicket-keeper that he had been wrapped in contemplation on the mystery of the Ultimate End and was only playing the bowling by an effort of subliminal will. As soon as the state of the clock was pointed out to him he scored two boundaries in rapid succession, completing his century amid cheers.

"There can be no doubt," said PATSY HENDREN to a reporter, "that JACK has been greatly affected by the news of the metaphysical discussion now commencing in the pages of *The Daily Dope*."

PROMINENT MEN AND WOMEN TESTIFY TO THE VALUE OF THOUGHT.

"I could not do without it."—Mr. C. B. COCHRAN.

"I always thought on circuit."—Mr. NORMAN BIRKETT.

"Thinking parties are becoming more popular at Hollywood every year."—BEBE DANIELS.

"To think with me is to act."—Sir NIGEL PLAYFAIR.

"The secret of the back-hand half-volley is skilful wrist-work combined with instantaneous thought."—SUZANNE LENGLEN.

"I should have thought . . . ."—Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, *speaking in the House of Commons on Rating Reform.*

"I don't think."—Mr. GEORGE ROBEY, *speaking, in the character of an ignorant member of the proletariat, on the music-hall stage.*

"Where are the heavy after-dinner



THE GIPSY'S WARNING.

FORTUNE-TELLER (TO BOOKIE). "I SEE DANGER THREATENING YOU FROM A LARGE CALCULATING RIVAL. BEWARE OF CROSSING HIS PATH OR IT WILL BE THE WORSE FOR YOU."

[A Steward of the Jockey Club is reported to have warned the book-making fraternity that if they persist in opposing the introduction of the Totalisator they will suffer for it.]



Celebrity (after lengthy monopoly of the conversation). "BUT ENOUGH ABOUT ME; LET US TALK ABOUT YOURSELF. TELL ME—WHAT DO *YOU* THINK OF MY PART IN THE NEW PLAY?"

thinkers of a generation ago?"—Viscount CASTLEROSSE.

"Thinking has put me where I am."—Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON, *in the Croydon Swimming Baths.*

GLOSSO

provides tender scalp follicles with precisely the stimulus they need to prevent the hair from falling out during the process of Thought.

EVOE.

Duck and Drake.

No doubt when Lord JELLICOE went in and got a duck in that cricket-match with the cadets he wished he'd gone out and beaten the Spaniards straight away.

The New Mythology.

"Mr. Nah Uadhaigh replied that the Circuit Court was a new jurisdiction which had sprung from the wisdom of the Oireachtas, just as Minerva had sprung from Medusa's head."
Irish Paper.

Ireland's knowledge of Medusa is bound to be hazy after one thousand five hundred years' freedom from snakes.

YOU CAN'T GO THERE.

THIS time last year we spent a month of week-ends in debating where to go for our early summer holidays. The dining-room table was always being submerged by a huge map of Europe, held in position by a few volumes of *Baedeker* and the illustrated brochures of our tourist agencies. Little flags recorded the projected halting-places on our journey across the Continent.

The General Staff, I believe, plays a similar sort of map game at the War Office, but theirs is much easier. The Army hasn't to pay its own expenses; we had. This considerably cramped our style, and we were always pushing our flags back from Buda-Pesth or Bucharest because we couldn't afford it.

We expected to be told it was an act of treachery to the Old Country to think of going abroad, and what was wrong with England, anyway? But none of this happened. Our friends were all most helpful.

Mrs. Burdock-Jones descended on us first.

"So you young folk are going abroad at last!" she exclaimed brightly. "I hope you're not going to anywhere stuffy."

We told her we were going to Ostend.

"You can't go there," she decided. "Far too obvious. Unless you want hordes of tourists——"

Secretly we thought a few fellow-creatures who spoke our language would be delightful, but we dared not say so. We assured her we loathed hordes of tourists.

"Now I'll tell you where to go," she volunteered.

"Thanks so much," we murmured politely; "if you don't mind."

"Timgad," she pronounced explosively.

I picked up another flag and held it poised in mid-air while I searched for Timgad. Mrs. Burdock-Jones offered us introductions to Timgad society and was prepared to book our rooms herself. We were quite resigned to Timgad when George dropped in.

"Hear you young people are barging across the Continent," he boomed. "Do you good. 'What do they know of Europe who only England know?'

and that sort of rot. Where are you going?"

"Timgad," we said impressively.

"You can't go there," he decided. "Everybody goes there. It 's bung full of Americans. Now let me tell you where to go."

"Awfully good of you, George."

"Not at all. Delighted. Listen."

We listened.

"Oslo," he whispered mysteriously.

I marked Oslo on the map.

James was surprised when he heard we were going to Oslo.

"You can't go there," he decided. "You want something off the beaten track, something wild and primitive, where there are great open spaces and that sort of thing, don't you?"

That wasn't quite our idea of a holiday, but we didn't say so. We left our destination in his hands. He recommended Spitsbergen.

I sent out for some more flags.

Mabel booked us a passage on a tramp steamer to the Balearic Islands, and we were hounded in turn to Tyrol, Prague, Reval and Ragusa. By that time we were in such a state of nervous prostration that we called in the doctor.

"You want a holiday," he cried cheerily.

We explained that we were taking one.

"Splendid!" he agreed. "And where are you going?"

We showed him our flag-strewn map of Europe.

"Not to all those places?" he exclaimed.

"Most of them," we admitted. "We've promised our friends——"

"You can't go there," he decided. "Let your friends go to these outlandish places if they like. You need a rest. Go to some seaside place that you know where there 's sun, bathing, tennis and dancing, and just have a good time."

So we went to our old quarters at Folkestone. The first persons we met on the Lees were Mrs. Burdock-Jones, George, James and Mabel. They were just breaking the journey to Riga, Ekaterinoslav, Albania and Kamschatka. They were still breaking it when we left.

Musical Diet.

GAETANO DONIZETTI
Lived entirely on spaghetti
During his residence at Sorrento
When composing *La Figlia del Reggimento*;
ROSSINI wrote "Di Tanti
Palpiti" under the influence of Chianti;
But GOUNOD refreshed himself with Angostura
When writing "Salve, dimora casta e pura."



Lady (with dog). "I ALWAYS BRING TWEETIE WITH ME TO THE ACADEMY. I 'M CERTAIN THE ANGEL GETS AS MUCH OUT OF IT AS I DO."

RHUM BABAISTS.

No. I.—SEBASTIAN SIMCOX.

I HAVE just returned from lunching with young Sebastian Simcox at the 1937 Club. The club, Simcox told me, was formed last year. It is a mixed club, the membership being restricted to fifty men and fifty women, who in 1927 were under twenty-five years of age. An indispensable qualification for membership, it seems, is the choice of Art or Literature as a vocation. Another is the possession of an independent unearned income of not less than three hundred pounds a year. And the idea of the club is to make England a better place for artists and writers in 1937 than it was in 1927.

Simcox, who is a founder member, is a blond exquisite of twenty-five. He is a B.A. (it was with difficulty) of Queen's College, Oxford. He is of medium height, very sleek and well-brushed, and he affects brown and grey suitings and irreproachable soft hats with pastel-hued linen in discreet harmony. He has a weak chin, which is compensated by a nose of Roman build. I should add that he lives in Bloomsbury with a gaunt elder sister whose absurd name is Amaryllis. She stands five feet ten in her stockings and is called Rilly for short. Rilly is a good

soul and, in a hushed and bewildered sort of way, an excellent hostess. She adores Sebastian and allows him and his women-friends to deck her in incongruous garments and jewels, in which she resembles a flustered cockatoo. That is all there is to Amaryllis; there is more, however, to Sebastian, but not much.

There is, primarily and almost exclusively, his poetry. When he first entertained me at the 1937 Club I knew that would come with the coffee. It did, in full spate from a loose-leaf note-book through Simcox's rather red lips for one hour and forty minutes by the club clock. I had been rendered indulgent by the club cocktail, an excellent Liebfraumilch and a Grand Marnier. Also I had nothing much to do and it was raining outside. So I listened: I listened to the theory and applauded, with my eyebrows, the practice. His great aim, Simcox told me, was to achieve that emancipation from tradition, "that jagged severance from the past which will give the poet's spirit a flame-like nudity of avowal, before which the muttering shibboleths of metre and shambling errors of rhyme will retreat abashed." At that point he tactfully ordered a second Grand Marnier.

"Just think of me," Simcox said, "wasting myself in the composition of deciduous sonnets when the stark freedoms of uncloyed and underivative verse lay before me virgin and undefiled. Just think of me."

I did, and out came the notebook in a flash.

"I rather like this little thing," he said, with what I can only describe as bashful truculence, and he began the first of twenty-eight-and-a-half poems (not to be confused with poetry). The half poem occurred at 4.15, when the room was required for a committee-meeting. The first poem was announced by Simcox, almost in accusatory tones, as "Frog," and I immediately thought of *Mrs. Leo Hunter's*

"Can I view thee panting, lying
On thy stomach without sighing,
Can I unmoved see thee dying
On a log,
Expiring frog?"

But Simcox's frog was of a different order entirely. There was nothing leisurely or elegiac about it. It jumped at me in the querulous staccato of its creator's voice like this:—

"FROG.

Thou lonely too,
Gazing past ready actuality beyond
Your world of festering slime?

Horizons of illusion!
At thy feet
The mud of satisfaction.

Safe—but that lure beyond!
Macadam glistening like water,
Mirage of dark felicity.
In your eyes I read it—
You will go, the blind urge calls you;
There will be a thunder and a little squelch
And ends the dream."

"Frog," I gather, is one of Simcox's earliest revolts from the tyranny of tradition. One cannot impugn its sincerity. I could not smile when he told me he had seen the remains of the adventurous amphibian a moment after the lorry had passed on.

It was after writing "Frog" (in 1926) that Sebastian Simcox heard Miss GERTRUDE STEIN read one of her singularly lucid manifestoes in Paris. Light came to him, as he said, "like the unshuttering of all the windows in the world." He scarcely remembers now how he got back to his hotel the next morning. He was intoxicated (I think he said *divinely* intoxicated) and proceeded simultaneously to remove his trousers and write his first poem in the new manner, "Iconoclastes." When he awoke later in the morning the poem and his trousers were on the chair by his bed, and, as he brightly said, money in both. Simcox sold "Iconoclastes" to the wealthy American editor-proprietor of *Ba-Ba* for twenty pounds, *Ba-Ba* of course being the organ of the Parisian coterie who so trenchantly and derisively style themselves Babaists. Here it is, and I think I should experience the same difficulty as Simcox in reading it aloud. At my best I don't sing like a bird, and even if I practise in my bath I shall never be able to make a noise like a fish:—

"ICONOCLASTES.

Broken light of sunset
yellow glass
the tweed suit of Montmorency in the Bois.
Why do birds

O O O
O
O
O
O

You cannot tell me, I
shall never know.
Why do fishes

— ∪ — ∪ —
— ∪ —
∪ — ∪
∪
—

You cannot tell me dumb
traditionalists.

My god
this hateful pestilential world!
I will take a buttercup—
hammer of flashing brass—
and smash your mortared vanities."

Although Simcox missed the bird and the fish (to vary the usual order) he came in on the buttercup very heavily, and unfortunately upset his coffee over his trousers on the word "smash." The immediate effect of this stark and uncompromising poem, as Simcox himself called it, was his election as leader of the 1937 poets, or English Babaists, a position he has held (and has generously consolidated in the restaurant and at the bar) for nearly twelve months. "Ba-ba! *c'est moi!*" he remarked, and I agreed, receiving a Corona Corona from a passing waiter for being so understanding.

One other poem by Sebastian Simcox may be quoted to support his theory that poetry should be "nude and passionate and austere." It is called "Skyscrapers," and is the only poem he was impelled to write during his stay in the States. As Rilly Simcox said, "It does give you a definite feeling of going up and up and up and then coming down and down and down. And that 's so exhilarating, don't you agree?"

"SKYSCRAPERS.

All God's chillun got wings.
Say, that bell gets me . . .
Anyone for third,
fourth,
fifth,
sixth,
seventh,
eighth.
Going up, Madam,
ninth,
tenth,
Glory Hallelujah! This nigger 's sure
Got a rising job,
First left, second right, walk straight on,
Don't stop ringing till you know they 've gone,
eleventh,
twelfth,
Keep your fingers out of the gates there, kid,
thirteenth,
fourteenth,
'Gee, if it should drop!'
Ladies' Hairdressers,
Perfumery shop,
fifteenth,
top,
Sunshine Restaurant,
Down to street,
pass,
pass,
pass,
pass,
ten,
nine,
Going down, Madam,
'Oh, my stomach, how it sinks!'
eighth,
seventh,
Florists in the blue hall by the West Elevator,
pass,
pass,
And the sing-song of the nigger with his finger on the button
Drones against the shining grilles,
Till a shaft of sunlight smites us
And we step into the street
And we scurry to the subway
Through a mist and whirr of wheels.
Woolsteck Building,
Didn't I tell you
All God's chillun got wings?"

That I confess I like. It is simple and forthright and self-explanatory. Simcox is obviously a good reporter. More I will not—I cannot—say. But I have promised to dine with him and his sister Rilly next week. There are to be other guests—writers and artists. It should be amusing.

W. K. S.



Visitor (to Small Boy). "SO, PETER, I HEAR YOU 'RE LEARNING TO SPEAK FRENCH. HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW?" *Peter.* "WELL—NOT ALL OF IT."

PITY THE POOR DÉBUTANTE.

THIS is Ascot Week, and during these few days I ask all men of goodwill to give their thoughts to a body of their fellow-citizens who are distressed, deserving and misunderstood. It is a commonplace that millionaires are unhappy, but it has now come to my notice that débutantes are miserable.

Débutantes, of all people! Have they not everything that is good (we think), youth, beauty, health and pretty frocks, no work, no worries, and pleasure brimming over? Is not their life one gay protracted party? If there is unrest here then where can we look for happiness?

But so it is. At my annual Ball I saw a number—a number? nay, a covey, a flight, a cluster of them; for I cannot think of the radiant beings except as birds or butterflies or flowers—swift as the swallow, merry as the mayfly, fresh and sparkling as the lily-of-the-valley in the morning dew, and enjoying to all appearances the alleged insouciance of birds and blossoms.

But I shall expect next to be told that the birds are bored and the butterfly a prey to melancholy. For at the height of the revelry I took Her to the buffet for a lemonade and became acquainted with tragedy. Only a few weeks earlier She had curtseyed to her Sovereign and burst like a rose-bud on the admiring world in her gown of blush pink mousseline de soie, the design embroidered with crystals and paillettes, over duck-egg blue satin beauté. I asked her would She have a lemonade and was She enjoying life. She said she would like a lemonade, but, as for life, She was rather loathing it.

The first year is ghastly, She said. That first year, which you and I thought must be like the first flight of the young eagle, the first song of the adolescent

lark, a glorious entrance into experience and pleasure, she compared it—can you guess?—to a boy's first term at school. One's second Season, She thought, might be endurable, but *Tom Brown* himself did not suffer more than a sprig of the nobility in her first three months of grown-up Society.

With Her elders, I gathered, the name of the débutante is mud. They are regarded as a class of being unnecessary but unavoidable, gregarious and ubiquitous, swarming everywhere like so many ants, a perpetual nuisance cluttering up the town, always requiring to be taken to dances or taken away from dances, to be goaded into marriage or dissuaded from marriage, to be dressed and fed and entertained and rapped over the knuckles. They have no individual existences, but are thought of, and go about, in shoals, like minnows. Indeed, She said that to be taken for a débutante was wounding to Her. When an adult discovers that he is in conversation with one of the species, his whole manner changes and he begins to humour her, talking as one would to a favourite fish, for it is accepted that that is the level of their intelligence.

And so the poor girls are thrown back on their own generation; and these are not much comfort. Young men in these days, it seems, are a stupid lot, and, as for the girls, She whispered, what cats! The most intelligent young men, I was interested to hear, are now in the Guards, but the rest of the young male species of good family have no chins and no conversation, and She would as willingly exchange ideas with a sofa-cushion.

I heard no details about the cattery of the girls, but a few minutes later She said in calm clear tones, "This girl standing next to you is supposed to be a great beauty, but *I* think she has a face like a pudding—don't you?" I glanced, embarrassed, at the sweet young thing beside me and decided that the description was inadequate and unjust. She heard, I am confident, every word, and shortly moved away. My She, I am sure, had no catty intention; she was simply making, as she thought unheard, a simple statement of fact. What then must be the cattiness of the deliberate cats (if any)? The Season is not half done, and already among the lilies-of-the-valley the serpent's hiss is heard. What will that hiss be like, I thought, by the end of July?

Well, the sad tale went on. Parties, parties, parties! Lunches, teas, dinners, dances—incessant work. Sometimes dances four or five nights a week, sometimes three dances in a night. In that case one flits like a fastidious bee from party to party, testing each for dullness and giving marks for supper. The one thing common to every dance is that there is no room to dance; the varying factors are the conversation and the champagne. It is still considered decent to stand for a few minutes in the attitude of persons waltzing among the huddled hundreds on the dancing-floor; but after this gesture the only question is whether to queue up for supper here or look for better treatment elsewhere.



Recent Bridegroom. "YES, I 'LL TAKE THESE TWO APPLE-TREES. NOW CAN YOU DIRECT ME TO THE HAMMOCK DEPARTMENT?"

It 's always possible of course to have three suppers, but that means a lot of tiresome standing about; and there is always the risk of running into one's host or hostess.

In cross-examination: No, she did not enjoy going to so many dances. *Then why go?*—Well, one had to. *Why?*—Well, she didn't quite know. Now and then there would be an amusing party. One never knew. *The whole idea, presumably, is matrimony?*—She supposed so. *But at these tumultuous and overcrowded revelries is there ever an opportunity for such intimate conversation as might lead up to matrimony?—(Emphatically)* Never. *Did she know of any person who had become engaged at a "Season" dance?*—No. *The older generation, presumably, endure the Season for the sake of the young, who are supposed to enjoy it?*—Yes. *But if the young do not enjoy it either, and if it does not lead to matrimony, would it not be as well to have no Season?*—The witness did not reply.

As for Ascot—a little cloud shadowed her brow as I spoke the word. "*Ascot?* I loathe the idea!" "Then you will not be going?" "Yes, three days." One day, she said, might be fun, but three would kill her. However, she had three new frocks, and these would keep her at it, one frock a day. Débutantes, it appears, are classified by the number of their new frocks, as men were once by bottles. If you are a three-frock girl you go three days, and so on.

Therefore, kind Britons, spare a thought this week for these poor girls, cruelly condemned to three days at Ascot, with probably three nights of gaiety to follow; and never tell me that the rich do not deserve what little leisure they have.

A. P. H.

A SORRY SUBSTITUTE.

"You 'll be Mrs. Gibbins' first visitor," remarked the Sister as she conducted me down the infirmary ward. "That drunken brute of a husband nearly finished her off this time," she continued in confidential undertones, "but she 's pulling round nicely now, if she weren't so terribly depressed. She seems to have got a sort of a grievance against us all."

The bandaged head turned slowly on the pillow at the sound of our footsteps. Mrs. Gibbins lay gazing at me for a moment and then exclaimed in a weak voice—

"Well, I never! If it ain't Miss Newton! 'Ow ever did you get 'ere, Ma'am?"

"How did I get here? Why, by the tram, of course," I replied, thinking a matter-of-fact answer might steady her wandering wits.

Politeness compelled her to display a perfunctory interest in the cakes and fruit I had brought her, and she fingered them over carefully one by one.

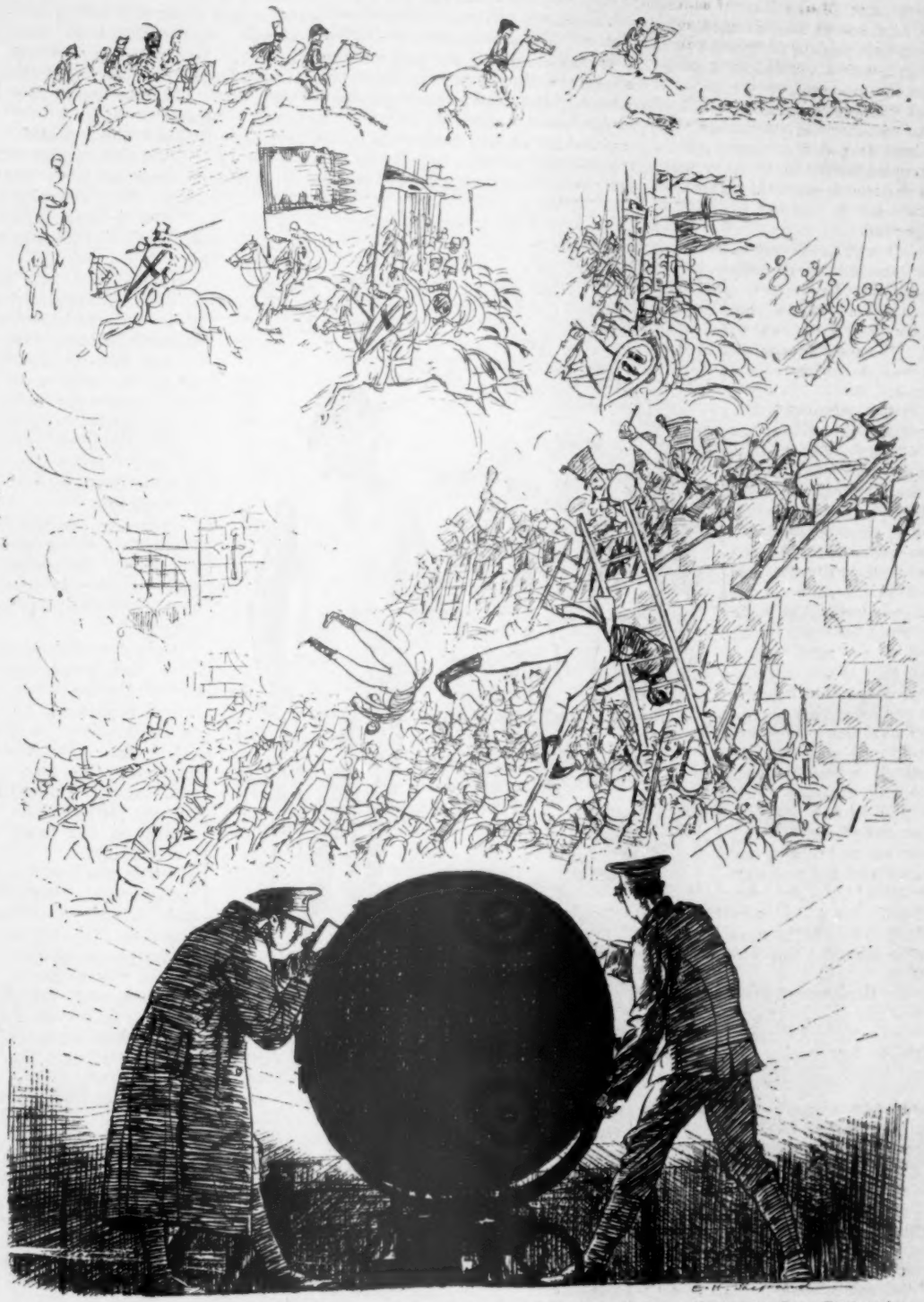
"Just common rock-cakes," she muttered at the end of a close scrutiny.

"Anyhow, they will be a nice change from the ordinary food," I replied, a little nettled by the criticism.

"Might well be," she assented gloomily.

Being a member of the Board of Guardians I could hardly let such a remark pass unchallenged, especially

THE SEARCHLIGHT TATTOO.



VIEW HALLOO WITH THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S FOXHOUNDS. THE CRUSADERS. "CLOSE-UP" OF BADAJOZ'S BREECHES. THE MEN BEHIND THE "GUN."

as we prided ourselves on the invalid dietary in the infirmary.

"Come now, Mrs. Gibbins," I said gently, "tell me, as an old friend, what you have to complain of, won't you?"

"'Tain't wot I bin led to expeck," was the cautious reply.

"But you must remember that we have to consider the ratepayers." It was wisest to put the matter plainly. "As long as our patients are properly nursed and the plain food is well cooked, we should not be justified in providing more."

"'Tain't wot I bin led to expeck," she reiterated, shifting uneasily on her pillow.

"Now tell me, won't you, what you had been led to expect?" I was determined to get to the bottom of her grievance.

"Wot did I expeck?" The concentrated bitterness of her tones startled me. "Why, streets o' gold, an' 'arps an' hangels all in white, an' gates o' shinin' pearls"—her voice rose in a shrill crescendo—"an' no more pain!" A great sob rent her. "I useter read it hover an' hover."

I sat and gazed at the tragic figure, while the truth slowly dawned on my mind, and I realised that it was my unwelcome duty to break gently to the poor soul that the infirmary ward was *not* heaven, and that she was still the denizen of a world where bruises and bandages, rock-cakes and brutal husbands were concrete facts.

There was no knowing how the shock and the necessary readjustment of her ideas would affect her, and I waited anxiously, while she lay ruminating in silence. Suddenly she spoke.

"So the Book worn't wrong arter all," she said, and turned over with a contented sigh.

Paradise lost meant Paradise regained.

Things one might have Expressed less Heavily.

"As a motorist who has travelled over the greater part of these islands, I, trusting only my own opinion, do not pass over Welsh girls so lightly."—*Daily Paper.*

Extract from Hospital's Accounts:—

"EXPENDITURE.

Payment on account of alterations to Building Contractor . . . . . £ 500"

He should have been rendered quite unrecognisable for this amount.

IRREVERENT RADIOS.

I.

Mr. EDGAR WALLACE is asked to broadcast on "The Life of the Corn-weevil."

IT was evening in the long low room where the Two Watchers stood with delicately-fashioned microscopic instruments before their eyes. Outside resounded the hum of traffic, the hoot of motor-horns, as the long line of taxi-cabs and limousines bore well-dressed occupants to gay restaurant and glittering theatre. But within all was silence. The Two Watchers watched unseen.

A sinister female figure emerged at last from hiding and moved restlessly hither and thither as if uncertain where to go. Now she turned with timid hurried gestures towards one of the objects that surrounded her, now stopped and directed her footsteps towards another.

"Who is that?" asked the younger of the Two Watchers in a tense low whisper.

He could not see her features clearly enough to guess her age, but she seemed to have the type of classical beauty that would defy the markings of the years. She was robed in a hard covering, cunningly made and fitting her like a sheath. Her entire body was dark-brown. Her corselet was long and studded with dots, her nose elongated and thin. She was about four millimetres from end to end.

"Who is that?" he repeated.

He was a journalist and accustomed to repeating questions over and over again. They occupied space.

"She is the Spoiler," answered his companion simply.

He had the pale ascetic face, the careless clothing, the white side-whiskers of a scientific recluse. His long stained fingers played nervously on the magnifying instrument; his boots had elastic sides.

"The Spoiler?"

"Yes. Have you never heard of Calandra?"

"Calandra?"

"Calandra Granaria. She is one of the worst enemies of humanity. Wherever she goes she spreads ruin. We have been hunting her for years."

"Calandra—Calandra Granaria." Had he ever heard that name? On the whole, unless it had been given to a filly at Newmarket, he thought not. He endeavoured to memorise the two words, and, fearing he might fail to do so, jotted them down hastily on the front of his evening shirt.

A thin rain began to fall in the streets, blurring the lamps and causing footfarers to hurry to the shelter of the Underground; newsboys were calling, "*Scene in the House of Commons! Great Pearl Robbery in the West End!*"

but the Two Watchers did not stir from their post of observation. The young man stood as though fascinated. Who was this mysterious female figure? What was she doing there, and why? He must find out before he left the room.

Suddenly the shape he had now learnt to call Calandra went with quick nervous steps to a grain of wheat, stayed near it for a few moments occupied in some mysterious manner, the meaning of which he could not divine, and passed on.

"What did she do to it?" he asked the old man hoarsely.



Father. "WHY DID YOU IGNORE THAT YOUNG FELLOW? I THOUGHT I SAW YOU DANCING WITH HIM LAST NIGHT."

Young Thing. "OH, YES, I KNOW HIM QUITE WELL TO DANCE WITH, BUT NOT TO *SPEAK* TO."

"Slit it," he replied tersely.

"How?"

"With her nose."

"But for what reason?"

"To lay an egg inside."

"An egg?"

"An egg."

He shuddered.

"But if she lays an egg there——?"

"The egg will be hatched; the grub will emerge. It will pierce the husk and burrow to the kernel of the wheat."

Involuntarily the journalist moved forward. His face was twitching with emotion. His right hand sought his side-pocket. He drew out an indelible pencil.

"Can we not stop her?" he exclaimed. "I have a blunt instrument here."

The old man motioned him back.

"Wait," he said.

From grain to grain she whom the old man had named Calandra moved, slitting one after another with her keen proboscis and laying every time an egg, which she made fast with a mucilaginous fluid. There was no sign of her work when she had gone. The eye could detect no flaw in the grain. The Spoiler had mastered the technique of crime so thoroughly that not the keenest intelligence in Scotland Yard could have discovered the faintest vestige of a clue.

"How long?" muttered the journalist—"how long?"

"In the course of a season," said the scientist, "she may lay anything from eight to ten thousand eggs."

The young man's head reeled. Eight thousand eggs a season! Eight thousand words a morning, eight thousand plays a year—that he could understand; but eight thousand eggs!

"What future awaits them then, the larvæ of her whom you name Calandra?" he inquired in a trembling voice.

"They become nymphs."

"Nymphs?"

"Nymphs."

"And then?"

"They emerge as full-grown insects."

"To carry on their lethal work?"

"To carry it on."

"Then all wheat must perish wheresoever she whom you term the Spoiler has laid her deadly trail of murder and intrigue?"

The scientist smiled. He held something in his hand.

"No," he said; "look at this."

"What is it?"

"It is a bottle."

"And contains——?"

"Carbon bisulphide."

"Carbon bisulphide?"

"Yes. It is one of the most deadly poisons known to agricultural science. Evaporating swiftly, it does no harm to the grain; yet one whiff of its fumes is enough to remove Calandra Granaria in a moment from a life she has forfeited a thousand times over by her black-hearted villainies."

For the second time the young man could not repress a shudder. Destroyer of the people's food, guilty in the last degree, yet was not the Spoiler a mother, ay, a manifold mother, and filled with a mother's manifold and tenderhearted love? With a pale face he watched the scientist uncork the bottle.

"Something seems to go against the grain," he whispered, laying his hand on the old man's arm.

"It has gone," said the scientist, allowing a drop to fall.

Calandra Granaria, as if struck by lightning, began to twitch. The tiny legs stiffened suddenly and she rolled over on her side, dead. With a quick gesture of reverence the journalist removed his bowler hat and turned his face away from the microscope.

Without, the hum of the traffic continued to hum.

EVOE.

"The Desire of the Moth for the Star."

"Her style is inimitable, and well worth copying."—*Evening Paper.*



Small Child. "MUMMY, MAYN'T I HAVE AN EGG? I'VE DRAINED MY KIPPER TO THE DREGS AND I'M *STILL* HUNGRY."

LIVESTOCK IN BARRACKS.

XIV.—THE DOG RACE.

WE move with the times in our barracks. I mean we snap up all the newly-issued Army Orders a bare three months after their birth in rarefied War Office circles; while the other burning questions of the day we follow in the morning papers, reading avidly from the very moment we enter the mess-room for our breakfast up to the very moment when the Colonel arrives for his and we leave hurriedly by the other door. So we were right up in all this greyhound-racing business, and in our humble way we decided we would do something like it in barracks.

We had two difficulties to contend against from the start. First and most important we had not got a single greyhound in our barrack-pack. At least not as such. Of course, if we cared to apply integration methods, we had about three, but these three were so widely distributed as to be practically useless as self-contained units. However, this deficiency didn't matter very much; there is no rule to say that dog-racing must be done by greyhounds. In fact there is no reason why one shouldn't have Pekinese chasing an electric *éclair*.

Our second difficulty was that we did not possess an electric hare, though that again didn't worry us in the least, because our barrack-pack, unless it is at full strength and feeling pretty courageous, doesn't chase hares. It knows its limitations. On the other hand, it is dead nuts on cats. That is to say, of course, only on *chasing* cats, not on *catching* cats. Experience has made it a wily pack, and it knows enough not to carry the affair too far. If the cat which is being chased stops, the pack stops; so it never really achieves a cat—unless the cat stops too quickly for the momentum of the foremost chasers. So, since the main idea of an electric quarry is that it is never caught, everything seemed to indicate that for the contemplated event our pack should be put on the trail of an electric cat.

Captain Bayonet was unanimously appointed to arrange the course, for he knows all about electricity, having once put his magneto right without help. Captain and Quartermaster Ledger was deputed to trace the owners of the various members of the barrack-pack (no easy task), to warn them of the race and to advise them to put their dogs into training. The Mess Secretary appointed himself bookmaker, because, as he said, if anyone failed to pay up on a credit bet it would be made good on his next mess-bill. This seemed quite fair, and displayed what opponents of the Totalisator refer to emotionally as "the human touch."

Captain Bayonet didn't prove himself half so efficient as Captain Ledger, or even the Mess Secretary, over his part of the show. Indeed, after tampering with an electric-light cable and getting the shock of his life, he had to confess his complete inability to fix up a cat which would work by electricity. It was therefore decided that our electric cat should be of a new and original type and should be worked by hand. This naturally simplified matters considerably. For a real electric cat worked by electricity one apparently requires miles of rail and hundreds of volts and ampères and ohms, not to speak of joules and watts and farads; but for an electric cat worked by hand one only requires a hundred fathoms of rope, a wheel-drum and a couple of defaulters to play the part of what our friends the R.E. call "prime movers." Obviously, therefore, this latter was more suited to our barracks, where we hardly see a joule from one week's end to another and are inclined to believe a farad is an Anatolian official.



"THE PACK RUSHED IN PURSUIT."

Well, everything was fixed up and the great day came. Owing to a misunderstanding about the importance of shaving early, Private O'Jector and Private Barrel had been officially appointed to supply the motive power for the cat, and since it was felt that the barrack pack might be a little shy of running towards two men energetically winding a wheel, a pulley was fixed just behind the winning-post and the rope brought right back again to behind the starting point. The cat itself, most realistically made from a skin that Quartermaster-sergeant Fourbytwo "happened to have by him," ran on wheels along a level track laid out on our sports ground.

The excitement prior to the race was intense, though the final field, after drastic weeding, only consisted of about a dozen runners. Private Muzzle's dog was first favourite in consequence of its being adjudged to contain the largest percentage of greyhound; but an animal belonging to Private Pullthrough, which, followed by our Mess cook's invective, had that morning given a striking though involuntary exhibition of form at the back of our Mess, ran him fairly close. An Aberdale was third favourite, while the most complete outsider of all, only retained by Captain Ledger as light relief, was a yard or so of Dachsealyham belonging to Corporal Foresight.

It took several people to arrange the starters, and while this was going on Lance-corporal Pouch got bitten, the dog responsible immediately leaving the scene of action with loud yelps at a rate which, had it only been in the right direction and a little later, would have easily won him the race. Private Sling, the owner, indignantly demanded to know what Pouch had done to him, and Pouch said he only looked at the brute, and Sling said then he didn't wonder at his running, and Pouch required less of Sling's lip, and—well, we were only just in time to stop a fracas that might have seriously disturbed the *bonhomie* of the whole proceedings.

At last everything was ready, the word was given, Privates O'Jector and Barrel bent to their task, and the cat leapt jerkily across the ground. The pack rushed in pursuit in its usual hunting bunch. For a moment it was seen to our surprise that the Dachsealyham was leading by a head, till someone noticed that he was also last by a tail, which evened matters up. A minute later he trod on himself somewhere amidships and left the race.

The cat whirled across the ground; the pack whirled after it. It was halfway down the course when Private Barrel, slaving at the wheel, saw fit to remark to Private O'Jector that he, Barrel, was doing most of the work. O'Jector, being Irish, instantly took the matter up. An argument supervened, in the course of which the wheel was forgotten and the cat stopped dead.

This might very well have spoilt the race, except that our pack is used to cats stopping dead. True, this one did not face round in determined fashion, as the others generally did, but anyway it behoved them to be cautious. So



New Circus-hand (in charge of camels). "I DON'T MIND MINDIN' 'EM, AS THE SAYIN' IS, AND I AIN'T GOT MUCH AGIN 'EM, LONG AS THEY 'RE CIVIL; BUT IT 'S BEIN' *SEEN* WITH 'EM I COMPLAINS OF. PEOPLE 'LL TAKE ME FOR A BLINKIN' SHEIK!"

simultaneously the pack also stopped dead. The whole affair gave one the impression of a breakdown in a cinema projector.

Lance-Corporal Scabbard leapt into the breach and in a loud harsh voice rebuked the two "prime movers," who guiltily bent again to their task. The cat re-started. The pack re-started.

And now came the trouble. So efficacious had been Lance-Corporal Scabbard's rebuke that Privates O'Jector and Barrel were intently toiling like galley slaves, muttering "Worn—Worn-Tew!" to themselves in husky tones of self-encouragement. They thus failed to notice the arranged signal indicating that the cat at any rate had reached the end of the course, with the result that before the dogs attained the winning-post the cat had shot on, flashed round the pulley at the far end and begun to return swiftly on its tracks.

This was too much like real life for our pack. Seeing their quarry advancing menacingly upon them, they stopped dead, wavered and then broke for home.

We never really knew who won. Private Muzzle claimed the cup because his dog was first favourite; but Private Butt also claimed it because after the *débâcle* his dog was reported to have reached the safety of the barrack cook-house several seconds before any other runner. So no prizes were awarded and all bets were called off. A. A.

A VESTED INTEREST.

By the ditch that shelters a mass of weed,
Where the dock and the dandelion seed,
Stern and resolved in the growth I stand,
The weapons of clearance in my hand;
No more shall this tangled waste offend,
Hemlock and nettle shall meet their end—
When I hear behind me a sad appeal
From somebody perched on the Solomon's-seal.

Somebody's protest attracts nearby
The vocal aid of a strong ally,
So the labours on which my heart is set
Move now to the tune of a shrill duet—
"Twitter"—you hear it?—"tweet, tweet, tweet;
Take care, take care where you put your feet."
"Would you have me leave this Augean litter,
Rank and luxuriant?" "Tweet, tweet, twitter."
"Shall a feathered atom delay," I ask,
"The progress of my appointed task?"
"Tweet, tweet, tweet, *tweet*. Oh, mind where you tread;
It 's somewhere near to that nettle-bed;
You had much better mow the lawn instead."

Thus do the choicest plans of men
Bow down to the will of the willow-wren.

A. C.

Canada averse from Arson.

"A number of names of those setting off fireworks were secured and they will be summoned for infraction of the by-law prohibiting the firing of polytechnics."—*Winnipeg Paper.*

Under another Canadian by-law, anyone setting light to a university gets a week without the option.

"Miss —— was asked about the cigarette-smoking, and said she had one.

'You are trying to make out I moke sexcessively,' she said to counsel. 'It shows how easily things can be misconstrued.'"

Scots Paper.

It does indeed.



"IS THAT THE FIRE STATION? MAY I SPEAK TO THE CAPTAIN? OH, REALLY? GOOD EVENING—OR RATHER MORNING. REGINALD RENFREW, OF BALMORAL MANSIONS, NASTURTIUM ROAD, SPEAKING. SORRY TO TROUBLE YOU AT THIS UNHOLY HOUR, BUT THE FACT IS WE 'VE A ROTTEN FIRE HERE AND WE 'D LIKE YOU TO PUT IT OUT IF YOU AREN'T TOO TERRIBLY BUSY."

THE CINEMA MENTALITY.

THE recent controversy between the B.B.C. and a daily newspaper has brought out an aspect of the drama which ARISTOTLE overlooked. It is not material, we are given to understand, whether or no the audience comprehends the language in which a play is given. Properly stage-managed and acted, an old Icelandic comedy should appeal alike to an audience of Northumbrian pitmen or Polynesian pith-eaters.

As it happens I am now in a position to refute the B.B.C. Last week I took a friend of mine to a matinée of the *Medea* of EURIPIDES, given in the Greek. My "subject" was Mr. Jabez B. Gunnamaker, the editor of a small-town Middle-Western weekly paper and well up in the technique of the cinema. EURIPIDES, however, is not popular in the corn-belt and Mr. Gunnamaker confessed that he had never seen the *Medea*. The name was familiar to him, he said, but that was all. Throughout the play he sat silent and absorbed, except once at the very beginning, when he asked me if it was a fancy-dress affair; I suppose he was puzzled by the tragic masks. Thereafter he was still, and only the champing of strong jaws on chewing-gum betrayed at times the stress of his emotions. At the close he reached dumbly for his hat and followed me out into the sunshine.

In the course of a little light refreshment I subjected him to a question-and-answer examination:—

Q. You have just seen a play, Mr. Gunnamaker, in a language which is Greek to you. Now would you mind telling me whether you enjoyed it?

A. Sure. It fazed me some at first, but after I 'd got on to the inside dope it was vurry interesting.

Q. Did it impress you as a great drama?

A. Well, I can't say as it did. The action was too slow.

Q. Will you tell me exactly what in your opinion it was all about?

A. Sir, I allow it took me some time to get the hang of it. But I got it at last. This *Medea* person now, who figures continuous in the limes, she is pursooed by a tin-horn called *Jason*, who from what I can make out seems a pretty tolerable sort of skunk. He holds a mortgage on the old home farm, which is tied up clear to the roof. Her tears cut no ice with him, so she starts to devise something noo, aided by the old family retainer. Here 's where I sort of lose grip, Sir, but in some way she saves the sticks by sending him part of her wardrobe—an heirloom, I guess. After that she drives off in her boy-friend's buggy and all is bright and happy.

"Thank you, Mr. Gunnamaker," I murmured, and the conversation lapsed for a while.

"Mr. Gunnamaker," I said at last, "Heaven forbid that I should say anything to spoil your appreciation of what you have seen; but there is one little incident which you appear to have missed. In the Fifth Stasimon—that is, towards the end—*Medea* goes into the home farm and strange sounds are heard. Can you explain them?"

"Sure," he beamed readily. "When *Medea* gets inside the shack she jest naturally turns on the radio."

"You are quite right," I said sadly; "it was 'The Children's Hour.' "

Pecca Fortiter.

Notice in shop-window at Oxford:—

"Record Vices in Stock."

More Commercial Candour.

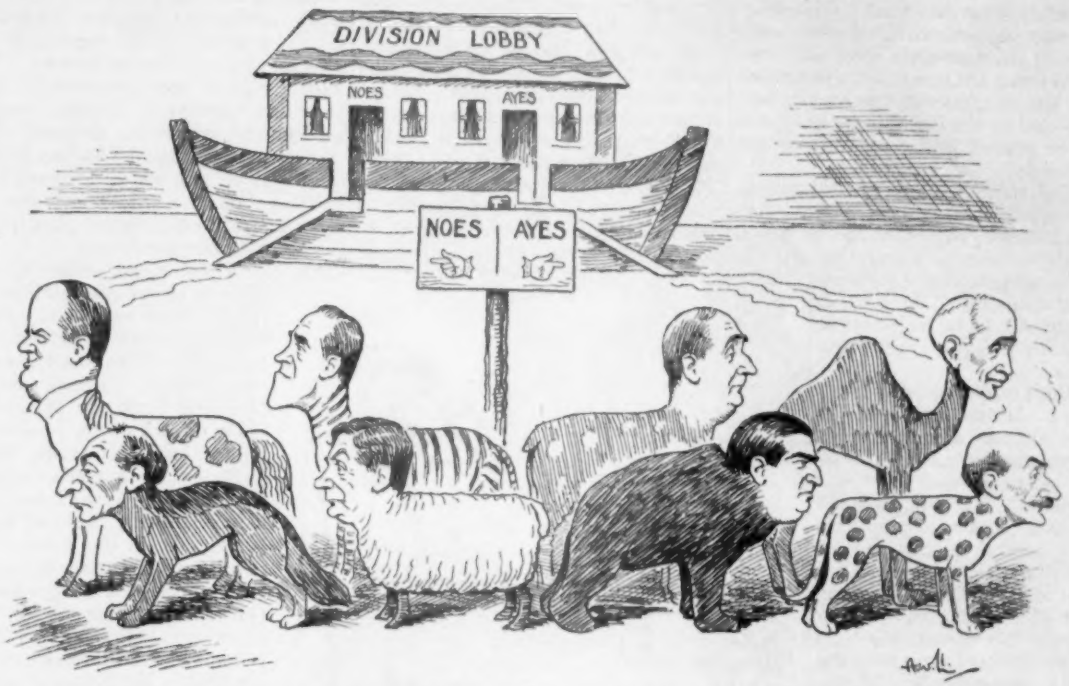
"We hope to be favoured with your esteemed instructions as we feel sure that our quality and terms cannot but fail to appeal to you."

Business Circular.



JIX, UNLIMITED.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



TWO BY TWO; OR, SOME STRANGELY-ASSORTED COUPLES IN THURSDAY'S DIVISION.

NOES—SIR THOMAS INSKIP AND MR. SAKLATVALA, COLONEL WEDGWOOD AND MAJOR SIR A. BOYD-CARPENTER.
AYES—SIR ROBERT HORNE AND COMMANDER KENWORTHY, LORD HUGH CECIL AND MR. AMMON.

MAN, being wingless, seldom recaptures his first fine careless raptures. So it was with the second Prayer Book debate in the Commons. The Sinaitic thunders and lightnings amid which the new dispensation failed of acceptance in December were punctually reproduced, but the electricity was missing from the air.

Earnest speaking and reverent listening were still the order of the day, but the rhetoric of one or two of the more vehement opponents of the Measure sounded, in repetition, just the least bit stagey. Supporters and opponents of the Measure had alike rallied new forces to the attack. New batteries of heavy oratorical artillery volleyed and thundered. The supporters' battle line in particular was notably strengthened. In place of Mr. BRIDGEMAN, Sir BOYD MERRIMAN, the new Solicitor-General, moved that the Prayer Book Measure, 1928, be presented for the Royal Assent. In place of the earnest but somewhat pedestrian Mr. AMMON, who on this occasion spoke later in the day, Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY stood at Sir BOYD MERRIMAN'S right hand, while Major BIRCHALL, Mr. E. H. G. ROBERTS, the Duchess of ATHOLL, and Sir G. COURTHOPE sustained the brunt of the attack that on the first occasion had been borne by Lord HUGH CECIL, Sir HENRY SLESSER, Major HILLS and Mr. JOHN BUCHAN.

Naturally enough, no such redistribution of caps, if one may be permitted the metaphor, had been undertaken among the winning team. Yet it showed two notable changes, since Sir MARTIN CONWAY had gone over to the other side—presumably satisfied that the Revised Prayer Book, 1928, unlike the Revised Prayer Book, 1927, contains the right proportions of ritual and dogma, while Sir JOHN SIMON, though not converted, retired to the comparative calm of the pavilion. For the rest, the HOME SECRETARY, reserving his own efforts for the second half of the two-day match, yielded the honour of leading the assault on the Measure to Sir SAMUEL ROBERTS. This team also had its new recruit in the shape of Sir W. GREAVES-LORD.

Of the speeches themselves, suffice it to say that they repeated in greater detail all that was said on the previous occasion, only Sir BOYD MERRIMAN making any attempt to prove that the second Revised Prayer Book met the objections raised to the first. He gave a good deal of attention to the "Ten Illegal Practices" that the Royal Commission of 1906 condemned, and invited the House to believe that so far from any one of them being countenanced by the Revised Prayer Book they would, once it was adopted, melt, like the ten little nigger boys, imperceptibly away.

Sir SAMUEL ROBERTS argued that with the Revised Prayer Book accepted they would have in effect one Church with two doctrines. Prospective shepherds of flocks would be of two types, and one only of these, the New Book men, would shine in the light of episcopal blessing. Earnest young men of evangelical views—the Old Book men—would be deterred from joining the Church of England and the whole face of it would thus in time be changed.

Much that was eloquent but little that was new or notable was offered by the other speakers, and the interest of the watchers in the Galleries was centred less upon what was actually said than upon the general effect the debate seemed to be having on the divided and uncertain views of the House and the ultimate fate of the Measure. At the close of Wednesday the experts pronounced it

still to be anybody's game, with just the faintest advantage in favour of the Measure. Sir WILLIAM JOYNSON-HICKS and Sir THOMAS INSKIP had still to oppose it, but would not in all likelihood do much more than reproduce their old form. Lord HUGH CECIL was down to support the Measure, but would be heavily handicapped by the fact that he had failed to do himself justice on the previous occasion.

There remained the PRIME MINISTER. His speech in the December debate had not been very earnest or very eloquent. Yet none can be more movingly eloquent when the spirit prompts him than Mr. BALDWIN. It might still be in his power to snatch a victory at the eleventh hour.

This expectation was not fulfilled. In the second day of battle it was again the opponents of the Measure that summoned unexpected reserves of argument and eloquence to their aid, again its supporters who failed through some inexplicable inhibition to go all out for victory. The deep conviction of Sir WILLIAM JOYNSON-HICKS, the devastating logic of Sir THOMAS INSKIP, even the frank sentimentality of the Rev. J. BARR, were fully effective. On the other hand, Mr. ATKINSON irritated the House by charging opponents of the Measure with abuse and misrepresentation; Lord HUGH CECIL, though oratorically himself again, filled the air with the dust of ecclesiastical wisdom and then blew it away with a fine puff of philosophical detachment; Mr. CHURCHILL, an unexpected combatant, was too "hard-boiled" in his logic, and probably unwise, though possibly correct, in telling the House that while it had the right to discuss the Revised Prayer Book it had no qualifications; and Mr. BALDWIN was once again too much the gentle advocate of amiability all round and too little the eloquent champion of the New Prayer Book and all that it involved. These deficiencies may not have accounted for the second defeat of the Measure. They do explain its defeat by an increased instead of a decreased majority.

There was a time in the House when Conservative exposures of Muscovite machinations were received by the Labour benches with derisive hoots. Communist borings into the somewhat green timber of trade unionism have brought wisdom, and no shouts of "Bogey!" went up on Monday when the HOME SECRETARY explained, in a lengthy answer to several questions, how a good many thousands of pounds had found their way into the pockets of Irish gunmen and other subversive agencies in this country through the activities of three Communists, Messrs. DUNCAN, PRIESTLEY and QUELCH, assisted, knowingly or otherwise, by the Moscow Narodny Bank.

The HOME SECRETARY was less satisfying when confronted with the obvious question, "What are you going to do about it?" To unmask Mr. PRIESTLEY is one thing, to unfrock him another. The squelching of QUELCH involves something more than a sibilant or two. Sir WILLIAM told Mr. THOMAS that he was taking advice. If the advice justified it he would take steps. That brought Mr. SAKLATVALA to his feet. Ardently waving his card of Membership of the Communist Party he reminded the HOME SECRETARY that the Communist Party was an international organisation. The more reason for keeping its money out of this country, rejoined Conservative Members; but the SPEAKER drily suggested that the debate had better be adjourned to another day and Question time resumed.

To what extent Mr. AMERY is responsible for the sudden appearance in the precincts of the House of innumerable free samples of Empire cigarettes was not revealed on Monday, when Sir NICHOLAS GRATTAN-DOYLE asked him what action the Empire Marketing Board was taking to popularise the consumption of Empire tobacco. Mr. AMERY replied non-committally that they had "exhibited" Empire tobacco on sundry occasions. Staunch free-traders sniffed their objection to this loose use of the word "tobacco," but Members on the whole appeared to approve this enlightened method of boosting Empire products.

There is no satisfying the Welsh. They have their Eisteddfods; they have Mr. LLOYD GEORGE; but they are not content. They want, according to Sir R. THOMAS, a Secretary of State for Wales. If they do not get it, he assured the PRIME MINISTER, there will be an "overpowering" demand for Welsh Home Rule. Mr. BALDWIN declined to be overpowered, the more so as Commander BELLAIRS was on the point of asking whether he could not now see his way to worry along with only three Secretaries of State, as they did in 1855. Mr. BALDWIN could not, and Commander BELLAIRS pleaded with him at least to resist the importunities of various people and not appoint a Secretary of State for the Isle of Man.

Undeterred by Sir ROBERT THOMAS'S failure to get his Secretary of State, Mr. THURTLE renewed his periodical efforts to get a Channel Tunnel. His urgent interest in this matter has never been explained. Mr. BALDWIN hinted that the questioner would never bore the Channel merely by boring the House, and Mr. MACQUISTEN consolingly reminded him that a Commission had reported favourably on the still unconstructed Crinan Ship Canal in 1878.

The unhappily coincident arrival in this country of forty-six chimpanzees and Dr. VORONOFF has evidently impressed itself on others besides Dean INGE. Mr. BRIANT on Thursday took a good deal of assuring by the HOME SECRETARY that, while Dr. VORONOFF had been permitted to enter the country for the purpose of lecturing, he had not been granted and would not be granted leave to operate here.

With the centre of gravity moved to the Commons the Lords spent a quiet week. Nevertheless the Report stage of



Caddie (to irate golfer after long and vain search for ball). "THIS 'ERE SWELLIN' IN ME MOUF IS TOOFACHE AN' NOT WOT YOU MAY BE FINKIN'."



ENTERTAINMENTS AT WHICH WE HAVE NEVER ASSISTED.

INITIATION OF A NEW MEMBER OF THE WORSHIPFUL COMPANY OF SALTERS.

the Franchise Bill proved the occasion of some heroic if not actually historic utterances, chiefly by Lord NEWTON, who moved ("in the regrettable absence of the noble Viscount, Lord ROTHERMERE, who does not consider this place worthy of his notice") an Amendment fixing the voting age of both sexes at twenty-five. Having derided the habit of referring to woman—who had obtained in ten years what Englishmen had striven for six hundred years to get—as the weaker sex, Lord NEWTON went on to complain that the only really weak sex was the Peers. It was obvious, he said, that the PRIME MINISTER entertained much the same opinion of the House of Lords as Lord ROTHERMERE, that was to say, he ignored it altogether. They were always complaining of the way in which their Lordships' House was treated by the three Parties, and it was a question which of them treated it worse, Labour and Liberal Governments, which were in open antagonism to it, or Conservative Governments, which simply ignored it.

Alas! Lord NEWTON's appeal to his fellow peers to play the man and vote for an amendment with which they entirely sympathised in their hearts fell on deaf ears. They played the peer—all except forty-one—and defeated the motion.

CHRISTOPHER WREN.

CLEVER men
Like CHRISTOPHER WREN
Only occur just now and then.
No one expects
In perpetuity
Architects of his ingenuity;
No, never a cleverer dipped his pen
Than clever Sir CHRISTOPHER—
CHRISTOPHER WREN,
With his chaste designs
On classical lines,
His elegant curves and neat inclines.
For all day long he'd measure and limn
Till the ink gave out or the light grew dim,
And if a Plan
Seemed rather baroque or too "Queen Anne"
(As Plans well may)
He'd take a look
At his pattern-book
And do it again in a different way.
Every day of the week was filled
With a church to mend or a church to build,
And never an hour went by but when
London needed Sir CHRISTOPHER WREN.
"Bride's in Fleet Street lacks a spire,"
"Mary-le-Bow a nave and choir;"
"Please to send the Plans complete
For a new Saint Stephen's, Coleman Street;"
"Pewterer's Hall
Is far too tall,
Kindly lower the N.W. wall;"
"Salisbury Square
Decidedly bare—
Can you put one of your churches there?"
"Dome of Saint Paul's is not yet done,
DEAN 's been waiting since half-past one."
London calling
From ten till ten,
London calling
CHRISTOPHER WREN!

Another Impending Apology.

"PRESERVING OXFORD
From the Warden of All Souls' College."
Daily Paper.

The Wedding Habit.

"Miss —— is to wear white satin and old family lace at her wedding to Mr. ——, only son of Lord and Lady ——, on the 11th of the month, and for her union next day to Sir John ——."—*Liverpool Paper.*

"Sir,—Chocun a son gout," which I might freely paraphrase, 'Each one to his brain cells.'"
Correspondent in a Northern Daily Paper.

Or, as the Romans said: "*Tot homines tot sententiæ.*"

A TRAFALGAR SHIP FOR BOYS.

IN October, 1925, Mr. Punch published a cartoon (here reproduced) in support of an appeal made in the Press by Admiral of the Fleet Earl BEATTY for funds to save the two-decker *Implacable* from destruction and to repair and equip her for use as a holiday training-ship for boys.

It will be remembered that, under the name *Duguay-Trouin*, the *Implacable* engaged the *Victory* at Trafalgar, and escaped, but was brought to action a little later by Sir RICHARD STRACHAN and forced to surrender after a very gallant resistance. Refitted at Plymouth, she served for many years under the White Ensign and had the distinction of carrying a golden cock at her masthead as the smartest ship in the Mediterranean Fleet. Subsequently she formed part of the *Lion* Training Establishment for Boys at Devonport, till in 1908, after just a century of service in the Royal Navy, she was condemned to be sold for breaking up.

An appeal for her preservation was made to KING EDWARD by Mr. G. WHEATLY COBB, owner of the Frigate *Foudroyant* (formerly *Trincomalee*, and re-named after NELSON'S ship), in which, at his own charges, he was—and still is—training boys in Falmouth Harbour for the sea-services. A respite being granted, Mr. COBB, after maintaining the *Implacable* for many years, has now almost fulfilled his ambition to see her restored and fitted out for the holiday use of such organisations as the Sea Cadets, Boy Scouts, Y.M.C.A. and Church Lads' Brigade.

Mainly through the generosity of two contributors—Sir JAMES CAIRD and an anonymous officer of the American Navy—the sum originally asked for, twenty-five thousand pounds, was raised. The cost of the ship's repair below the waterline, carried out at the Admiralty dockyard at Devonport, and of her further restoration in Falmouth Harbour and equipment with cabins, electric light, hot-water apparatus, baths, radiators, mechanical pumping plants and other essential installations, has exhausted this sum.

An appeal has lately been made for an additional sum of four thousand pounds for the completion of repairs and the provision of hammocks, bedding, mess utensils, lockers and furniture, to allow the *Implacable* to receive annually during the holiday months her full complement of 250 boys at a time, making a total of 1,250 during the season, on the basis of a fortnight for each batch.

In response to a leading article in *The Morning Post*, a splendid gift of four thousand pounds has just been received from Lord WOOLAVINGTON. The immediate needs of the *Implacable* Fund have thus been met, but a further sum of twenty thousand pounds is still required for future needs, including the establishment of an endowment fund to ensure the permanent preservation of the *Implacable* as a holiday training-ship for boys.

The aim of the Committee is to enable young citizens of the Empire to realise the part that ships and seamen have played in its growth and maintenance, and also to offer them exercise and healthy recreation in their holiday. They will be taught the elements of seamanship; boats for pulling and sailing will be provided under competent instructors, drawn from the crew of the *Foudroyant* which lies near the *Implacable*; and a playing-field is within easy reach.

No ship in existence is so well adapted for the purpose to which it is proposed to devote the *Implacable*, and there can be no more worthy use for a great historic monument. She is the sole survivor of the eighteenth-century two-deckers, the most characteristic fighting-ships of NELSON'S day. And about her lovely lines (to quote from the late COPE CORNFORD'S words in Mr. Punch's first appeal) "cling the gallant and inalienable memories of heroic achievement." Those who aid this scheme, it has been well said, pay at once a debt of honour to the past and make a gift of incalculable value to the future.

O. S.



H.M.S. IMPLACABLE.

MR. PUNCH. "I HOPE WITH ALL MY HEART THAT THIS NOBLE SHIP, WITH ITS SPLENDID TRADITIONS, MAY BE SAVED FOR ENGLAND AND FOR YOU."

Reproduced from the "Punch" cartoon of October 28, 1925.

[The accompanying article, "A Trafalgar Ship for Boys," gives an account of the development of this enterprise and speaks of the need of further help to complete its success. Mr. Punch's generous readers are invited to send contributions to the Treasurer of "The *Implacable* Fund," Capt. S. T. H. Wilton, R.N., c/o The Midland Bank, Wesleyan Branch, Westminster, S.W.1. Cheques should be made out to "The *Implacable* Fund."]

THE NAME GAME.

WHEN my cousin James and I were at school together we were united by a bond which has survived into middle-age, in spite of pronounced divergences of opinion on politics, art, letters and diet. James is a convinced vegetarian, in fact a belligerent beanfeaster, and never drinks anything stronger than orangeade. He has lately taken to *maté*, the Paraguayan beverage distilled from holly, while I cling to chops, coffee and tea, and for the rest subscribe, though in strict moderation, to the doctrine enshrined in the immortal stanza:—

"Let dukes go revel at the pump,
Peers at the pond go free;
But whisky, beer and even wine
Are good enough for me."

Then James has of late years developed strong proclivities towards Labour and is a disciple of the Bloomsbury School, while I am a broad-browed Whig, incapable of appreciating EPSTEIN, MARX, EINSTEIN or CROCE. But we are excellent friends, linked by a common taste for the collection of useless objects. It began, not with eggs or stamps, but with pen-nibs. And when we left school we had started collecting odd words and names, and the taste, once acquired, never left us. James is more methodical in his methods and keeps lists: I



"HAVEN'T YOU ANY JAFFA ORANGES?"
"NONE JAFFER THAN THEM, LADY, BUT YOU 'D BE SURPRISED HOW JAFF THEY ARE."

trust more to my memory, which is singularly good for things that do not matter, while my capacity for forgetting important facts is quite remarkable.

Of late years we have organised periodical competitions, the loser standing a dinner to the winner. On former occasions the decision was arrived at by mutual consent, but this year we appointed the Reverend, as James's elder brother is known in the family, as adjudicator. The Reverend is an erudite person, a contributor to the *N.E.D.*, and withal endowed with a fund of judicious levity. The rules of the competition are simple. Each of us submits three names, the only condition being that they must be genuine and capable of verification, as appearing in the *Directory* or *Who's Who* or some other standard work of reference.

The Reverend's report ran as follows:

"*Round 1.* I found some difficulty in deciding between the merits of the two exhibits. 'Christina Smellie' (James) and 'Æneas Scroggie' (John) seemed so much on the same plane of incongruousness and cacophony that I was sorely tempted to declare the result a dead-heat. But on further and prolonged consideration I came to the conclusion that in the attribute of surprise James's choice was the more striking. James is accordingly one up.

"*Round 2.* James, as the winner of the first heat, was entitled to declare his choice first. It was 'Aholibamah Jones' (verified by a cutting from a parish magazine). John replied with 'P. McOmish Dott.' I had no doubt whatever in assigning preference to the latter. Score: All square.

"*Round 3.* John submitted the name of 'Lorenzo de Medici Sweat,' a prominent American politician in the latter part of the last century. James countered with 'Jonah Whalebelly.' Here again the decision was difficult. But on demanding confirmatory evidence from James he frankly admitted that, while the surname Whalebelly was still in actual currency, he could not furnish documentary proof that any member of the family had ever been christened Jonah, though it was not only appropriate but extremely probable. In the circumstances I have been reluctantly obliged to disqualify James and award the dinner to John."

I may add that James took his defeat like a man and gave me a dinner calculated to satisfy the most fastidious carnivore, the most epicurean virtuoso of vintages. But he is consulting all the registers and tombstones of the district in which the Whalebellies reside, and, if successful in his search, is confident of scoring a point at our next contest.

Our Mature Undergraduates.

"CAMBRIDGE.

AMENDING UNION SOCIETY RULES.

Since very few members can afford the time and expense involved in staying more than forty years, it is felt that this minority has a somewhat unfair advantage."—*Sunday Paper.*

A Super-Helicon.

"One room 10*s.* 6*d.* week; also kitchen 6*s.* 6*d.*: redecorated; close to Turnham Green Station, 88 'muses.—Bedford Park."
Suburban Paper.

"He turned up at a public-hose, where he was to act as accompanist, the worse for dr.nk."
Liverpool Paper.

Suggested opening for a music-hall song:

"He went to play at a public-hose,
But they played the hose on him."

AT THE PLAY.

"IF WE BUT KNEW" (COMEDY).

IF you are of such a kindly and ingenuous nature as to be ready to believe in a famous rugged Anglo-Saxon financier who, regularly making his tens of thousands at a stroke by deals in the City, finds time—between deals—to slip into a Bond Street office, assume dressing-gown, skull-cap and false beard (the kind you whisk off in a moment at the appropriate crisis) and a thick Hebrew accent, accommodating or refusing to accommodate with loans the very people, mainly sponges of the baser sort, who visit him socially, even holding a long conversation with his own wife, she offering him the diamond necklace he has given her overnight as security for a loan to another man—then, with the help of Mr. FRANKLIN DYALL'S admirable character-acting, you will enjoy *If We But Knew*.

Even if you are of the sophisticated classes you will admit the queer business to be theatrically effective. But you may be slightly fatigued by the thin epigrams and pseudo-Debrettish atmosphere of the much too-protracted and largely irrelevant opening scene, the naïve talk about *Lady Cynthia Corbeen's* passion for art—the art of the pageant, and the high adventure of appearing as QUEEN ELEANOR; and amused at money-making *John Corbeen's* bold definition of chivalry as that noble instinct in the male breast to shoot at sight (if in the great open spaces) or strike (if in the more confined purlieus of Bayswater) any other male that so much as glances with admiration at your principal chattel. And you may conceivably be irritated with *Lady Cynthia*, going about with wan face and compounding with the crawling blackmailer and heart-breaking pageant-master, *Brough Randall* (who has to leave the country suddenly—and with six thousand pounds—because one of his victims has just shot herself), instead of going to honest *John* and telling him she had flirted with this gentleman before her marriage, and would he kindly kick him out of the house, knowing how well this sort of exercise appeals to your *John*.

And again you may be cynically amused at her ladyship's attitude. "I will part with anything to save my honour and reputation, but not, oh! please not, with my ten thousand pounds diamond necklace, which was given me by my dear husband on our wedding anniversary."

But if you are wise you will, entering into the absurd mood of the piece, allow yourself to observe what the theatre of brisk make-believe, as opposed to the theatre of ideas, can do to entertain you with the assistance of competent actors and slick production.

Mr. FRANKLIN DYALL, putting a brave face on the business of presenting the dull and faithful *John*, thoroughly enjoyed himself as the well-known *Mr. Steinberg*, the Bond Street Shylock; and the author, Mr. ANDREW SOUTAR, must be given full credit for the ingenious if impossible situation. What better chance for seeing into the intrinsic baseness of the plausible people who drink your whisky and smoke your cigars and look down their noses at the obvious inadequacies of you the man risen from the ranks? It is sufficient to say that Mr. DYALL entertained the stalls and raised the gallery to transports of enthusiasm. Miss MARY MERRALL made an almost human person of the essentially unreal *Lady Cynthia*, playing the difficult part with a moving sincerity and careful emphasis never exaggerated. Mr. BROMLEY-DAVENPORT embroidered the part of the cadging half-wit, the *Marquis of Arlington*, with his own particular and attractive brand of humour and those amusing touches of intimate eccentric characterisation of which he is the master. Mr. S. J. WARMINGTON admirably performed the difficult task of portraying a man supposed to have an irresistible way with women who is yet a quite unconquerable and heartless cad. You saw here the man with the very worst of him brought to the surface in a tight corner, and the actor was subtle enough not to try to soften the effect. A good performance. I liked Miss TONIE BRUCE'S quiet portrait of the *Duchess of Hassocks*, whose patronage of the young *Aubrey Tamarest* turned out to be not so reprehensible as at first sight appeared. And Mr. REGINALD GARDINER'S careful playing of this young man was one of the best things in the evening's entertainment.

Mr. A. SCOTT-GATTY gave a plausible portrait of a gentleman who takes commissions for services rendered to his friends, and Mr. HENRY FIELDING and Mr. HENRY ADNES gave us two amusing Jewish portraits. There were some triumphs of heavy emphasis on insignificant words in the dialogue, a habit that is growing; and it would be well if producers had the courage to insist that "ideals" is not really—or not yet—a dissyllable. T.



MONEY LENT ON UNEASY TERMS.

Brough Randall . . . . . MR. S. J. WARMINGTON.
John Corbeen . . . . . MR. FRANKLIN DYALL.
Harold Pearce . . . . . MR. A. SCOTT-GATTY.

"THE RETURN OF THE SOLDIER" (PLAYHOUSE).

The Return of the Soldier, adapted by Mr. JOHN VAN DRUTEN from Miss REBECCA WEST'S novel, should be seen by every serious theatre-goer for the sake of the beautifully sincere and sympathetic playing of the part of *Margaret* by Miss MARY CLARE. This production indeed is a signal exception to a sound workaday rule, that a serious play is only as good as its weakest part.

Chris Baldry—Captain Baldry—returns, a shell-shock case, to his old home, Baldry Court, Harrow Weald, with no memory of anything that has happened for fifteen years—no memory of the new wing he had built, of the hard comely wife he had married, of their child that had died. Fifteen years ago young *Chris*, a boy of twenty, had fallen in love with a riverside innkeeper's daughter. There had been a lover's quarrel through *Chris's* blind youthful jealousy. The letter which would have healed it had not been delivered, and many subsequent letters, written from exile abroad on business, letters in which the romantic impetuous *Chris* poured out his heart to the dark-haired Juliet of the inn, had been long delayed in delivery.

Then, as is the way with such poignantly beautiful things, the memory

had faded. *Chris* has married, appropriately, and not very satisfactorily, one assumes, in his own class. But in his shaken clouded memory the old romantic passion has revived like a flame, while *Margaret*, now a plainish, shabby, overworked woman married to a faithful little clerk, has her own long-cherished memories quickened by reading the boy's love-letters, belatedly delivered.

The two meet. *Chris*, who has been shocked by the change in his cousin *Jenny*, and warned by her that *Margaret* too is changed, finds no difficulty—who shall set limits to the vagaries of amnesia?—in accepting this awkward shabby woman as the girl he had wooed and so nearly lost. The wife, too full of self-pity to be concerned with the tragedy of her husband's mental condition and reproaching him bitterly (and fatuously) with his declared preference for "that woman, that drab," stands by uncomprehending, while *Jenny*, herself deeply in love with *Chris*, helps *Margaret* to help him by bringing them continually together. How shall the dramatist resolve this poignant situation?

He does not resolve it—I do not know whether in this he follows or departs from Miss WEST'S original. *Chris* is brought back to normal memory by the aid of *Margaret*, who is chosen by the forthright psycho-therapist as alone able to achieve this, because with her alone is his patient in real sympathy. Fearing to shatter his peace and happiness, yet anxious to do right and end an impossible situation—there is not only the outraged *Mrs. Chris* to be considered but her own faithful, semi-invalid and entirely lovable husband—she shows *Chris* his dead child's toys. The gates of memory are opened. We do not see this, but we are told that he recoils from her in fastidious horror and turns to the beautiful emptiness of his wife. We do not see, but have to guess, how that reunion will work itself out. If *Dr. Gilbert Anderson* is right in his theories and there is no more in *Kitty* than we have been shown, it will work out disastrously.

Mr. VAN DRUTEN has not overcome all the difficulties incident to adaptation. Too much is shown in talk that clamours to be shown in action. *Kitty* is altogether too inhuman an egotist to be credible and therefore is entirely uninteresting. We see nothing of the meeting of the restored *Chris* and *Kitty*. Does he turn to her



CHURCH *v.* MEDICINE.

Rev. Frank Baldry . . MR. CYRIL RAYMOND.
Dr. Gilbert Anderson . MR. AUBREY MATHER.

eagerly with tenderness or with misgiving? But what we do have finely presented to us through the medium of Miss MARY CLARE'S accomplished and sensitive playing is a beautiful character, tenderly outlined and most charmingly filled in so far as the limitations of time allow. This is the best thing Miss CLARE has done, the best that has been given her to do. To be genuinely moved to tears, which fall with an almost audible splash upon the shirt-front, is a rare experience for the case-hardened stallite—the best possible tribute to the mover; and I was by no means alone in this sympathetic observance.

Perhaps after Miss CLARE'S admirable performance that of Mr. ELIOT MAKEHAM'S most attractive portrait of the tired, staunch, perceptive *Mr. Grey* was the best—an easy part to make something of but not so easy to make as much as that. A very charming creation of Miss WEST'S this humble, genuine, fundamentally noble pair of common folk.

Mr. LEON QUARTERMAINE had an unsatisfactory task—any character that is entirely on the pathological plane must be unsatisfactory. But *Chris's* eager boyish impetuousness and tenderness were well presented, and the puzzled half-shadows of real memory well suggested. Miss GILLIAN SCAIFE'S *Jenny*, the cousin who loves and suffers in silence, was hampered by being largely used by the adapter to do the part of informal chorus and messenger. But here was a portrait, authentic and appealing, of a woman tortured by disappointment, consoled by selflessness. Mr. AUBREY MATHER'S red-headed doctor contrived to relieve the tension fairly tactfully, while Mr. CYRIL RAYMOND'S carefully-played *Rev. Frank Baldry* hardly avoided, through no fault of his, being a bore. How much precisely of Miss GRIZELDA HERVEY'S unsatisfactory *Kitty* was her own, and how much her authors', invention I do not know.

The overwhelming reason for a serious pilgrimage to the Playhouse is Miss MARY CLARE'S beautifully studied, controlled and exquisitely finished *Margaret*. T.



THE RETURN TO THE OLD LOVE.

Margaret Grey . . . . . MISS MARY CLARE.
Chris Baldry . . . . . MR. LEON QUARTERMAINE.
Kitty (his wife) . . . . . MISS GRIZELDA HERVEY.

From a Schoolgirl's Examination Paper:—

"In Queen Elizabeth's reign there were two religious sects, Roman Catholics and pedestrians."

The pedestrians of to-day have lost faith.

BALLADS FOR BROADBROWS.

IS THAT CHAMPAGNE?

Is that champagne?
Then put it down the drain!
It's a taste that I'm unable to explain.
It picks you up, I know, but then it knocks you down again;
I'd rather have some arrowroot, I'd rather have some rain;
Pour me out a crème de menthe *or something from the main.*
Is that champagne?
Then you can put it down the drain.

Unnatural compound which, like some morass,
All day expels carbonic acid gas,
Fit but for weddings (and disgusting then)—
Take it away! This is no drink for men.

Is that champagne?
Then put it down the drain!
I never want to touch the stuff again.
Load me up with liquids of almost any sort—
Lemonade or liquorice or peppermint or port,
A nice light lager or a sherry if you're short,
But if that's champagne
Better put it down the drain.

Vile effervescence, bubbly though you be,
Mere aëration has no charms for me.
Still wines run deep; give me a vintage red
Which to the soul proceeds and not the head.

Is that champagne?
Then put it down the drain!
It's bogus and it's bilious, it's a bane.
Forty bob a bottle! Well, it may amuse the peer;
Some would take to water if the price of it was dear,
But who'd buy bubbly if it cost the same as beer?
Still, if that's champagne
You can fill my glass again. A. P. H.

"MUSIC BY . . ."

As once again I had failed to catch or retain the name of my neighbour at dinner, it was necessary to manœuvre in order to get a sight of the card by his plate. In America this operation is called "rubbering." After three or four attempts I discovered that my neighbour was a composer of musical-comedy lyrics who was known all over the world and at that moment had two or three of these easy-going melodious entertainments running in the Metropolis.

This made my task easy, and I told him that it was a privilege to meet a man who had done so much to provide a discordant world with harmony; going on to say how miraculous, to the non-musical mind, the art of composition was. Although he must be very tired of hearing people talk like this, he appeared to be pleased, and I went on to particularise.

"In *The Girl and a Half* at the Vacuity," I said, "I was absolutely bowled out by that delicious number where What's-his-name, the funny man, sings to the leading lady's friend, 'If you'll buy me the oysters I'll give you the pearls.' Now that's a very remarkable tune, I think, because almost every line ends with a different note from that which one expects, and yet it all runs smoothly. Most haunting. How long does it take to write an air like that?"

"I don't know," he said. "That's not mine; that's interpolated."

I crumbled bread. "What a pity!" I said after a while. "But there's another of your tunes that has been in my head or just out of reach ever since I saw *My Girl, I Think* at the Pall Mall Theatre. What a delicious show! I congratulate you."

His smile came back.

"I mean that song," I said, "where the four men dance. How does it go?—'What every house requires is Mossylino.' The way you've worked the best-known airs from Italian opera into that tune is amazing."

"I'm sorry," he said, "but that's not mine either. Another interpolation."

There was still a third chance and I was so foolhardy as to take it. "In *The Lady of the Links*," I began.

"If you're going to compliment me on the song that everyone is humming or whistling, 'I'd like to be a Pupil in your Eye,' don't do it," he said, "because that also isn't mine."

"I wasn't," I said. "I was going to say how much I liked the parody of 'A Happy Land'—'Give me a monkey's gland, right, right away.'"

He groaned. "The worst thing I ever wrote," he said. "I'm thoroughly ashamed of it;" and he turned not unnaturally to his neighbour on the other side.

The next time that I go to a men's dinner I hope I shall sit next to a novelist or poet. I can then praise Chapter xv., or "Sonnet written after igniting the Thames," without any fear that someone else was the author; and, incidentally, I can enjoy my food. E. V. L.

SWINBURNE ON THE LINKS.

(*The poet, playing in a four-ball match, is held up by a ladies' single.*)

LET us go hence, my friends; they will not hear.
Let us go hence and drown our wrath in beer.
Vain as blown foam thereof our bitter cries;
Yea, though we sang like seraphs in their ear—
A thing which might occasion some surprise
Among the crowds that gather in our rear—
They would not hear.

Let us give up our match; they will not heed.
They will not alter their funereal speed,
Whom pity moveth not nor any fear
Of men that threaten or of men that plead.
Let 's chuck the dashed thing up. What hope is here?
Though all the R. and A. should intercede
They would not heed.

Let us pick up, walk in; they will not care.
Though all we wave our mashies in the air
They will not wave to us again. Indeed
They will go on as though we had not been there.
Though we should rend our garments of fair tweed
And gash ourselves with niblicks in despair
They would not care.

Let us go home to lunch; they will not see.
Shout all once more together lustily;
It may be that will make them turn and stare.
The one in red is playing twenty-three . . .
Let us begone; what use to sit and swear?
Though BOBBY JONES were waiting on the tee
They would not see.

"The plague is of ajour or open-work. It probably formed part of a pectoral ornament worn by the king at a ceremony of presenting unguents to the god Tum."—*Art Criticism in Daily Paper.*
We are asked to say that this has nothing to do with the plagues of Egypt.



MR. PUNCH'S PERSONALITIES.

LXXI.—THE REV. H. R. L. SHEPPARD.

To stronger hands the stricken shepherd yields
The flock he folded in St. Martin's Fields;
Gentle at heart to others' need and pain,
May RICHARD shortly be himself again!



The Casualty. "W-WHERE 'S THE NEAREST GARAGE?"
The Yokel. "WHOY, YOU 'RE A-LAYIN' ON IT."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

AFTER being bandied like a shuttlecock between her husband's masculine detractors and her own, it seems only decent that JANE WELSH CARLYLE should find an unprejudiced apologist, and a feminine one. Miss ELIZABETH DREW, whose judicious quality was so gratefully apparent in *The Modern Novel*, has made a point of handling both the married and the unmarried JANE with impartiality, and her cleverly-sifted, eminently readable book seems to me to have the gist of the matter in it. Its facts are so selected that they chime admirably with its illustrative portraits. The boyish little girl of the anonymous first drawing is obviously the child who said "a Roman wouldn't have done it" when confronted with small temptations. The Byronic belle of the wedding year is undoubtedly the *poseuse* who could find CARLYLE "something like St. Preux." Twenty-three years later, in a chalk study of the wife, the little upturned mouth of the bridal miniature has taken a downward curve, and it is this access of depression—deepening in the GAMBARDELLA painting of 'forty-three and the cloaked and bonneted photograph of 'fifty-five—for which the biographer of *Jane Welsh and Jane Carlyle* (CAPE) must chiefly account. Miss DREW debates CARLYLE's alleged defects as a husband and leaves the matter open and unstressed. His friendship with Lady ASHBURTON she refuses to admit as a grievance, except in so far as it was part and parcel of CARLYLE's domestically disruptive success. This success, which left his wife without a career of her own, yet increasingly unnecessary to her husband's, is, according to Miss DREW's diagnosis, the root of the tragedy. That it was the common tragedy of the childless Victorian matron—unless religion preserved her from the extremes of idolatry and disappointment—does not make it any less poignant.

A History of Lloyd's (MACMILLAN) is the title of a volume whose weight in pounds is in keeping both with the dignity of the famous City corporation and with the monumental patience of the authors, Mr. CHARLES WRIGHT and Mr. C. ERNEST FAYLE. Their manifold researches have not only solved the famous problem, long outstanding, of the letters "S.G." placed at the head of a marine policy, which after all only mean "Ship and Goods," but have enabled them to trace almost completely the amazing developments that followed the enterprise of the immortal coffee-house man who first had the wit to make his rooms a convenient meeting-place for a group of underwriters nearly two hundred-and-fifty years ago. From the earliest stages the story records many perils of the deep encountered before the institution reached the point where the secretary ceased to be the head-waiter; and later, as for instance when the father of CAPTAIN MARRYAT, doing battle for Lloyd's in the House of Commons, was opposed by the father of CARDINAL MANNING, it frequently tells of heavy weather and threatened shipwreck. Finally the tale of the ordeal of the Great War carries the record forward to that recent opening of Lloyd's new buildings that is the occasion for the present history. The writers recall the sales "by inch of candle," when the bids went up in a storm as the flame flickered to go out, and tell of a ship that was abandoned for want of provisions, one hundred and forty-four days out from Dublin for Philadelphia. They speak of gambling insurances, "two of the first peers in Britain to lose their heads within the year," for example, and present DANIEL DEFOE as one of a number of underwriters petitioning Parliament for relief after the destruction of the "Smyrna fleet" in 1693. If at times, rich

in the fulness of detail, they come perilously near triviality, they make noble amends in a hundred old-time memories too fascinating to be forgotten.

"Frisky" is a squirrel,
Rufus as was he
Shot by WALTER TYRREL
Accidentally;
Lady FARREN finds her—
"Frisky" 's small and ails—
Mothers her and minds her,
Makes these *Frisky Tales*:

Where within are creatures—
Others small and big;
Take your choice of features:
Here 's a little pig,
Here 's an Irish hunter,
Here 's a Rikki Tik—
Such a little stunter;
Dozens I could pick.

These are just my cursory
Combings of her true
Legends for the nursery—
Lady FARREN'S, who
Spoke them, *cum* botanic
Items, one by one
To the Peter Panic
Crowds at Kensington;

And the P.D.S.A.*
(Thus the Messrs. BLACK,
Publishing, with stress, say)
Share the total whack
Taken by these knowledgy
Stories with the State
College of Pestology;
So we 'll wish 'em great
Fortune and full weight
Of pennies in their plate.



Friend (to Professional Cricketer). "I SAY, OLD MAN, THAT WAS A SPLENDID ARTICLE OF YOURS IN LAST SUNDAY'S *Hoot*. WHO WROTE IT?"

It was perhaps rash of the English publishers of Herr ALFRED NEUMANN'S *Der Teufel* to institute comparisons with *Quentin Durward* on the jacket of *The Deuce* (HEINEMANN); but it was inevitable that comparisons should be made, for both novels cover much the same ground. *Quentin Durward*, like most of SCOTT'S masterpieces, is a costume-rendering of our common humanity. *The Deuce* endeavours to depict the normal mind of the fifteenth century and the abnormal minds of LOUIS XI. and his Barber-Surgeon, OLIVER. OLIVER'S wife, *Anne*, for whose existence I cannot remember any historical warrant, takes the field as LOUIS'S mistress, and the crowd includes our old friends Cardinal BALUE, of iron-cage celebrity, Provost TRISTAN, the Counts of CRÈVECŒUR and ST. POL, the burghers of Ghent and others. Except for BALUE, a memorable study, none of Herr NEUMANN'S minor characters is endowed with SCOTT'S prodigality of life. The German has staked almost everything on the figures of LOUIS, OLIVER and *Anne* and their relations to each other and to France. OLIVER'S *diablerie*, native and acquired, is much insisted on. He is described as the child of depraved Flemings, self-educated in the Rome of the BORGIAS, who, after a career of self-interest, attains vicarious power as the KING'S familiar and renounces his beautiful puppet of a wife in his master's favour. Finally, for no adequate reason, he puts the Crown before all other interests, connives at *Anne's* suicide that LOUIS may return to the QUEEN, and on his master's death advises the Regency to court popularity by procuring his own execution. A narrative so pervaded by the morbid and anomalous is hardly to be estimated by analysis. You can only ask yourself if it carries conviction, and in my case I am afraid the answer is in the negative.

These American novelists are certainly getting franker and franker every day. I am not sure that the natural reaction from the old days of strait-laced Puritanism (and

* The People's Dispensary for Sick Animals.

the draping of piano legs) may not have gone far enough for the present. Here, for instance, is Mr. ERNEST PASCAL with *The Marriage Bed* (ALLEN AND UNWIN), in which, we are told, he sets himself the theme that "marriage as an institution should be more powerful than sex." I agree, but I am not altogether with Mr. PASCAL when he comes to exposition. There is a curious sameness about the action of all his married couples. He appears to think that a little adultery may be an excellent thing in married life. At the end of his story we have *George* and *Mary* coming together again after the former's escapade with *Christine*—he had been openly living with her for the last few months—and talking it all over in the friendliest possible spirit. *Mary* thought his little excursion into romance had been an excellent thing both for him and for her. He was "much broader" and she apparently had learned to make herself more attractive; on the whole, why assume a hang-dog expression and be apologetic? Everything had a greater significance now, had taken on new values. And so to bed! It is difficult to think that Mr. PASCAL is not sincere in recommending promiscuity as a tonic. Yet some of the other similar excursions in this book did not end quite so happily. *Cecily* and *Miguel* have sailed together for Europe, but *Jill*, his deserted wife, remains behind, having attempted once to poison herself. And the amatory adventures of old *Mr. Reid* can hardly be said to have turned out fortunately for himself. Still, it may be added that with all its disarming candour on these topics the book is not offensive. The presentation has even a certain dignity. And its outside appearance is modest in the extreme.

On *The Lacquer Couch* (MURRAY), which stands on the verandah of a house in Peking, *Vera Carrington* lies dying of a dreadful disease, but unconquerably vivacious and interested in life. With her are her husband, who is a doctor, and *Ming Yun* (to rhyme with "tune"), his ward, a Manchu princess, eighteen, beautiful, self-controlled and enigmatic; and to this trio are presently added *Miss Mayhew*, *Stephen Carrington's Aunt Amy*, summoned from the correctest spinsterdom of Kensington to help nurse *Vera*; *Princess Anastasia*, a little Russian refugee, lovely in her own way as *Ming Yun*, whom the *Carringtons* save from starvation or shame in the evil places of the Imperial city; and finally *Tso C'hian*, who is courting *Ming Yun* in the leisurely, ceremonious and reticent way of their race. And there you have the stage set for a very pretty drama, revealed to us largely through the bewildered eyes of *Aunt Amy*, who, except for one glorious moment, is a spectator like ourselves. Its heart is the love which has sprung up between *Stephen* and *Ming Yun*, unrealised by the doctor but not by the Manchu girl with her old inherited wisdom, nor by *Vera*, her eyes sharpened by sickness. To narrate the consequent complications and the final solution would be unfairer to the reader than to Mrs. ANNE DUFFIELD, who is too good an artist to be dependent on surprise. She has indeed told a well-invented story with uncommon skill and with that kind of attractiveness which sometimes turns a good piece of literature into a best-seller.

An Artist In The Family (CONSTABLE) is Mrs. SARAH GERTRUDE MILLIN's contribution to the problem of the artist and idealist son born to respectable bourgeois parents. For two-and-a-half years *Theo Bissaker* studied art on the continent of Europe, while his parents, living on the South African veld, where Mrs. MILLIN is so perfectly at home, supplied the funds in the belief that he was at Cambridge reading for the Bar. (An artist in deception, then, if in nothing else.) Returning home, he explains the trick to his parents, at the same time producing, as might a conjurer from his hat, a wife who was a true "daughter of the people" and an illegitimate child which was hers but not his. For these he blandly claims hospitality and for himself leisure and money to pursue his calling. The havoc that ensues can be imagined, but no imagination can better Mrs. MILLIN's description of it. While her sympathies are plainly with the parents, miserably torn between love and indignation, she is fair to *Theo*, and in his bitter cry to his brother's wife ("Do I look happy myself?") the whole tragedy of the artist is revealed. This is Mrs. MILLIN's fourth book, and criticism of her work is in danger of becoming stereotyped. A book by her is always "vivid," just as an airman is "intrepid" and a secretary "indefatigable." I must not be blamed if I use the same epithet for *An Artist In The Family*. The fault is really Mrs. MILLIN's for continuing to write so vividly.



Boy (left to mind Baby). "LUMMY! THIS IS A NICE JOB FOR A BLOKE WHAT STARTED THE DAY FULL O' AMBITION."

Intensively fed as I have been of late by detective tales, *The Instrument of Destiny* (COLLINS) held me enthralled from the moment when the *Fyttons*, most of whom were in financial difficulties, found themselves summoned to the bedside of the wealthy head of their family. I admit my failure to guess by whose hand Grandpapa *Fytton* was hastened from this world, but I acknowledge that a clue is provided for those clever enough to find it. Suspicion rests first on one and then on another of the *Fytton* family and household, and the solution of the mystery, though it caught me unawares, is plausible enough. The complete success of Mr. J. D. BERESFORD's first appearance in the field of sensational fiction is largely due to the studied restraint of his methods.

Books That Also Run.

From catalogue of Public Library:—

"The Library goes into more houses than any other municipal institution except the City Water Works."

CHARIVARIA.

IN cricket circles just now the comparative pace of fast bowlers of the past and present is a frequent subject of discussion. At Lord's the other day an old stager recalled a brilliant catch by a wicket-keeper standing right on the boundary.

A certain eminent cricketer is criticised for getting out l.b.w. so often, but even his detractors don't deny that he plays with a beautifully straight pad.

Complaint is made that at private dances it has become customary to put money into the servants' palms. A novelty would be to put it down their necks.

Since the *Homeric* hit a whale in mid-Atlantic it is being suggested that all whales should carry red rear reflectors.

In wearing his golden crown in London with so many Americans about, Sir OFORI ATTA has run a grave risk of being hailed with cries of "Attaboy!"

Sir OFORI is reported to have formed a very poor impression of Englishmen's dress. He has yet to meet Mr. J. H. THOMAS.

Disappointment is expressed that the question of survival after death has again been debated by prominent people in the popular Press without a definite decision being reached.

"The arguments that prove that I cannot have an end seem to me to prove equally that I cannot have had a beginning," says Mr. BERNARD SHAW. It must be admitted, however, that Mr. SHAW'S prefaces do at least have a beginning.

A new species of fish has been called the whipper. No connection with the well-known whopper family that just gets away.

A river of ink in Algeria is said to be formed by natural means, not, as might be supposed, by the habit these sheik novelists have of shaking their fountain-pens out there.

It is stated that, twenty-one years ago, when the possibility of broadcast singing was discovered in the Navy, the Admiralty did not want the public to know. We think the Admiralty underestimated the public's fortitude.

"What becomes of child prodigies?" is a question raised in the Press. In our opinion it is unwise to inquire.

London builders, resenting Prince POTENZIANI'S allegation that Roman builders are quicker, point out that Rome was not built in a day. The feeling in the trade is that a British bricklayer could have run up a row of villas while BALBUS was building a wall.



The Manager. "JEAVES IS WORTH A LOT MORE MONEY THAN HE 'S GETTING."
The Boss. "WE WANT MORE LIKE HIM, JENKINS."

An Alsatian has been trained to play cards. We question the wisdom of this. Card-players are especially liable to turn ferocious.

The picture that appeared in a paper the other day of a trick-golfer about to drive a ball teed up on a woman's teeth suggests a new use for the "golf widow."

Mr. A. M. SAMUEL'S fulfilment of his promise to write a ballad about Bideford is regarded as a nasty knock for those who allege that the Government doesn't keep its promises.

A French lady-naturalist has discovered that certain colonies of ants have a fire brigade. The ants that you see running about so industriously are canvassing for the insurance premiums.

We learn from a political article that it is easier for a Slovak of Bratislava to converse with a Czech of Prague than for a native of Manchester to converse with a Cockney. This greatly simplifies matters when Bratislava says to-day what Prague will be wanting to say to-morrow.

There are stated to be now more Irish in Britain than there are in the Free State. Scotsmen are complaining that they can hardly call Britain their own.

We hear from the medical profession that crying is good for the complexion. Yes, if tears can persuade him to let her have more money to spend on it.

It is suggested that world peace would be ensured if any nation having a quarrel with another were referred to GENE TUNNEY, his terms for a fight being so high that no country could afford them.

It is predicted that this year's annual drought will take place next Friday from 2.0 to 3.30 A.M.

Mr. W. R. MORRIS says that the hundred-pound car is certain to come; but what we want to know is whether it is certain to go.

A statue of CYRUS THE GREAT, dating from the fifth century B.C., has been dug up in Persia. Some of these ancients knew how to deal with their public statues.

A lady informs a paper that she once bowled W. G. GRACE. The Selection Committee should give her a trial.

Of a centenarian it is said that his doctor gave him up when a baby. He probably had too much vitality to be of any interest to a medical man.

A return to femininity is advised by a fashion writer. There is a startling prediction that laps are going to be worn again.

In an American theatre a man stood up and shouted, "This play cannot go on!" In London there is no need to do this.

THE PREP. SCHOOL COMES TO LORD'S.

THEY are watching the Test Trial. They occupy three entire rows of seats. They look incredibly tiny and pink. Crouching like jockeys, but all with the same-coloured cap, they toil assiduously over their match-cards.

Those of them, and they are not a few, who are keeping the bowling analysis in detail, independently of the official scorers, must be as busy as anybody in London.

The scores are dusky with pencil erasures and smears of natural grime. One very small boy, who seems to have weak eyes, sits half-turned round on his seat. To a natural inquisitiveness he joins a desire to please the master, who is in the middle of the back row. This, he feels, can be best done by a perpetual fire of questions on all matters relating to the cricket-field. One suspects that the very small boy is a bad player and tries to atone by zeal for his want of practical skill.

There is a perpetual coming and going, which means that lost passages in the bowling analysis have to be copied laboriously from a neighbour. Pencils are dropped, roll away and return to their owners with the indiarubber at the end still grimier than before.

The Very Small Boy (after a long period of s'ow play). Sir!

Master. Yes?

Very Small Boy. Sir, could a man make forty thousand runs in ten years?

Master. No.

Very Small Boy. Sir, could he make thirty thousand in ten years?

Master. No.

Very Small Boy. Please, Sir, could he make twenty thousand in ten years?

Master. Not likely. He might.

Very Small Boy. Please, Sir, how many runs would HOBBS make in ten years?

The master doesn't know. Perhaps he takes the classical and not the mathematical forms. The small boy is silent for a while, then he brightens up again.

"Sir, why do all the bats have black handles?"

The master suggests that this is the colour of the binding.

Very Small Boy. Sir, don't they have rubber round the handles?

The master suggests that some do.

Very Small Boy. Sir, does SUTCLIFFE have rubber round the handle of his bat?

Another Boy. No, you owl.

Very Small Boy (quite undaunted). Please, Sir, does HALLOWS have rubber round the handle of his bat?

The master doesn't know.

Very Small Boy. Please, Sir, does HAMMOND have rubber round the handle of his bat?

The fount of knowledge fails again. Fortunately for his reputation the very small boy passes on to a topic of still more deep concern.

"Please, Sir, HOBBS plays with one of the bats he makes himself, doesn't he?"

Master. Yes.

The very small boy sits rapt in ecstasy at the thought of this Elysian life. But not for long.

"Sir!"

Master. Yes?

Very Small Boy. Boundaries count four, don't they?

Master. Yes.

Very Small Boy. Does it count six if it goes over the boundary?

Master. Before it pitches? Yes.

Very Small Boy. Please, Sir, suppose it hit the boundary *exactly*, what would it count then?

This causes such a babel of excited comment and so many acrimonious epithets along the whole three rows that the master's reply is lost. The very small boy smiles a good deal, feeling that he has made a valuable contribution, somehow or other, to the theory of the game. Then he has another thought.

"Please, Sir, they don't bowl many wides, do they?"

Master. No.

Very Small Boy. Don't they ever bowl a wide?

Master. Sometimes.

Very Small Boy. Please, Sir, does TATE ever bowl a wide?

Master. Now and then.

Very Small Boy. Please, Sir, how many wides does TATE bowl in a season?

Master. It depends on the season.

Very Small Boy. Please, Sir, how many wides does TATE bowl in ten years?

This is again outside the pedagogic scope. There is silence for a little time; then the very small boy renews his strength like the eagle. A hard-hit ball is mis-fielded.

Very Small Boy. Please, Sir, he ought to have caught that, oughtn't he?

Master. No.

Very Small Boy. Why not?

Master. It wasn't a catch. It bounced before it came to him.

Very Small Boy. Please, Sir, are they bowling catch-bowling or wicket-bowling?

Master. Both.

Very Small Boy (still not out). Please, Sir, does STAPLES generally bowl more catch-bowling or wicket-bowling?

And so on, through the usual gamut, until a batsman reaches his fifty and the shriller voices are drowned in the general applause.

There is another long still period of uneventful play. The very small boy, reinvigorated by a piece of surreptitious chocolate, begins again.

"Sir, why isn't HENDREN playing?"

Master. I suppose he wasn't asked.

Very Small Boy. Sir, why isn't WOOLLEY playing?

Master. Same reason, I suppose.

Very Small Boy. Sir, is everybody here better than HENDREN and WOOLLEY?

Master. No.

Very Small Boy. Please, Sir, then why aren't HENDREN and WOOLLEY playing?

Not being a member of the Selection Committee the master finds it difficult to answer this query, but the very small boy easily passes on.

"Please, Sir, HENDREN's top of the batting averages, isn't he?"

Master. Yes.

Very Small Boy. Please, Sir, WOOLLEY plays for Kent, doesn't he?

Master. Yes.

Very Small Boy. Please, Sir, WOOLLEY's left-handed, isn't he?

Master. Yes.

Very Small Boy. Please, Sir, do WOOLLEY and HENDREN have rubber round the handles of their bats?

He puts this final poser with a tremendous air of triumph, as though he had been working up to it from the start, and the master is only saved by the tea interval from yet one more ignominious defeat. EVOE.

A BALLADE OF BARE KNEES.

A MAN of Cleveland has a million
To give to classical Cornell,
Yet with conditions codicillian
Completely without parallel:
In fact, he seeks to break the spell
Of Learning's league with Western Beauty,
And bar scholastic court and cell
To what he calls a "bare-kneed cutie."

He says, this martinet civilian,
That such a "co-ed" college belle
Reduces Euclid and Quintilian
To chewing-gum and caramel.
What sighing sophomore can tell
The story of the Stamp Act duty,
COLUMBUS and his caravel,
When gazing on a "bare-kneed cutie"?

He says, with Woman on the pillion,
To ruin rides the Man pell-mell:
Her shriller note from the pavilion
Disintegrates the college yell;
"All scented up," with magic fell
She dopes you as she offers you tea;
So if you want that million—well,
You'll have to scrap the "bare-kneed cutie."

Envoi aux Princes.

Princes of wares that sell and smell,
Poor boneheads (*loquimur argute*)!
You and your dollars go to hell—
Cornell will keep her "bare-kneed cutie."



WIND-PROOF.

M. POINCARÉ (*about to fix the Franc*). "THAT 'LL TEACH YOU NOT TO BE A WEATHERCOCK."



Visitor (*who has been sneezing heavily*). "HAY FEVER. ALWAYS HAVE IT WHEN THERE ARE FLOWERS IN THE ROOM—POLLEN, YOU KNOW."

Friend. "THOSE ARE ONLY IMITATION."

Visitor. "BUT HOW *TOO* CLEVER, MY DEAR!"

NIGHTINGALE NOTES.

June's cottage in Surrey where Frances and I have been staying is a charming place, but it has too many birds for my liking. And they are common birds. From 3.30 or so A.M. till 5.0 they pass objectionable remarks on each other outside bedroom windows.

I registered a complaint about this at breakfast on our first morning. I told June just what I thought about her low-down and ill-mannered fowls of the air.

"I don't think you quite realise what you're saying," replied June in such a chilly voice that it at once brought a film over my bacon. "Do you know that last year a nightingale actually sang in the next garden. And let me tell you——"

"Talking of nightingales," I interrupted in bright haste, "do you know I've never heard one?"

"Do you *mean* to tell me," said June, accepting the new battle-ground, "you have *never* heard the nightingale?"

I realised that she was out to be nasty to me whatever I said. Evidently I had toppled from the high pedestal I thought I occupied in her thoughts to the low level of something under a rotten log. And even Frances was maintaining an armed neutrality. I tried to hedge.

"Well, of course I know what their song is like."

"Liar!" said Frances, suddenly taking sides. June, not being my wife, merely said "Oo!" but meant the same.

I began to get annoyed with women and nightingales.

"Well, it's nothing to be ashamed of," I said. "They always sing when I'm asleep."

"They often sing in the afternoon," said June sweetly to Frances.

"That's what he said, dear," replied Frances. "After lunch."

"After a heavy Sunday lunch," added June.

"With beer," explained Frances.

I finished my breakfast and left. Those two simply egg one another on.

* * * * *

During the afternoon I was thinking in the garden with a panama over my face when I heard a bird somewhere close behind me. Idly wondering what it was—for it might after all be an elderly nightingale who believed in reasonably respectable hours for song—I roused myself to take an intelligent interest. The unknown piped two notes, repeated four times, and I placed it as a thrush. Next it produced a run of five and I decided it must be a blackbird after all. It then started a series of three notes, something like the first three notes of the "Marseillaise," and this baffled me. I had just put it down as the lesser marsh-burbler when, after the sixth repetition, it surprisingly carried on the three notes very definitely into the "Marseillaise" itself. After two lines I decided that I knew few if any birds that could do this, and, looking round, saw June standing just behind me.

"A French nightingale," she explained. "Patriotic birds."

"I knew it was you whistling," I asserted loftily. "And, anyway, there are no real French nightingales." After my defeat at breakfast I had been getting the subject up on the quiet. "*Daulias luscinia*," I began rapidly, "arrives in these islands from Northern Africa in the middle of April, invariably seeking the woods and coppices which are the

haunts of its species. In May and June it may be heard. . . ."

"On the wireless," she interrupted. "That's what I came out to tell you. The B.B.C. hope to broadcast it to-night, and both Frances and I have decided you must listen-in and repair the defects in your earlier education."

"As long as it's not controversial," I agreed. "Er—what time?"

"It will begin at 11.35, with luck."

"What—am I to sacrifice the few hours' sleep I get before the early morning hidden choir begins just in order to listen to . . . ?"

My panama was replaced firmly over my face. "Go on as you are doing now," said June, "and you won't notice any loss."

* * * * *

Everything funny about tuning-in on a wireless set has long ago been written. Nearly all of it was put in practice by me that night as with ear-caps clamped to my head I twisted knobs under the cynical eyes of Frances and June, who in true feminine fashion were not going to listen because they wanted to talk. And this after all they had said to me during the day about the nightingale's song!

"*We shall shortly, I hope, be able to listen to the nightingale,*" said the announcer suddenly to me, obviously raising his voice to make himself heard above the squeals which I was producing. "*In the meantime the dance music will continue.*"

It continued. I managed to throttle down my squeals during a fox-trot. Then abruptly the music died away into silence. The announcer remarked that we were now in the nightingale wood and Mr. Snoop would try to induce the birds to sing by playing on his violin. I laid my finger on my lips and growled "Don't disturb me" at the June-Frances debate. It smiled, gazed intently at me for a moment and then tip-toed out of the room giggling to itself.

Somewhere in the depths of my ear-phones a violin began to play. I listened in entranced silence. So apparently did the nightingales, for when the violin stopped nothing could be heard save the faint honk of a motor-horn, which might have been anywhere in 2 LO, but in all probability was on the road outside June's cottage.

"*The night is rather cold and cloudy,*" said the announcer suddenly. "*It is improbable that the birds will sing, but we will wait a little longer.*"

Mr. Snoop gave us another little piece, and in the silence that followed something went wrong with my set again. It produced a sudden strange vibrating note and feverishly I began to hunt for the cause.



Batsman (to importunate wicket-keeper). "YOU 'RE WASTED 'ERE—YOU OUGHT TO BE APPEALIN' ON BE'ALF OF SOME CHARITY."

The announcer found it before I did. "*That,*" he said faintly, "*was a night-jar.*"

I swore softly and listened-in to the wood again with furrowed brow. I got nothing but some subdued chirpings and a voice, definitely on the road outside this time, saying, "'Oorry up, Jarge!"

After five more minutes the announcer said he feared the birds were not singing that night and we would go back to our dance-music. The wail of the saxophone burst upon me and I took the ear-caps off. I felt quite tired with the strain of it.

* * * * *

"Well," said June and Frances entering through the French windows, "any luck?"

"No," I said.

They both began to giggle again.

"What's the joke?" I asked suspiciously. "Where have you been?"

"Out in the garden," gurgled June, "listening to the nightingale—a real one, the same one I think that came last year."

"We didn't disturb you, as you asked us not to," continued Frances.

"Besides, you wouldn't have believed us," added June. "You'd simply have said it was me whistling." A. A.

Fractional Cricket.

"The Rest, 222 for 8½."—*Local Paper.*

FISH.

FROM July 24th to July 28th (inclusive) the British Aquarists' Association are holding their Third Annual Exhibition at Trinity Hall, Great Portland Street, and as an old but unofficial "aquarist" I shall certainly visit it. The Aquarium at the Zoo is almost the finest sight in London, but few of us can afford to keep an aquarium of that size, and this Exhibition is designed to show what can be done by anyone upon a humbler scale, or, in the loftier words of Mr. A. E. HODGE, the Editor of *The Aquarist*, "to bring before the general public the opportunities which such a fascinating and elevating hobby as aquarium-keeping offers to an intellectual person."

Except for the word "intellectual" (for I have never thought of it as a highbrow hobby) I heartily support Mr. HODGE. Among the sterling qualities of fish are serenity and silence. They are not, as a rule, in a hurry, and they make no noise; and, as Mr. HODGE justly observes, where else but in an aquarium can you look with confidence for that? The modern fish, I believe, in natural reaction to the noisy whirl of current life, is quieter than ever. He even eats quietly. The spectacle of silent fish in placid motion has been used with soothing effect by doctors, I am told, in the neurasthenic wards of hospitals. And the man who claimed that he had trained a goldfish to bark was very properly expelled from the above Association.

They have, as pets in a small house or flat, these additional attractions, that they do not fly away, bring mud into the drawing-room, eat bedroom slippers or get under the servants' feet. I cannot say the same for the newt. A newt can get anywhere, and generally does. The newt, like most amphibians, in my experience has a healthy hatred for the water and is much happier in the bread-pan or on the scullery-floor. Never keep newts in a small flat if you wish to keep a cook as well. Still, the newt is a pretty and attractive creature and, if your newtery is in the garden, will well repay the trouble and expense.

But enough of the Lesser Batrachians. The stickleback will ever be the pride and glory of the discerning aquarist. The stickleback, smallest and commonest of British fish, is, I swear, the most intelligent, combative, courageous, lively, domestic, virtuous, human and amusing of all fish. If he were tropical and hard to catch, if he came from Bermuda or had a foreign name, if he were eatable and large, his goings-on would be the wonder of the world. But since he is small and British and to be found in every pond and stream, none seeks him out except small boys with jam-jars.

I could easily write a book about the stickleback, and one day shall. I do not know why every wife does not insist, in the spring season, on having a tank of sticklebacks in the drawing-room; for the great thing about this fish is that the male does all the housework. Housework? The whole business of the production, housing, protection and maintenance of his posterity falls on his gallant shoulders. For weeks in the mating-season he is a continual feast of drama and fun. For weeks he never rests. Watch him choosing his bridal residence, inspecting anxiously first this suburb and then that; watch him at last in the chosen corner building the nest (a structure more complex and laborious than many birds') bringing bits of twig and weed from all quarters, heaping sand over them, carefully constructing an entrance and an exit hole, and at last cementing the whole affair with some kind of a glue which he intelligently secretes, they say, from the body. (And what parlour-tricks have your trout and salmon to put against that?) All this time the idle women hang round, with expressions of maudlin sentimentality (believe me or not, this is the truth), appealing for permission to lay their eggs in the pretty fellow's nest. And all the time he is bickering with any male he meets about the tank, fighting savagely with any who approach his corner, and chivvying the girls away till he is ready. The three sharp spines which he wears, where peaceable fishes have a dorsal fin, flash menacingly up and down, his eyes have become two brilliant rings of emerald and his breast blazes with opal and rose. In his wedding-dress you would scarcely recognise him. The enamoured female grows more and more impatient, and, if he tweaks her tail too often, goes off to another gentleman. As long as someone takes charge of her eggs she does not much care who it is; and I watched one poor girl present herself in turn at three different nests for the best part of a day, more and more sickly-looking and more and more brutally driven away.

But when the nest is ready and Papa has made his choice the boot is on the other leg and the anxious female is all reluctance. There follow hours of coaxing and chasing and coy feminine refusal; he leads or bullies her to the nest, pointing with his nose to the precise spot where he wishes the eggs to be laid; he persuades or pushes her into the nest; she lies there almost invisible, and even then will come out without having done her duty, the hussy! And the exhausted father has to fetch her back and begin all over again.

The eggs are well and duly laid at last, and after this Mamma has no more to do with the family, unless she catches Papa off his guard, when she is quite capable of eating the eggs or the young fry. But he goes on working at top-pressure for many days, fanning the eggs with his fins, fussily strengthening the nest and flinging mouthfuls of new sand on the roof, ferociously fighting off trespassers, wantonly assaulting the casual passer-by. His eyes grow greener and his breast bright scarlet. He fears nothing in the defence of his young. I have seen one tweak the nose of a great water-tortoise which came too near, and



"OH, I 'VE COME ABOUT THAT OLD-WORLD COTTAGE STANDING IN ITS OWN GROUNDS WHICH YOU LET TO ME LAST WEEK."
"YES, SIR."
"WELL, IT 'S SAT DOWN IN THEM."



OUR REPRESENTATIVE VISITS ASCOT AND QUITE FORGETS TO LOOK AT THE RACING.

the tortoise, which had a bad habit of wandering into the tank and eating sticklebacks, was so surprised that he went away at once.

When the eggs hatch out, Papa's life, if possible, is more hectic than before, for the foolish fry begin to flop and flutter away from the nest, and he must anxiously urge or carry them back. His enemies now are far more dangerous than before, and you can see the poor fellow losing his grip. He does mad things. And now he is quite exhausted, for all through these trying weeks he never seems to eat himself—he never has time. Then one morning you may find a tragedy. The tidy nest is broken up and scattered. Perhaps an enemy has caught him napping; perhaps his family have gone off on their own, and, bitterly, he has broken up the home himself. In either case he is a different fish now, listless, melancholy and slow. There is no more purpose in life, and already his brilliant bridal uniform has begun to fade. I have known one or two who, transferred at this stage to another tank with one or two attractive ladies, began the toilsome business all over again. But generally it has been too much for him, and one morning the gallant little fellow is found floating stiffly on the surface, killed, I maintain, by sheer domestic drudgery.

All this thrilling drama, and much more than this, can be watched in a glass tank in the months of May and June in any drawing-room or garden. There is nothing in Nature which can be so easily and closely studied, and this Exhibition will show you how. British fish, although they do not sing, have the same right to our respectful attention as British birds. Here you will see Shubunkins, and "Nymph" gold-fish, and Hi-Hoi, and Cichlids, and a number of other exciting creatures. And you will learn not to keep fish in those fatal circular bowls, for even gold-fish will not thrive without a little privacy. In a properly-conducted aquarium, with running water and plenty of space, I maintain that fish may enjoy themselves better than they do in nature, where they are constantly exposed to innumerable perils. I suppose I am the only man alive who has caught a trout in a small butterfly-net. It was lying sick and sorry in a pool off Hammersmith, already diseased by the foul London water. I put it in my large tank in the garden; it recovered quickly, became healthy and strong, ate well, lost its shyness and almost fed out of the hand. Left in the Thames, it would certainly have died. Unhappily the silly creature jumped out of the tank one night and it did die.

I do not really recommend the trout.
But keep a stickleback. A. P. H.

IRREVERENT RADIOS.

II.

(Mr. NORMAN BIRKETT, K.C., is invited by the B.B.C. to give a reading from SHAKESPEARE, and selects the famous speech of MARK ANTONY in Julius Cæsar *as it might have been delivered if a special tribunal of the Roman Senate had been appointed on the spot to consider the unfortunate episode at the base of POMPEY'S statue.)*

ENROLLED FATHERS, I want to crave your most earnest attention. I want to make it abundantly clear at the outset of what I am going to say that the purpose for which I have been retained to speak before this tribunal is a funereal rather than an encomiastic purpose, a purpose connected not with the whitewashing of a character but with the interment of a corpse. I want that to be quite plainly understood.

There may be certain matters which arise out of other matters concerning matters which this tribunal is investigating which will be seen hereafter in the light of what I am going to say, when viewed from a certain angle, to redound somewhat to the credit of the deceased gentleman who lies before you. But with that I have no concern. I am not here to praise him. Scandals which affect the character of an eminent statesman are very often, and some people may think very rightly and properly, the only portion of his reputation which survives after his death.

If it is asked, "Why is nothing good being said about the corpse?" the answer is very frequently made that anything of that sort is more suitably placed in the coffin of the deceased, together with his bones. That is the kind of thing that is frequently said. Very well, then, I repeat, I am content that this is what should happen in the present case, in the circumstances now under investigation before *this* tribunal.

What is the suggestion made by my friend, Sir PATRICK HASTINGS—I beg your pardon, I mean by the noble MARCUS BRUTUS—in dealing with the points before the tribunal? The suggestion, as I see it, is that the late JULIUS CÆSAR was an ambitious man.

Very well—he was an ambitious man. It is a serious fault, this ambition. It would be a fault in any one of us. It would be a fault in Sir PATRICK BRUTUS. It would be a fault in myself. But let me remark in passing that, however serious a fault it may be, the late JULIUS CÆSAR has suffered seriously for it already. And my sole purpose in speaking, if my honourable friend and the other honourable gentlemen who are associated with him will permit me to say so, is not to clear the late JULIUS CÆSAR of this serious, nay, of this offensive, accusation, but to put before you candidly and openly a few simple points in connection with his burial.

I might remark in passing that, so far as my personal association with the dead man is concerned, I have always found him in all dealings we have had together both a faithful man and a just man. But I do not make that remark. I forgo that possible line of defence. I waive it. My honourable friend has said that JULIUS CÆSAR was ambitious, and it is not for me to contradict my honourable friend. If I were disposed to contradict him, if I were disposed to raise in any degree this aspect of the matter, I should go further. I should mention the undisputed fact of the numerous prisoners cleverly captured by the late JULIUS CÆSAR. I suppose there is no one who has been so often commended or who holds so fine a record for the clever capture of prisoners as the late JULIUS CÆSAR.

What happened to the money recovered from these prisoners? Did JULIUS CÆSAR keep it? No. It went to the Chancellor of the Exchequer. It was devoted to the relief of taxation.

This Court, this tribunal, may think that an ambitious man would have kept some part or portion of the moneys so recovered. I merely put that as a suggestion. This Court might be disposed to think, again, that an ambitious man would not have been likely to burst into tears whenever he saw a poor man crying, as the late JULIUS CÆSAR so frequently did. This Court might be disposed to think that such conduct was the conduct of a nice man, of a bland man, of a kind man, and not of an ambitious man. I do not know.

We pass on then to the morning of the Lupercal. It will be fresh within the memory of this tribunal that on no fewer than three occasions during the morning of this great national festival I proposed the small testimonial of a crown for the late JULIUS CÆSAR, and that on each and every occasion he brushed it aside. Was this, I wonder, the bearing of an ambitious man, and not rather of a man actuated by a stern sense of civic duty? I leave that to the Court to decide. It is not my purpose to speak of it here. For, as my honourable friend has told you, the late JULIUS CÆSAR was an ambitious man. I cannot disprove his statement. I am only here to submit proven and incontrovertible facts, to which I can testify, and to which I now proceed.

The remarkable esteem in which the late JULIUS CÆSAR was held by one and all in this great City of Rome is not in dispute. It is notorious. No doubt there



AN UNOFFICIAL WARNING.

was good reason for it. There must have been good reason for it. Why then is there not more popular indignation at the circumstances attending his demise? I cannot say. I can only suppose, I can only imagine, that the faculty of reason and judgment commonly thought to be peculiar to the human species is at the present moment in abeyance, or has fled for the time being from mankind to pass into the breasts of such eminent members of the animal creation as Sir PATRICK HAST—I should say as my learned and honourable friend, MARCUS BRUTUS. . . . I ask the tribunal to pardon me for a moment. My heart has failed me. My heart is not at the moment available. It is in the coffin there with the late JULIUS CÆSAR. . . . It can be produced in a few moments if the tribunal so desires it, and will permit me to pause for a while until it comes back to me. . . .

[*Extraordinary excitement is at this point manifested amongst the trained members of the audience, kindly supplied by the B.B.C. at Savoy Hill, one of whom is heard by broad-catchers to cry loudly,* "Mark you, it's right wot he's saying," *and another,* "Poor gentleman! See 'ow e's using 'is pocket-angkerchief."]

Mr. NORMAN BIRKETT, *continuing with difficulty:* Well then, we have here the position of this eminent official whose word might yesterday have stood against the world, now placed in circumstances in which even the lowest criminal is only too likely to cast a stone at him. And in this connection I would point out that, if I had any intention of evoking a false ebullition of popular sympathy on behalf of the deceased, I would do a thing which I do not propose to do, because if I did it I should be wronging my learned and honourable friends, BRUTUS and CASSIUS, and rather than

do that, rather than wrong them, I would willingly do a grave injustice to the deceased—I would do a grave injustice to myself—I would do a grave injustice to this tribunal set up by the Senate and People of Rome. It is for that reason, and for that reason alone, the reason that I do not wish to wrong my honourable friends, that I forbear to produce this document, signed with the seal of CÆSAR himself, and found by his solicitor tied up with pink tape amongst the papers in his strong-room.

I suppose that if the tribunal were to see the contents of this document, which, being of a secret and confidential nature, I naturally do not propose to read, I suppose that, if they were to see it and read it, every one of them would take the earliest opportunity of buying a cabinet-photograph of the late JULIUS CÆSAR and placing it in a handsome morocco frame wreathed with laurels, which they would keep as their dearest possession, and hand down as an heirloom to their relatives, to be cherished for evermore.

[*The Tribunal express a natural curiosity to see the document which Mr. NORMAN BIRKETT thus attractively describes.*]

And so on. . . .

EVOE.

"TWO LITERARY MAGAZINES. Two literary magazines are to appear in the Michaelmas term. Cambridge has been too long without a purely tileararyr-peep lodold."—*Sunday Paper.*

Oxonians have often wondered what exactly the sister university lacked; now they know.

Another Triumph of Feminism.

"Two first-class tailoresses require vests and Trousers, outdoors."—*Provincial Paper.*

A Star that Stoops to Conquer.

"A picture which has Jean Hersholt in it is always worth seeing, and in 'JAZZ MAD' he has a pig part which he enacts with his customary care and talent."—*Daily Paper.*

"Doubtless, some people will think —— an absolutely incomparable Canio, but for my taste he tears passion too much into taters."—*Daily Paper.*

Our taste, too, is not vegetarian.

"In an illusion to the Jews the author tells us 'the Jew has been forced into finance by circumstances.' "—*Local Paper.*

This has caused many illusions to the Gentiles.

MR. MAFFERTY DISCUSSES THE FIRST WOMAN TO FLY THE ATLANTIC.

"MAYBE," said Mr. Mafferty, "it 's abnormal I am, or cold-blooded, or un-American, or somethin' of that like, but let me tell you me pulses beat no faster to hear the news that one more woman has arrived in these islands; for, God knows, there 's enough of them already, an' they cumberin' the ground. Nor I don't give a tinker's curse did she come by the air, or swimmin' under the water, or crawlin' on her hands an' knees by way of the North Pole itself. It 's fine, surely, she 's an American citizen, for I wouldn't wonder if she 'd be spendin' a little money in the country. But there 's no more than that that I can see meself to be makin' a great wind about in the mornin' papers.



"NICE COMPANIONABLE OLD FELLOW, THAT DOG OF YOURS."

"AND USEFUL TOO. WHEN I WANT TO TURN OVER THE PAGES HE LICKS MY FINGERS."

"Sure, there 's no particular accusation I have to make against the lady herself. Maybe you need a stout heart to be risin' up in an aeroplane an' passin' over the water to another place, wherever it might be, an' you not accustomed to that kind of travel. If I was to fly across the Serpentine now, you 'd have a right to be hangin' out all the flags you have in Fleet Street, for I hate the sight of the air, an' I 'd have me heart in me boots from the first flutter till I trod the ground at the latter end. Think what you will of me, but it 's no bird-man I am, nor wish to be. But this young woman 's brought up to the business, an' it 's many a mile she 's flown for her own pleasure, an' she guidin' the machine with her own hands. So there 's no cause to be singin' hymns on that account, I'm thinkin'.

"But you tell me she 's the First Woman to Fly the Atlantic Itself. Let you tell me then what you mean by that? Did she handle the controls, the darlin'? She did not. Did she steer the ship, or hold the rudder, or take a great part in the navigation? She did not. Well, I don't blame the young woman at all, but what *was* it she did? She had a dull time sittin' an' waiting' an' wonderin' what would come of it at the latter end. Well, that 's a hard thing, truly, but she 's not the First Woman Had A Dull Time Sittin' an' Waitin' an' Wonderin' What Would Come of It at the Latter End. I 'll tell you what she is, Mister, if you 'll let a great promise you 'll not repeat it in the lady's hearin', though it 's herself would be the first to say the same. She 's the First Female Body To Be Conveyed Above The Atlantic Ocean In A Motor-Vehicle By Two Or Three Men That Might Have Had More Sense, Thanks Be To A Good Spontaneous Combustion Engine, an' The Men That Drove It, an' The Men That Invented It, an' The Men That Built It. An' I 'll tell you another thing—she 's the First Woman Has Had The Good Fortune Not To Be Takin' A Fine Flyin' Fellow Or Two To His Death in The Atlantic.

"Well, there 's no man, you know well, is better disposed to the feminine gender an' the fine qualities of them than I am meself. But if that 's all there is to be said for the exploit I see no cause for the female sex to be firin' off cannon, or sendin' up rockets into the sky, or askin' for votes at the age of seventeen. It 's nine years since the First Man Flew the Atlantic, an', praises be, Chicago 's no nearer than it was before. It 's fifteen tries have been made since that day to fly over the same stretch of water, an' nine of them failures. But now it 's proved, after a nine years' struggle, that it 's possible to carry a female passenger, the same way as you 'd carry a man, or a tom-cat itself, without destruction fallin' on the whole expedition. That 's a great thing, isn't it? Yet it 's meself would be more excited if it was the First Ton of Coal, or the First Horse, or the First Dozen of Whisky had made the journey; for if I carried a cargo that far I 'd be takin' thought about the article, the way it would be somethin' I could sell on the farther side.

"But what 's the use of talkin'? You can't keep the women out of any place this day, except the House of Lords

only. An' there 's nothin' of interest no more, unless a woman 's in it. An' that 's the reason you 'll not see the word of a whisper concernin' the House of Lords in the evenin' papers from the break of January till the endin' of the year. The next thing you 'll notice will be The First Twin Sisters to Fly the Pacific. An' then you 'll have The First Female Baby to be Dropped in a Parachute from a Dirigible Balloon. There 's a grand time comin' for the papers, surely, with fine records waitin' to be broke an' new wonders to be done each day was never done by the girls before. There 's no woman yet has been carried across Canada on a man's back, or a camel's back neither. There 's no woman has swum the Irish Channel with her baby on her lap, or rolled down Mount Everest from the north to the south, or played Snakes and Ladders on the centre point of the Equator, or stood on her head on the western side of Lake Tanganyika, or walked barefoot through the Round Pond, or played the piano on the top of the Albert Hall. But I 've no doubt there 's many a philanthropic person alive with money to spare to be financin' them feats to the honour an' glory of the female sex. An' if that 's the truth, sure there 's plenty of newspapers will be glad an' ready to be publishin' the information, an' they starvin' for news. For there 's little more to be interestin' the people in these drab times except who travelled where, an' how did he go, an' what was the speed of him. An' if it 's a female is after travellin' it 's no matter if she never travelled at all, but stayed where she was and fluttered her wings in a public kind of a fashion.

"It 's not meself that would be castin' blame on anyone if you told me there was a deep scientific kind of a philosophical justification in it, if you understand me. Well, if it was to show that women was heavier than air, or lighter than petrol, or wetter than water, or somethin' of that like, I 'd be the first to blow a trumpet. But I see it stated when the young lady set off she was flyin' the ocean to 'retrieve the fortunes of her family,' an' her poor mother sick of a mortgage. An' I 've no doubt I could be payin' off the debts of me own poor mother an' me uncles as well if I was to walk down Parliament Street in a red-coloured bowler-hat or juggle with oranges on the steps of St. Paul's, to be writin' articles about it afterwards, or maybe a book, an' appearin' at the music-halls an' the movin' pictures itself. But if we was all of us to go up in an airship the moment we have the bailiffs in there 'd be no peace on the Atlantic at all. An' there 's many a poor woman has crossed the Strand five times in a day without so much as a bronze medal or a kindly word from a newspaper man.

"So it 's no complaints I 'm makin', you understand, against the first woman fool enough to fly the Atlantic, for it 's a fine modest girl she is, an' works among the poor; an' maybe she knows no better. But let 's hope she 'll be the last."

A. P. H.

Short Measure.

[Sentence of six months' imprisonment was recently passed on a man who stole two tons of hair.]

POPE, by the Rape of one bright Lock inspired,
Penned a long poem, worthily admired;
Now when a ruffian steals hair wholesale thus
A sentence only it evokes from us.

W. K. H.



"CARRY YER WALLET, SIR?"



OUR BETTERS.

Visitor. "NEW CAR?"
Hostess. "NO—NEW COOK."

MIDSUMMER MAGIC.

(The Round Pond in Kensington Gardens was first filled by the Chelsea Waterworks on Midsummer Day, 1728.)

To the Clerk of the Chelsea Waterworks
(In seventeen-twenty-eight)
A fairy came through the window gliding,
Down the dusty mote of a sunbeam sliding,
Behind the papers and parchments hiding,
Seeking a *tête-à-tête*;
And the Clerk of the Waterworks stared through his spectacles,
Scratching his shiny pate.

"Pray, Clerk of the Waterworks," begged the fairy,
"Water we vastly need;
In Kensington Gardens the flowers are dying,
The trees are withered, the grass is drying,
Unless you obleege us we all must be flying,
And that would be sad indeed."
And the Clerk of the Waterworks, wiping his spectacles,
Vowed that he quite agreed.

So the Clerk of the Chelsea Waterworks
(When GEORGE THE SECOND was King)
Ordered his workmen to start the emprise,
Filling through pipes from the water-supplies
A wonderful pond that was circle-wise,
Just like a fairy ring;
And the Clerk of the Waterworks wrote in his minute-books
How they had done this thing.

Exactly two hundred years ago,
On the morning of Midsummer Day,
In Kensington Gardens, where fairies abound,
Was opened the Pond that 's entitled Round,
A splendid surprise which the children found
When they came for their usual play;
And that is the reason the Clerk of the Waterworks
Must be remembered to-day.

A Social Bloomer.

"The prizes were presented by Mrs. —— in pretty fancy bags, made by Mrs. ——."—*Report of Baby Show in Monmouthshire Paper.*

Our Deep-Breathing Burglars.

"Two tons of air were stolen by the manager of a Glasgow factory who was charged at the Sheriff Court."—*Glasgow Paper.*

Our Suicidal Golfers.

"Mrs. —— was leading until at the 12th she rather dubiously acted on her caddie's advice, and, overchopping herself, lost the lead."
Daily Paper.

Never take a Dervish caddie in an important match.

"Tame Canary lost in Great Portland-st.; anyone finding it will be rewarded by returning same to ——."—*Advt. in Evening Paper.*

Virtue, of course, is its own reward.

"BRITISH DEBATING TEAMS.

The secretary of the —— yesterday told a —— reporter that a men's team will probably go to the United States in the autumn.

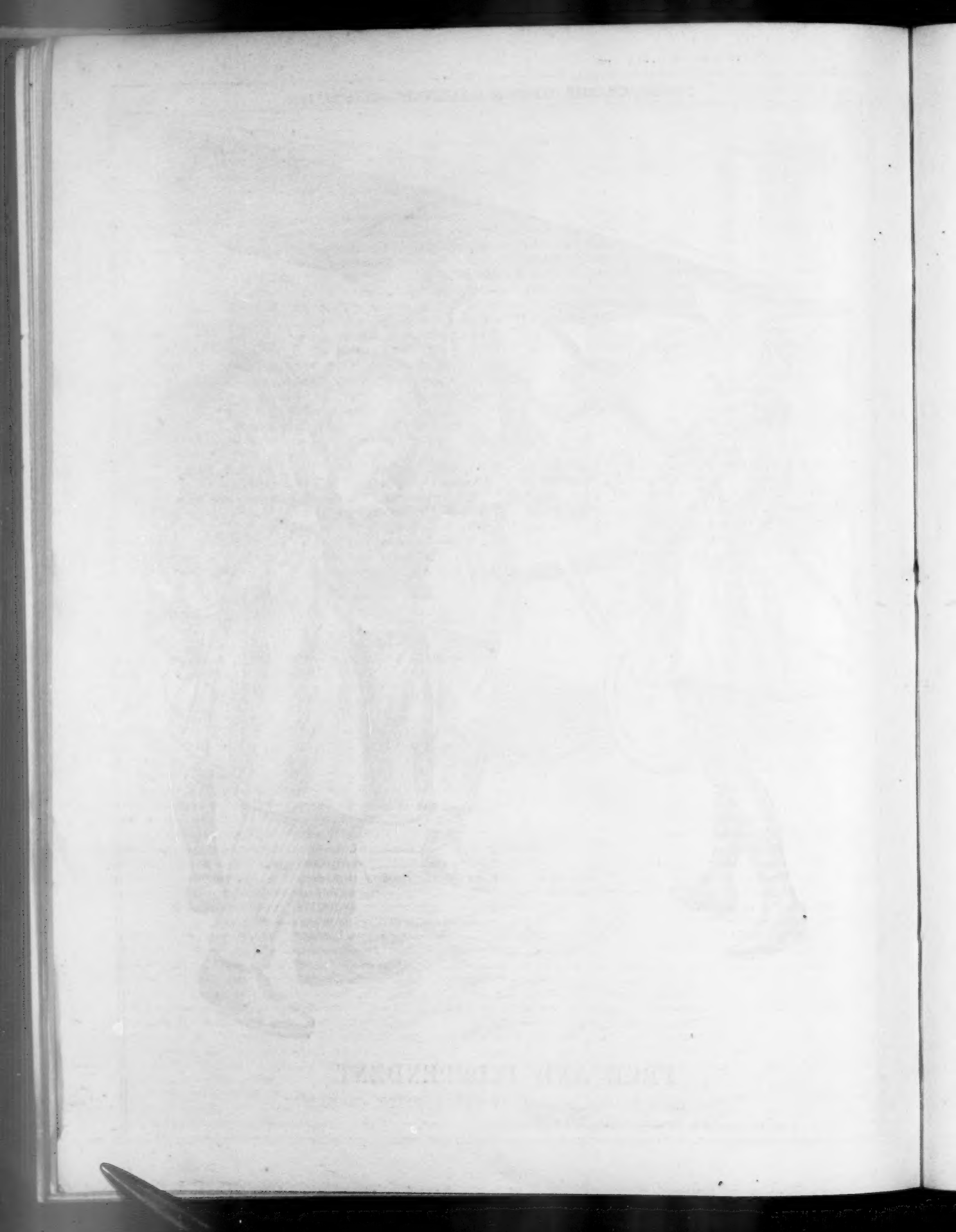
'It will earn its way by debating,' he said. 'Abroad large crowds pay for admission, and the debaters take part in what is usually known as a forensic bottle.'"—*West-Country Paper.*

We cannot cope with this Prohibition jargon.



FREE AND INDEPENDENT.

THE THREE LEADERS (*together*). "WANT A PILOT, MADAM?"
NEW VOTER. "NO, THANKS."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

THE "Hail of Farewells" in which the House of Commons effects a change of Speakers has occupied its attention for the best part of the week. It is in the nature of things that there should be a certain sameness about the speech-making that marks these occasions. As the Scotsman said of his native beverage, there are no bad Speakers, and if they differ in their manifold excellences the difference is not sufficient to stamp itself on the regretful *Vale* that ushers out the old Speaker and the encouraging *Salve* that greets the new.

Mr. WHITLEY, who in turn yields his Chair to Captain FITZROY, and Mr. LOWTHER (now Lord ULLSWATER), whom he succeeded, were alike in the conspicuous success with which they presided over the House's deliberations, guided its processional destinies, tactfully ignored the squalls that momentarily ruffled the calm waters of debate, and (other means failing) firmly expelled the unrepentant offender from the House's indignant midst.

But if the results they achieved were the same their methods were not. Mr. LOWTHER, urbane and witty, but withal inclining to a certain acid severity, if he did not exactly rule by fear at least inspired a certain wholesome respect in unruly quarters. Mr. WHITLEY drove without a whip. As Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD happily expressed it, he demonstrated "how gentleness can rule and how persuasiveness can subdue." More than any other Speaker he was subject to what the PRIME MINISTER called "sudden seizures of deafness or blindness, speedily recovered from." It was necessary that he should be. There were obstructionists in Mr. LOWTHER'S day, as there were hotheads and hasty tongues, but Members who kicked against the pricks of orderly procedure or over the traces of good behaviour did so in heat but not in ignorance. Mr. WHITLEY, on the other hand, has been the gentle guardian of a herd whose members, in many cases, are only just now becoming accustomed to captivity, whose stampedes and bellowings have as often been due to ignorance and lack of experience as to noble but ungovernable rage.

It was on Monday that Mr. SPEAKER (all the Members being uncovered, as *Hansard* gravely records) announced his intention of retiring from the Chair as from the close of the following day's sitting. For twenty-eight years, he said, he had been a Member of the House, and for twenty-one of those years continuously in office, "without any of those intervals which usually come from changes of Governments or from the impatience of constituencies." Now he was warned that he must take a rest, the sort of rest that would not be disturbed by an acute sense of loss for the speeches—much better speeches, no doubt, than those to which he had listened—that had not been delivered.



A QUEER QUINTET.

Mr. WHITLEY'S praises are sung by the new Harmony Five—MESSRS. SAKLATVALA, T. P. O'CONNOR, BALDWIN, RAMSAY MACDONALD AND LLOYD GEORGE.



CAPTAIN SPEAKER.

The PRIME MINISTER arose and with a few brief words of regret announced that he would on the following day move a vote of thanks to Mr. SPEAKER for his distinguished services in the Chair, and that HIS MAJESTY be asked to confer some signal mark of his favour on the Right Hon. JOHN HENRY WHITLEY, Speaker of the House. Mr. MACDONALD and Mr. LLOYD GEORGE added a formal word of regret and the House resumed business.

On Tuesday came the motion and the full-length speeches, in which the PRIME MINISTER, the LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION and the LEADER OF THE LIBERAL PARTY vied with one another in expressing the House's affection for its retiring SPEAKER, its appreciation of his wide humanity and its deep sense of gratitude for years of faithful stewardship to the House, to the great institution of Parliament and to the noble Palace of Westminster that is its repository and shrine.

To these speeches Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR, as the House's grand old man, and Mr. SAKLATVALA as its most terrible infant, added their mite of praise. Mr. SPEAKER, replying in simple words, said that any success with which he had discharged his office was due to the support and confidence extended to him by every Member of the House and the invaluable help of its officials and to the forbearance of his constituents.

Both motions being agreed to *nemine contradicente*, the House resumed public business in Committee. At half-past ten o'clock, the House having adjourned and the SPEAKER remaining in the Chair, Ministers, Members and officials of the House advanced in a great throng to shake hands with Mr. WHITLEY and bid him farewell. Quickly it melted away until the last hand-shake had been given and the SPEAKER, gazing for a moment on the empty and silent House—the House with which he had been closely associated for nearly twenty-eight years—stepped down from the Chair and was gone.

On Wednesday the House turned to the happier business of electing Mr. WHITLEY'S successor, the mace being duly deposited under the Table and Sir

LONSDALE WEBSTER's mute but not inglorious finger taking the place of the Speaker's eye. It fell to Sir ROBERT SANDERS to move that Captain the Right Honourable EDWARD ALGERNON FITZROY do take the Chair of the House as Speaker, and to paint the lily of his choice as the scion of statesmen and one whose family before him had taken to Chairmanships of Ways and Means as readily as a duck takes to water—one, in a word, *omnium consensu capax imperii, quamvis imperasset.* Mr. BOWERMAN having seconded the motion Captain FITZROY rose and submitted himself to the will of the House, declaring modestly that if honoured by their choice as Speaker he would in whatever circumstances might arise do his best. He had been informed by his friends, he said, that he was not effusive. He asked the House to believe that he had a great love for his fellow-Members and that if his exterior was frigid, as some alleged, it concealed a warm heart.

Thereupon, as tradition requires, a fit of reluctance seized the SPEAKER-ELECT, and it became necessary for Sir ROBERT SANDERS and Mr. BOWERMAN to seize him firmly by the hands and forcibly conduct him to the Chair. Which done, he thanked the House for the great honour done to him and took the Chair. The Mace emerged from hiding and the PRIME MINISTER, followed by Mr. MACDONALD and Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, congratulated the new SPEAKER on his appointment.

Before the Speaker-Elect becomes what the entomologists call the perfect insect his appointment must be ratified by a Commission under the Great Seal. To receive that appointment Captain FITZROY marched in bob-wig and court-dress to the Lords, with Black Rod in front and the Commons behind. There he presented himself to the five Commissioners, the Clerk read the Commission signifying the Royal approval and, with more obeisances all round, the faithful Commons returned behind the now high-held Mace to their own Chamber. The SPEAKER, now in full panoply, took the Chair and the House got down to business. One more brief ceremony ensued, the unanimous election of Mr. DENNIS HERBERT as Deputy-Chairman of Ways and Means, and the House's official personnel was again complete.

The new DEPUTY-CHAIRMAN nearly had occasion to administer the "sterner rebuke" to which Captain FITZROY referred on the previous day when, in the course of the debate on the Mines Department Vote, Mr. SHINWELL rudely shouted to the PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE to "get on with his speech." "The Hon. Member is not very courteous," protested Sir PHILIP CUNLIFFE-LISTER. "You don't deserve it," retorted the ex-Minister of Mines fiercely, "and if I get a chance I will tell the House what I think of you." There were shouts of "Name!" but Mr. SHINWELL, when his chance came, made it clear that his feelings towards the PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE himself, whatever they might be towards his Department's shortcomings, were of the most amiable character.



THE ANIMAL COMES IN TWO.

MR. THOMAS, MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD, MR. MAXTON AND MR. A. J. COOK.

This was a relief to the House, which is awaiting with interest the first overt results of the Labour "split." The Socialist Party has on more than one occasion been likened to a pantomime animal that might come in two at any moment. Now the creature has really come asunder and it remains to be seen who will choose the floor of the House as a likely spot from which to declare class war (in terms of appropriate ferocity) and breathe hatred and defiance at the trembling Tory benches.

While the Commons had more personal matters to attend to, the Lords were "getting on with it" at a speed that must have surprised even themselves. On Monday they gave the Equal Franchise Bill its Third Reading, at the instance of Lord DANESFORT.

On Tuesday they gave a Second Reading to the Theatrical Employers' Registration Amendment Bill, a measure which enables the local authority to prosecute the bogus manager as well as register him. Lord PLYMOUTH explained that the Bill had the Home Office's blessing, and so no doubt the day is imminent when the ghost will fail to walk at somebody's peril. Thereafter their Lordships listened to a long and complicated wrangle about the Arbitration and Security Committee of the Preparatory Commission for the Reduction and Limitation of Armaments of the League of Nations between Lord CECIL and Lord CUSHENDUN, one of those wrangles in which the only thing dividing the disputants seemed to be their joint inability to say simple things in a simple way.

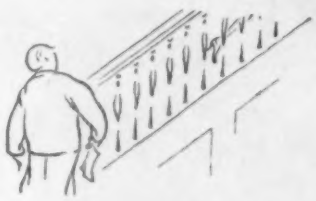
On Wednesday their Lordships, having first discussed slums at the instance of the Bishop of SOUTHWARK, passed insensibly on to the first instalment of a debate on Lord BALFOUR OF BURLEIGH's Liquor (Disinterested Ownership and Management) Bill. Lord BALFOUR assured the House that it was in no sense a Prohibition measure, merely a Bill to secure brighter and better drinking; but Lord BANBURY declared himself "for toleration and for sucking at a bung," like the old bold mate of Henry Morgan, and declared that anyway the Bill sought to fasten upon the taxpayer a lot more highly-paid and irremovable officials to decide how, when, where and what he should drink.

Thursday was their Lordships' busy day. They gave a Second Reading to Lord DARLING's Infanticide Bill, which has nothing to do with the slaughter of merely Parliamentary innocents; polished off the Report stage of the Bankers (Northern Ireland) Bill and read for the third time the Currency and National Health Insurance Bills. Lastly, in answer to Lord BEAUCHAMP, the LORD CHANCELLOR stated that it had been decided to submit to the Privy Council the point raised in the case of *Wigg et al.* v. *the Attorney-General of the I. F. S.* (the case of the Irish civil servants' compensation claims which the Privy Council, in mistake as to the actual facts, was thought to have decided wrongly). This would enable the aggrieved civil servants, who thought their claims had been successfully allowed by the decision in the WIGG case, to argue their case again, and their costs would be borne by the Treasury.

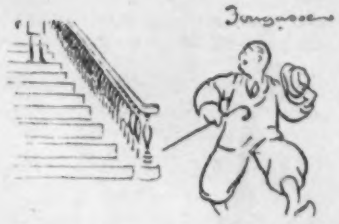
PUTTING SMITH UP FOR THE NIGHT.



"HERE'S A TELEGRAM FROM SMITH ASKING IF WE CAN PUT THEM UP FOR THE NIGHT. I SUPPOSE WE'D BETTER SEE ABOUT THEIR ROOMS AT ONCE. . . .



WELL, THERE MIGHT BE MORE THAN THE TWO OF THEM—AND PROBABLY A CHAUFFEUR AS WELL. . . .



RIGHT-O! I'LL GO DOWN AND GET ROOMS IN THE VILLAGE IN CASE THEY'RE TOO LARGE A PARTY FOR US TO TAKE THEM ALL IN HERE. . . .



YES, IF YOU'LL SEE ABOUT DINNER, I'LL PUT THE CAR INTO THE YARD TO LEAVE ROOM FOR THEIRS IN THE GARAGE. . . .



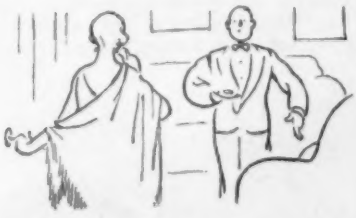
AND THEN I'LL TELEPHONE TO THE ROBINSONS TO TELL THEM THAT WE SHAN'T BE ABLE TO COME OVER TO THEIR TENNIS-PARTY AS WE'VE GOT TO WAIT IN FOR FRIENDS. . . .



NO, I DON'T REALLY THINK IT'S MUCH USE HAVING TEA ON TAP FOR THEM AFTER 6.30; I'D BETTER HURRY AND GET SOME DRINKS READY FOR THEM INSTEAD. . . .



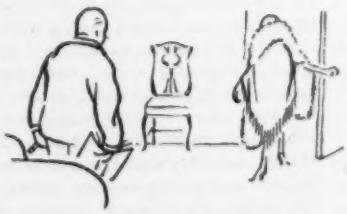
AND NOW I'D BETTER RUN UP AND DRESS QUICKLY SO AS TO BE READY FOR THEM WHEN THEY ARRIVE. . . .



OH, NO, I DON'T THINK WE NEED WAIT DINNER FOR THEM AFTER TEN O'CLOCK; THEIRS CAN BE KEPT. . . .



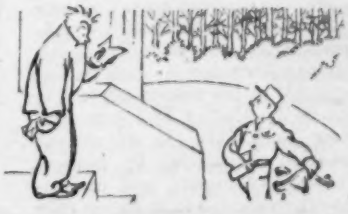
AND I HARDLY THINK THE WHOLE HOUSEHOLD NEED STAY UP LATER THAN TWELVE. . . .



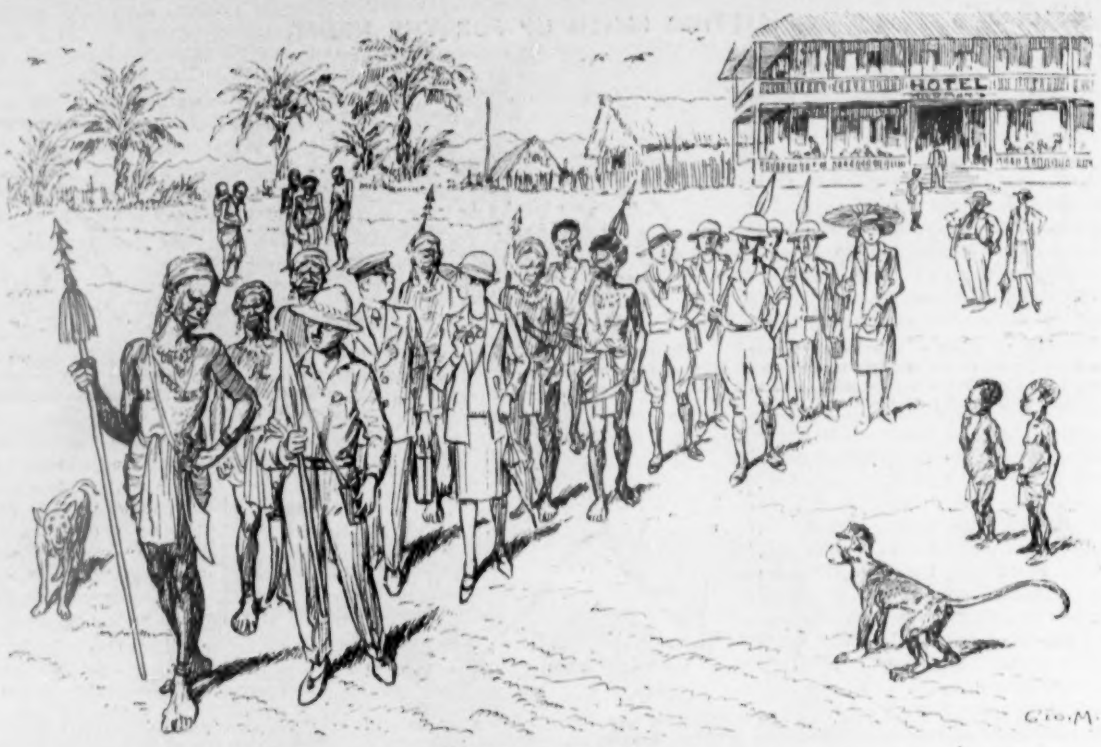
I'LL JUST SIT UP SO AS TO BE ABLE TO LET THEM IN IF THEY ARRIVE. . . .



BESIDES, IT'S REALLY HARDLY WORTH WHILE TO GO TO BED NOW. . . .



AND, ANYWAY, THEY'RE ALL RIGHT, AS HERE'S A LAST NIGHT'S TELEGRAM TO SAY THAT THEY'VE DECIDED ON SECOND THOUGHTS NOT TO GIVE US A LOT OF TROUBLE JUST FOR ONE NIGHT, BUT TO GO STRAIGHT ON."



DOING BORNEO.

PARTY OF TOURISTS SETTING OUT FROM THEIR HOTEL ON A HUMANELY-CONDUCTED HEAD HUNTING EXPEDITION.

AT THE PLAY.

"TELL ME THE TRUTH" (AMBASSADORS).

MR. LESLIE HOWARD'S spirited, amusing and vulgar little farcical comedy will be enjoyed by anybody who is free from the no doubt priggish obsessions that the joke about the spinster's loneliness is not as diverting or as fresh as all that, and that the persistent drunkenness of a young man is not a really truly comic theme. But even by the fastidious it must be allowed that the author does not press the first of these jokes to the most offensive point, and does not exploit too unpleasantly the vagaries of his *Worthington Smythe*, the young Chicagoan whose inheritance depends on the approval of the maiden aunts who live in the Murray Hill quarter of New York City, in an ancient mansion surrounded by heaven-kissing skyscrapers, and are un-American enough to refuse an offer of five hundred thousand dollars for their garden because the cat needs it for exercise.

In a protracted and—to put it kindly—rather quiet preparatory scene of explanations we see the *Tweedie* family—the forbidding *Aunt May* (Miss FLORENCE LE CLERCQ), the truculent and breezy, indeed rather Rabelaisian *Aunt Elizabeth* (Miss IRIS HOEY), the old married aunt, *Mrs. Cass* (Miss CLARE GREET), with their ultra-virginal and uninstructed niece, *Amelia* (Miss EDNA DAVIES), together with their family lawyer (Mr. MORTON SELTEN), getting ready for the memorial service to yet another aunt, deceased, and awaiting the arrival, with some misgivings, of young *Worthington*. Of him nothing is known save that he has ridden a white horse down one of the avenues of BIG BILL THOMPSON'S playground at four A.M., clad only in his aertex combination suit, and that he has on two other occasions at about the same hour let himself down with a rope to the bedroom window of a beautiful young lady, and been found lying in the bath of one of Chicago's most redoubtable hostesses. It is unlikely, thinks the family lawyer, that his aunts will be favourably disposed towards this sprightly conditional legatee, an opinion confirmed when, ten minutes before the memorial service, *viâ* the kitchen and in by no means immaculate evening dress, he enters the *Tweedie* parlour in a good-



THE FOURTH COCKTAIL.

Elizabeth Tweedie . . . MISS IRIS HOEY.
Worthington Smythe . . MR. RUPERT LUCAS.

humoured and entirely irresponsible state of inebriety.

Fortune favours the lawyer (who is anxious that the young scapegrace shall not be disinherited) to the extent that the aunts not unnaturally mistake the very personable deputy-assistant mortician, who arrives to take charge of the arrangements, for their nephew. But why does the young *Amelia* give the undertaker one startled glance and, fainting, fall into his ready arms, eliciting from him the, in the circumstances, unusual word, "Darling!"

That shall be for the present Mr. LESLIE HOWARD's dark secret. Meanwhile the young *Worthington* will obligingly take over the personality assigned to him by the quick-witted mortician, *Wrigley* (a name, by the way, assumed impromptu from the cover of one of the most distinctive of American products), and pose as a well-known young San Franciscan millionaire; and the author, who has a very definite sense of situation, extracts the full laughter-value out of the ensuing lies and complications. *Aunt Elizabeth* perversely, and to the exceeding scandal of grim *Aunt May*, takes occasion to flirt outrageously with the deplorable *Worthington*, and after four cocktails does and says the kind of things that Miss IRIS HOEY has lately been accustomed to do and say upon the stage—does and says them with an admirable gusto, to our extreme content, returning shortly before breakfast from a notorious night-club to find that the smart young undertaker and the ultra-Victorian *Amelia* have rushed off to Greenwich to be married, have spent the night there and now return impenitent and still unmarried, having behaved as correctly as the unfortunate circumstances permitted.

In the ensuing explanations, which decline to a rather unnecessary seriousness and are unduly protracted with an effect of rather disastrous anti-climax, the author's sense of construction fails him. This rewinding of the threads on to the right bobbins is always a ticklish business.

Mr. RUPERT LUCAS played with a nice discretion the dissipated nephew and with no more offence than was inherent in the situation. Miss IRIS HOEY embroidered an excellently-invented part with the skill she can command but is so seldom permitted to use to such good effect. Miss CLARE GREET's *Mrs. Cass* was a charming little portrait of a puzzled kindly old lady; Miss FLORENCE LE CLERCQ's gaunt *Aunt May* was effectively emphasised. Mr. HUGH DEMPSTER's *Wrigley* was a gay and intelligent performance, and Miss EDNA DAVIES presented us with a charmingly appealing and, I thought, very well-studied *Amelia*. Mr. MORTON SELTEN was ill-served with a rather tiresome part, and was left about the stage in a rather neglectful manner by the conscienceless author. It was this perhaps that drove him to a rather exaggerated display of those explosive noises and obtrusive grimaces of which he commonly makes more tactful use. T.



OUTRAGED UNCLEDOM.

George Appleway . . MR. MORTON SELTEN.



THE FAINTING LADY.

The Gentleman. "NOT AGAIN!"

The Lady. "I'LL TRY NOT TO; BUT YOU 'RE SO TERRIBLY BEAUTIFUL."

Wrigley . . . . . MR. HUGH DEMPSTER.

Amelia Tweedie . . . MISS EDNA DAVIES.

ART'S LITTLE IRONIES.

THE PROBLEM PORTRAIT.

To all appearances the presentation portrait of Sir Joseph Junk, Chairman of the Pork-Picklers' Association, is nothing more than the usual Academy portrait of a worthy by a worthy—just a pork-pickler in a gold frame. But the fact is that Sir Joseph, though he doesn't look it, is a man of the most fastidious artistic tastes, and has only applied his energies to the pork-pickling business, which he loathes, in order to be able to afford to gratify his intense craving for the beautiful. His collection of Old Masters and other gems of art is described as being small but priceless, and he is said to have insisted on removing a Rembrandt (I think) to the servants' hall because he had doubts of its genuineness.

When he was notified that the Pork-Picklers' Association, in recognition of his signal services as chairman, had decided to present him with a portrait of himself "in oils," as they put it, he seems to have lacked the heart or the moral courage to hurt their feelings by refusing to give sittings to the eminent painter (whose name I forget) to whom they had given the commission. Or probably he did not then reflect what his good-nature or his weakness was letting him in for.

But in course of time he has come to realise, every day more acutely, that when the Academy closes he will be expected to have this thing home and hang it in a place of honour among his treasures. And now I hear he has fretted himself into a nervous and irritable wreck. He rejects his food; he cannot sleep; his clothes hang upon him. In the hope of distracting his thoughts his devoted wife has taken him away on a tour of the galleries of Europe.

"The occupations of divorce applicants this session are many and varied . . . and among these were a city assessor, mission worker, plumber, postman, tailor, waitress, watchmaker and wireless operator."—*American Paper.*

What was the last one doing there?

FEATS ON THE SWARD.

(With acknowledgment to some recent correspondence in "The Times.")

DEAR SIR,—The claim recently preferred by the Rev. A. MONK HOWSON to have established a record by taking all ten wickets for no runs cannot, I fear, be allowed to stand. Playing for the Balham Sandlarks against Wormwood Scrubs Banditti in the year of the Crimean War—twelve a side—I was fortunate enough to emerge from the contest with the following analysis:—5 overs, 5 maidens, 0 runs, 11 wickets.

In those days I bowled fast underhand, and I remember how during this match one ball struck the batsman on his boot, ran up one leg of his trousers and down the other and finally hit the stumps.—Rev. METHUSELAH PHIBSON, The Oaks, Didlington, Norfolk.

DEAR SIR,—Among the records of big hits I think that a place may fairly be found for the following. In my early days I was a member of the Bootle Band of Hope C.C., whose colours, I may remark are identical with those of I Zingari. In the early 'eighties we were playing a match with the Chowbent Chaffinches. I went in second wicket down, and the first ball I received was a long hop to the off, which I hit with such violence that the ball broke in two. One portion was caught by cover-point, but as it was the smaller of the two pieces I was given "not out" by the umpire and scored 52 before I was bowled round my legs by a swerving full pitch. The fragments of the ball may be seen to-day in the museum at Bootle.—A. TURTELL RIDER, Steep Hill, Wapping.

DEAR SIR,—Reference has been made to the remarkable performance of a bowler who took all ten wickets, including a double hat-trick. This feat, however, has been eclipsed by Mr. Moses Oldham Clowes of the Harringay Hottentots Club in a recent match with the Caledonian Market Gardeners C.C., in which he was only prevented from achieving four consecutive hat-tricks by the fact that there were no more wickets to take. Another remarkable feature of this performance is the fact that Mr. Oldham Clowes is over seventy years of age and lives entirely on orangeade and onions.—(Miss) VERA PULLAR-LEGGE, The Bunk, Bosham.

A Grammarian's Epitaph.

"Browning was almost too cheerful. He never could believe that the world might eventually go wrong. But he picked men up; he did not invite them to lay [*sic*] down in the gutter, as most of our poets did to-day."
Daily Paper.

LONDON QUAKING.

[Professor A. M. LOW has told a *Daily News and Westminster Gazette* reporter that quite a number of London's buildings, ancient as well as modern, are seriously affected by vibration due to traffic, noise, excavation and the changes taking place in the ground by subsidence and shifting below the surface.]

O LONDON, in fact and in fable
  Long duly and justly renowned
For all that is massive and stable,
  For all that is solid and sound;
Now, stirred to your deepest foundations
  By deadly ear-shattering drills,
You are known as the Hub of vibrations,
  The City of Thrills.

Like ships that are short of a rudder,
  Storm-tossed on the turbulent deep,
Our houses incessantly shudder
  With shocks that have massacred sleep,
While murderous motorists maffick
  Unchecked on arterial ways,
And the risks of rotatory traffic
  Make deadly our days.

Ever deeper, I ween, grow the furrows
  Men plough in your vitals with tubes,
With tunnels and subways and burrows
  For scurrying workers and boobs;
Yet science begets no contriving
  Of dodges for stopping your ears
To the shattering thud of pile-driving,
  The crash of changed gears.

There's a crack in my dining-room ceiling
  That clamours for instant repair,
But the minimum cost of its healing
  My purse is unable to bear;
And, in spite of its late underpinning,
  The dome of Sir CHRISTOPHER WREN
Is, according to experts, beginning
  To wobble again.

O Goddess of Peace and of Poppies,
  Fair daughter of Somnus and Pax—
Unknown to our shrill Eton-croppies,
  Our Jazz-ridden Jills and their Jacks—
We are sick and our nerves are a-quiver,
  Our bodies grow meagre and thin;
O return and redeem and deliver
  Our City from din!

Our Partially-Missing Links.

"Many of the guests wore blue frocks and added a touch of blue to their tailettes in the form of embroideries or flowers."—*Irish Paper.*

Building up an Iron Constitution.

"Miss ——, who lives of 1,000 tons of pig-iron per week, and just surprised her friends by learning to use the type-writer to reply to congratulatory letters on her 99th birthday."
Glasgow Paper.

"London, Eng., is getting bigger. The latest estimate of the population is 8,000,000,000."
American Paper.

Quite a cute little berg.

LET'S ALL HAVE A SALE!

WHO was the genius that invented half-yearly sales? And why should those people who sell drapery and household goods be the only class to benefit by this excellent institution? Everyone in his own line ought to participate in this clearance of old stock.

Let writers approach editors and publishers with the offer of a few choice bargains on the following lines:—

Must be cleared. Odd lot stories (fifty varieties), including several beautifully-turned detective thrillers. Wonderful imitation EDGAR WALLACE, only been rejected twice. To be sacrificed at 8*s.* 6*d.* each, or twelve for £4 3*s.* 2*d.*

One full-length novel, bright plot, desert island scene, hero thoroughly strong and silent, local colour guaranteed fadeless, unexpected ending. No reasonable offer refused.

A choice collection of moral tales with happy endings suitable for invalids and the aged. This line is strongly recommended. Owing to low present-day demand cannot be repeated.

A few good plays with great possibilities of success as they have been rejected by every manager in London. Kindly state when ordering if triangle is required. This can be adapted free of charge during sale week only. Parts embroidered to order.

Poet—whose licence is shortly expiring—must clear large stock of sonnets, vers libre and lyrics at rock-bottom prices. Has on hand large quantity of blank verse with, in some cases, too many feet, but otherwise of finest quality.

Artists ought to have their clearance sales too. Let them advertise something like this:—

A good line in sunsets, rough seas and summer calms, in a variety of popular shades.

Study of Cornish fishermen, suitable for bathroom frieze design, going at a sacrifice. No postal orders.

Positively must be cleared. Well-covered canvas entitled "Montmartre by Night." Fast colours. Must be seen to be believed.

Music-hall comedians should also come into this. They might offer a clean sweep-out of old stock, gags, stump speeches and partly-worn jests, in order to make way for fresh ideas.

It is a good scheme. I'll write to the most enterprising editor I know and ask him to help the professions by putting the suggestion into print.

[Final paragraph rather clever.—ED.]

"BOWLER'S PARADISE AT TIMBERSCOMBE.

Played at Timberscombe on Saturday on a real glue-pot type of wicket, making scoring very difficult. The home side, winning the toss, decided to bath first."—*Somerset Paper.*

In the circumstances we should have decided to bath afterwards.

COUNTY SONGS.

XXXVI.—MIDDLESEX.

As England near and far we range,
Old mansions still we find,
Castle and manor, moated grange,
Of stone or brick designed,
Which, though so different, agree
In this peculiarity,
That each and every claims to be
The place where QUEEN ELIZABETH
Enjoyed one night a "little death."

So great a gift of sleepiness
With restlessness combined
In anyone but GOOD QUEEN BESS
'Twere difficult to find;
Her hours (believing what is said)—
Her hours of daylight must have sped
In hurrying from bed to bed;
No single moment could remain
(Suppose the story true) to reign.

Too often myths; yet here and there
An ancient room we find,
Or tapestried or panelled, where
She verily reclined;
And Hampton Court has such an one,
The palace of the butcher's son,
Whose gardens by the river run;
Here may we move with mind serene
Within the aura of the QUEEN.

E. V. L.



OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

A SMALL volume, written in French by a lady known as "CAMILLE SELDEN," is one of the most indispensable documents, if not the most indispensable document, on the last days of HEINE. It depicts the dying poet in his noisy Paris apartment carrying on an ethereally frivolous flirtation with a rather silly and intermittently soulful young woman. They read fairy-tales; they admire *The Three Musketeers;* he misses the musky scent of her gloves when she goes away. So far as I can remember they never get nearer serious conversation than when Madame DE KRINITZ gushes over ST. AUGUSTINE, and HEINE riposts with "*Charmant, certes, jusqu'au moment où il se convertit.*" If you wish to appreciate the dangers of biographical romance, new style, you have only to compare this account of an historic last act, given by one of its principals, with the version presented by Herr LUDWIG DIEHL in *The Sardonic Smile* (BUTTERWORTH). "The sardonic smile," which the spirit of the world permitted itself on beholding the absurdity of men, was HEINE. MATTHEW ARNOLD said so, and Herr DIEHL up to a point corroborates MATTHEW ARNOLD. He draws a pathetic and convincing picture of HEINE'S genius, torn between Israel, Germany and the citizenship of the world, and describes his bankrupt father, his rich uncle, his loves—HILDEGARDE, "RED SEFCHEN" and Cousin AMALIE—with pleasant impartiality. But Madame HEINE, the *grisette* MATHILDE, is belittled to exalt the fantastic heroine of the death-bed, and the author of the *Reisebilder* himself put in the shade by the composer of a sort of Lutheran apocalypse supposed to have been dictated to his *Egeria* and sent to be destroyed by his wife. The wistful sceptic, with his "*Dieu me pardonnera, c'est son métier,*" has gone altogether—and personally I miss him.



"MISTER HORN V. RIMS' COMPLIMENTS, SIR, AND WILL YOU JOIN HIM IN THE SALOON IN A FEW OLD-FASHIONED COUNTRY DANCES?"

"Wives of great men oft remind us"—to adapt LONGFELLOW—that they are not always the best persons to write their husbands' lives. Yet proof to the contrary is forthcoming in Mrs. CREIGHTON'S admirable biography of the late Bishop of LONDON, and I would now add the delightful memoir of *Arthur Lionel Smith, Master of Balliol, 1916–1924* (MURRAY). The achievement is all the greater since it is largely an autobiography; but this dualism is justified by the bonds which united the two families years before A. L. SMITH'S marriage. His childhood was lonely and he knew little of home life. His school-days at Christ Hospital were not happy under the Spartan rule which then prevailed, but his great abilities carried him triumphantly to Oxford, where his character and inspiration as a teacher were early recognised. His name was a household word long before he became the Master of that great college to whose high traditions he added fresh lustre during the most trying period of its history. The War broke his strength but never daunted his spirit. The loneliness of his own childhood was repaired by the patriarchal felicities of his married life, and the regard and affection in which he was held by the finest spirits among his Oxford contemporaries. No one would have stood the test of the maxim, *Noscitur a sociis*, better than "A. L." I congratulate Mrs. Smith on the mingled piety and discretion with which she has performed her task.

The present mode of handling celebrated trials with the licence of fiction strikes me as becoming overdone. When the biographer is something of a poet, his view of any subject, however coloured, is of value. When he is not, his work is apt to have neither honesty of fact nor glamour of interpretation. There are cases too where even glamour is about as useful as fog, and I am entirely with Mr. Justice MAUGHAM in believing that *The Case of Jean Calas* (HEINEMANN) is one of them. Our memories of this extraordinary *cause célèbre* are, I suppose, conditioned by our historical sympathies. The Protestant and Voltairean view of its own day was that an innocent Huguenot had been judicially murdered by Catholics. The Catholic story makes CALAS slay his son to forestall the lad's conversion. Starting from the latter assumption, as recently endorsed by Mons. HENRI ROBERT of the French Academy, the present book finds that CALAS was the victim of a judicial error, largely brought about by his own untruthfulness, and that his son committed suicide. The theory is plausible, the narrative is a little masterpiece; and if anyone is disposed to think that equity makes for dulness let him try to put the book down before he has finished it. It is, of course, thoroughly depressing. The Huguenots lie like troopers; the Catholics leave no stone unturned in order to exterminate the Huguenots. The paladin VOLTAIRE starts by finding the mangled CALAS a thing exquisitely comic, "a Calvinist Abraham," and finally decides he is a good enough stick with which to beat the Catholics. But the Toulouse of 1761 reappears with Flemish fidelity; lawyers, doctors, governors and tradesmen are terribly alive—or terribly dead; and the lowering and cruel atmosphere of the day hangs over them like a thunder-cloud.

Miss WILLA CATHER will hardly expect for *My Mortal Enemy* (HEINEMANN) such acclaim as was accorded to *Death Comes for the Archbishop*. For it is altogether a slighter thing a quiet little tale for an hour's reading. It is, however, a delicate and distinguished piece of work, this story of a lady who forfeited a fortune by making a runaway marriage and after a life of mingled tears and laughter died at last in pain and poverty. It is told by the daughter of *Myra Henshawe's* greatest friend, who was closely in touch with her at two periods, one when the *Henshawes* were being reasonably prosperous and unreasonably extravagant in New York, the other, ten years later, when she found them by chance poor, alone, and *Myra* desperately ill, in a dismal hotel in a West-coast town. *Myra* is an enigmatic figure, charming, vital and with a touch of cruelty in her, and the

essence of her story is the quality of her relations with her husband, Oswald: her love for him, her fierce jealousy and, as a sort of undersong, her grudge against him for having taken her from the comely surroundings of her girlhood. I am not sure that Miss CATHER has made her quite clear; but her last days, her return on what is her essential self, are very convincingly described, and the glamour which she casts on *Nellie*, the teller of the tale, is suggested with great subtlety.

In *Red Anchor Pieces*,
By REGINALD BLUNT,
We 've Chelsea for thesis,
Back, middle and front;
To chimes from her steeples
Step old Chelsea kings
And old Chelsea peoples
And old Chelsea things.

Here 's four Chelsea ladies—
MEG, NELL, FAN and JANE;
Here music once made is
Made softly again;
Here good Mr. MUNDAY,
Recalls nights and noons,
Here 's Cremorne and its done day,
And buns and balloons.

With Chelsea of fiction
And Chelsea of fact
In fond benediction
These pages are packed;
MILLS AND BOON do the taking
To market, and in
Any purchase you 're making
You 'll buy echoes waking
All silverly shaking,
All silverly thin,
In doorway and rafter,
And bubbles of laughter—
Lost laughter, ghost laughter
Of frolic NELL GWYN—
Old Chelsea's NELL GWYN.

Even if *The Grierson Mystery* (HEINEMANN) is too sparsely furnished with palpitatingly exciting incidents for those who may be described as detective-fiction fans, I am confident that its readers will greatly enjoy the manner in which Mr. LLOYD OSBOURNE has told his curious tale. *Roberta Grierson* was on the point of returning to England from Canada when she received a cable to the effect that her father had committed suicide in Kent. Soon afterwards she received a sealed letter from him, with instructions that she was to wear it next her body, and "if I am not alive at the expiration of a year, open it, *but not before*." A mystified *Roberta* came back to England, and quickly discovered that she was the object of unwelcome attention. In short she was being pursued by men who wanted her letter and intended to get it. It is a spirited chase, but I should have followed it more keenly if Mr. LLOYD OSBOURNE had allowed *Roberta*, who was a natural flirt, to curb her impulses and act with a little more discretion. This, however, is my sole complaint against a story excellently written and always credible.



"NOW DON'T FORGET TO BRUSH YOUR TEETH, DEAR."
"MUST I, MUMMY? IT 'S MY FAVOURITE THING I HATE TO DO."

Many writers of adventurous stories have taken me by the hand and compelled me willy-nilly to follow them, but to none of their kind do I submit with more contentment and confidence than to "GANPAT." *The Mirror of Dreams* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) is staged in the heart of Asia, and its readers cannot fail to be impressed by "GANPAT'S" knowledge and powers of description. He is also the happy possessor of a nice sense of humour and a real zest for adventure. And the adventures which *Tom Carruthers*, a dreamer, and *John Oxley*, who scoffed at dreams, encountered as they made their way to the city of vision and extracted from it a lovely girl are many and wonderful. Plots by enemies of the British Empire, wise words of a Buddhist priest and thrilling fights to the death help to make up a story excellently told and well worth telling.

The Expert Ejector.

"Wanted, Housemaid for shooting tenants."—*Scots Paper.*



BEAUTY AND THE BALLOT.

Mr. Punch. Since last we met, six months ago, Parliament has found time—in spite of many distractions, such as the SAVIDGE case—to make a long advance on the way to democracy. I allude to this Equal Franchise Act.

The Cynic. Apparently, at the moment—and all speculation about so mobile a sex is bound to be momentary—the tendency of the new electorate, to judge it by its most significant feature, its dress, would seem to be towards democracy. You and I can remember the time when to be in the latest secret of fashion was a mark of social privilege. Only very gradually this privy information permeated the masses, and, as soon as it reached the outer suburbs, and the mode of the day was there imitated in baser materials, a new fashion had to be started at the top lest the outward distinctions of class should be obscured. But in the present era of sketchy simplicity, of the one-piece frock, the cloche hat and long stockings of pig-flesh silk that may just as well be artificial, an era when Fashion is only inconstant in the matter of leg-exposure—an inch, more or less, of knee—all women are practically indistinguishable in appearance, except to the understanding female eye that can appraise values.

Mr. Punch. And you fear that this democratic tendency will be reflected in their vote?

The Cynic. I deplore the herd-instinct which it implies. Hitherto, when a woman followed the general movement of fashion, she took infinite pains to study, within that movement, what suited her individual style. To-day any dressmaker will tell you that they follow the fashion blindly, whether it suits them or not. Heaven knows who it is that they are trying to please. It can't be the other sex, for sex doesn't come into the question. They have long ceased from any desire to attract the male, and naturally enough, for the male is growing less and less worth attracting. That is Nature's way: when our women become men she rectifies the balance by seeing to it that our men become women. I confess to the gloomiest forebodings about the physical future of the race.

Mr. Punch. I shouldn't worry. Nature will see to that too. But aren't we a little wandering from our topic, which is not directly concerned with eugenics?

The Cynic. Let us return to our muttons and their sheepish lack of imagination and initiative, as shown in the matter of dress. I was in a country house the other week-end when a woman of some social notoriety (she needed to be that) came down to dinner in a fascinating gown that fell to her feet in gracious folds and made the other women's legs look silly. They all admired it as too marvellously perfect, yet not one of them would have had the temerity to make herself beautiful that way.

Mr. Punch. Do I gather from your disapproval of this uniformity that you fear lest all women should vote

on the same side and so swamp the intelligence of men? There again I shouldn't worry. After all, in this epicene age, I can think of hardly any interest (except perhaps maternity) which the two sexes do not share in common. On one or two matters affecting domestic life, such as legal facilities for getting drunk, you might anticipate that women would take a line of their own. But the practice of inebriation is no longer in the mode, as far as England is concerned. Or you might expect the wives of labouring men to vote against a Party that encouraged strikes. But strikes too have gone out of fashion. Indeed I can conceive of no great question that would be likely to divide the sexes into two camps.

The Cynic. But a small question might do it. What about the personal appearance of a candidate—the shape of his nose or the cut of his trousers? Or the ladies might take a universal dislike to Mr. BALDWIN'S pipe and so seal the fate of the Tory Party.

Mr. Punch. But you have already remarked that women have long ceased from a desire to attract the male; why then should they be affected by anything attractive or repellent in the male? On the other hand, I am hopeful that the personal element, in a different sense, will carry more weight with the new electorate. Politics—and I don't blame her—have never had a very poignant interest for woman, and she might well choose her man for his qualities of character rather than for his party views. But this presumes a new sense of responsibility, which is not always found with a new freedom. The War gave women a large liberty because service was impossible without it; but a generation has sprung up that knows nothing, and cares less, about the War. It enjoys its freedom without any inconvenient sense of duty. However, that will right itself.

The Cynic. *SHAVO duce et auspice SHAVO?* But are you not concerned lest this new sense of responsibility, if carried to extremes, might result in the election of a "monstrous regiment of women" to Parliament?

Mr. Punch. Woman's franchise has so far given no ground for any such apprehension. The fact is that her pronounced approval, in bulk, of the sex to which she belongs does not necessarily embrace the individual sample of it.

Mr. Cynic. I still have a Parthian shaft in my quiver, which you of all others should regard as fatal. What of woman's comparative deficiency in a sense of humour?

Mr. Punch. That defect (if she has it, which I hesitate to admit) is part of her angelic nature. There are no prospects held out to us of humour in Heaven.

Mr. Cynic. Your observation, as coming from a professed arbiter of humour, distresses me. Am I to understand that in the after-life you will find your occupation gone?

Mr. Punch. It consoles me to think that one of its chief *raisons-d'être* will also have disappeared, for there can be no politics in Paradise. However, we are dealing just now with this immediate vale of tears. And what you say of woman's lack of humour gives me cause for reflection. I have long deplored the reprehensible conduct of those men who are content to imbibe the sparkling fount of laughter at their clubs instead of having it laid on to the home for the refreshment of their wives and daughters. Indeed, with a view to correcting the effect of this selfish habit I am proposing to conduct a campaign among the new female electorate, armed with a work which embodies all the best humour that has been committed during the past half-year.

The Cynic. If anybody but yourself had said this, I should at once have deduced that he was referring to——

Mr. Punch. You are right. It is only my exceptional modesty that precludes me from admitting that I was referring to my own

One Hundred and Seventy-Fourth Volume.

